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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
SCRAPBOOK MICROFILMING PROJECT

Funded in part by
THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE
HUMANITIES

Grant No. PS-20709-93

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA MICROFILMING PROJECT

**A COOPERATIVE PROJECT BETWEEN THE BOSTON SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA ARCHIVES AND THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
(AUGUST 1993 - APRIL 1994)**

This microfilming project includes two collections of scrapbooks housed in two separate repositories. The first set of scrapbooks (80 volumes) resides within the Allen A. Brown Collection in the Music Department of the Boston Public Library (BPL). Their call number is **M.125.5. The second set of scrapbooks (132 volumes) resides within the Boston Symphony Orchestra (BSO) Archives' Press Clippings collection. They have the designation Pres 56.

The BPL scrapbooks begin with the founding of the BSO in 1881 and continue, through 79 seasons, to 1960. Articles consist mainly of reviews and feature stories from Boston and New York newspapers. Occasionally, magazine articles and press releases are also included. The scrapbooks cover most aspects of the BSO.

The BSO scrapbooks run from 1889, the Orchestra's 9th season, to 1973. In addition to local reviews and features, the volumes contain articles culled from national and international publications. The scrapbooks document, in detail, all aspects of the BSO: The Symphony Orchestra (including subscription concerts, tours, and trips), the Boston Pops, the Tanglewood Festival, the Tanglewood Music Center, and Symphony Hall.

The two sets of scrapbooks have been filmed as two separate entities. Researchers wanting to look at specific seasons or subjects must examine both sets of films to ensure full coverage.

The scrapbooks do not represent the complete holdings of either location on the subject of the BSO.

Requests for positive microfilm copies of individual rolls, or of film sets, should be directed to the respective repositories.

**Music Department
Boston Public Library
P. O. Box 286
Boston, MA 02117**

**Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives
Symphony Hall
Boston, MA 02115**

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SCRAPBOOKS

1881-1882 TO 1959-1960

1181-18 to 1915-16 compiled by Allen A. Brown

1916-17 to 1937-38 compiled by Mary A. Brown

1938-39 to 1959-60 compiled by the Music Department

These scrapbooks contain reviews of concerts, articles concerning the Symphony, its players and conductors, interviews with soloists and composers, occasional letters and notes, an occasional autograph, ticket stubs, pictures of conductors, the Symphony, soloists and composers, and caricatures.

In the scrapbooks compiled by Mr. Brown, it is possible to find articles or reviews pasted on a program which does not have the same date. Mr. Brown used multiple copies of programs for his scrapbook "fillers;" the fillers have no relation to the articles pasted on them. The fillers may be partially to completely covered.

These scrapbooks do not contain the complete programs. For the complete program, the researcher must consult either the hard copies found in either the Boston Symphony Archives or the Boston Public Library's Music Department or the microfilm of programs published by KTO Microform (Millwood, New York) and dating from the 1881-82 season through the 1974-75 season.

Generally, one volume represents one Symphony season; the volume and season should therefore match. Depending upon the compiler and the clippings available, some reviews and articles may be found concerning the Promenade Concerts, Boston Pops, the Berkshire Music Festival and Tanglewood.

The Music Department of the Boston Public Library does maintain other materials concerning the Boston Symphony Orchestra in other scrapbooks and files. Please consult with the Music Librarian for these materials.

VOLUMES 38-40

1918-19 TO 1920-21

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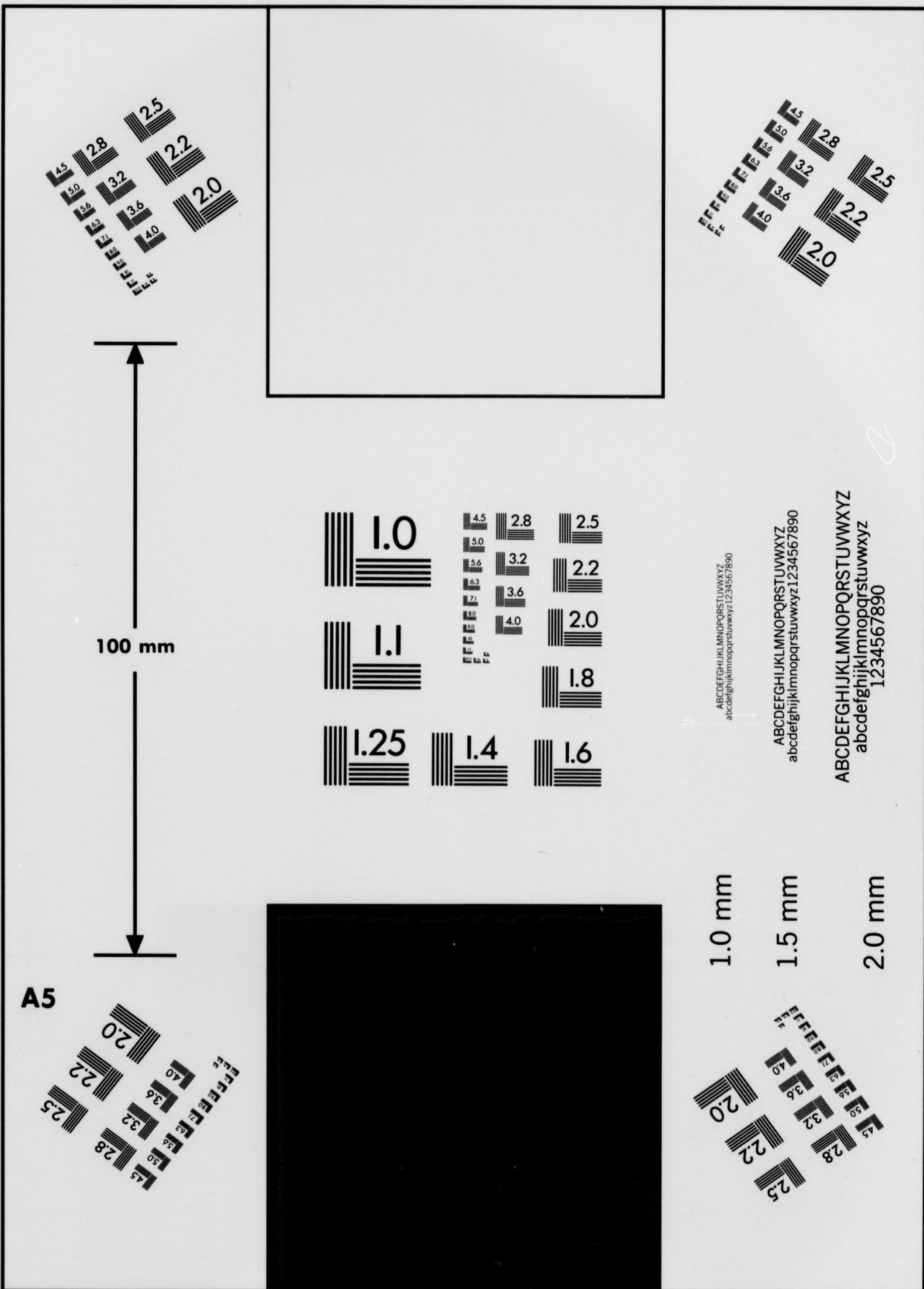
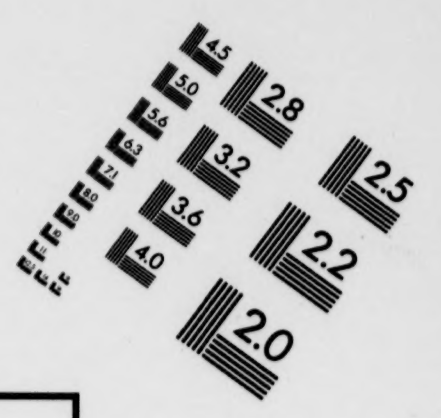
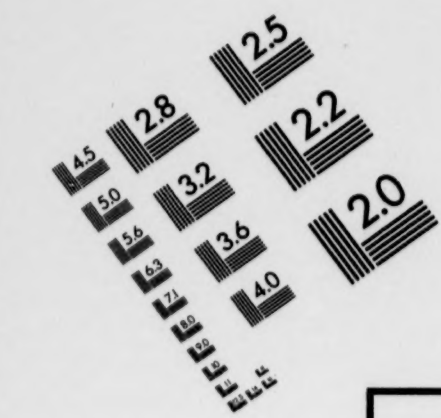
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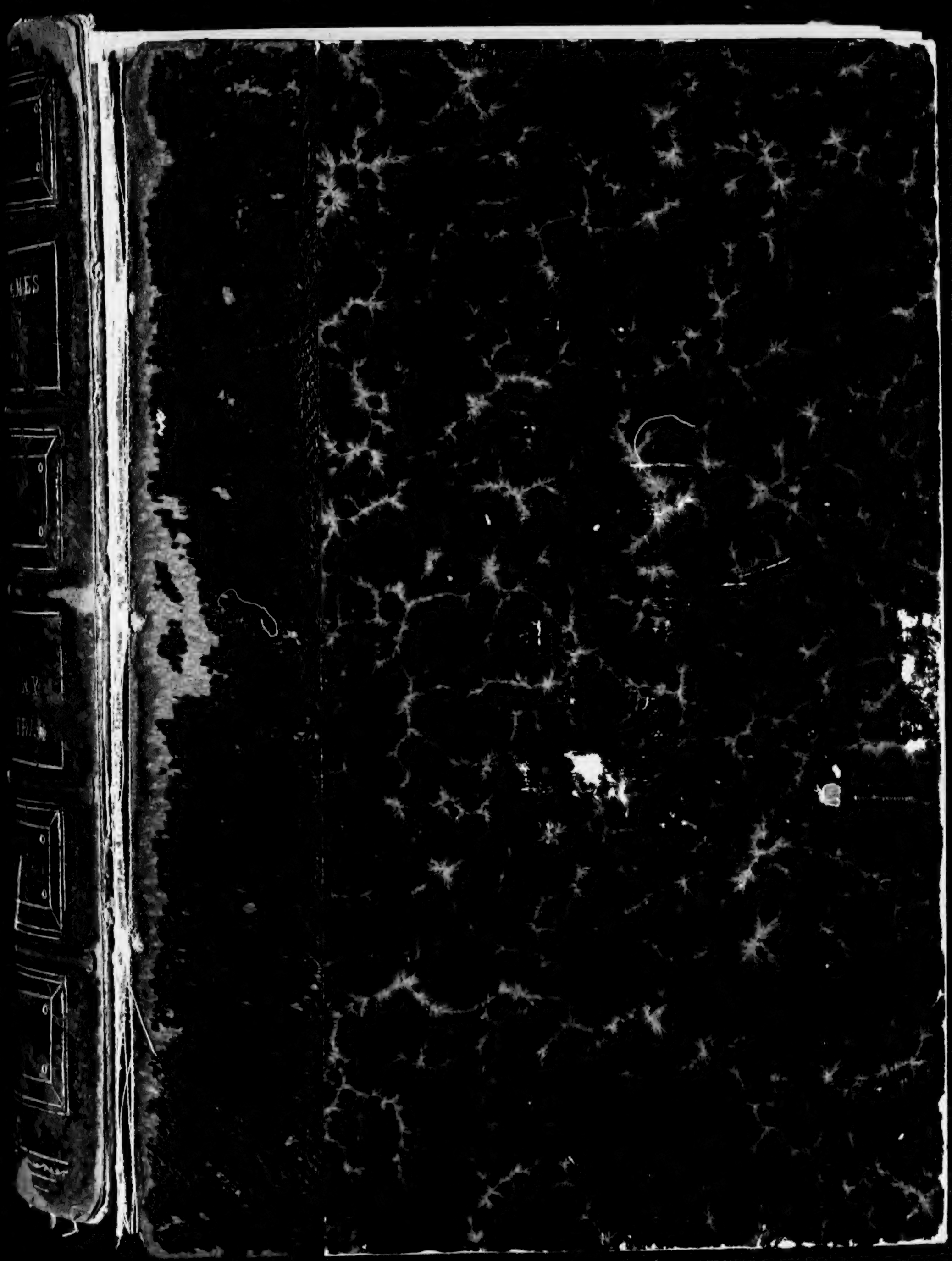
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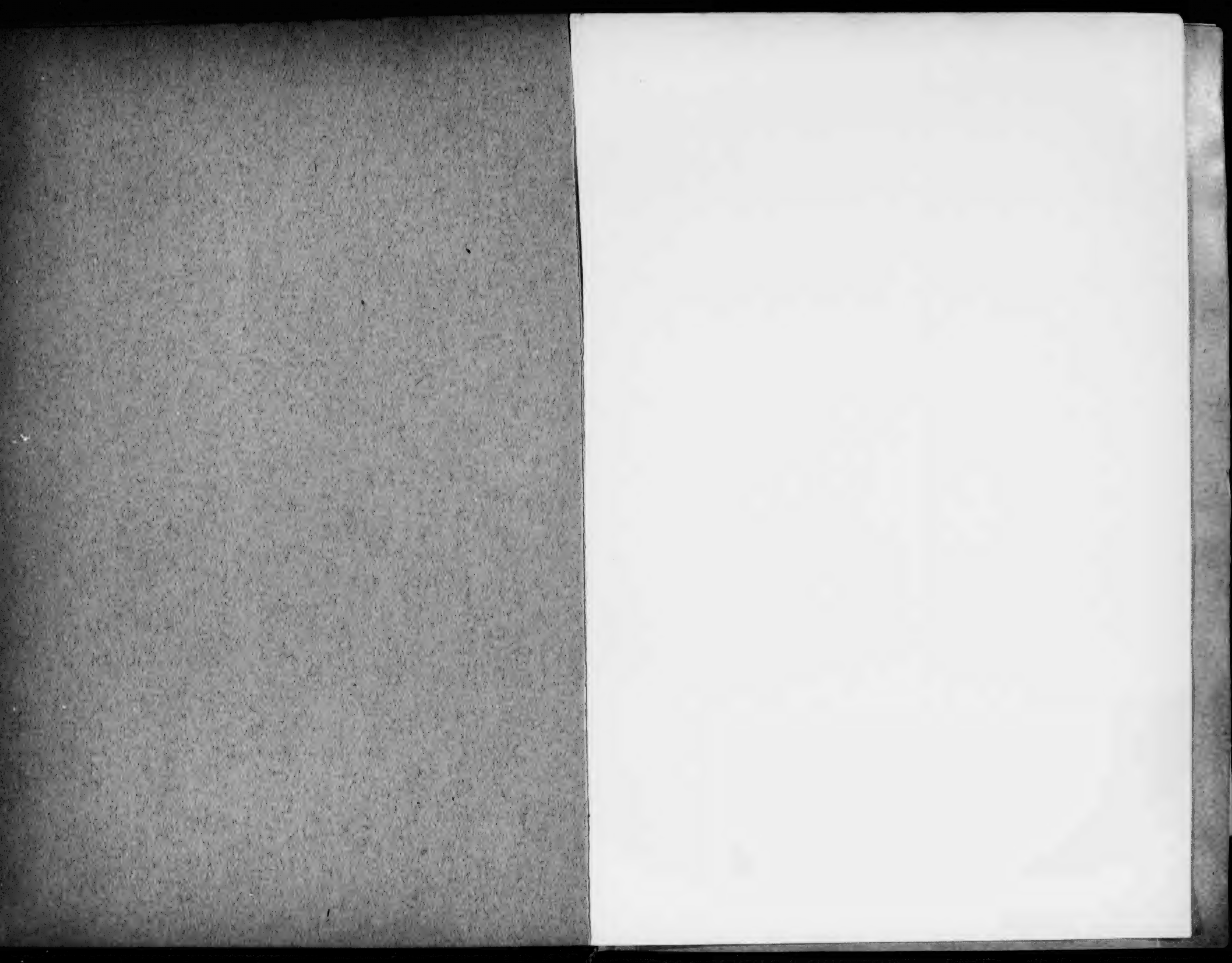
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Boston Symphony Orchestra

Thirty-eighth Season, 1918-1919

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor

PERSONNEL

VIOLINS.

Fradkin, F. <i>Concert-master.</i>	Roth, O.	Rissland, K.	Bak, A.
Noack, S.	Hoffmann, J.	Theodorowicz, J.	Mahn, F.
Ribarsch, A.	Goldstein, H.	Sauvlet, H.	Tak, E.
Traupe, W.	Gerardi, A.	Grünberg, M.	Di Natale, J.
Thillois, F.	Spoor, S.	Goldstein, S.	Gunderson, R.
Fiedler, B.	Ringwall, R.	Henkle, R.	Diamond, S.
Deane, C.	Kurth, R.	Bryant, M.	
Balas, J.	Fiedler, G.	Langley, A.	

VIOLAS.

Barrier, C.	Werner, H.	v. Veen, H.	Mager, G.	Van Wynbergen, C.
Wittmann, F.	Berlin, V.	Shirley, P.	Fiedler, A.	Tartas, M.

VIOLONCELLOS.

Malkin, J.	Miquelle, G.	Barth, C.	Belinski, M.	Fabrizio, E.
Schroeder, A.	Nagel, R.	Nast, L.	Mingels, E.	Stockbridge, C.

BASSES.

Villani, A.	Agnesy, K.	Seydel, T.	Ludwig, O.
Gerhardt, G.	Jaeger, A.	Huber, E.	Schurig, R.

FLUTES.

Laurent, G.
Brooke, A.
DeMailly, C.

OBOES.

Longy, G.
Lenom, C.
Stanislaus, H.

CLARINETS.

Sand, A.
Forlani, N.
Vannini, A.

BASSOONS.

Laus, A.
Mueller, E.
Piller, B.

PICCOLO.

Battles, A.

ENGLISH HORNS.

Mueller, F.
Speyer, L.

BASS CLARINET.

Stievenard, E.

CONTRA-BASSOON.

Fuhrmann, M.

HORNS.

Wendler, G.
Lorbeer, H.
Hain, F.
Gebhardt, W.

HORNS.

Jaenicke, B.
Miersch, E.
Hess, M.
Hubner, E.

TRUMPETS.

Heim, G.
Mann, J.
Nappi, G.
Kloepfel, L.

TROMBONES.

Adam, E.
Sordillo, F.
Mausebach, A.
Kenfield, L.

TUBA.

Mattersteig, P.

HARPS.

Holy, A.
Cella, T.

TYMPAN.

Neumann, S.
Gardner, C.

PERCUSSION.

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Henri Rabaud
Boston 1919

1918-1919

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38th Season

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Pierre Monteux will conduct the Concerts in October
Announcement as to the conductorship of the subsequent
concerts will soon be made

24 Friday Afternoons at 2.30, beginning October 11
24 Saturday Evenings at 8, beginning October 12

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HAROLD BAUER	JASCHA HEIFETZ
JOSEPH BONNET	JOSEF HOFMANN
SOPHIE BRASLAU	MISCHA LEVITZKI
FLORENCE EASTON	JOSEPH MALKIN
FREDRIC FRADKIN	ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN
MABEL GARRISON	OLGA SAMAROFF
EMILIO DE GOGORZA	JACQUES THIBAUD

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should be made at Symphony Hall.

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(OVER)



JOSEF HOFMANN
Piano



FLORENCE EASTON
Soprano
Metropolitan Opera Co.



JACQUES THIBAUD
Violin



MISCHA LEVITZKI
Piano



MABEL GARRISON
Soprano
Metropolitan Opera Co.



JASCHA HEIFETZ
Violin



THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, in a sense, begins in this its thirty-eighth season a new era in its history. The retirement of Mr. Higginson has placed its government and maintenance in a Board of Trustees. The complexion of the personnel itself has changed greatly by the engagement of Americans and Frenchmen to fill the several vacancies in the ranks. Essentially, however, the Orchestra remains what it has been for a generation, the greatest artistic possession of America.

In making the necessary changes in the personnel, the Trustees have exhibited that painstaking effort which in other years has contributed so much to the success of the Orchestra. The new concertmaster, Mr. Fradkin, is a musician and violinist of most unusual gifts, an American by birth, who won the first prize for violin in the Paris Conservatoire. The presence in this country of the famous French Military Band made possible the engagement of several remarkable artists, all graduates of the Conservatoire, who have won through service their release from further military duty. The vacancies in the string section have for the most part been filled by native Americans. Not only do these changes entail no sacrifice, but the Orchestra is the stronger for them.

Distinguished artists will appear as soloists. Four singers, five pianists, three violinists, a 'cellist and an organist make the list. A majority of these are the most successful representatives of the younger generation and are appearing with the Orchestra for the first time. The others have long been established securely in the esteem of the musical public, and these, for the most part, are returning after an absence of several seasons.



JOSEPH BONNET
Organ



OLGA SAMAROFF
Piano



ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN
Piano



EMILIO DE GOGORZA
Baritone



SOPHIE BRASLAU
Contralto
Metropolitan Opera Co.



HAROLD BAUER
Piano



PIERRE MONTEUX

Châtelet and the Odéon in Paris; Covent Garden and Drury Lane in London, and in the opera houses of Berlin, Vienna and Budapest. During the season of 1913-14 the Monteux Symphony Concerts were a feature of the season in Paris.

Pierre Monteux, conductor of French opera of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, will direct the October concerts of the Symphony in Boston. Mr. Monteux came to America two years ago as conductor of the Ballet Russe, and last year he was with the Metropolitan Opera Company. Previous to his coming to America he had for a number of years played an important part in the music abroad. He had been conductor of the Concerts Colonne in Paris, and had conducted at the Opéra, the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, the

I. PROGRAMME. OCTOBER 11-12

Franck Symphony in D minor
Schumann Overture to "Manfred"
Rabaud "La Procession Nocturne," Poème Symphonique, Op. 6
(First time at these concerts)
Debussy "Iberia," Images pour Orchestre, No. 2

II. PROGRAMME. OCTOBER 18-19

Beethoven Symphony, No. 7, in A major
Loeffler "Que tu ne t'en ailles," Symphonic Poem
Liszt Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1, in E-flat major
Ravel "Daphnis et Cloë," Suite, No. 1
(First time at these concerts)

SOLOIST

JOSEF HOFMANN

III. PROGRAMME. OCTOBER 25-26

Brahms Symphony, No. 2, in D major
d'Indy "Istar," Variations Symphoniques, Op. 42
Saint-Saëns Symphony, No. 3, in G minor. (With Organ)

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
PIERRE MONTEUX, CONDUCTOR
W. H. BRENNAN, MANAGER
G. E. JUDD, ASSISTANT MANAGER
SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

SEPTEMBER 18, 1918

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS:

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA WILL OPEN ITS THIRTY-EIGHTH SEASON OF TWENTY-FOUR FRIDAY AFTERNOON AND TWENTY-FOUR SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS ON OCTOBER 11-12 NEXT.

PIERRE MONTEUX, THE EMINENT FRENCH CONDUCTOR, WILL CONDUCT THE CONCERTS IN OCTOBER, PRIOR TO HIS ENGAGEMENT AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK. ANNOUNCEMENT AS TO THE CONDUCTORSHIP OF THE SUBSEQUENT CONCERTS WILL BE MADE SHORTLY BY THE TRUSTEES AND SENT TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS.

THE ORCHESTRA GIVES PROMISE OF GREAT BRILLIANCY. THE NEW MEMBERS ARE ARTISTS OF ESTABLISHED EXCELLENCE, MANY OF THEM FRENCHMEN OF HIGH REPUTATION. THE CONCERT-MASTER WILL BE FREDRIC FRADKIN, THE AMERICAN VIOLINIST. AS USUAL, DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS WILL APPEAR AS SOLOISTS.

WILL YOU KINDLY ADVISE ME BY THE ENCLOSED CARD WHETHER OR NOT YOU WISH TO RETAIN THE SEATS YOU NOW HOLD? PLEASE NOTE THAT THE SUBSCRIPTION SALE CLOSSES SEPTEMBER 26.

YOURS RESPECTFULLY,

W. H. Brennan
MANAGER

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918-19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

WORKS PERFORMED AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS
DURING THE SEASON OF 1918-1919.

Works marked with a double asterisk were performed for the first time in Boston.
Works marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time at these concerts.
Works marked with a dagger were performed for the first time anywhere.
Artists marked with an asterisk appeared at these concerts for the first time.
Artists marked with a double asterisk appeared for the first time in Boston.
Artists marked with a dagger are members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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Mary A. Brown
Aug. 19, 1919

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DUBOIS	1	RACHMANINOFF	1
DUKAS	2	RAMEAU	1
FARNABY <i>et al.</i>	1	RAVEL	2
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FOOTE	1	ROUGET DE LISLE	1
FRANCK	7*	SAINT-SAËNS	8
GABETTI	1	SCHMITT	1
GILBERT	1	SCHUBERT	1
GLINKA	1	SCHUMANN	3
GLUCK	1	SMITH	1
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* Franck's symphony was played twice.

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Steinway Pianoforte used

WORKS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN BOSTON.

SYMPHONIC POEMS, OVERTURES, ETC.

- BERLIOZ: Royal Hunt and Tempest, from "The Trojans,"
February 28, 1919.
- DEBUSSY: Revised edition of "Three Nocturnes," March 7,
1919.
- DUKAS: "La Péri: Poème Dansé," October 25, 1918.
- FAURÉ: Suite from the Stage Music to Haraucourt's "Shylock,"
February 14, 1919.
- Prelude to "Pénélope," March 28, 1919.
- GILBERT: Symphonic Prologue to Synge's play "Riders to the
Sea," February 21, 1919.
- HADLEY: Symphonic Fantasia, Op. 46, January 24, 1919.
- MAGNARD: Hymn to Justice, April 11, 1919.
- MALIPIERO: "The Pauses of Silence," April 4, 1919.
- RAMEAU: Airs de Ballet from "Hippolyte et Aricie," Feb-
ruary 21, 1919.
- RAVEL: "Daphnis and Chloe," First Suite, November 1, 1918.
- SCHMITT: "Out-door Music," Suite, Op. 44, March 14, 1919.. 12

CHORAL WORKS.

- CHADWICK: "Land of our Hearts," for chorus and orchestra,
December 30, 1918.
- SAINT-SAËNS: "The Lyre and the Harp," ode for solo voices,
chorus and orchestra, May 2, 1919..... 2

ARIA.

- KELLEY: "A California Idyl," for coloratura soprano and
orchestra, Op. 38, January 17, 1919 (MABEL GARRI-
SON) 1

WORKS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THESE
CONCERTS.

- FRANCK: "Psyche's Sleep," "Psyche borne away by the
Zephyrs," February 14, 1919.
- Psalm CL, for chorus, orchestra, and organ, December
30, 1918.
- HILL: "Stevensoniana"; Four Pieces after Poems from R. L.
Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses," March
28, 1919.
- RABAUD: Symphony No. 2, E minor, April 26, 1919.
- "La Procession Nocturne," symphonic poem (after
Lenau), December 27, 1918.
- VERDI: "Te Deum," for double chorus and orchestra, De-
cember 30, 1918..... 6

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- GLUCK: Recitative and Air, "Diane Impitoyable," from
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GOGORZA *).
- MASSNET: Recitative and Air, "Promesse de mon Avenir,"
February 21, 1919 (EMILIO DE GOGORZA *).
- MÉHUL: Recitative and Air, "O des Amants, le plus fidèle,"
April 26, 1919 (SOPHIE BRASLAU *).
- MOUSSORGSKY: Three songs with orchestra: "Death's Sere-
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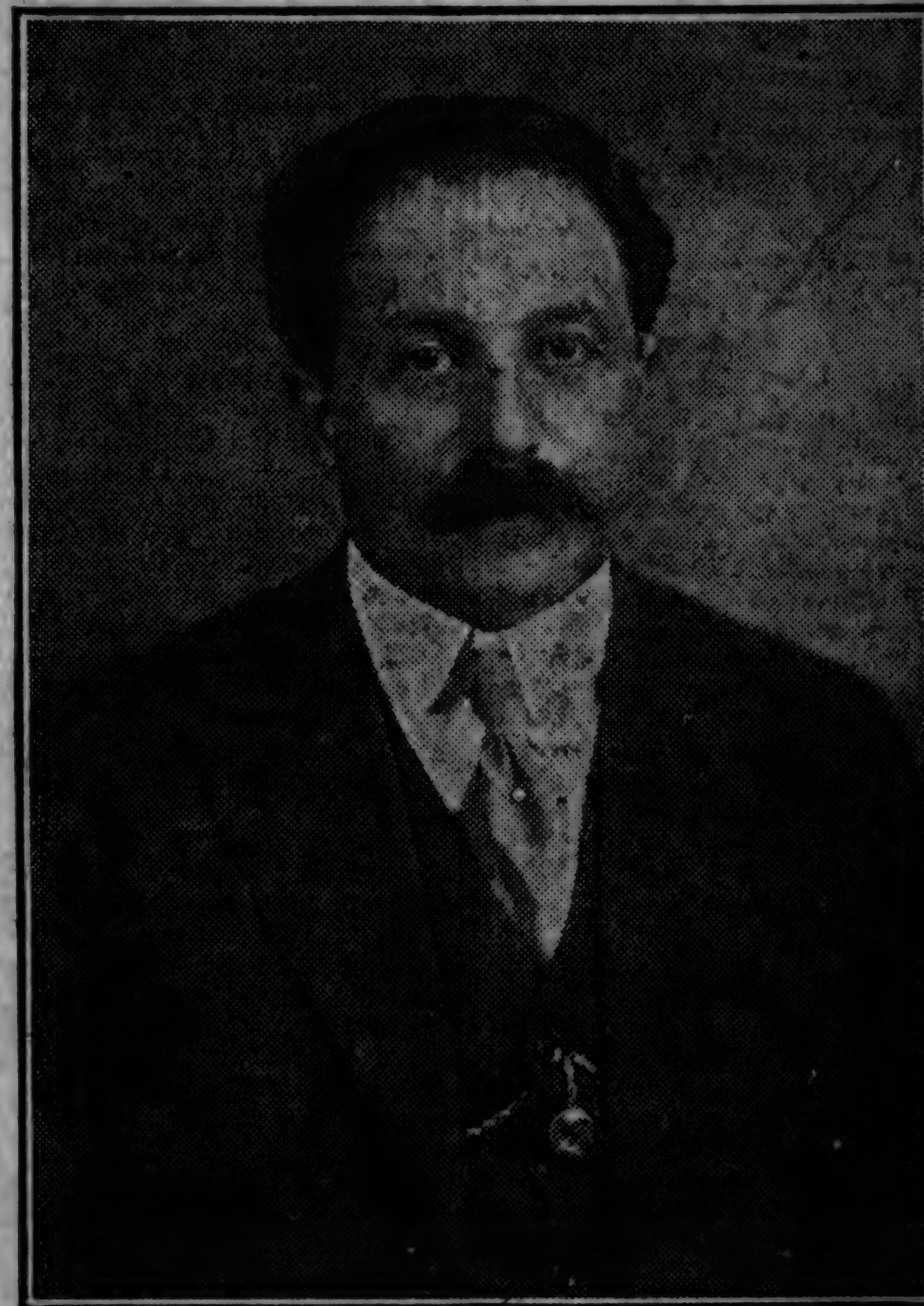
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Symphony Hall.

Once More a Frenchman Saves the Day



(Photograph by Mishkin of New York)

Pierre Monteux

Conductor for October at the Symphony Concerts

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Conductor for October at the Symphony Concerts

PIERRE BENJAMIN MONTEUX was born at Paris on April 4, 1875. He studied at the Conservatoire of that city, and in 1896, a pupil of Bertholier, he was awarded a first prize for violin playing. The other first prizes for violin that year were awarded to Messrs. Sechiari, Soudant, and Thibaud. He played the viola in Colonne's orchestra; he was a member of the orchestra of the Opéra-Comique, and he busied himself in chamber music. In 1893 with Mlle. Victoria Barrière, pianist, Mlle. Vormèse, and M. Carcanade, he founded the Société de Musique Moderne, playing the viola. Their first concert was on February 25. With Messrs. Geloso, Capet, and Schneklud he took part in the Auditions annuelles des derniers grands Quatuors de Beethoven. In 1900 with Messrs. Soudant, de Bruyre, and Destombes he played chamber music in the Matinées Artistiques Populaires, and he figured prominently at concerts of the Société Nationale and the Société de Musique Française. Among the compositions heard at these various concerts for the first time—in which he participated—were Brahms's Clarinet Quintet, Stojowski's Variations, Leken's "Andromède," pieces by Ropartz, Quittard, Chausson ("Légende de Sainte-Cécile"), Hartog, Luzzato, Glazounoff (Élégie for viola), d'Indy (Suite dans le style ancien), L. Lacombe, Rubinstein, Jaques-Dalcroze. He also took part in concerts given by Messrs. Chevillard, Hayot, and Salmon, and in concerts of the Société des Compositeurs de Musique.

In 1911 he was engaged as conductor of the Ballet Russe, with which he made four tours throughout Europe. He conducted ballet at various theatres in Paris, and gave series of orchestral concerts in that city.

He came to the United States in 1916 as conductor of the Ballet Russe, and conducted at the Boston Opera House, November 6-11, 1916: "Les Papillons," "Spectre de la Rose," "Thamar," "Petrouchka," "Scheherazade," "Prince Igor," "Sadko," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Cléopâtre."

In 1917 he was appointed a conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House. He made his first appearance there with "Faust," November 19, 1917. He brought out Rabaud's "Marouf" (December 19), "Coq d'Or" (March 6, 1918), and Gilbert's ballet "The Dance in Place Congo."

At the Boston Opera House, coming with the Metropolitan Opera Company, he conducted "Coq d'Or" and "The Dance in Place Congo" (April 26, 1918) and "Samson et Dalila" (April 27, 1918).

AT LAST, WORD OF THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Trans. — Sept. 18, 1918

Mr. Monteux for Temporary Conductor
Through Three Weeks of October—Past
and Present of a Semi-Familiar Figure
— A Promising List of "Assisting
Artists"—Young Singers, Young Pian-
ists, Mr. Hofmann, Mr. Thibaud, Mr.
Heifetz—The Chicago Orchestra to Con-
tinue with Mr. Stock.

FOR three weeks this autumn, as for six last spring, a temporary conductor is to lead the Symphony Orchestra. After a summer of diligent but much hindered negotiation, the trustees of the band are still unable to conclude arrangements with any leader able and willing to carry the concerts through the season at the established and expected standards. Before long, they hope to make such arrangements and announce the outcome. Meanwhile, the orchestra with full ranks awaits the call to rehearsals; the "assisting artists" are engaged and apportioned; the schedule of concerts at home and abroad, from October to May, is drawn, with beginning here, in Boston little more than three weeks hence. In these circumstances, the only practicable course was the summoning of a temporary conductor. One such, fit for the post, was available—Pierre Monteux of the Metropolitan Opera House, of Mr. Diaghilev's Russian Ballet, of occasional symphony concerts in Paris and New York. Accordingly, he will lead in the concerts of Oct. 11 and 12, Oct. 18 and 19, Oct. 25 and 26 in Boston, and in one or two elsewhere. Thereafter, as his contract with the Metropolitan Opera House requires, he will return to work at that theatre.

As conductor, Mr. Monteux has been heard in Boston only in the opera house. His name was first mentioned here when in the spring of 1914, Mr. Henry Russell announced him as one of the conductors of the Boston Opera Company for the season of 1914-15. The war intervened; the Boston Opera Company ceased to be; and Mr. Monteux, actually made his first appearance in Boston in November of 1916 as conductor of the Russian Ballet. With it he led the orchestra in Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," Balakirev's "Thamar," Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade" and "Sadko," Schumann's transcribed "Carnaval," a pastiche from Chopin, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and various intermezzi

between the ballets. When the week was done, the reviewer for The Transcript wrote of his work:

At every performance, Mr. Monteux has shown himself an expert conductor with the peculiar requirements of the choreographic dance and the mimed drama—inconstant heed of the stage as well as of the orchestra; exact and fluent mating of music, miming and motion even to minute shadings and suggestion; clearness of rhythm, colorful play of harmonies and timbres; whipping force upon the dancers, readiness to hide any chance slip. These things are the métier of a conductor for a ballet, and few such are readier and surer than he.

Furthermore, Mr. Monteux has appreciable quality as a conductor of the symphonic music, French or Russian, that has beguiled the tedium of many an entr'acte. He heeds texture of tone, seeks euphony, shades color and pace, understands, feels and imparts such widely different music as Debussy's "Clouds" and fragments of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Golden Cockerel." The abilities of a conductor in general that make him a better conductor of ballet, and mimodrama in particular, stood clear in his version of "Petrouchka," far truer to the manifold graphic force, the rhythmic fire, the stark candor of Stravinsky's music than was his predecessor's way with it. At the other extreme, he phrased and colored Debussy's tone-poem of the faun with heightening fancy and finesse. He has bettered the transcribed Chopin and Schumann of this and that ballet, intensified the sensuous richness, the exotic tang of "Scheherazade" and "Thamar." He has a somewhat less expert and less numerous orchestra than journeyed with the Russian Ballet ten months ago. What has been taken away, he pours back—from himself.

Mr. Monteux returned to Boston last April as one of the conductors of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Here he led in performances of Saint-Saëns's opera, "Samson and Delilah," of Rimsky-Korsakov's mimed fantasy, "The Golden Cockerel" and of Mr. Gilbert's ballet, "The Dance in Place Congo." In New York, besides, he had been charged with the restudied and remounted "Faust." Rabaud's newly produced "Marouf," "Carmen" and other operas of the French repertory. With "Samson and Delilah," he seemed no more than a practised conductor of an able orchestra, extracting what he might and what routine bade from Saint-Saëns's dry music. On the other hand, under the stimulus of "The Golden Cockerel," he excelled himself in rhythmic elasticity and verve, manifold glow of harmonic and instrumental color, clear spinning of an intricate tonal web, sensuous suavities, sardonic force, the characterizing and fantastic strokes with which the opera-ballet teems. His "Faust," as New York heard it, was remarkable for felicities of detail, for lyric warmth, for freshening imagination, while

In "Marouf," as in "The Golden Cockerel," he rarely missed the delineative point, the characterizing pith of the music. Obviously Mr. Monteux ripens.

As conductor of symphonic music in the concert-hall, Mr. Monteux is known both to Paris and to New York. In Paris through a winter or two, he led in the Concerts Monteux at the old Casino de Paris on Sunday afternoons. Young men for the most part filled his orchestra; his audience was young as well; band, conductor, hearers were all ardent for French and Russian music of the newest and most intrepid sort. From both he made many a programme. It was he, for example and at these concerts, who first played Stravinsky's "Pétouchka" and "The Rite of Spring" as symphonic pieces—an interesting experiment he might amusingly repeat in Boston; while side by side with Stravinsky on his lists stood Ravel, Roger-Ducasse and other Parisian composers of the new generation. The musically open-minded flocked to the Concerts Monteux; the musically hide-bound came away from them with teeth on edge. In contrast, the summer symphony concerts at which Mr. Monteux conducted in New York in 1917 were models of musical probity. French, German, Russian classics, occasional pieces from American pens, light numbers for their own sake, filled the programmes; performance was faithful and sometimes eloquent; average audiences departed well pleased. As conductor of six Symphony Concerts in Boston, Mr. Monteux will, doubtless, renew the qualities he has disclosed at his best in the theatre. Whether he will choose his pieces as he did in Paris or as he did in New York or, more probably, at the golden mean between, remains to be seen.

The Soloists Also

Simultaneously with this timely word about the conductorship, the management of the Symphony Concerts makes public the list of "assisting artists" for the new season. Beside the first violinist and the first violoncellist of the orchestra, who as usual will play their concertos, each at a pair of concerts, there will be twelve in all; while only one of them, as wisdom and good fortune have at last willed, is of the "old stand-bys" that used to return year after year. No less than seven of the twelve—Miss Easton and Mr. de Gogorza among the singers; Mr. Heifetz and Mr. Thibaud of the violinists; Mr. Levitzki and Mr. Arthur Rubinstein of the pianists; Mr. Bonnet, the organist—come for the first time to the Symphony Orchestra in its own hall; while of the other five, Miss Braslau, the alto, has been heard with it only in a concert for the Pension Fund. She herself, Miss Easton, Miss Garrison, Mr. Heifetz, Mr. Levitzki, Mr. Rubinstein, are all of the

youngest generation, in proved worth, of our concert-halls. Mr. Thibaud, Mr. de Gogorza, Mme. Samaroff well represent the middle generation. Only Mr. Bauer remains—deservedly—of the eldest. Mr. Hofmann, illustrious pianist in the prime of his powers, returns, the differences of the past laid aside and forgotten; Mr. Thibaud receives the call he has long deserved; Mr. Bonnet emerges from churches and charity-concerts into fitter surroundings for his qualities as musician and virtuoso; Mr. Heifetz is to be heard, at length, with orchestra; between Miss Braslau, Miss Garrison and Miss Easton, the "jeune troupe" of the Metropolitan Opera House has been searched well. Beyond doubting, new influences, new policies, a fine new day have come upon the Symphony Concerts.

Of these singers, Miss Garrison is the young soprano of light and shimmering voice, of no small skill in ornate song, of sprightly and ingratiating presence, who was first heard at the Symphony Concerts last autumn. Miss Braslau, remembered from the concert for the Pension Fund last spring, is the young alto of the Metropolitan Company who has risen in it by no other means than her richness and warmth of voice, her intelligence, feeling, application. Miss Easton is known to Bostonian ears only by a single appearance at the Opera House last spring in the Italian music-drama, "L'Oracolo." It was sufficient to prove the beauty of her transparent soprano voice, the sincerity and the artistry of her song, the pleasure of her presence. As for Mr. de Gogorza, audience upon audience, here and elsewhere, knows from many a recital the fine ardors of his imparting tones and passion. Seldom, too, do the Symphony Concerts summon a man-singer.

For the violinists, it will no longer be possible to ask why Mr. Thibaud, in the flower of mind, spirit and hand as musician and virtuoso, is not called to the Symphony Concerts or why Boston, alone of the "major cities" of music in America, does not hear Mr. Heifetz with orchestra. Twice and thrice in a season in recent years Mr. Thibaud's abilities and distinctions have spoken for themselves in Boston. They will not sound less when the Symphony Orchestra is background to them. The Heifetz, moreover, of a symphony concert is the Heifetz of many a recital—master of the tone of the violin, the more for the euphony he achieves with other instruments, a flawless medium for his chosen music. As he quickens many curiosities, so in less degree will Mr. Fradkin, when his opportunity comes, apart from his new work as concert-master, to prove his individual skill as violinist.

For the pianists, the long exiled Hofmann, the ripe and familiar Bauer need no bush. Long absences, needless estrangements have not lessened the numbers or the

faith of the public that with more and more reason sets Mr. Hofmann high among the pianists of our time. If Mr. Bauer's qualities are now fixed, he seldom fails to find new and interesting means for fresh disclosure of them. Audiences that knew Mme. Samaroff in her younger days as pianist will welcome her anew. Mr. Levitzki is indeed still a youth, but a youth who has already proved himself the instinctive, the practiced, the curiously mature musician. A few years ago, a few audiences in various American cities heard Arthur Rubinstein, pianist, and noted his promise. Subsequent years in Europe, if half of current reports run true, have brought fulfillment.

Forward and Back

The public of the Symphony Orchestra in Boston, in New York, in the cities that it regularly visits, will read these announcements gladly. Perhaps the trustees, new to a difficult task and pressed by many other obligations, under-estimated the time and the effort necessary to secure a conductor in these days of war. With the standards of the concerts what they are, with conductors worthy of them few and well employed, the search and the capture of a new leader have not, these many years, been easy. At the moment, war-time limitations of nationality, war-time obstacles to journeying and communication, have narrowed the field of choice and multiplied the intervals between proposal, answer, and all the steps of negotiation. The trustees deserve whatever time they may need to gain a conductor who will take the post for at least a season, who bids fair to win and hold the interest of the public.

On the other hand, the board is wise not to defer by a day the appointed beginning, the usual succession of the concerts. For months past, it has been common knowledge that it was reorganizing the orchestra, engaging "assisting artists," preparing the schedule for the new year. Yet rumor and gossip would not down that there would be no more Symphony Concerts in Boston; that all the glories and the pleasures of the orchestra were come to end. Now and then malevolence plainly prompted these surmises and prophecies; occasionally mere churlishness encouraged them; usually no more than the zest of the busybody in such knowing prediction spread them. Now, once and for all, they are scattered. The Symphony Orchestra, the Symphony Concerts continue and by every sign a sustaining public with them.

Chicago Continues

As coincidence had it, while the Boston Orchestra was making these announcements, the Chicago Orchestra, a thousand miles away, was also publishing its plans for the new season and similarly silencing

careless gossip and ominous rumor. As heretofore, it will undertake the usual series of twenty-eight paired concerts, as catholic as ever of programme, as varied as ever in the "assisting artists." Mr. Stock, moreover, will remain the conductor of the Chicago Orchestra. By January or February, in the ordinary progress of legal process, he will become a full-fledged citizen of the United States. As an "enemy alien," present or past, there is not a valid reproach or even suspicion upon him either for word or deed. Rightly, the trustees are resolved to uphold him and every other member of the orchestra who is equally blameless. In turn, the public of the concerts upholds them. H. T. P.

Post Sept. 22/18
It is worthy of note that with the appointment of Pierre Monteux to conduct the opening symphony concerts of the season, the Boston Symphony Orchestra is led by a French conductor for the first time in its history. This is an important innovation in more respects than one. Not only will Mr. Monteux appear as a leader of an American orchestra who is entirely in sympathy, as such an official should be, with America in this war, but he will also bring the French taste and French technique to bear on the interpretation of music which requires these qualifications of a conductor. It may be fairly anticipated that Mr. Monteux's programmes will contain very little German music. French and Russian compositions will therefore, in all probability, predominate. In both fields Mr. Monteux has long since proved that he excels.

Factors in some measure compensatory for this are that Germans, if not Austrians and certain German-Americans neither too discreet nor loyal in their attitude regarding this war, are out of the orchestra; that the personnel of that body has been considerably improved, particularly by the engagement of a number of players from the French Military Band, which performed here last spring, and that an unusually interesting list of soloists has been engaged.

Eleven artists will appear, in addition to those from the orchestra itself. Four of these are singers, two are violinists, four are pianists, and one an organist. Three of the singers are women, drawn from the Metropolitan Opera Company. They are Mabel Garrison and Florence Easton, sopranos, and Sophie Braslau, contralto. Miss Garrison, it will be remembered,

made her first appearance here with the orchestra last season. Madame Easton has never sung here in concert. She appeared once last spring in the season of the Metropolitan Opera Company, but she will be best remembered as the very remarkable first soprano of the Savage Grand Opera Company a dozen years ago. For nine years, up to the fall of 1916, Madam Easton was a principal soprano, first of the Royal Opera of Berlin, and afterward of the opera in Hamburg. She returned to this country to be a principal soprano of the Chicago Opera Company and last year she joined the Metropolitan. Sophie Braslau, contralto, has appeared here both in opera and concert. The other singer will be Emilio de Gozozza, who is singing with the Symphony for the first time, although for many years he has been a well-tried favorite here in Boston.

The two violinists from abroad are Jascha Heifetz and Jacques Thibaud. It is scarcely necessary to discuss these artists, so well known are they, unless it be to wonder at the curious fact that Mr. Thibaud is making his first appearance with the orchestra in Boston.

The list of pianists is exceedingly interesting. It comprises the names of Josef Hofmann, Olga Samaroff, Harold Bauer and Arthur Rubinstein. Of these the one stranger is Rubinstein. In the early part of 1906 Mr. Rubinstein gave a recital in the Colonial Theatre, but to the vast majority of music lovers of this city he will be a stranger. He is a native of Lodz, Russian Poland, where he was born 31 years ago. In childhood he was a protegee of Joachim, and his first master was Barth. He did his principal study, however, under d'Albert and spent some months with Leschetitzky. Accounts have it that he is one of the great pianists of the world.

The return of Josef Hofmann will be warmly welcomed, for Hofmann stands today in the very front rank of pianists and bids fair to inherit much of that popularity which was Paderewski's. It is also many years since Madame Samaroff appeared here in Boston. In a certain sense she is a Boston product in that it was here that she had her first success in America, and until her marriage she regarded it almost as a home. Harold Bauer, who last appeared with the orchestra three years ago, is always welcome.

An engagement out of the common is that of Joseph Bonnet, the French organist. His several appearances in Boston have shown that as an artist he has most unusual qualities. The organ in Symphony Hall is an admirable instrument, Mr. Bonnet having said last year that he thought it was one of the most

brilliant in this country.

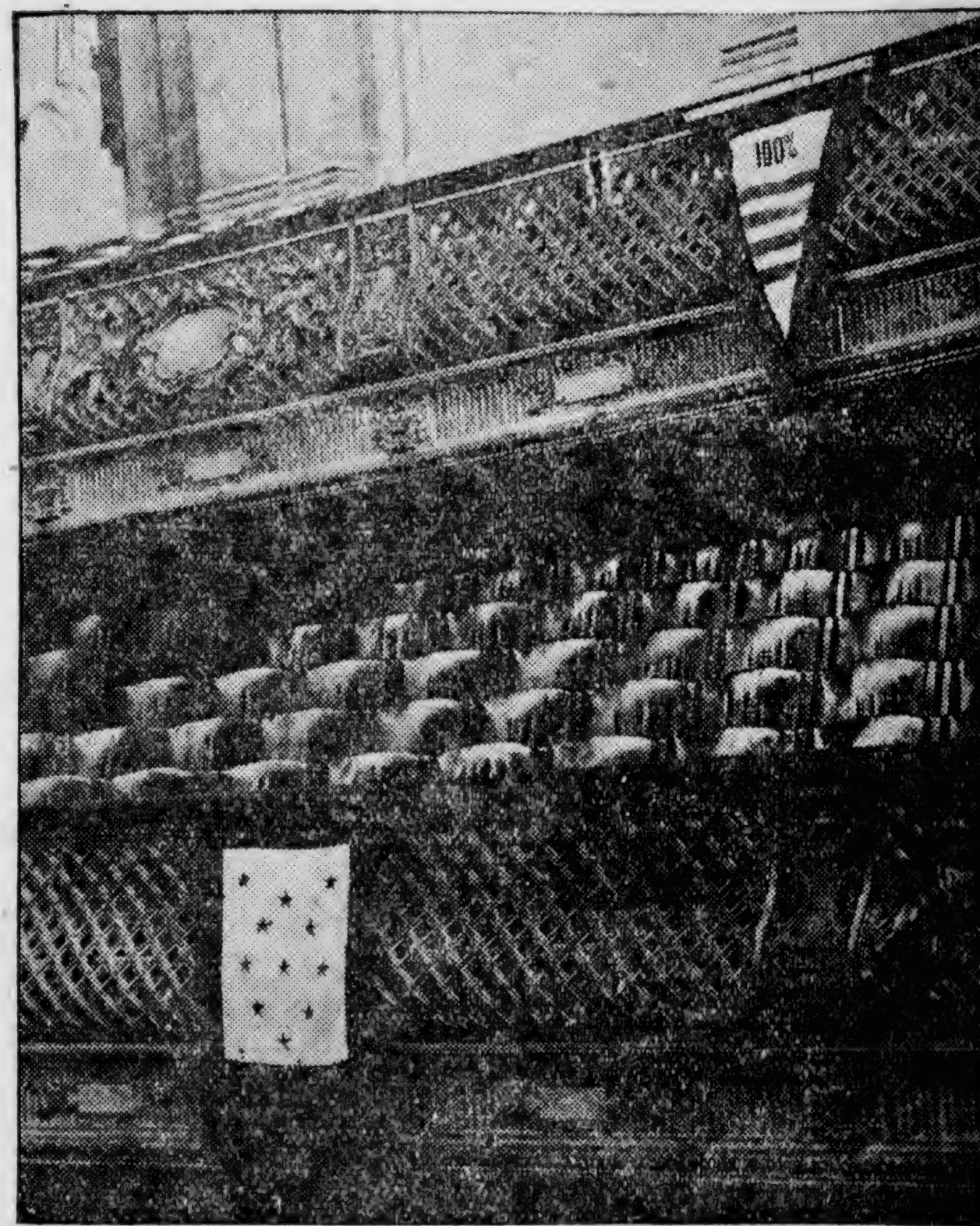
There will be interest in the appearance of Mr. Fradkin, the new concert master of the orchestra. Mr. Noack, the second concert master, will appear in due course as soloist; also Mr. Malkin, the leading cellist.

The orchestra will give its usual series of 24 Friday afternoon and 24 Saturday evening concerts. These will run from Oct. 11-12 to May 2-3. In that period of 39 weeks a total of something over 100 concerts will be given, for in addition to the 48 allotted to Boston there will be the usual series in Cambridge, Providence, Worcester, Hartford, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, while in the late winter the annual Western trip of one week will be made.

Within a few days the trustees expect to be in a position to announce the name of the conductor who will follow Mr. Monteux in November. In the meantime Boston patrons of the orchestra may rest assured of three unusually interesting programmes under Mr. Monteux. This distinguished conductor is greatly interested in the work and has already signified his intention of giving at the opening concert as the principal number Cesar Franck's Symphony in D Minor.

The subscribers to last year's concerts have already received notices regarding the renewal of their subscriptions for the season of 1918-19. Owing to delays made inevitable by war conditions, the time for the subscription sale to the concerts is necessarily brief, but much can be accomplished in three weeks. Last year's subscribers have until next Thursday, Sept. 26, inclusive, in which to renew their subscriptions and retain the seats they had last year. The general sale of subscription tickets to the public will open at Symphony Hall a week from tomorrow morning, Monday, Sept. 30, and continue up to the time of the first concerts. All seats which have not been taken by last year's subscribers will then be placed on sale.

Symphony Proud of War Record



Liberty loan industrial honor pennant and service flags draped over balcony at Symphony Hall.

All Own Bonds and Eleven Are in the Service

The Boston Symphony orchestra is proud of its war record. It won an industrial honor pennant for 100 per cent. subscription in the fourth Liberty loan, and has 11 men in the service of Uncle Sam or the allies.

The attention of patrons who attended

the first Symphony concert this afternoon was attracted to two flags draped artistically over the railing of the first balcony. One flag was the honor pennant and the other the service flag.

Every member of the orchestra and every Symphony Hall employe bought Liberty bonds, making the total for the organization \$15,150. Joseph Mann, librarian, who took part in the campaign, states he believes no large orchestra made a better record.

The stars in the service flag are for George Grisez, Paul Mimart, Modeste Alloo, Andre Gietzen, Leslie J. Rogers, Charles Pinfield, Joseph Gewirtz, Samuel Rosen, Leon Roby and Mrs. Florence Hayford.

BOSTON HAS A FRENCH CONDUCTOR

Herald (From the Nation.) *Oct. 24/18*

When Maj. Higginson founded the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1881 he decided to spare no expense in making it as good as possible. Most of the violinists were secured in Vienna, while for his players of wood-wind instruments he went to France, which had long been famed for its flutists, clarinetists, oboists and bassoonists. The successive conductors—Henschel, Gericke, Nikisch, Paur, Fiedler and Muck—came from Germany and Austria-Hungary. In view of the fact that these two countries have produced more first-class orchestral compositions than all other lands put together, it cannot, perhaps, be said that German music was unduly favored on the program of this organization. Most of the conductors named were fairly in sympathy with the spirit of French music, too. Nevertheless, one could not but wonder what the result would be if, in place of a Teuton or a Magyar, the Boston orchestra had, in addition to its wood-winds, a chef d'orchestre from Paris.

This curiosity is to be gratified during the present season. Two Frenchmen have been engaged, Pierre Monteux for October and Henri Rabaud for the remaining concerts, not only in Boston, but for those given on tour in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, which last-named city is now again open to this organization. The orchestra has been unionized, and of the new members as many as possible were recruited in France. Judges who have attended rehearsals think the ensemble will soon be as good as ever.

Except in Boston, Pierre Monteux will not be heard at the head of the Boston orchestra. His duties as conductor of the French operas at the Metropolitan Opera House prevent his acceptance of the post in Boston for more than a month. Nor is the conductorship of M. Rabaud to last longer than a year, for it is reported from Boston that Arturo

Toscanini is to succeed him next year. He had promised to conduct "Nero," the posthumous opera of the late Arrigo Boito, in Rome, which prevents him from coming to Boston now. In Italy this temperamental wielder of the baton is esteemed equally in concert hall and opera house. On this side of the Atlantic he still has to win his spurs as a purely orchestral conductor.

It by no means follows that because Boston's two new conductors are patriotic Frenchmen they will eschew all German music. M. Monteux has announced that he will have none of Richard Struss or even of Richard Wagner, because of his foolish farce on the subject of the capitulation of Paris in 1871. But the older masters are not to be boycotted. M. Rabaud's intentions are not yet made known at this writing, but it is a safe surmise that he will not punish such innocent masters as Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven for the crimes of the present day. At the same time one cannot but hope that he will give certain overworked Teutonic symphonies and overtures a well-earned rest, substituting for them neglected master-works of France and other countries. There are plenty of these, and it will be a delight to hear those that come from Paris interpreted in the true Gallic fashion. It is one of the paradoxes of music that only a Frenchman can quite reproduce the exact spirit and esprit of French music, whereas the best interpreters of German orchestral and operatic music have usually been Hungarians.

Between Bizet, Gounod, Berlioz, Debussy, Dukas, and Ravel there is a wide divergence of styles which will test the versatility of M. Rabaud. While he is best known as an operatic composer, he is far from being without experience as a conductor. It is almost superfluous to say that he is a product of the Paris Conservatoire, and, like nearly all prominent French composers, a winner of the Prix de Rome. Among his teachers was Massenet, from whom he acquired the knack of scoring an opera fluently. Of his three best-known operas, "La fille de Roland" (1904), "Le premier Glaive" (1908), and "Marouf" (1914), only the last is known in this country. It was produced at the Metropolitan with considerable success. For several years he has served as one of the conductors of the Paris Grand Opera. In appearance as well as in his music he is thoroughly French, and in the present temper of the public is sure of a cordial welcome.

HENRY T. FINCK.



Drawn for The Christian Science Monitor

Pierre Monteux

Conductor of Boston Symphony Orchestra during October

BOSTON ORCHESTRA CONDUCTOR

Monitor—*Sept. 24, 1918*

Pierre Monteux, the conductor who will open the season for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is a native of Paris. He received his musical educa-

tion at the Paris Conservatory, where he studied solfeggio and harmony with Lavignac, counterpoint and fugue with Charles Lenepveu, and violin with Berthelier. His original ambition was to become a violinist and as such he made his public debut with a string quartet in Paris, 1894; but it was not long before he confined his work to conducting.

His first experience as a conductor of important works was gained with the Concerts Colonne in Paris, a position which he held until 1911. At that time he connected himself with the Ballet Russe, making all in all four tours with that organization through the capitals of Europe. Meanwhile he found further outlet for his ability in a series of concerts at the Paris Casino which he devoted to a great extent to the production of ultra-modern works.

Nor has his experience been limited to the concert and ballet field. The season of 1913-14 he spent at the Paris Opéra, and he has also conducted at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, the Châtelet and the Odéon, Covent Garden and Drury Lane in London, and in opera houses in Berlin, Vienna, and Budapest.

Mr. Monteux made his first appearance as a conductor in America when Serge Diaghileff brought the Ballet Russe to this country in the fall of 1916 and he continued with that project for its entire second season, during which he was heard in the large cities of the United States. When the Metropolitan Opera Company decided last year to devote greater attention to the production of French operas, Mr. Monteux was engaged and spent the season of 1917-1918 in that capacity. Two new works were intrusted to his direction, the opera "Marouf," and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Coq d'Or."

During the summer of 1917, the enterprise of certain public-spirited men in New York City made possible a series of summer concerts at St. Nicholas Rink. The orchestra was placed under the leadership of Mr. Monteux, who conducted a wide variety of orchestral compositions of both serious and lighter nature. His best work at the time was manifested in his conducting of compositions of the modern French and Russian schools.

As has been intimated, Mr. Monteux has always had a preference for the moderns, even for those who have been dubbed ultra-modern. It is worthy of comment to record that among the first performances over which he presided are to be numbered

the Stravinsky ballets "Pétrouchka" and "Le Sacré du Printemps," the same composer's opera, "Le Rossignol," Debussy's "Jeux" and "Gigues," Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis et Cloé," and "Valse Nobles et Sentimentales" and "Le Jeu du Furet" of Roger-Ducasse.

Pierre Monteux is a most quiet and unassuming man. He dislikes heartily to talk of his work or of his own career. Criticism—and he has been subjected to much at the hands of certain New York critics—does not affect him. He is content to do his work as he sees it and to allow the public and the critics to draw whatever critical conclusion they may.

His life is most unpretentious. One never sees him about New York in the restaurants or cafés, but on the other hand he is always to be reached at his home on the upper West Side. He married Mlle. Germaine Benedictus in Paris in 1910. His wife is ever to be seen with him both coming and going from the opera house, and the two seem thoroughly happy and content to live the quietest of lives in order that Mr. Monteux may have full opportunity to devote his time and energy to his work. They have been spending the summer near Stamford, Conn.

The trustees of the orchestra announce that 11 soloists will assist at the concerts of the season, which begins on Oct. 11. They are Mabel Garrison, soprano, Florence Easton, soprano, Sophie Braslau, contralto, Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, Jascha Heifetz, violinist, Jacques Thibaud, violinist, Josef Hofmann, pianist, Harold Bauer, pianist, Arthur Rubinstein, pianist, Olga Samaroff, pianist, Mischa Levitzki, pianist, Joseph Bonnet, organist. Besides these, the new concert master, Fredric Fradkin, will be heard, as will Sylvain Noack, the second concert master, and Josef Malkin, the first 'cellist.

Former Boston Conductors

Six Men Have Led the Orchestra Thus Far

The appointment of a new conductor of the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra brings to mind many pleasant reminiscences of former conductors, their methods and the results they accomplished, beginning with Georg Henschel in 1881, the orchestra's first season. Mr. Henschel was, first of all, a singer of distinction, but he had had also more or less experience as a conductor, and as he was not only foreign, but withal better than anyone available at this time, the results the first season were eminently satisfactory, especially as to programs, which offered most of the then novelties in orchestral music.

Mr. Henschel remained in Boston three seasons, and was succeeded by Wilhelm Gericke, from Vienna, one who proved in many ways the best conductor the orchestra ever had. Mr. Gericke was a great drill master; he knew the value of "team work" and with the addition of Mr. Kneisel and other young musicians whom he brought over, he made the orchestra well-nigh perfect as to ensemble and tonal beauty and strength.

When Mr. Gericke returned to Vienna at the end of the season of 1888, he left for his successor, Arthur Nikisch, a perfectly drilled orchestral machine, which if memory serves, lapsed a little in efficiency, during Mr. Nikisch's four years' stay, although even then he showed that genius for conducting and that peculiarly temperamental style of interpretation, which he has in more recent years developed to an extraordinary degree.

Rightly or wrongly, there was friction between the conductor and the management, so that Emil Paur became conductor of the orchestra at the beginning of the season of 1893-94. Mr. Paur gave some excellent programs, and was the first to play in Boston such works as Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Schéhérazade" suite, both of which have since become estab-

lished favorites. Mr. Paur was conservative compared with many, but he maintained the established high standard of efficiency and when in 1898 Mr. Gericke again returned, for a stay of several seasons, he found things in an eminently satisfactory condition.

Mr. Gericke's second term was marked by the same perfection of ensemble and finish, and his programs, generally interesting, furnished most of the worthy novelties as they came into vogue. During this second term the new Symphony Hall was built and occupied for the regular concerts. When he returned to Vienna in 1906, after a two-period incumbency of 13 years, it was felt that as a drill master he had few if any equals, and his interpretations as a whole were broad-minded and sincere, even if at times inclined to be academic and dry.

Then followed Dr. Karl Muck, who brought a new individuality as to interpretation, and his first engagement of two seasons will be well remembered, as will also his work as conductor in his second term, which terminated last season under regrettable conditions. Between the two terms of Dr. Muck, one must not forget Max Fiedler, one whom it was a pleasure to know, and his term was productive of much that was excellent, and enjoyable, although it must be confessed that the ensemble of the orchestra suffered to some extent.

No conductor of American antecedents has as yet ruled the destinies of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, though rumor had it, after Mr. Nikisch left in 1893, that Theodore Thomas, then in Chicago, was considered for a successor, and it has been affirmed that he could have had the position if he had wished to leave Chicago, a step that for various reasons he was

Monteux, Conductor

Herald—Sept. 19, 1918

It is a pleasure to learn that Mr. Pierre Monteux will be the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the month of October. Trained in the most thorough and famous of music schools, the Paris Conservatory, an excellent musician, he has had wide experience and has won an in-

ternational reputation as a conductor of opera, ballet and symphonic concerts. His leadership of opera and ballet has already been warmly praised in this city.

His engagement will put an end to the ungrounded, preposterous theory that only a German or an Austrian can successfully conduct Symphony concerts. It is eminently fitting that a Frenchman should begin the season with an orchestra that is now largely composed of French virtuosos. His present engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House will prevent his remaining here through the season, but he will have a brilliant successor.

There should be, there undoubtedly will be, lively and widespread interest in the approaching Symphony season. The board of trustees has been diligent in securing accomplished musicians to fill the places made vacant by popular demand and patriotic feeling. The trustees fully intend to maintain the standard that has made this orchestra famous throughout the world. The list of assisting soloists already engaged is of itself a strong attraction. For many years the orchestra has been the pride and the glory of this city. It should be the zealous care of Boston that this glory shall not fade.

Monteux Plans Sparkling Programmes for Symphony During Coming Season

BY OLIN DOWNES

The Boston Symphony season will open next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Oct. 25 and 26, respectively. Ordinarily this concert would be the third of the series, and William H. Brennan, the manager, announces that for this concert the tickets for the third concert, Oct. 25-26, shall be used. Concerts 1 and 2 will be given later.

The programme that Mr. Monteux will play is somewhat different from the one planned originally for the beginning of the season. It comprises Cesar Franck's Symphony in D-minor, Schumann's Overture to "Manfred," the music of the ballet-pantomime, "La Peri," by Paul Dukas, and the "Iberia" by Debussy.

The first, second and fourth numbers are familiar and long-time favorites of Symphony audiences. Cesar Franck's Symphony, received sceptically when first produced here by Mr. Gericke, has become one of the most popular works in the repertoire of the orchestra.

Schumann's "Manfred" overture is the week's contribution of the older classics, while the fascinating color scheme of Debussy's Spanish pictures has been given frequently in recent years. The Dukas work is new to Boston, if, indeed, it is not new to America. "La Peri" is a ballet-pantomime, employing two mimes, and was written for pro-

duction at the opera in Paris by the Ballet Russe in 1911. It is dedicated to the Russian dancer Mlle. Trouhanowa, and Dukas intended to have it danced by her in collaboration with Nijinsky. Trouhanowa was not a member of M. Diagheleff's company. The work was put into rehearsal at the Opera under Mr. Monteux; the scenery was built, but it was not produced there because Diagheleff refused to allow Nijinsky to dance with Trouhanowa. As a result, a production of the ballet-pantomime was made at the Chatelet by Trouhanowa and another Russian dancer, and Dukas conducted. It is based on the Oriental story of Iskender, who goes to the ends of the world to find the flower of immortality. He finds it in the hands of a peri at the court of Ormuzd. In the course of the pantomime he finds that the flower is not for him and that his end is near. The entire score of the pantomime as written for the theatre is played by Mr. Monteux.

One thing is certain, aside from the satisfaction which those who are part of the rehearsals of the Symphony Orchestra seem to feel with the methods of Mr. Monteux: he is a maker of programmes a hundred times more interesting than the moribund affairs that his predecessor used to resurrect from time to time from the Symphony chests

of scores. Furthermore, though a lover of the classics—being even, for a great exception with a modern French musician, a proponent of Johannes Brahms—Mr. Monteux will give us for his regrettably brief season in Boston programmes which reflect the musical spirit of today.

It has been a habit, and especially a habit of the past German musical regime in this city and country, to decry this modern spirit and these remarkable tonal discoveries by which Frenchmen and not Germans have been opening new paths and disclosing new wonders of color and sonority and beauty to the world. Now, we hold no particular brief for modern French music as opposed to all other music of today. We are not by dispositions nationalists or chauvinists in our musical enthusiasms. We fully recognize the fact that since the beginning of the world much more poor music than good music has been composed, and that this is as true of the modern French school as of many others.

But of this modern French school another thing is true. While others—more particularly Germany in her music—were looking backward and feebly repeating the formulas which past masters struck out for themselves and made great for their time and enduring because of the creative spirit behind them, France, refusing to rest on stale tradition, has been the alert, eager, precise and creative pioneer of a new period in civilization. We do not know today how great Messrs. Debussy and D'Indy and a number of their colleagues will appear in a century hence—although all evidence at hand establishes their claim to enduring greatness more and more strongly as each year passes, but we do know, beyond a doubt or peradventure, that they are the men who speak a musical language of today, a language indicative of more culture, more spirit, less flesh, less sodden convention, than the music, probably, of any other school. The French Messiah of music may not have arrived as yet. It may require the world cataclysm to produce him. But the musical soil is already rich and fertile for his coming and from this soil are springing beautiful flowers of a myriad colors, and a perfume that is the perfume of nothing less than the immortal and transcendent spirit of France.

It is time that this music received at once a more generous and a more sympathetic presentation than it has had at the Symphony concerts in the past. Suppose, for a change, that over-attention were given to music by modern Frenchmen and progressive composers of other countries—including America—whenever a progressive composer from this country can really be found—and the German classics ignored for a pe-

riod, not because of the war, but simply because we in America wished to cultivate a different point of view and look at the art of music from a newer standpoint than we have been looking at it in late years? It would not hurt us.

Nor will it hurt us to listen at the Symphony concert to a conductor of a school other than German. By all accounts the Boston Symphony, under Mr. Monteux's assiduous rehearsing, is developing again much of the purity of tone and of pitch, the clearness and warmth of color which were its characteristics in the greatest days of its past. The French have an inalienable instinct for that which is clear and beautiful. Today they join the great invention, originality, curiosity in discovery in their art, a profound seriousness, and, incidentally, a mastery of the much-discussed matter of "form" which places a majority of German composers in the light of laborious plodders by their side. It is time this were realized. Even a cursory examination of modern French scores would demonstrate the fairness and accuracy of such a statement. As technicians these men are well nigh incomparable today. As creative artists they are in the vanguard of musical progress, and they have in their eyes a vision of a new beauty that is at once new and very old—that beauty which is the heritage of a long and noble culture, reborn again in the new and youthful spirit of today.

SYMPHONY DIRECTOR NOT YET ENGAGED

Judge Frederick P. Cabot, chairman of the board of trustees of the Boston Symphony orchestra, issued yesterday the following statement concerning the conductorship of the Symphony orchestra for this season:

"It has already been announced that Pierre Monteux will direct the opening concerts of the year. At the time of this announcement it was expected that the name of the permanent conductor could soon be made public. Owing to the entirely abnormal condition of affairs throughout the world, such an announcement is still impossible. On more than one occasion it has taken from four to six weeks to receive answers from cable messages to Europe, but it may, and should, be said that negotiations are in active progress looking toward the continuance of the orchestra in the coming and following seasons upon precisely the high level which it has maintained throughout its history. Just as soon as dates and names can be given with definiteness more will be said." *Herald Sept. 20, 1918.*

Monteux Restoring Scores That Muck Tampered With

Post

Oct. 13/18
BY OLIN DOWNES

One thing is certain. The days that are passing with never a symphony concert are not passing to the detriment of the quality of the orchestra. Every day it is rehearsing under Mr. Monteux. He is not an easy man to please. When he commenced rehearsals he was not wholly satisfied with his success in getting exactly what he wanted from an orchestra which had long been trained by a conductor of quite another school and different ideals of orchestral tone than those of Mr. Monteux. It took—perhaps it is still taking—even the sanctified orchestra of Boston Symphony some time to adjust itself to the new delicacies and the fine balances of Mr. Monteux's art—this, at least, is the talk in inside musical circles. But Mr. Monteux is gradually gaining the results he covets, profiting by the delays of the season to impress the more satisfactorily his conceptions on his men.

Probably in another 11 days the accuracy of this gossip will be put to test for its accuracy in public performance. In the meantime this seems to hold true: That no conductor since the time of Wilhelm Gericke, the man who gave the Boston Orchestra its reputation, has rehearsed so meticulously, so scrupulously and with so fine an ear for tonal results. In the absence of that press agency by which conductors of greater pretensions, if not more talent, than Mr. Monteux often see to it that their doings and characteristics are loudly trumpeted through the land this may be said: That very few orchestra leaders have such an ear.

The acuteness of the ear of Mr. Toscanini, formerly at the Metropolitan Opera House, and possibly conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra next season, has been traditional; yet Mr. Monteux, conducting "Carmen," after Mr. Toscanini had conducted this work at the Metropolitan, discovered errors in the orchestral parts which had escaped the famous Italian maestro. He has discovered errors in Boston Symphony parts as well, and we are happy to say—if report is true—that he has restored to their original forms many orchestral works with which Dr. Muck felt free to tamper. Mr. Monteux believes in allowing the composer, and the

composer only, to be responsible for his own greatnesses and shortcomings. In his opinion the duty of the conductor is solely that of the reverent and enthusiastic interpreter.

We are happy to hear that he works without a pencil. A man's methods of work may be what they like, provided he gets his results. Dr. Muck got results in ways of his own, though they were sometimes at variance with the intention of the composer. But one of his methods was blue pencilling his scores in practically every measure, and with a geometrical exactitude and elaborateness of which only a German could be suspected. Nothing was left to chance, inspiration, or memory. We know this personally to have been the case. Mr. Monteux does not need or like to mark up a score.

Has the reader ever been annoyed by loaning a book to a friend and having it returned with dashes, question marks, pseudo-profound reflections on the page margins, and all the other indications of the pencil fiend? Why do people do this? If a paragraph impresses them are they going to forget it? If they intend to lecture have they not their subject matter in their mind? Are they school children? If we were a newly appointed conductor at Symphony Hall we should certainly be annoyed to find the library so besmeared. Mr. Monteux's successor will find less "editing" than Dr. Muck's.

Mr. Monteux's sojourn here shows him to be a man of the simple and domestic tastes which characterized other symphony conductors than Dr. Muck. That gentleman lived with some pretension, and on a scale which, if not elaborate, was more or less in conformity with the ideas of those who think carefully about appearances and appurtenances due him who occupies an exalted official position.

He lived first in a pretentious hotel and later in an admirably appointed house on Hemenway street. Mr. Monteux lived also in a hotel—a modest one—for a week or thereabouts after his arrival in Boston for his fall duties, and then went straight out to a pleasant street in a suburb, and ensconced himself in a comfortable apartment and went to "housekeeping." At the rehearsals he has been simple and amiable, has not felt it necessary to intimidate his players to make them obey him, but has made his authority quietly and instantly felt. The gentlemen of the Symphony Orchestra were some-

what surprised, but surprised to their profit, to find him informing them that he was not satisfied with the tone-quality of the first simple, unison passage for strings, which opens the Cesar Franck symphony. He has eyes and ears on all sides of his head. He is not the man for an orchestra to "play horse" with.

The newly announced list of works to be performed by the Chicago Opera Company this season is of local interest since, in all probability, this company will revisit Boston, and, let us hope, repeat brilliant triumphs of last season. The "revivals" are, on the whole, more interesting than the "novelties." A "revival" may indeed be a "novelty" to a younger generation, as are many of Mr. Campanini's offerings, but it is unlikely that many of his "novelties" will have, in future years, "revivals." Certainly one expects little of "Le Vieil Aigle," by Raoul Gunsborg, or from Mascagni's "Le Maschere." Erlanger's "Aphrodite," with Mary Garden in the title role, will draw audiences of those athirst for musical novelties, and those who crave novelties not necessarily of the purely musical order. The same might be said of Massenet's "Cleopatra" with the same singer in the title role. A little better may be hoped of Xavier Leroux's "Le Chemineau" and "Le cadeau de Noel," a one-act opera based on an incident of the present war. But Verdi's "Don Carlos," little known in America, is worth all the other works put together. Other revivals will include Massenet's grim melodrama, "La Navarraise"; Rossini's "William Tell"; Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann"; Verdi's "Falstaff" and "Otello"; Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine"; Bellini's "Norma"; Donizetti's "Linda di Chamounix" and Ricci's comedy in the early Italian opera buffa style, "Crispino e la comare."



Conductor Pierre Monteux.

BY OLIN DOWNES

I tried last week to get Pierre Monteux, who will conduct the opening concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's season of 1918-19, to speak at some length of his work and the musical policies he intends to pursue while leading the Boston orchestra this fall.

But Mr. Monteux would rather work than talk, and when he talks would rather discuss other things than his work.

He spent the summer as the tenant and guest of John McCormack, the tenor, on Mr. McCormack's place, at Norton, Conn., a small house well in the trees, near the sound, along the shores of which he motored in the intervals of his work.

Working with Mr. McCormack, Mr.

MONTEUX FINDS U. S. MUSICIANS FAST READERS

Post

Oct. 6/18

Rapid Sight Players,
He Tells Olin
Downes

Monteux had found him not only a rarely accomplished singer, but an admirable musician—which is not necessarily the same thing—and a very broadminded and thoughtful artist, with a sure taste for the best and most interesting music, new or old.

Mr. Monteux did not share the opinion of the celebrated pianist, who remarked that a tenor was "not a voice, but a disease"! Mr. McCormack was a delightful companion, as well as fellow musician.

When Mr. Monteux talks he looks straight at you, as clearly, frankly, fearlessly as a child, and you know him immediately. At least you know the thing which it is most important to know about anyone. You know his absolute sincerity. You are certain of much human kindness and the loftiest attitude toward his art. You recognize a typical French clarity of vision, which is mental, as well as physical, and you know that if Diogenes had met Monteux he would put out his lantern, realizing for a certainty that he had discovered an honest man.

Also a very unassuming man. Yet the little that he told about his career, or that the little I was able to piece together, has for me an essentially dramatic quality. "Dramatic" because of the manner in which the events of the man's life seem to have dovetailed in with his own most deep-seated desires.

From the time he was 12, when he entered the Paris Conservatoire, he thought and dreamed of one thing—to conduct an orchestra. And not even the war, which interfered so terribly with artistic developments, especially in France, has kept him from advancing very rapidly on a chosen path.

In practically a decade Monteux has progressed from the position of an assistant conductor of the celebrated Colonne concerts in Paris to an appointment which is one of the most important that can be conferred on a musician—and this in addition to his position as a leading conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York.

His Musical Record

He played the violin at the Conservatoire. Among other things he also studied the viola.

In 1893—he is now 43—he became in the same year the violist of the celebrated Geloso String Quartet and first violist of the Colonne Orchestra. For years he and Mr. Longy, present first oboist of the Boston Symphony, were members of this body.

A new generation of musicians was then springing up in France—young men possessed of a holy enthusiasm and curiosity to know intimately the

music of all great masters, to understand symphonic and instrumental music, as well as operatic works, which had been in previous years the principal occupation of French musicians.

In course of orchestra rehearsals Colonne became personally interested in Monteux and assisted him to get experience with the baton. It was Colonne, with the enthusiastic assistance of Monteux, who was an early enthusiast for Brahms, who performed that composer's Fourth Symphony for the first time in Paris.

The Russian ballet came to Paris—the organization which was eventually the means of bringing Mr. Monteux to America. Diaghileff wanted someone to prepare the orchestra for performances of "Scheherazade" and also Stravinsky's "Petrouchka." Monteux prepared them, with the understanding that the appointed conductor of the ballet should take the baton when time came for the performances.

"Then," said Mr. Monteux, "a thing occurred which pleased me very much. Stravinsky came to my rehearsals. We talked over the music—which is very wonderful, and very hard for an orchestra. Stravinsky went to Mr. Diaghileff. 'I wish this man to conduct "Petrouchko." ' Therefore, I conducted the premiere and the following performances of this work, which I shall direct this winter, when it is produced at the Metropolitan. Later, the Russian ballet asked me to America and—I am here!

"To go back a little: In 1913 I resolved to conduct concerts of my own. Let me tell you that one of the happiest episodes of my life occurred when a number of my colleagues and supporters met, agreeing to put their influence back of the new orchestral 'societe' I wished to form, and we advertised for young musicians to come and be examined if they wished positions in the new orchestra. The best of the young players of the day came, eagerly, enthusiastically, with the result that I had a really wonderful orchestra to begin with.

Not Placed by Critics

"This orchestra played, under myself and other conductors, for the Boston Opera season of 1914 in Paris. It also gave 10 concerts in Paris of modern music—the most modern music you can imagine.

I asked Mr. Monteux whether he could compare American orchestral musicians with those of France. "As a rule," he replied, "American orchestral players, such as those of the Boston Symphony, are quicker readers at first sight than French players, and they have a commensurate technical facility. This is due, I think, to two important things: First of all, you have here an orchestra of which the musicians are

practically bound to give all the time necessary to very exacting rehearsals of music of every imaginable kind. These men are at the service of the conductor at any hour and for as many hours as he wants them. They play music of all countries, of all periods, and all schools. All this develops the quality of reading difficult music at sight in an exceptional degree. Also, for the reason that salaries here are considerably larger than they are, as a rule, in Europe, the musicians can afford to devote their time to constant rehearsal under one conductor, which is very seldom the case on the other side.

MONTEUX TO LEAD SYMPHONY A MONTH

Metropolitan Conductor Engaged for Concerts in October

Pierre Monteux, who twice in the past three years has appeared in Boston, has been engaged by the trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra especially to conduct the three pairs of concerts to be given in October, that is on Oct. 11-12, 18-19, and 25-26, as well as two concerts in Cambridge and Northampton on Oct. 17 and 23 respectively. His engagement as first French conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York precludes a longer stay in Boston. The trustees expect soon to be able to announce the name of the conductor for the remainder of the season.

Subscribers to last season's concerts have until Sept. 26 the privilege of renewing their subscriptions. The season sale to the general public opens at Symphony Hall Monday morning, Sept. 30.

M. Monteux, who is 43 years of age, received his musical education at the Paris Conservatoire and had his first experience as a conductor of important works with the Concerts Colonne, in Paris. Beginning in 1911 he made four European tours as conductor of the Ballet Russe, and it was with this organization that he made his American debut in the fall of 1916. When the Metropolitan Opera Company decided a year ago to devote greater attention to French operas, he was engaged as French conductor, two new works, the opera "Marouf" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera-ballet, "Le Coq d'Or," being entrusted to his direction. In Boston he will be recalled for his direction of the orchestra with the Ballet Russe in the season of 1916-17, and of the performances last year by the Metropolitan Opera Company of "Le Coq d'Or" and of "Samson and Delilah."

WHEN CONCERTS BEGIN

Frank. — Sept. 21, 1918

More Plans for the Symphony Orchestra —Mme. Galli-Curci's First Programme—Mr. Lazaro To Be Heard

FOR the present there is little to add to the announcements about the new season made by the management of the Symphony Concerts on Wednesday last. It was then made known that Mr. Monteux of the Metropolitan Opera House would lead the orchestra in three pairs of concerts in Boston in October; that, before long, a more permanent conductor would be engaged; and that the "assisting artists" for the autumn, winter and spring, comprised Mes. Garrison, Easton and Braslau and Mr. de Gogorza for singers; Messrs. Helfetz and Thibaud for violinists; and Messrs. Hofmann, Bauer, Levitzki and Arthur Rubinstein and Mme. Samaroff for pianists. It further appeared that subscribers to the concerts of last season, either on Friday afternoons or Saturday evenings, may renew subscriptions through Sept. 26—Thursday of next week; and that on Monday, Sept. 30, tickets for the new season would be on sale at the box-office.

A new communiqué from Symphony Hall now reports the reorganization of the orchestra—that is to say the dismissal of all German and Austrian subjects not on their way to naturalization as citizens of the United States and the substitution for them and for a few drafted men of French or American citizens. Sundry players, however, have still to be added to the string choir, so that as yet it is impossible to print a roster of the reconstituted orchestra. As report goes, Frenchmen have filled most of the vacancies among the wind instruments and Americans most of those among the strings. Thus freed from the current restrictions upon the movements of German or Austrian subjects, the orchestra will return to the full schedule of concerts in cities other than Boston. It will make the five monthly journeys to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn and New York and resume or continue the usual concerts in the nearer cities of New England. It will also at midwinter make the annual visit to five or six cities of the nearer West. Here in Boston, of course, the twenty-four pairs of concerts will befall as of old—the first on Oct. 11 and 12 next; the last on May 1 and 2, 1919.

SYMPHONY PLAN AGAIN CHANGED

Herald — Oct. 13/18
**Further Postponement of
Season's Opening to
Oct. 25**

Again must the opening of the Symphony season be postponed. It is a great disappointment to the patrons, but it is a very necessary feature of the work to subdue the epidemic.

According to present plans, the season will now open on Friday afternoon, Oct. 25, and Saturday evening, Oct. 26. Health Commissioner Woodward has held out hope that this week will be the last week of the ban on theatres, music halls and other places of public assemblage.

The postponement means another reconstruction of programs. Josef Hoffman's appearance in Cambridge and Boston must be postponed, but arrangements will be made by which he will appear later. Under present conditions there are only two concerts before the orchestra leaves on its first southern trip. There will be no soloist at the first concerts Oct. 25-26, and at the next pair of concerts on Nov. 1 and 2 the soloist will be Florence Easton, the brilliant soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York. Subscribers to the Symphony season will not lose the two concerts in October which have been postponed; at least, they will be given in May, and it is within the realm of possibility that one pair may be given during the winter.

The first concert of the Cambridge series will be given either one or two weeks later.

Mr. Monteux is hard at work with the orchestra. Rehearsals are held every morning of the six weekdays from 10 to 1. The orchestra is rapidly getting into prime condition, and Mr. Monteux expresses himself as being more than satisfied.

No word has yet been received regarding the sailing of Mr. Rakand. It is expected that he will sail within the next 10 days, which will bring him to Boston in ample time to make himself familiar with his new environment and begin his work with the orchestra in the second week of November.

SYMPHONY MEN GREET MONTEUX

Herald — Oct. 2/18
**New Conductor Welcomed
at First Rehearsal**

Judge Frederick P. Cabot, chairman of the board of trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday at rehearsal introduced Pierre Monteux, who is to conduct the October concerts of the organization, appearing for the first time in his official capacity. There are nine trustees and Judge Cabot humorously raised the question whether, according to the old saying that it takes nine tailors to make a man, these nine trustees will make one Maj. Higginson.

They are making their attempt to do for music in America something of what he has done, he declared, because they feel sure of the orchestra itself. It has had the benefit of a succession of able conductors, and the members themselves have always been chosen with the greatest care as artists and as men. Their work in public has proved to all the world what true artists they are. Their work in private has proved them to be true men with whom the trustees are looking forward to a long future of friendly co-operation, he said.

He referred to the world disturbance that has made some changes in the orchestra, as elsewhere, and while voicing regret declared that the orchestra was fortunate in obtaining new members of the highest character and tried excellence.

"We begin the year," said he, "under one who brings with him every advantage of experience and authority. He comes as a musician and a gentleman, with whom an association of a few weeks will seem altogether too short."

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

After two postponements due to the influenza the Symphony season will open next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Oct. 25 and 26. Ordinarily this concert would be the third of the series. Mr. Brennan, the manager, announces that for this concert the tickets for the third concert, Oct. 25-26, shall be used. Concerts one and two will be given later.

The postponement has not been without its benefit. Mr. Monteux has had rehearsals every weekday, with the result that before the orchestra makes its first public appearance it will have had four weeks of solid rehearsing. As 25 per cent. of the orchestra is new this period of rehearsal has been invaluable.

The program that Mr. Monteux will play comprises Franck's symphony in D minor, Schumann's overture to "Manfred," the music of the ballet-phantomime "La Peri" by Dukas and the "Iberia" of Debussy.

Dukas's work is new to Boston. "La Peri" is a ballet-phantomime, employing two mimes. It was written for production at the opera in Paris by the Ballet Russe in 1911. It is dedicated to the Russian dancer, Mlle. Trouhanowa, and Dukas intended to have it danced by her in collaboration with Nijinsky. Trouhanowa was not a member of M. Diagheleff's company. The work was put into rehearsal at the opera under Mr. Monteux; the scenery was built, but it was not produced there because Diagheleff refused to allow Nijinsky to dance with Trouhanowa. As a result, a production of the ballet-phantomime was made at the Chatelet by Trouhanowa and another Russian dancer, and Dukas conducted. It is based on the oriental story of Iskender, who goes to the ends of the world to find the flower of immortality. He finds it in the hands of a peri at the court of Ormuzd. In the course of the phantomime he finds that the flower is not for him and that his end is near. The entire score of the phantomime is a work of exceeding brilliance.

The form of the program is as follows:
Cesar Franck.....Symphony in D minor
Schumann.....Overture to "Manfred"
Dukas....."La Peri"
Debussy.....Iberia

TAK, SYMPHONY PLAYER, PUT IN DRAFT CLASS 1A

The differences between Edward Tak, violin player in the Symphony Orchestra, and the United States Government were all settled amicably yesterday when Tak received back his citizenship papers, waived his claim for exemption and was placed in Class 1A, ready to serve immediately in the Army. It is understood also that he will be reinstated in the orchestra.

The trouble started when Tak, a citizen of Holland, who has taken out his first applications for citizenship in this country, was registered in the draft on Sept. 12. He immediately made every effort to be exempted, and finally, in the face of the opposition of Freeman O. Emerson and other draft officials, renounced his first papers and waived all future chances to be either an American citizen or an American soldier.

When Manager A. J. Brennan heard of this action, he discharged Tak. In other ways also, it is understood, Tak came to realize the significance of his

act. Yesterday he returned to the draft headquarters at 200 Huntington av. and announced that he had changed his mind and was anxious for immediate service in the Army.

His original reason for trying to avoid service, he said, was that his mother in Holland is sick. He expressed himself as genuinely sorry for his disloyalty and after Mr. Emerson had consulted the authorities, received his first citizenship papers, and his questionnaire, on which he waived exemption claims, and was immediately placed in Class 1A. Manager Brennan stated that he would probably reinstate Mr. Tak as violin player. Tak's disloyalty, it is said, was due as much to artistic temperament as anything else.

SOLDIERS IN THE SYMPHONY

Trans. — Oct. 21/18
**Director Monteux and Seven Members of
Orchestra Have Taken Part in War—
Organization Has Eleven-Star Service
Flag**

When the patrons of the Symphony Orchestra go into Symphony Hall Friday afternoon for the first concert, they will see two flags—one, the 100 per cent pennant issued by the Liberty loan committee, and the other the service flag of the orchestra. The Symphony Orchestra and the employees of Symphony Hall went over the top in the Liberty loan Friday. Every member of the orchestra and every employee in Symphony Hall bought bonds. The total for the organization was \$15,150, which averaged something more than \$100 for each individual.

The service flag contains eleven stars, which represent nine members of the orchestra and two members of the business staff who have so far entered the service of the United States or the Allies. Georges Grisez, first clarinet of the orchestra until 1914, has been in service as a brancardier since the beginning of the war and has been practically all of the time in the East. He went through the campaign of Gallipoli, and when the Allied armies established themselves at Salonica he accompanied them and has been there since. Pierre Fossé, third oboe in the season of 1913-14, went into the French army in August, 1914, served with the Forty-Second Regiment of Territorials for several months, and since then has been French interpreter with the British forces. Paul Mimart, second clarinet for many years, left Boston last July and is now with his regiment on the front in France.

Modeste Alloo, a Belgian subject, first trombone, for the past year has been director and trainer of bands at Camp Devens. André Gietzen, another Belgian subject, joined the American Army as interpreter last winter. Leslie J. Rogers, librarian of the orchestra, Charles Pinfield, Joseph

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Gewirtz and Samuel Rosen, violinists, entered the Army last summer in the draft. Leon Roby of the business staff has been in France as a sergeant in the Quartermaster's Corps since August, 1917, and Miss Florence Hayford, also of the business staff, sailed early this month for Red Cross service overseas.

There are also in the orchestra seven veterans of the French service, not including Mr. Monteux, who is conducting the early concerts and who had twenty-five months' active service at the beginning of the war. These veterans, not represented by stars on the service flag, are Ferdinand Thillois, violin; Claude Barrier, first viola, who was fourteen months in active service, which was followed by twenty-two months in the hospital; Georges Miquelle, cellist; Georges Mager, viola; Louis Speyer, oboe; Emile Stievenard, bass clarinet, and Abdon Laus, first bassoon.

SYMPHONY TO FLY TWO HONOR FLAGS

One for Members in War Service, the Other Loan Purchases

Members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have a record of 100 per cent. in the fighting fourth Liberty loan. Besides this, 11 members of the organization are in the service of the allied governments in the present war. To commemorate these facts, two flags will be unfurled at the first concert to be held on Friday afternoon in Symphony Hall. One of the flags will be the one issued by the Liberty loan committee to the members for going over the top in regard to the Liberty loan. The total subscriptions amounted to \$15,150.

The service flag will contain 11 stars, representing nine members of the orchestra and two members of the business staff who have so far entered the fighting service of the United States or the allies. Three stars belong to France. Modeste Alloo, a Belgian subject, first trombone of the orchestra, has for the past year been director and trainer of bands at Camp Devens. Much of the work done in regard to the fourth Liberty loan was by Joseph Mann, the librarian. It is fairly safe to state that no large orchestra in the country can show a like record. *Herald Oct. 2/18*

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA NOT TO BE UNIONIZED *Trans. — June 6/18* NEGOTIATIONS END IN AN IMPASSE —CONTRACTS RENEWED ON A NON- UNION, BUT GENEROUS, BASIS

The negotiations, recently set afoot, toward the "unionizing" of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, have come definitively to an end, and the men of the band are now renewing their contracts with the trustees upon the former "non-union" basis, but upon appreciably better terms which make them the best-paid and the most generously considered orchestra in the United States. Especially has this considerate disposition of the new management appeared in provision for income through the summer to the men whose salaries are not the highest. These new arrangements have contributed not a little to general good will between the players in the orchestra and the new trustees.

The failure of the "unionizing" negotiations was, in a sense, amicable. The management of the orchestra offered no opposition to the "unionizing," so long as it retained undiminished its freedom to recruit the band, in vacancy or at need, with the best men obtainable, whether in Boston or New York, in America or in Europe, inside or outside the union. Rightly it regarded this liberty of choice as essential and fundamental to the standards of the orchestra. The spokesmen of the Boston union of the American Federation of Musicians were seemingly willing to concede this freedom of choice. When, however, the national officers of the Federation were consulted, as they had to be, they declared that any such concession was impossible under the constitution and the rules of the Federation and that, as long as these stood, no local modification of them was permissible. Since the management of the orchestra stood righteously firm for its freedom of choice and since the highest authorities of the Federation held to the rules limiting this liberty, the men in the orchestra who had been advocating entrance into the union perceived that there was an impasse beyond negotiations to alter, and dropped the matter with the outcome already indicated.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

NEW SYMPHONY VIOLIN LEADER

Herald — Aug. 30/18
Fredric Fradkin Succeeds
Anton Witek as Con-
cert Master

IS 26 YEARS OLD AND AN AMERICAN

Judge Frederick P. Cabot, president of the board of trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, announced yesterday that Fredric Fradkin, American violinist, had been engaged as concert master of the orchestra to succeed Anton Witek. Besides being a native born American, Mr. Fradkin has youth in his favor, and is an artist of unusual gifts. Only 26 years old, he is the youngest man to occupy this important post since Franz Kneisel came to Boston in 1895.

The new member of the Symphony Orchestra attracted much attention as the violinist who was concert master of the Ballet Russe Orchestra during the two Boston engagements of that company. Musically speaking, he is decidedly of the French school.

Is of Russian Parentage

Born in Troy, of Russian parents, April 2, 1892, he was 5 years old when his father placed him under the tuition of Henry Schradieck, the famous teacher. His next teacher was Max Bendix, for many years concert master of the Chicago orchestra. In 1905 he went to Paris, where his first teachers were Remy and Joseph White, and in 1907 he entered the Conservatoire in the class of Professor Lefort. He received the first prize of the Conservatoire for violin playing in 1909, the jury being composed of Gabriel Faure, Edouard Colonne, Paul Vidal, D'Ambrosio, Jacques Thibaud, Pierre Salo, and others. His first engagement was as concert master and soloist under Pennequin. The following year he was engaged by Louis Ganne as soloist in Monte Carlo, where he had a decided success. Then, feeling that he needed more work, he went to Brussels and studied with Ysaye.

Led Ballet Russe

Fradkin's first important appearance in America was in Carnegie Hall, New York, in January, 1911, when he was the last soloist to appear with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under the late Gustav Mahler. Exceedingly laudatory notices followed his appearance. He went to London in the spring of 1911 and played under Landon Ronald. In 1912 he was engaged as concert master and soloist of the Wiener-Concert Verein, Vienna, where he had more success. He returned to this country in the fall of 1915 to be concert master and soloist of the orchestra organized for the Ballet Russe, and held this position during the life of that organization in this country.

Mr. Fradkin plans to reach Boston toward the end of next month.

FRADKIN, NEW CONCERTMASTER

Trans. — Aug. 30, 1918
American Violinist with Fine Record Engaged for Boston Symphony Orchestra

Judge Cabot, president of the board of trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, announces that Frederic Fradkin, the young American violinist, had been engaged as concertmaster of the orchestra. It is considered fortunate for the orchestra and its patrons in Boston and elsewhere that the difficult problem of filling the first seat of the violin section has been successfully solved and that an American has been found for it. Besides being a native-born American, Mr. Fradkin has not only youth in his favor, but he is an artist of unusual gifts and achievements. Only twenty-six years old, he is the youngest man to occupy this most important post since Franz Kneisel came to Boston in 1885.

Mr. Fradkin will be remembered by the musical public of Boston as the violinist who was concertmaster of the Ballet Russe Orchestra and roused such enthusiasm with the various incidental solos he had to play during the two Boston engagements of that company. His career, though necessarily brief, is interesting.

He is, musically speaking, decidedly of the French school. Born in Troy, N. Y., of Russian parents, April 2, 1892, when he was five years old his father placed him under the tuition of Henry Schradieck, the famous teacher. His next teacher was Max Bendix, for many years concertmaster of the Chicago Orchestra. In 1906 he went to Paris, where his first teachers were Remy and Joseph White, and in 1907 he entered the Conservatoire in the class of Professor Lefort. He received the first prize of the Conservatoire for violin playing in 1909, the jury being composed of Gabriel Fauré, Edouard Colonne, Paul Vidal, D'Ambrosio, Jacques Thibaud, Pierre Lalo, etc.

His first engagement was as concertmaster and soloist under Pannequin. The following year he was engaged by Louis Ganne as soloist in Monte Carlo, where he had a decided success. Then, feeling that he needed more work, he went to Brussels and studied with Ysaye. His important appearance in America was in Carnegie Hall, New York, January, 1911, when he was the last soloist to appear with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under the late Gustav Mahler. Exceedingly laudatory notices followed his appearance. Mr. Finck in the New York Evening Post saying that in young Fradkin "the whole world has an artist of the first order, whose playing will make an epoch in the history of famous violinists."

He went to London in the spring of 1911 and played under Landon Ronald. In 1912 he was engaged as concertmaster and so-



Fredric Fradkin, native born American violinist, engaged by the trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra as concert master to succeed Witek, is only 26 years of age.

Fredric Fradkin, the American violinist engaged to succeed Anton Witek as concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is only 26 years old, and the youngest man to occupy the post since Franz Kneisel held it, more than 20 years ago. He is a native born American, of Russian parents. He has studied under Schradieck, Bendix, Remy, Pannequin and Ysaye. He had pronounced success as concert master and soloist of the Wiener-Concert Verein, Vienna, and was concert master of the Ballet Russe Orchestra during its existence in this country. Mr. Fradkin plans to reach Boston late in September. Soloist of the Wiener-Concert Verein, Vienna where he had his usual success. He returned to this country in the fall of 1915 to be concertmaster and soloist of the orchestra organized for the Ballet Russe, and held this position during the life of that organization in this country. Mr. Fradkin plans to reach Boston toward the end of next month.

Boston's Symphony and Musical Union Friendly

Post — June 16, 1918

The negotiations between the Boston Symphony and the Musical Union regarding the unionization of the Symphony Orchestra have come to an end, but they have come to an end in a way which promises well for the future—in an amicable spirit and with a friendly understanding on both sides of the difficulties which at present make the combination impossible. Whether the Boston Symphony remains an entity itself, unrelated to the Musical Union and uninfluenced by its policies as Major Higginson desired, or whether it eventually reverses its long tradition in this respect, the fact remains that a more cordial understanding has been reached between the two parties as never before. This is a substantial gain. "Live and let live" should be the policy observed by all big organizations, whether private or public, whether representing corporate or union interests. The day in which the Musical Union realizes that the existence of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is a help and not a hindrance to its progress, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra knows that the Musical Union has no thought of interfering with its chosen course in matters which are for the benefit of the public, will mark an advance and a happy one in musical conditions in America.

The public and the reviewers are still at liberty to speculate as to the name of the next conductor of the Boston Symphony. No agreement, it appears, has been reached up to the time of writing as to the future leader. From authoritative sources comes the implication that the negotiations with Sir Henry Wood of London are not yet at an end.

Mr. Wood, it appears, has several contracts in England which he considers binding. It is hoped that these contracts may be so adjusted as to bring him here. It is essential that Mr. Wood or some other conductor whose people are unequivocally the allies of America should be chosen as the head of the Symphony organization. This would give Mr. Wood preference, even over a Russian conductor, in view of the present state of the public mind toward that country. It is all very well to keep music out of politics. This has been the cry in the past, particularly of those pro-Germans, pacifists and supporters of the recent conductor, who was quick to take advantage of the broadmindedness and courtesy of the Boston public toward the very man who so notoriously abused its trust. But aside from that isolated instance the fact remains not only that war is a very actual thing, but that it is present today, and that the prosecution of that war in the most effective manner, a manner which will command the support of the entire American public, is the immediate necessity and one far more pressing than all the orchestras in the land. Not only this we are fighting to protect our art institutions as well as everything else that we in America call civilization and we can no longer afford to quibble over fine points of differentiation between the enemy alien who is or is not harmful. Those who appear before the American public must be with us, heart and soul, in the present conflict. That is the principal reason why the candidacy of Henry Wood, whose skill at the baton might be matched by other available men, is so favorably looked upon by representative men of this city.

Symphony Proves Patriotism Discharges Germans; Hires French

The expulsion of all German artists from the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the engagement of a number of players, principally of wind instruments, from the French Military Band which recently performed so brilliantly in this city, is a move which will be welcomed on all sides. The news comes that Alwin Schroeder, for many years a member of the Symphony, then resigned, has now returned again to its

ranks. There will be other changes. Emil Ferir, first violin for many years of the Boston Symphony, has resigned his position to occupy the same post in the Philadelphia orchestra.

There are many vacancies to be filled. Georges Longy, now in Europe, is expected to bring back some players with him. There are orchestral players by no means inferior to players now in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, of American birth and experience, who

could well be called on to contribute to filling the gaps in the ranks.

We do not believe in chauvinism, in provincial favoritism, in anything less than the highest orchestral standards, but there are certainly many instrumentalists born and trained in this country who should now be given employment and encouragement in this city as well as European players—even those of our allies. Dr. Muck, when he came back to Boston for his second term, discharged for reason of his own many excellent musicians in the orchestra. He replaced them in more than one instance with players, mostly of German birth, who were inferior artists to the men who departed, with, apparently, no better reason than the caprice of the conductor. It is high time that Americans who are able to do so, and meet the severest practical tests of their ability, should take part in the restoration of the Boston Symphony to its unequalled excellence under Gericke. Now is the moment for a wise and discriminating encouragement of national talent in the greatest of our national orchestras.

FRENCH VETERAN FOR SYMPHONY

Claude Barrier, the new solo viola of the Symphony Orchestra, arrived in Boston Friday morning direct from France.

Mr. Barrier is 30 years old. He took first prize in the Conservatoire in 1909, and while still there he played with the Lamoureux Orchestra at Scheveningen. He has had much experience in concert work, both orchestral and quartet.

Mr. Barrier, like so many of the other Frenchmen who have become members of the orchestra, is a veteran of the war. He went out at the first call in August, 1914, and was continually in the front line in the Champagne until September, 1915, when he was wounded in the thigh. Following his wound he spent 22 months in the hospital and then was discharged unfit for further military duty.

Mr. Barrier said that a great change had come over Paris since the Germans were turned back at the Marne last summer. The normal life had been resumed; the theatres were all open and doing well; the music season promised to be very active. The French people, he said, were very cheerful, and the morale had never been higher. Mr. Barrier remarked that when he came into New York Thursday night his first and deepest impression was received by the sight of a great transport crowded with American soldiers sailing for France.

FRENCH PLAYERS IN SYMPHONY Trustees of Boston Orchestra Engage Five Members of Military Band

Following the visit here a few days ago of the French Military Band the trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have engaged the services of five of its members. Before the musicians left France their Government gave them the privilege of accepting engagements in this country, as it was felt they had already rendered their share of service in the war.

Contracts have accordingly been signed with Abdon Laus, bassoon; Emile Stievenard, bass clarinet; Louis Speyer, oboe and English horn; Fernand Thillois, violinist, and Georges Miquelle, violoncello.

M. Speyer played a solo at the concert in Symphony Hall Tuesday night and aroused great admiration with his tone and technique. He took a first prize at the Paris Conservatoire in 1911 and has played with several leading Continental orchestras.



Louis Speyer, Oboe.

Fradkin and Thillois

Last spring it was announced that five members of the French military band had been engaged. Other musicians of reputations will be found in the personnel.

In the first violins there will be two new faces—Frederic Fradkin, who will be concertmaster, and Ferdinand Thillois.

Mr. Thillois, who came to Boston last spring with the French band, was born at Charleville, July 19, 1890. A graduate of the Paris Conservatoire, he won the first prize for violin in 1913. He was a member of both the Colonne and Lamoureux orchestras. Called to duty in the 91st infantry he fought through the battles of the Marne, the Argonne and the Chemin-des-Dames. In the last battle he was wounded and spent 11 months in the hospital at Nantes. During the latter part of his convalescence he went from hospital to hospital, playing for his wounded comrades. Both his parents have been prisoners in Germany since 1914, and he does not know what has become of them.

Some New "Strings"

In the second violin section will be several new men, all of them Americans. The leader of the viola section will be M. Barrier, who comes from Paris purposely for this post; and in the same section will be Georges Mager, who was a member of the French band. Mr. Mager, when the French band appeared at the Pop concerts last spring, sang a solo. A versatile musician, in addition to being a gifted viola player, he is one of the best trombone players in France. He was taken prisoner early in the war and was exchanged in July, 1915. He has since served in Serbia and Salonica.

Mr. Malkin becomes the head of the cello section, and sharing the first desk with him, will be Alwin Schroeder. An interesting member of the section will be Georges Miquelle, also from the French band, whose playing here made a profound impression. He is a first prize of the Paris Conservatoire, a veteran, and has been one of the principal cellists in the Colonne orchestra of Paris. Another newcomer is the Dutch cellist, Philipp Abbas, a graduate of the Amsterdam Conservatoire. When he was 17 he was solo cellist of the orchestra at Aix-la-Chapelle. He has been soloist with Wood of the Queen's Hall orchestra, London; from 1907 to 1911 of the Brighton municipal orchestra, England, and for three years of the orchestras at Nice, Aix-les-Bains and Bi-



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We do not believe in chauvinism, in provincial favoritism, in anything less than the highest orchestral standards, but there are certainly many instrumentalists born and trained in this country who should now be given employment and encouragement in this city as well as European players—even those of our allies. Dr. Muck, when he came back to Boston for his second term, discharged for reason of his own many excellent musicians in the orchestra. He replaced them in more than one instance with players, mostly of German birth, who were inferior artists to the men who departed, with, apparently, no better reason than the caprice of the conductor. It is high time that Americans who are able to do so, and meet the severest practical tests of their ability, should take part in the restoration of the Boston Symphony to its unequalled excellence under Gericke. Now is the moment for a wise and discriminating encouragement of national talent in the greatest of our national orchestras.

FRENCH VETERAN FOR SYMPHONY

Claude Barrier, the new solo viola of the Symphony Orchestra, arrived in Boston Friday morning direct from France.

Mr. Barrier is 30 years old. He took first prize in the Conservatoire in 1909, and while still there he played with the Lamoureux Orchestra, at Scheveningen. He has had much experience in concert work, both orchestral and quartet.

Mr. Barrier, like so many of the other Frenchmen who have become members of the orchestra, is a veteran of the war. He went out at the first call in August, 1914, and was continually in the front line in the Champagne until September, 1915, when he was wounded in the thigh. Following his wound he spent 22 months in the hospital and then was discharged unfit for further military duty.

Mr. Barrier said that a great change had come over Paris since the Germans were turned back at the Marne last summer. The normal life had been resumed; the theatres were all open and doing well; the music season promised to be very active. The French people, he said, were very cheerful, and the morale had never been higher. Mr. Barrier remarked that when he came into New York Thursday night his first and deepest impression was received by the sight of a great transport crowded with American soldiers sailing for France.

FRENCH PLAYERS IN SYMPHONY Trustees of Boston Orchestra Engage Five Members of Military Band

Following the visit here a few days ago of the French Military Band the trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have engaged the services of five of its members. Before the musicians left France their Government gave them the privilege of accepting engagements in this country, as it was felt they had already rendered their share of service in the war.

Contracts have accordingly been signed with Abdon Laus, bassoon; Emile Stievenard, bass clarinet; Louis Speyer, oboe and English horn; Fernand Thillois, violinist, and Georges Miquelle, violoncello.

M. Speyer played a solo at the concert in Symphony Hall Tuesday night and aroused great admiration with his tone and technique. He took a first prize at the Paris Conservatoire in 1911 and has played with several leading Continental orchestras.

M. Stievenard has the reputation of being the greatest master of this instrument in France. He received a first prize at the Paris Conservatoire, has been a member of the Lamoureux and Opéra Comique orchestras, and is a professor in Vincent d'Indy's Schola Cantorum. M. Stievenard was wounded at the Battle of the Yser.

M. Laus is a first prize man. He has played at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées and Ballet Russe, under the direction of Pierre Monteux.

M. Thillois received second prize at the Paris Conservatoire in 1912. He was called away immediately for his military service of two years and he served continuously until this spring.

M. Miquelle is regarded as a player of most unusual talent. He won a first prize at the Paris Conservatoire, and has been a soloist at the Concerts Wurmser in Paris.

Fradkin and Thillois

Last spring it was announced that members of the French military band had been engaged. Other musicians' reputations will be found in the personnel.

In the first violins there will be new faces—Frederic Fradkin, who is concertmaster, and Ferdinand Thillois.

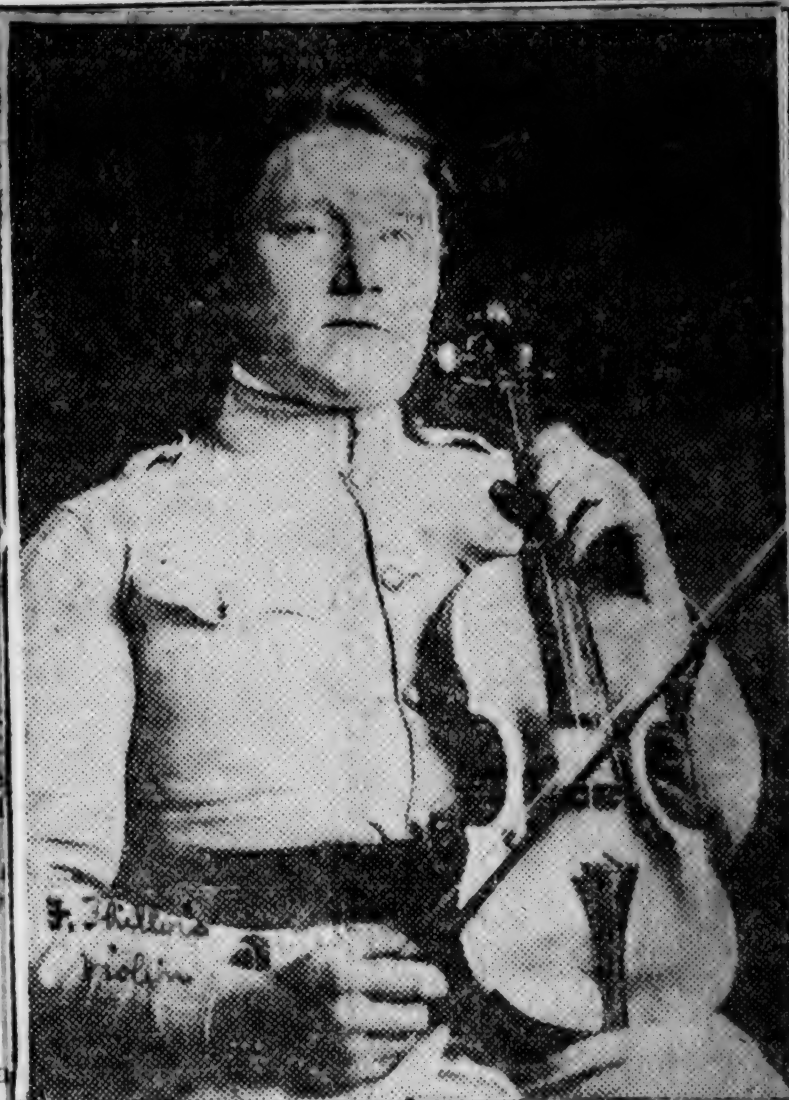
Mr. Thillois, who came to Boston spring with the French band, was born at Charleville, July 19, 1890. A graduate

of the Paris Conservatoire, he won first prize for violin in 1913. He was member of both the Colonne and Lamoureux orchestras. Called to duty in the 91st infantry he fought through battles of the Marne, the Argonne, the Chemin-des-Dames. In the battle he was wounded and spent months in the hospital at Nantes. During the latter part of his convalescence he went from hospital to hospital, playing for his wounded comrades. Both parents have been prisoners in Germany since 1914, and he does not know what has become of them.

Some New "Strings"

In the second violin section will be several new men, all of them Americans. The leader of the viola section will be M. Barrier, who comes from Paris purposely for this post; and in the same section will be Georges Mager, who was a member of the French band. Mager, when the French band appeared at the Pop concerts last spring, sang solo. A versatile musician, in addition to being a gifted viola player, he is one of the best trombone players in France. He was taken prisoner early in the war and was exchanged in July, 1915. He has since served in Serbia and Salonika.

Mr. Malkin becomes the head of the cello section, and sharing the first duty with him, will be Alwin Schroeder, an interesting member of the section. He will be Georges Miquelle, also from the French band, whose playing here made a profound impression. He is a first prize of the Paris Conservatoire, a veteran, and has been one of the principal cellists in the Colonne orchestra in Paris. Another newcomer is the Dutch cellist, Philipp Abbas, a graduate of the Amsterdam Conservatoire. When he was 17 he was solo cellist of the orchestra at Aix-la-Chapelle. He has been soloist with Wood of the Queen's Hall orchestra, London; from 1907 to 1910 of the Brighton municipal orchestra, England, and for three years of the orchestras at Nice, Aix-les-Bains and Biarritz.





arritz. He has also traveled in France with Vincent d'Indy. In 1916-17 he was at the desk of the first 'cellist of the Philadelphia orchestra.

Other New Players

A new double-bass player is Agesilao Villano, a graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Parma. He began his career in the Scala Orchestra, whose director then was Faccio. He went to South America and for the last 15 years has been principal double-bass in the Colon Theatre of Buenos Ayres. In the winters he returned to Europe and played in France, England, Italy and Germany, under the direction of Mascagni, Martucci, Mancinelli, Toscanini, Campanini, Serafin, Saint-Saens, Rabaud, Messager, Leroux and others. In Italy he has also played under distinguished guest conductors.

A new oboe player is Louis Speyer, also from the French Military Band, and an artist of most unusual gifts. He was a first prize of the Paris Conservatoire in 1911.

The two new clarinets are Leo Croes (succeeding Paul Minart, who was called to military duty in France last spring), and Emile Stievenard, who will be the new bass clarinet. Mr. Croes served in the 8th regiment of territorial infantry and was severely wounded at the battle of the Yser in November, 1914. A first prize of the Conservatoire of Lille, he has played at the Monteux concerts and at the Theatre des Champs Elysees, Paris. Mr. Stievenard has been a professor at D'Indy's Schola Cantorum. He is a first prize of the Paris Conservatoire and has been bass clarinet of the Lamoureux concerts and the Opera-Comiques. He also was wounded at the battle of the Yser.

Abdon Laus, the new first bassoon, is 30 years old. A first prize of the Paris Conservatoire, he has played in the principal orchestras of Paris and has given four years to the Grand Opera.

The new first trombone is Mr. Sordillo of this city.

The First Pair of Symphony Concerts to Become the Last, with Beginning on Oct. 18 and 19—Other Postponements

Trans. — Oct. 3, 1918
As for concerts, for the first time in the thirty-eight years of the Symphony Orchestra, the season in Boston will not begin according to schedule. The first pair of concerts, announced for Friday afternoon, Oct. 11, and Saturday evening, Oct. 12, will not take place. They will become the twenty-fourth and final pair of concerts and will befall on Friday afternoon, May 9, and Saturday evening, May 10, at the

end of the season. Tickets for the first pair of concerts will thus become the tickets for the last. No other arrangement was advisable, since the orchestra has concerts in hand, here or elsewhere, for every Friday and Saturday from Oct. 11 and 12 through May 2 and 3 and since the succession of soloists cannot easily be altered.

Accordingly, the second pair of concerts (on the original schedule) will begin the series on Friday afternoon, Oct. 18 and Saturday evening, Oct. 19. Mr. Monteux will then lead the orchestra for the first time in Boston in public; Mr. Hofmann will be the assisting pianist; and the programme, unless the conductor chooses to alter it, will stand as announced. Mr. Monteux, moreover, will have his three pairs of concerts as originally intended. The Metropolitan Opera House has extended his leave of absence through Saturday, Nov. 9, setting him free to conduct at the Symphony Concerts in Boston on Oct. 18 and 19, Oct. 25 and 26, Nov. 1 and 2, and at the concerts of the orchestra in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington through the week beginning Nov. 4. When the band comes back to Boston on Nov. 11, the expectation is that another conductor will be available.

Concerts in Prospect

The management of the Symphony Orchestra announces the usual series of eight concerts in Sanders Theatre at Cambridge. They will fall on Thursday evenings, Oct. 17, Nov. 14, Dec. 12, Jan. 16, Feb. 13, March 6, April 3 and April 24. Mr. Monteux will, of course, conduct at the first of the concerts. Whoever succeeds him at Symphony Hall will lead in the rest. There is no change in the price of tickets. Until Tuesday, Oct. 8, subscribers to the series of 1917-18 may renew their subscriptions and retain their seats. On Friday, Oct. 11, the sale of tickets to the general public will begin at Kent's University Book Store in Harvard Square. The "assisting artists" at present announced are the pianists Josef Hofmann and Rosita Renard; the singer, Merle Alcock and from the orchestra itself, Mr. Fradkin, the first violinist, and Mr. Makin, the first violoncellist. Mr. Hofmann will be heard at the concert of Oct. 17, for the first time hereabouts in some years. Miss Renard is a young woman of Chilean birth and European training who seemed an uncommonly promising pianist when she first appeared in Boston a year ago. Mme. Alcock is the young alto singer, of excellent voice and keen musical intelligence who sang in choral concerts at Symphony Hall last winter.



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HENRI RABAUD, the distinguished French conductor and musician, has been selected to be the permanent conductor of the Orchestra, succeeding Mr. MONTEUX in November. The trustees consider themselves most fortunate in having secured for Boston this eminent French musician.

Complying with the ruling of the health authorities, the opening of the season of Symphony concerts has been postponed one week, the first concerts falling on October 18-19 instead of October 11-12.

MONTEUX BARS WAGNER MUSIC

Strauss, Arrogant and Insolent, Also on His Blacklist

WILL, HOWEVER, GIVE
GERMAN CLASSICS

Herald—Sept. 24/18

"If I can help win the war by giving up sugar, I will give up sugar gladly. I will give up gasoline. I will go on short rations of bread. In fact, as a Frenchman, I will do anything to help win the struggle; and if anyone can convince me that the end will be brought nearer by giving up the classics of German music—Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Schumann, Schubert, Brahms—I am willing to give them up. So far, however I cannot see how the silencing of the music of these masters can do the least to help win the war, and it is my purpose (as it is the purpose, I am sure, of all French conductors) to give the great classics due place on concert programs. Personally, I will not play Wagner, nor will I play the works of any living German or Austrian composer."

Such was the statement made yesterday by Pierre Monteux, who was in Boston for the day for the purpose of going through the library of the Symphony Orchestra, that he may prepare the programs for the October concerts which he will conduct. Mr. Monteux returned to New York last night, but will be in Boston again the first of the week to start rehearsals, for it is his purpose to have two weeks' rehearsals precede the first pair of concerts on Oct. 11-12.

Rehearsals in English

Mr. Monteux is a man of very pleasing personality, in his mid-forties, and

he speaks excellent English. Incidentally, rehearsals will be conducted in the English language. In common with most French musicians, he holds that Beethoven and the other great German and Austrian composers of the past are in no wise responsible for the war. He even goes so far as to say that he is quite certain that Beethoven, who was at heart a republican, would have been against the war had he been living. He holds that the music of these masters has become the property of the world, and this music is a very integral and necessary part of the repertoire of musicians.

"I will not play Wagner," said Mr. Monteux, "because of his attitude toward France in the war of '70-'71. Moreover, looked at from another point of view, much of the best music that Wagner wrote—"The Ring" and "Die Meistersinger"—is in glorification of German ideals as are found in the Kultur of today. Generally speaking, I disapprove of the playing of the music of any living German composer in the allied countries, and I particularly specifically object to the performance of any music of Richard Strauss during the war."

"I believe I was the first one in this country to refuse to play the music of Strauss. That was two years ago, when I came to this country as conductor for the Ballet Russe. Arriving in New York, they told me that my first work was to superintend and direct the first performance in this country of the ballet founded on "Till Eulenspiegel," whereupon I informed the management that I would take the next ship back to France."

Strauss Was Unbearable

"It was my fortune in May, 1914, to prepare for Strauss the production in Paris of his ballet "Joseph." This was a little more than two months before the beginning of the war. Strauss's attitude toward France, French art, French music and French musicians was even then unbearable. He was arrogant and insulting and, even without war, I was almost persuaded to give up playing his music; but in view of what followed, Strauss became impossible for me. Nor was it only Richard Strauss. His wife was with him in Paris. I recall with a certain amount of amusement that when she came into the Opera House for the rehearsal, she looked around and said to me: 'M. Monteux, this beautiful theatre may soon have an Emperor in it.'"

"I have not fully decided on my programs as yet. Naturally, having only three programs to make, it is rather difficult, for there are so many things I wish to play. I look forward with anticipations of greatest pleasure to my brief stay in Boston at the head of the famous Symphony Orchestra."

MONTEUX WORKS WONDERS WITH NEW SYMPHONY

Record—Oct. 18, 1918

New Orchestra Will Amaze

Music Lovers at First

Concert Oct. 25

By J. V. CLARK

A week from this afternoon a new conductor will walk onto the stage at Symphony Hall and will face a particularly new orchestra. The day will be an epoch-making one in the history of Boston music. The premier orchestra of America ended its season last spring with a finale worthy of an Elizabethan melodrama. Out of the old situation has developed a beautiful orchestra, one that in finesses, its delicacy of tone, its lovely euphony equals any orchestra heard in Boston since the days when the great taskmaster, Wilhelm Gericke, drilled our musicians.

It is not permissible for a reviewer to review the playing of an orchestra before it gives its first public performance—even if he has tiptoed into the back of the hall to spend an hour hearing a master hand prepare a Ravel work. It is not permissible even to hint that the orchestra in quality of tone, in continuity of tone and in balance, will surprise its auditors. Therefore please consider these things unsaid.

When you attend the opening concert you will notice many changes in the grouping of the various choirs of the orchestra. The harps, once at the front of the stage, are now half way back behind the first violins. The woods winds are arranged in straight lines, not grouped. Dr. Muck used

inets in one little group, anyone who has another, the flutes and orchestra becomes other and so on. Pierre knows just what new conductor of these wants to get it. put them in straight. A woodwind in the brasses and per- note. Mr. Monteux are minor and the. A phrase was ss viols keep their old the right color.

It was repeated I will like the tone pro- I repeated correct- new arrangement," said signals recalled. discussing the tone qual- say, "is the man's orchestra after rehearsal. ly what he should think, should not be ar- lob, every conductor old manner as if for onductors are rare s. Their tone is over ot one in 500 who I they distract attention. y and successfully angement of the wood as Mr. Monteux. a commingling of tone mparison. I have s very effective. Please uted as great con- it I have pulled the or- effort over the re- er. The men sit nearer nestnut like "Trov- under the old regime. onteux made over ae orchestra to feel that work, that is new misphere, they in anoth- it demands almost t think the arrangement n from the players.

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N EVENING

Probate Not

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—Suffolk, ss.—Probate Court, at Boston, in said County, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the will of the late **ARTHUR W. D.** deceased, as the same appears from the records of said Court, to be the last will and testament of said deceased, as the same appears from the records of said Court, by AGNES WINCHESTER, in the County of Suffolk, who prays that letters testamentary be issued to her, the executrix, without giving a surety bond.—You are hereby cited to appear at said Probate Court, to be held at said County of Suffolk, at the first day of October, A.D. 1918, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted. And said petition is hereby cited to give public notice thereof, by publication of this citation for three successive weeks in the Evening Record, a newspaper published in said Boston, the last publication at least before said mailing, postpaid, or delivery of this citation to all known interested parties, seven days before said Court. Witness my hand and seal of said Court, the tenth day of October, A.D. 1918, at Boston, Massachusetts, at the Court House, at the age of one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—Suffolk, ss.—Probate Court, at Boston, in said County, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the will of the late **WARD J. CARROLL**, deceased, as the same appears from the records of said Court, to be the last will and testament of said deceased, as the same appears from the records of said Court, by AGNES WINCHESTER, in the County of Suffolk, who prays that letters testamentary be issued to her, the executrix, without giving a surety bond.—You are hereby cited to appear at said Probate Court, to be held at said County of Suffolk, at the first day of October, A.D. 1918, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted. And said petition is hereby cited to give public notice thereof, by publication of this citation for three successive weeks in the Evening Record, a newspaper published in said Boston, the last publication at least before said mailing, postpaid, or delivery of this citation to all known interested parties, seven days before said Court. Witness my hand and seal of said Court, the tenth day of October, A.D. 1918, at Boston, Massachusetts, at the Court House, at the age of one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

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"I think you will like the tone produced by this new arrangement," said signals recalled. Mr. Monteux discussing the tone quality of the orchestra after rehearsal. "The harps, I think, should not be arranged in the old manner as if for harp concertos. Their tone is over emphasized and they distract attention. The new arrangement of the woodwinds will give a commingling of tone that, I think, is very effective. Please notice, too, that I have pulled the orchestra together. The men sit nearer together than under the old regime. I don't want the orchestra to feel that I am in one hemisphere, they in another. Did you not think the arrangement effective?"

When I told Mr. Monteux that I considered the tone both in quality and balance superlatively fine that his accomplishment in a comparatively short time was indeed wonderful he was obviously gratified.

"We have worked hard, the symphony men and I, and I think I can say that your concertgoers will find that the men, whom I have been given to work with, make a superb orchestra. The newcomers, I think, in every case are far better than their predecessors. Then Mr. Monteux discussed the peculiar abilities of this player and who substituted for some old player, pointing out in each case the man's superiority, as he had discovered it.

"It took some time for us to understand each other," continued the conductor, "You know we Frenchmen have our own style of conducting. We have an exactness that is exact. They had to know me, I had to know them. I think we are succeeding."

This last was said with the utmost modesty. The men got to know Mr. Monteux very quickly. A man working at any trade knows the master of his trade instinctively. Watching Mr.

"How refreshing to talk music for an hour with a man, whose work had just revealed him a master, and who almost excluded the personal pronoun from the conversation and who spoke in glowing and unaffected terms of his successor."

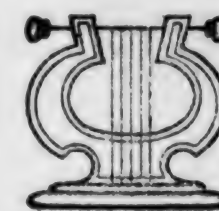
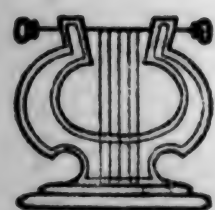
A Great Trinity of French Conductors en Famille in Boston



(By Courtesy of the Boston Sunday Post)

That Boston Reached a Musical Perihelion Last Week Is Well Illustrated Above

She May Well Feel Proud of Bringing So Celebrated a Group Together. From Left to Right They Are: André Messager, Conductor of the Paris Conservatoire; Mrs. Pierre Monteux; Miss Denise Monteux; Pierre Monteux, Who Has Been Leading the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Alfred Cortot, French Pianist-Composer; Henri Rabaud, New Conductor of Boston Symphony Orchestra



42

Henri Rabaud Sketched on His First Day in America

43

An Ingratiating, but Reticent, Man



The New Conductor

(From a Photograph by Bain Taken in New York on Monday)

44

**HENRI RABAUD TO LEAD
THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**
Trans. — Oct. 4 1918
**THE PARISIAN CONDUCTOR AND
COMPOSER ACCEPTS THE POST FOR
SEASON OF 1918-19—TO BEGIN
WORK IN NOVEMBER**

Henri Rabaud, the Parisian composer and conductor, will be the new leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the season of 1918-1919. A cablegram from Paris, received at Symphony Hall this morning, contains his acceptance of the post and records the thanks of the Department of Fine Arts in the Government for the honor so given to a French musician. Mr. Rabaud expects to be soon on his way to Boston—in time to begin work here—early in November. In all probability, he will conduct for the first time at the Symphony Concerts of Nov. 15 and 16. Born in Paris in 1873, Mr. Rabaud will come to Boston in the prime of his years—a tall, slender, dark and bearded man somewhat oriental in aspect. His own city knew him first as composer rather than conductor and his music has similarly carried his name abroad. He has written symphonies and tone-poems, some of which have been heard in the United States. One of his symphonies, for example, was played at Mr. Damrosch's concerts in New York, at Mr. Stock's in Chicago, and at the Worcester Festival last autumn. His tone-poem, "Le Procession Nocturne," has also been heard in America and is announced for performance at the Symphony Concerts this month. He has written operas as well as symphonic music and the newest of them, "Marouf, Savetier de Caire," was heard at the Metropolitan Opera House last winter. Others, like "La Fille de Roland," are known only to the Parisian stage. As composer, Mr. Rabaud is neither academic nor "advanced." Rather, as his music for both the theatre and the concert-hall suggests, he is eclectic, following no formula, but choosing such forms and procedures as best serve his purpose. Presumably, he will be of no less catholic mind in the choice of programmes as conductor in Boston. His actual experience as leader of an orchestra has been gained chiefly in opera houses, first at the Opéra-Comique and more recently at the Opéra in Paris.

**NEW SYMPHONY
DIRECTOR ARRIVES**

**Henri Rabaud Has Several
Novelties**

1918
[Special Dispatch to Herald and Journal.]
AN ATLANTIC PORT, Oct. 27—Among the passengers arriving today from France on a French steamship was Henri Rabaud, the new director of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who has come over to replace Dr. Karl Muck. M. Rabaud has been for some years the musical director of the orchestra at the National Opera House, Paris, and is the composer of the French opera "Marouf," performed last season in New York, as well as of a symphony already heard here, and of several symphonic poems. He won the award of the Grand Prix de Rome in 1894 for the excellence of his musical works.

The new director of the Boston Symphony does not in any way look like the customary leader of an orchestra. He is tall, slight, has gray hair, mustache and whiskers, and wears a frock coat, with a small clerical type of wide brimmed soft hat. He does not speak any English at present, he explained, but hopes to learn during the coming season in America. He said he believed he had several novelties, but did not know whether they had been played in the United States.

On this and other matters he preferred to wait until he consulted with the nine trustees who have taken charge of the Boston Symphony Orchestra since Maj. Higginson retired after the dismissal of Dr. Muck.

On the same steamship were two artists for the Metropolitan Opera House, Robert Couzinou, the new French baritone, and Mme. Raymonde Delanois, a young contralto who has sung here for the last four seasons.

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**RABAUD ACCEPTS NEW SYMPHONY
SYMPHONY POST CONDUCTOR HERE**

**Conductor of Paris Grand
Opera to Direct Boston's
Famed Orchestra**

**FIRST APPEARANCE
PROBABLY ON NOV. 15**

Herald — Oct. 5/18

Henri Rabaud, principal conductor of the Paris Grand Opera, a composer of very high rank and descendant of celebrated musicians, is to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra during the season of 1918-19.

Frederick P. Cabot, chairman of the board of trustees, made the announcement yesterday following a cable from the French ministry of fine arts stating that Mr. Rabaud was pleased to accept the offer made him, and would sail for the United States at once. The ministry added its own appreciation of the fact that the Boston orchestra had chosen an eminent French musician as its conductor.

To Conduct First Concert Nov. 15

Mr. Rabaud was born in Paris in 1873. His father was a celebrated cellist and professor of the violoncello in the Conservatoire. Mme. Dorus-Gros, the famous singer, was his grandmother. He was graduated from the Conservatoire and in 1894 won the prix de Rome. For 20 years Mr. Rabaud has been one of the most prominent figures in the musical and artistic life of Paris. Aside from his work at the Grand Opera he has been conductor at the Opéra Comique and has often conducted at the Concerts Lamoureux, the Concerts Colonne, and the Concerts Monteux.

One of the principals novelties of the last season at the Metropolitan Opera House was his opera, "Marouf," which held its premiere in Paris in 1914. It is expected that Mr. Rabaud will make his debut as conductor of the Symphony Orchestra at the concerts to be given Nov. 15 and 16. Mr. Monteux will conduct all the concerts on the first southern trip in November.

**Henri Rabaud Enthusiastic
Over Prospects of
Work Here**

Herald — Oct. 3/18

**STATES ATTITUDE
ON GERMAN MUSIC**

Henri Rabaud, the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, reached this city last night fresh from his successes in Paris and full of enthusiasm for the work he is to take up here.

Accompanied from New York by Manager W. H. Brennan, he preceded at once to the Copley-Plaza, where he was welcomed by a group of admirers and friends. He is a man above average height, slimly built, with iron-gray beard and hair, alert of movement and still in the forties; he wears a loose frock coat and a soft hat with a wide brim. He is modestly personified, thinks more than he speaks, but can warm up on subjects that interest him and is not averse to being questioned. The only reserve he showed last night in his talk with newspaper men arose out of his wish not to embarrass the nine trustees of the orchestra with any definite pronouncements of his own.

Cannot Outline Program

"I cannot definitely outline any program I shall follow," he said, "for being here in a friendly country, under invitation to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra, I feel that before consultation with the trustees it would be indelicate, even indiscreet, were I to discuss matters which will have to be taken up with them. All I would say of German music is that I see no reason why I should not conduct the orchestra in classical productions, such as those of Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, Schu-

bert and Brahms; as to Wagner, Strauss and other composers, I need not mention, all I would say is that in the allied countries there is a tacit agreement that they should not be played."

Speaking in French, for his English is not yet mature enough for conversation, M. Rabaud went on to chat pleasantly about his work for seven years past as director of the orchestra at the National Opera House in Paris, and about the numerous trips he has made to Sweden, Denmark and Italy. He sees as yet no direct influence of the war on French music, but he looks for a distinct revival of interest in music generally after the war, extending to composers as well as to the musical public. The war, he said, had called a number of artists from their accustomed places in Paris, but that was only to be expected; in some cases women had been called in to act as substitutes for the men. Asked how he liked the present war situation, with Germany and Austria begging for peace, the conductor's face lighted up for his emphatic reply: "It pleases me—I like it immensely."

M. Rabaud arrived in this country from France on Sunday last and remained only a day in New York before hastening to take up his engagement here. He will confer with the trustees today and will make his first appearance as conductor on Nov. 14 in Cambridge. He will conduct in Boston for the first time at the concerts to be given on Nov. 15 and 16.

WAGNER'S WORKS BARRED IN BOSTON

Geobe ——— Oct. 30/18
But New Symphony Leader
Approves of "Classics"

While the works of Wagner will be barred by the Boston Symphony Orchestra throughout the war, as essentially German, those of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert and Brahms, being world classics, will not be banned, so far as the new French conductor of that orchestra, Henri Rabaud, is concerned.

Mr Rabaud so stated last evening to newspaper men on his arrival from New York. He said that the "classics" mentioned have been freely rendered in Paris during the war and he could see no reason for any other policy in Boston.

The new conductor, who is at the Copley-Plaza for the present, was disinclined to talk further about the local situation till he had seen his orchestra and familiarized himself with conditions generally.

Mr Rabaud is aged 45, yet quite gray; has a full beard, is rather tall and slender, unpretentious in dress and unmistakably of a retiring tendency. He speaks no English. He came to this country alone, his wife remaining for the present in Paris. From New York to Boston he was accompanied by W. H. Brennan, representing the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and by Alfred Costot, French pianist, who is to appear here as a soloist within a day or two.

Mr Rabaud will begin rehearsing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Nov. 11. His first public appearance in America will be on Nov. 14, when he will lead that organization at its second concert in Cambridge. He will conduct in Boston on Nov. 15 and 16.

Mr Rabaud is of distinguished musical ancestry, a native of Paris. He graduated from the famous Paris Conservatoire and when quite young organized and conducted orchestras in Rome and Vienna. For 20 years his work has been largely as a conductor in Paris, the last seven years at the Grand Opera.

He has composed three operas, several symphonies and two important choral works.

NO UNIONISM AT SYMPHONY

To the Editor of the Herald:

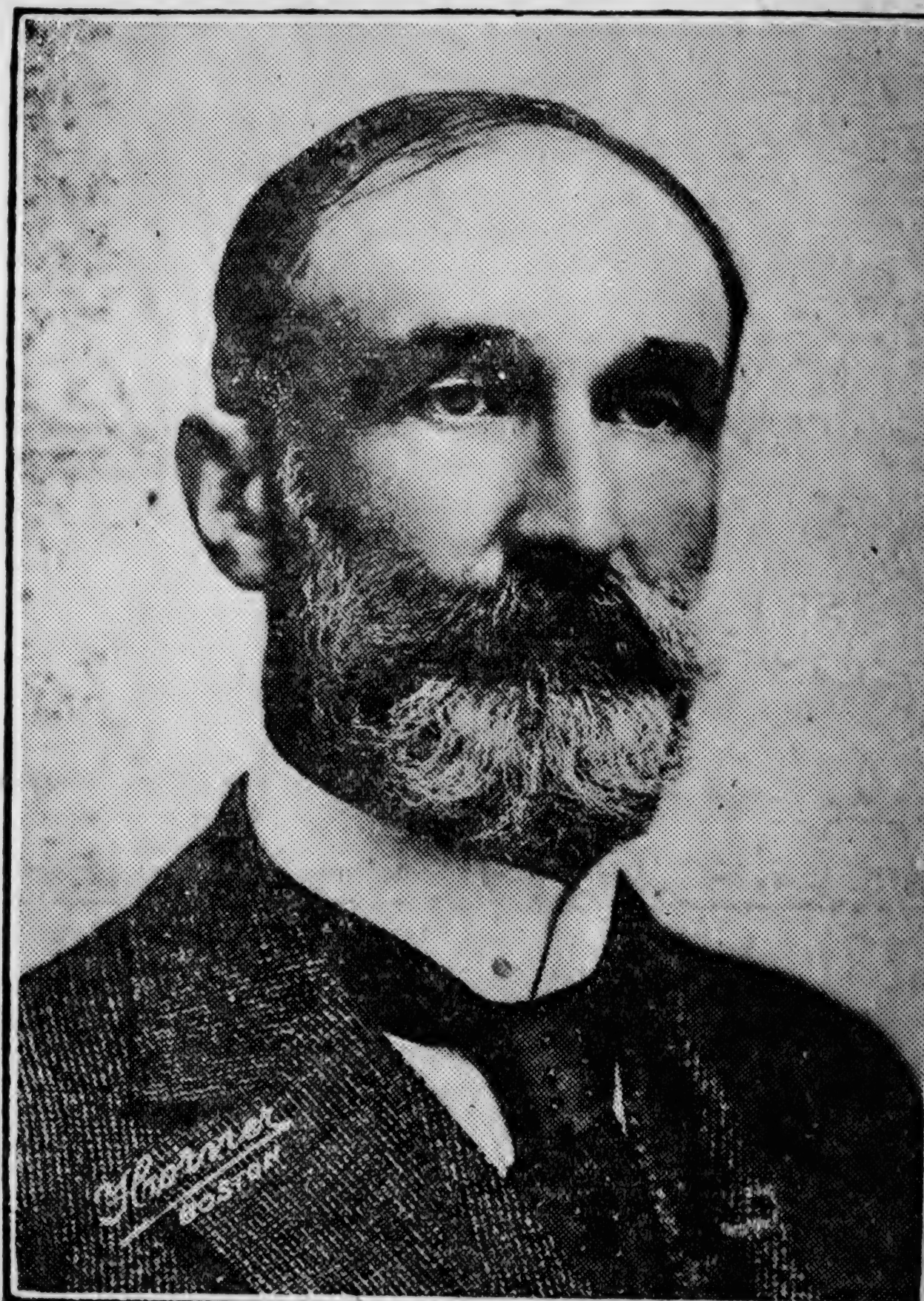
In your morning issue of Oct. 24, copied from the Nation, under the signature of Henry T. Finck, the statement is made that the Boston Symphony orchestra has been unionized.

This statement is not true. An effort was made to unionize the orchestra, but negotiations were broken off owing to the fact that the cardinal principle of the American Federation of Musicians stands for American musicians first, to which the management of the Boston Symphony orchestra took exception.

Will you please correct this statement in your next issue?

FREDERIC C. KINGMAN,
President Local 9, A. F. of M.
Boston, Oct. 24, 1918.

New Symphony Conductor Is Composer of "Marouf"



Henri Rabaud.

Herald ——— Nov. 3, 1918.

Henri Rabaud, the French conductor and composer, who will wield the baton over the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season (in place of its former leader, Dr. Karl Muck, now interned at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.), comes direct from where he was born 53 years ago. He is the son of a professor of the Conservatoire, from which he also was graduated.

Composer of "Marouf"

He comes now from the position of director of the Opera, Paris. At that theatre his lyric opera "Marouf," with text by Lucien Nepoté as based on a tale of the Arabian Nights, was produced in the spring of 1914 and then straightway proved to be one of the most popular novelties of years heard in Paris. Rabaud's "Marouf" was produced with success in New York at the Metropolitan Opera House last season, and his Second Symphony (second at that time at least) was played in the same city at two of the New York Symphony concerts.

M. Rabaud was a leading conductor for seven years at the Grand Opera of Paris, and during the direction at that house of Andre Messager, who is the conductor of the famous French orchestra, the Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire, which is now visiting this country on a concert tour in behalf of the French American Association for Musical Art.

Style Entirely Modern

As composer Rabaud has further written an opera, "La Fille de Roland," and brought out several years ago at the Opera Comique a string quartet, and various smaller works. He composes in a style entirely modern. In his "Marouf," as W. J. Henderson wrote at the time of its New York premiere, "Oriental color is laid on not merely with a brush but with a palette knife," while his Second Symphony the same critic pronounced as being "delightful."

HENRI RABAUD, who succeeds Karl Muck, interned, as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, when asked in New York, while en route to Boston, the other day, if he intended to include music by German composers in his concert program for the coming season, replied: "Such questions are never asked in Paris. Why should we not play beautiful music like Beethoven's C Minor Symphony?" The answer to this is simple enough; it is not necessary to play it; at least for the present. Germany has used her beautiful music in the United States to cloak deceit; let her pay the price of her treachery in this as in every other particular, so that she may never commit such offenses again. *Monitor*

Trans. Oct. 29/18

I HAVE no attitude except that of a stranger who has been honored by the appointment to conduct one of your great orchestras," was the carefully-phrased and dignified response of Henri Rabaud, newly-appointed conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to the question of his attitude towards German music. It was no easy matter to see Mr. Rabaud. Either because he had been carefully coached regarding the insistent American newspaper man or because he prefers to let his work speak for his opinions, or because of a natural gentleman-like courtesy towards the trustees of the orchestra he is to conduct, he has kept in New York to an extreme reticence. But in addition Mr. Rabaud was tired from his long journey and when The Transcript representative called at his hotel he had been out of touch with the management of the Symphony Orchestra for many hours. Telephoning his room for an interview was of little avail, but the casual knock on the door of that room brought the response sought. As the reporter entered Mr. Rabaud was stretched flat on the bed, tired out by the fatigue of a first day ashore. His only companion, the New York representative of the Renault Automobile Company, said that Mr. Rabaud was tired, had refused admittance to everyone, but would see The Transcript's correspondent for a very few minutes.

In appearance Mr. Rabaud bears little resemblance to the stereotyped ideas of European composers. Tall, spare, with stoop-

ing shoulders, he presents rather the appearance of an easy-going, genial scholar. There are hundreds of serious clergymen throughout New England who might well bear the same form and face. It is a kindly, gentle face, small in comparison to the long length of body—in repose quiet and dignified, almost patriarchal with full gray beard and moustache. The nose, not prominent, is crowned by deep-set eyes of gray—or are they of that indeterminate color we describe as gray-green?—; the hair, sparse, especially towards the back of the head, is carefully brushed. Mr. Rabaud wore a suit of dull gray and brown, the clothes of a modest American business man. It fitted loosely his lank form.

As Mr. Rabaud talks, however, particularly as his interest increases, his eyes, at first lack-lustreless, grow into a sparkling animation until his face breaks gradually into a succession of swiftly moving smiles. Almost as ripples on a summer lake do these smiles follow one another. Mild mannered, quiet of speech, dignified, courteous—such was the swiftly drawn first impression.

So far as plans for Mr. Rabaud's year with the orchestra are concerned he has nothing to say; they must be left until he has taken counsel with the trustees of the orchestra. He has with him certain novel pieces. What they are and how highly he values them he preferred not to say until later. He did admit almost unwittingly that his attitude towards "la musique allemande" might well be that of any other French musician. *W. B. M.*

Symphony Now to Take Up French Works

S. M. Adm. — Oct. 20/18

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

THIS week, after considerable hope deferred, the Symphony Concerts are to begin, with the added interest of a partially changed orchestra and a new conductor. Before turning the new leaf it may be of interest to look over a few of the old pages. Our orchestra has been overwhelmingly German and its leaders have all been Teutonic. Now there is to be an infusion of Belgian, French and American blood and the conductors are to be French.

When the orchestra began it was in some degree an Old Musicians Home; Listemann, Fries, Eichler, and many other veterans were in the ranks, good players all, but by no means in their prime. Georg Henschel, the first conductor, had not quite the courage to found a radically new organization. He was not then an experienced conductor. Dr. Reinecke, of the Leipzig Conservatory once said to me—"I hear that Mr. Henschel is being paid ten thousand a year in Boston to learn conducting!"

He made some odd experiments in placing the men, which he explained to me when we were judges together at a Mechanics Fair exhibition. He divided the violins, the violas, the violoncellos, and even the contrabasses, each into two groups, which by no means led to good ensemble, and it was interesting to watch how in subsequent seasons he gradually slipped them back to the more recognized positions. He was, however, a splendid program-maker.

Gericke, who came next, swept away all the superannuated ones and brought Kneisel, Schuecker, Roth and a host of other excellent young musicians from Austria to grow up with the new orchestra. He was building for the future, and the great technical excellence of the organization today is chiefly due to his foresight and his drillmastership. He was really the maker of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He was

an eminent conservative. His rehearsals were most strenuous. There was an excellent clarinetist in the band who too frequently magnified his part into a solo. "Why do you always look at me when you scold us for playing too loud?" asked the musician. "Because I generally mean you," was the sharp reply, and the clarinetist resigned.

Gericke was not much in sympathy with the modern French school, and he once confessed to me that Debussy's "Après-midi d'un Faun" was an utter puzzle to him. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was the apex of all music to him, and it almost broke his heart when he once gave it with more people on the platform than in the audience.

With Nikisch, in 1889, the orchestra entered upon a romantic period. Here was an actual virtuoso upon the instrument, but he took very little care of the instrument itself. The superb discipline which Gericke had established went by the board. He had his favorites among the men, and he was capricious even with these. When the choice lay between a poker party and a postponed or shortened rehearsal, all the men knew which would carry the day. It was, in a sense, the greatest conductor in the world, but no longer the greatest orchestra.

Paur was a remarkable technical performer (he had been a celebrated teacher) and a composer, but his greatness as a conductor lay in certain special schools. He was greatly in sympathy with Russian music, and once told me that he believed that in fifty years Russia would win the orchestral supremacy of composition from Germany. His reading of Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic Symphony" was something wonderful, and he was also at his very best in Richard Strauss' works, but he never caught the more elusive French style.

Much the same might be said of Fiedler. He was intensely German in nature, taste and inclination. Some of his recent compositions breathe Teutonic defiance to all the world, but in orchestral matters he was by no means a Prussian disciplinarian. He was too genial for the most thorough routine work at rehearsals.

Of Dr. Muck it is unnecessary to speak, yet I may allude to the crowning points of his career as the readings of Brahms' first symphony, Liszt's "Faust" symphony and Beethoven's Ninth. He was approaching the very apex of his work in choral concerts when the secret police swept down. He was not much in sympathy with the ultra-modern school, yet he gave

many most radical selections in spite of this, or perhaps because of it, for he once said to a friend: "I'll give them this stuff until they vomit."

Looking over such a short outline of the character of the conductors we have had in Music and Symphony Halls, it will be readily seen that the new French works have not yet had their most authoritative interpretation. The pendulum may now swing in the other direction. We are to have the important Gallic school probably at its very best. There will be an opportunity to study in a new direction.

Not but what the new conductors will scrupulously present the classics of every nation, including Germany, but the real revelations will probably come in the domain of finesse, of elegance, of nuances.

This is by no means the place to weigh the comparative merits of the various schools. It will be sufficient if we are awake to the new opportunities offered, and if we are ready to study in a new direction. It will also be most interesting to compare the forthcoming Gallic readings of Bach and Beethoven with those of our former conductors.

The Boston Symphony Chorus Alive Again and Likely to Continue Work—Mr.

Trans. — Oct. 24/18
THERE is good news of the Boston Symphony Chorus that under Mr. Townsend's training and Dr. Muck's leadership so distinguished itself last winter. It was good to believe then that its vogue and quality signalled a new era in choral music in this town and that the orchestra had at last a choir worthy to join with it in pieces that exacted the devoted and expert service of both. Next came the débacle of last spring, now happily repaired, and for the time, the Symphony Chorus seemed to sink below the horizon. Now, it has risen again with auspicious sign for the future. The first suite that Ravel drew from his ballet of "Daphnis and Chloe" has choral parts, sung "off stage," as from remote and eery distance, by men's and women's voices—choral parts so essential to the music that the composer quarrelled bitterly with Mr. Diaghilev of the Russian Ballet when the manager omitted them in his performance in London. Next week that suite is to be played at the Symphony Concerts for the first times in Boston and, according to the standards of

conductor and management, in integrity as the composer wrote it. Accordingly, Mr. Townsend has made ready a choir of thirty-two voices "from the Boston Symphony Chorus."

Evidently, then, that chorus still exists, at least in skeleton, and is ready to return to its new-old place in the scheme of the Symphony Concerts and in the musical pleasure and profit of Boston. If Mr. Townsend can assemble and prepare a choir of thirty-two for Mr. Monteux—and the audiences—next week, presumably he could later assemble a much larger and not less willing body of singers for Mr. Rabaud and an appreciative public. No doubt, on the masculine side, Mr. Townsend's cadres, as the military term is, have been somewhat depleted by calls and classifications, since last spring, for the colors. On the other hand, none in Boston knows better than him the resources of the region in choral music or is more expert in the summoning and preliminary training of them. Mr. Rabaud, in turn, has led a chorus often in the opera houses and the concert-halls of Paris, with mastery and eloquence. He is almost sure to include in his twenty-two programmes of the season, symphonic pieces that ask voices as well as instruments, while he would not be the diligent, ambitious conductor that he is were he not eager, if opportunity served, to undertake such choral pieces as Berlioz's mighty Requiem or Schmitt's resplendent psalm. The Boston Symphony Chorus, as it was last winter, as, doubtless, Mr. Townsend could reconstitute it, drafts to the contrary notwithstanding, would be a superb instrument for such music. Now that the chorus, like all the other essentials to the Symphony Concerts, has flowered anew, the trustees of the orchestra have their inherited obligations to choral music also to fulfil.

Here in Boston

Subscribers to the Symphony Concerts may be reminded once more that they should bring to Symphony Hall tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening their tickets for the actual day, Oct. 25 or 26, and not their tickets for the first concert of the series. They should begin with the tickets numbered 3 in the left-hand corner. The tickets numbered 1 and 2 will be available later in the season when concerts are substituted for those that the epidemic of influenza prevented.

REDUCTION

RATIO

16x

As Paris Sends Him to Boston

Henri Rabaud

Conductor of the Symphony Orchestra for 1918-19



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morning by cable, his acceptance of their proffer along with acknowledgment from the Department of Fine Arts in the Government of the bestowal of so distinguished a post upon a French musician. Mr. Rabaud expects to be soon on his way to Boston—in time to begin work early in November. In all probability he will conduct for the first times before his new audience at the Symphony Concerts of Nov. 15 and 16, when Mr. Monteux, the present leader, has returned to the Metropolitan Opera House.

Man and Music

Americans who have frequented the Opéra, the Opéra-Comique and symphony concerts in Paris will readily recall Mr. Rabaud—an unusual and pictorial figure, whether he was conductor or only intent listener, tall, gaunt, bearded, olive-skinned, grave of glance and quick of gesture, oriental rather than Parisian in impression to the eye. None the less, he was born in Paris in 1873, the son of a professor at the Conservatory. In that school he was educated as a musician and in the nineties began the practice of his calling in Paris. As conductor he served with increasing skill and reputation at the Opéra, at the Opéra-Comique and in occasional orchestral concerts. As composer, he wrote symphonies, tone-poems, operas and a single oratorio, "Job." The second of his two symphonies has been heard relatively often in America—at the hands of the Boston Orchestral Club under Mr. Longy, of the New York Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Damrosch, of the Philadelphia Orchestra under Mr. Stokowski, and at the Worcester Festival last autumn. His symphonic poem, "La Procession Nocturne," has been less frequently played in the United States, but Mr. Longy ventured it several years ago in Boston, and it is announced for performance next month at the Symphony Concerts. Of his three operas, only one, "Marouf, Savetier de Calre," produced at the Metropolitan last December, is known by actual representation in America. The other two, "La Fille de Roland" and "Par le Glaive"—heroic pieces drawn from the like-named plays of de Bornier and Richelpin—have been heard only in Paris and, possibly, Brussels. In contrast, "Marouf" recounts with no little humor and fantasy a fable from The Arabian Nights.

The Composer

As composer, Mr. Rabaud is neither academic nor ultra-modern. Rather, as his music for both the theatre and the concert-hall suggests, he is eclectic, following no formula, but seeking such forms and procedures as best suit the substance, mood and progress of his music. When

his symphony in E minor was played at Worcester a year ago, the reviewer for the Transcript wrote of Mr. Rabaud as the piece disclosed him.

els—or little groups of Parisian composers, practising like methods and pursuing like ends—that are both bane and blessing to French music. He is too robust-minded to be of the "chapel" in the ways of Saint-Saëns; less austere and cerebral than d'Indy's faith and practice exact; more willing to continue the long symphonic line and to hear the voices of the German romantics than is Ravel. Like Schmitt, his quest, standards, procedure are his own and of the accepted goal, quality, ways and means of symphonic music in our time. That is to say, Mr. Rabaud employs the usual modern orchestra, without "additional instruments" and with no arbitrary divisions or abortive unions of the different choirs. In his instrumental coloring, so far as this second symphony, in E minor, goes, he makes no use of the vaporous harmonies, the chordal juxtapositions, the hollow progressions commonly called ultra-modern and Parisian. Yet with an open ear, he has heard the pungent or penetrating semi-tones of Franck. He accepts the orthodox symphonic form—the four movements in the accustomed order, each written with a terseness and economy of matter and means that is curiously Brahmsian and not at all of the fashion of this luxuriant tonal day.

On the other hand, Mr. Rabaud seems to treat his first movement as a kind of prologue; while through the rest of the symphony occurs and recurs a "motto-motive" variously treated and transformed that in the finale largely and fervently dominates the music. Side by side with it and ultimately gathered within it returns a stern and sombre motive of the prologue. Thus Mr. Rabaud gives his symphony the unity, justly dear to the Gallic mind; glances slantwise at Tchaikovsky's practice to send a haunting theme through the varying course of a symphony; and accepts in his own fashion the Lisztian gospel of community of music idea and the Franckian "cyclic" theory of ascendant theme in fuller and fuller voice. Academic prescriptions of repetitions and return within the symphonic form he waves aside, like every other sensible composer of today, when they might hinder his musical design and expressive ends; but unlike many a Parisian, he does not eschew the full-throated Wagnerian harmonies or the large Wagnerian climax. Clearly an eclectic symphony.

"Marouf," in the performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, with Mr. Monteux as conductor and with a serviceable cast, made like impression of an eclectic mind and spirit in the composer. Again the reviewer for The Transcript wrote:

If from time to time the hearer finds himself in doubt whether to take the piece as burlesque, or romantic comedy, or romantic tragedy, the fault lies with the music, which, when it remains one thing for any single extended passage, is usually capital. In the narrower, technical matters of modulation, Rabaud seems impeccable. But in the problems of taste, of style and manner,

and in general of musical creation, he is strangely at sea. One can enumerate half a dozen distinct strains of which the music is composed—a pro-

escape, Massenet, Ravel, Franck and Chabrier, are all there, and in nearly equal proportions. The music is now and then with "Thais"-like melody, now sparkling with the intricate harmonies of Dukas, now throbbing with the breath-like accomplishment which we associate with "Pelléas." And except in a few passages, it never remains the same for more than a few successive seconds.

In the problem of style, no less than this problem of manner, Rabaud seems to be at a loss to come to a clear realization of what he wishes to do. There are moments when the music seems to sparkle as in the 18 opera-bouffe of Lecocq and Audran. Yet even the early Wagner could not be more thunderously expressive than is the composer in the passages, such as that of the threat to the vizier, which he chooses to take as dramatic. Again, Thais and Louise never told their loves more ardently than does the Princess in her air in the fourth act. Whether the piece is to be dramatic, or pictorial, or humorous, or exotic or frankly romantic, the composer never seems able to decide. Now he seeks florid expression, now the lithelessness of realistic comment in voice and orchestra, and again an accompaniment of symphonic breadth and proportions. It is in this latter style that he seems most happy, especially in the really brilliant passage describing the approach of the caravan in the last act.

The Conductor

As conductor, Mr. Rabaud, like many of his predecessors, will come to the Symphony Orchestra, from the opera house rather than the concert-hall. Deservedly his Parisian reputation as orchestral leader is high, if not signal; while here in Boston he will have forces, freedom and opportunity such as he has never enjoyed before and such as are sure to stimulate him. He is practised master of orchestral routine; he is diligent in rehearsal; he wins the respect and the good will of his men as he does, indeed, of all who come into close contact with him. By the warrant of his eclectic music his programmes through twenty pairs of concerts with the Symphony Orchestra, should be catholic enough to please the most exacting. Clearly, in all that pertains to music, he is open-minded. As plainly, by the token of his symphonic pieces and his opera of "Marouf," he lacks neither sense of rhythm nor sense of color—both essential qualities in a conductor. Above all, by many a sign on the pages of his music, Mr. Rabaud has a true Gallic lucidity of mind. He sets down unmistakably what he would say in tones and indicates as precisely the manner in which it should be said. A like sense of design, procedure, result, presumably distinguishes him as conductor. In the familiar phrase that orchestras apply to leaders whom they serve willingly, "he will know what he wants and get it."

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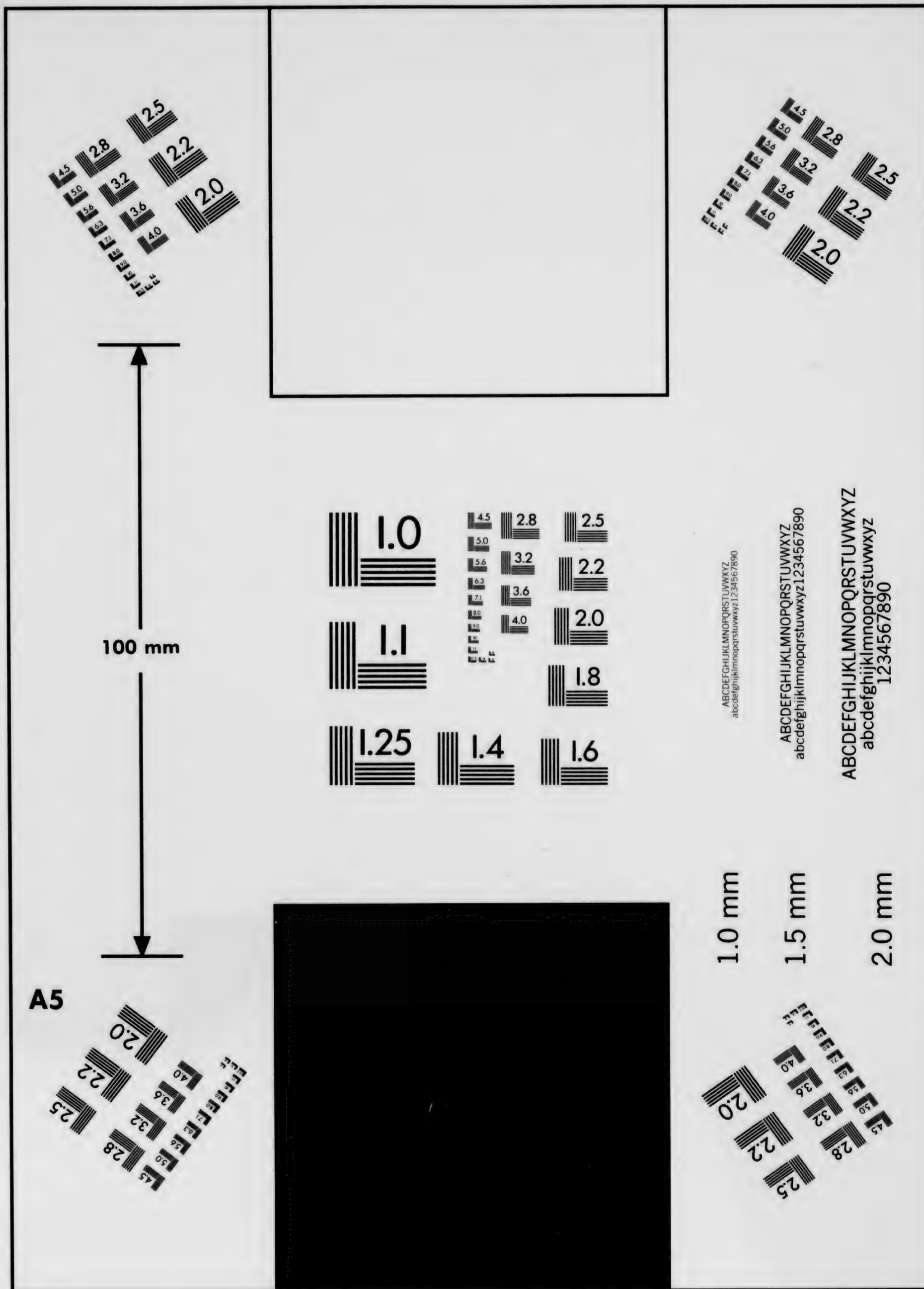
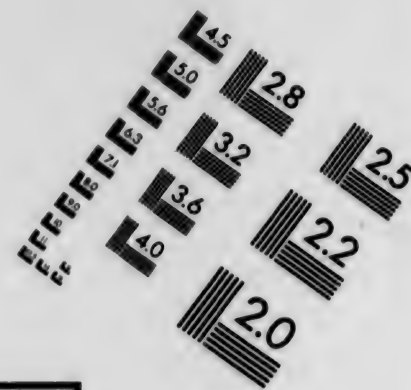
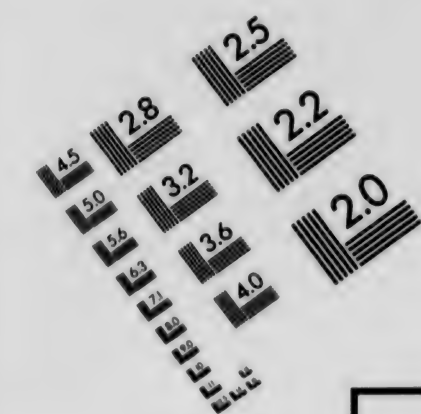
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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918--19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

FIRST PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, AT 8 P. M.

PIERRE MONTEUX Conducts these Concerts

FRANCK,

SYMPHONY in D minor

- I. Lento: Allegro non troppo
 - II. Allegretto
 - III. Allegro non troppo
-

SCHUMANN,

OVERTURE to Byron's "Manfred," op. 115

DUKAS,

"LA PERI, POEME DANSÉ," ("The Peri: a
Danced Poem")

DEBUSSY,

"IBERIA:" "Images" for Orchestra, No. 2

- I. Par le rues et par les chemins, (in the streets and way-
sides)
- II. Les parfums de la nuit. (The odorous night)
- III. Le matin d'un jour de fête. (The morning of a festal day)

SYMPHONY GIVES FIRST CONCERT

Herald Oct. 26/18
Conspicuously Beautiful
and Brilliant Under
Baton of Monteux

WARM TRIBUTE PAID TO NEW CONDUCTOR

By PHILIP HALE

The first concert of the 38th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Pierre Monteux conducted. The program was as follows: Franck, Symphony in D minor; Schumann, Overture to "Manfred"; Dukas, "La Peri" (first time in Boston); Debussy, "Iberia."

The answer to the many erroneous, some of them malicious, statements published abroad concerning the present condition of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was the concert of yesterday; a concert that was conspicuously beautiful and brilliant; a concert long to be remembered gratefully, one that aroused the large audience to enthusiastic approval.

While Mr. Monteux had ample time, as it would seem to some, for preparation, his task was not an easy one. He had never conducted the orchestra in former years; he was musically unacquainted with the older members; no matter how skilful the new players may be, the orchestra could not reasonably be expected to be at once a homogeneous and plastic body. The tribute paid Mr. Monteux yesterday by audience and orchestra must have recompensed him for his indefatigable labor. There was spontaneous and public acknowledgment of his technical mastery as a conductor; of his sensitiveness and poetic insight as an interpreter; of the modest and ingratiating personality of the man himself.

Mr. Monteux has an exquisite sense of tonal values, of tonal balance and proportion. He is an invoker of euphony. He has the respect for clarity and logical development that characterizes his nation in literature and art. Mr. Gericke had these qualities, the exercise of which gave the Boston Symphony orchestra international reputation; but Mr. Monteux has, in addition, warmth, imagination, emotional expressiveness, qualities that were foreign to Mr. Gericke's nature.

Led by Mr. Monteux and played by an admirable orchestra, Franck's symphony is more than ever music of noble outlines, music rich in beauty, music that beginning in doubt and questioning finds consolation even on earth, and at the end rejoices, as a mighty alleluia of the celestial hosts. The loving attention paid the wealth of detail did not check the continuity of the composer's thought, did not stay the imperious rush in the two allegros. Inner voices were heard, but were not unduly prominent; they were not brought out by the conductor with the exulting air of a discoverer. And in the symphony one noted at once a marked improvement in the strings. They sang melodic passages with musical sensuousness. Pizzicati measures for once had body and significance. So, too, the brass choir had more character than in former years. Its full force was impressive, never blatant. Here, as in the other choirs, there was delightful precision.

Some time ago Mr. Monteux said he saw no reason why the music of German masters, as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, should not be performed in these troublous times. He chose for his first concert Schumann's overture to Byron's tragedy, an overture that has long been regarded as a classic, like unto a book "without which no gentleman's library

is complete." The thunderbolts may fall on us for blasphemy, but the overture now seems to us singularly un-Byronic in thought and expression, and, save for the final measures, devoid of true poetic feeling. We find in it neither the gloomy Manfred nor the Witch of the Alps, nor the form and voice of the loved Astarte.

"La Peri" of Dukas was played here for the first time. Composed as a ballet for Miss Trouhanowa, it was reproached by some in Paris for being too "symphonic," fit for the concert hall rather than the stage. However this may be, the music is for the most part engrossing and not only by reason of exciting rhythms and gorgeous instrumentation. There are charming harmonic inventions; haunting modulations; delicate nuances—and Mr. Monteux is a master of nuances—melodic lines that are more noteworthy in measures for "stage business," or descriptive measures, than in those evidently designed for the solo dancer.

A brilliant performance of "Iberia" brought the end of a concert that held the attention of the hearers throughout.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week, Friday and Saturday, is as follows: Orchestral pieces, Beethoven's Symphony No. 7; Loeffler's "La Bonne Chanson"; Ravel, "Daphnis and Chloe," Suite No. 1, with chorus (first time here). Mme. Florence Easton of the Metropolitan Opera Company will sing "Dove Sono" from "The Marriage of Figaro" and Lia's air from Debussy's "Prodigal Son."

Franco-German Program by Symphony

Sun. Adv. — Oct. 27, 1918
By LOUIS C. ELSON,

PROGRAM

D minor, Symphony.....Cesar Franck
Manfred Overture.....Schumann
"The Peri".....Dukas
"Iberia".....Debussy

THE wind that blows nobody good. Our east wind may have blown in a little extra influenza, but that caused the postponement of all concerts and gave M. Monteux, the new conductor, a chance to become well acquainted with his orchestra, which in itself was about one-quarter new, and four weeks of steady rehearsals instead of two made the opening concert something really remarkable. We cannot recall a first concert which presented such excellent ensemble, such elasticity, such refinements of shading as the concerts of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening.

And it was well to begin the season with Franck's D minor symphony, which shows that there are great symphonies besides those "made in Germany." Nevertheless, art (and especially the musical art) unites all countries, and the trained auditor can observe that the three-noted figure from which most of the first movement is derived (D, C-sharp and F) was also used by Beethoven, Liszt and most powerfully by Wagner as his "Fate" or "Destiny" motive. We can compliment M. Monteux on the skill with which he displayed the many evolutions of this figure. He did not always thunder it out, but made it clear without exaggeration.

The canonic work, in which Franck excelled, was finely balanced, and the more extended figure (12 notes), which is afterwards interwoven with the shorter one, was finely shaded. There was some excellent work both on the English horn and the French horns in the second movement. This second movement, although labelled as a slow movement, contained a scherzo effect within itself, which

gives the symphony the regular four-movement shape, although the careless auditor may perceive but three. This second movement M. Monteux read better than we have yet heard it in Boston.

The finale is a noble climax, reminding of the power of the last movement of Brahms' C-minor symphony, and in fact there is more than a passing resemblance in the style of Franck and Brahms. It is more in major than in minor, and the great chorale theme which forms its climax was given forth as if Franck pictured triumph after struggle, and as if M. Monteux were portraying our present victories. If Gounod's "Gallia" pictured defeated France (in 1871) surely this work is a French exultation; and it takes on a new meaning in these present times.

The audience was exuberantly applause. M. Monteux was welcomed with enormous enthusiasm, which repeated itself after the first movement and after the finale of the symphony. He modestly tried to share the honors with the orchestra, but the audience led him plainly to understand that the ovation was intended for him personally. Mr. Schroeder also received a personal welcome as he came back to the violoncello desk. It was inspiring to find the audience about as large as usual, in spite of war time, and the orchestra still the most prominent one of America.

Schumann ought to have made a good contrast to Franck. The brooding character of Byron's hero appealed deeply to the German composer, yet one may doubt whether he fully comprehended the English tragedy. Had he done so he never would have ended his cantata with a Catholic requiem (a good example of double cannon, which fits to Manfred about as well as it would to Bob Ingersoll).

The overture calls for magnificent contrasts all through. Of all composers Schumann was the most strikingly dual nature. We do not mean a "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" type, but he could be powerfully masculine and most tenderly feminine with equal effect. He called these two sides of his nature "Florestan and Eusebius," and they are nobly exhibited in this work in the virile defiance of Manfred and the sweet yearning of Astarte.

Here M. Monteux was not as brilliant as he had been in the symphony. Spasmodic vehemence took the place of loftiness and breadth. The great passages for trumpets were not very

impressive and Astarte was not sufficiently in the foreground. It is not given to many Frenchmen to comprehend Schumann. D'Indy belittles him and Debussy spoke slightly of his compositions. Nevertheless, one should thank M. Monteux for placing Schumann on his first program and Beethoven on his second.

How many French, Russians and Norwegians seek their musical inspiration in Spain (Iberia)! And how few of them catch the true flavor of the garlic. Spite of a liberal garnishing the Spanish dance rhythms, some parts of this "Iberia" might as well be labelled "Siberia" or "Liberia" for all that they represent.

We do not know whether "Three Blind Mice" is Spanish in origin, and we were mystified to hear this old tune made prominent in the work. The final movement became a Spanish Fourth of July and was fully as American as exotic. But M. Monteux read the work excellently and brought out its shifting rhythms and its strong contrasts with excellent power. His beat is decisive, and he evidently knows what he wants and generally succeeds in getting it.

There was also a new work by Dukas upon the program, making this first program preponderantly French in character. Dukas labors under the handicap of having excelled himself once, in "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," and all his other works suffer by comparison.

In spite of its very large score, "Le Peri" is but a high order of musical confectionery, highly-flavored tonal candy. It is quite a tinkle-feast, with its tambourine, triangle, xylophone, celesta, etc., and it deals heavily in percussion, as witness its three kettle-drums, bass-drum and snare-drum.

It has some seductive dance rhythms, as for example a swiny waltz, which becomes prominent once or twice. It deals heavily in chromatics, has a good climax and exhibits all the modern skill in orchestration, in which the French are becoming so adept. There was some commendable flute-playing in the work, but it was all excellently executed.

Summing up, one can say that the Franck symphony was the nub of the concert, and the especially excellent readings of the second movement here and of the finale of "Iberia" were points which show M. Monteux to possess poetry and originality; his excellence of routine was evident all through the performance.

SEASON OF SYMPHONY IS OPENED

Post Oct 26/18
Famous Band Better
Than Ever Under
Monteux

BY OLIN DOWNES

For the first time in the history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra a French conductor, Mr. Pierre Monteux, stood at its head when the season of 1918-1919 opened yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

The reception given conductor and band, the quality of the performances, the make-up, as well as the evident enthusiasm of the audience, augur very happily for the future of Boston's famous musical organization. The same subscribers, in the great majority of cases, occupied the same seats. The audience was a large one, animated by the sentiment, "Stand by the orchestra."

CHANGES IN PERSONNEL

There have been many important changes of personnel in the orchestra since last season. There will be later occasions to particularize as to the effect of these changes. The band has undoubtedly gained by many of the substitutions. This is particularly evident in the string division, led by the new concertmaster, Mr. Fradkin, not only the rarely talented violinist he showed himself to be when he visited Boston, under Mr. Monteux, with the orchestra of the Russian ballet, but is evidently a leader of musical stability and authority.

the improvements in the quality of the orchestra are not only in the string division. They show everywhere. The tone is warmer, more beautiful, more transparent; the intonation is purer; there is greater technical finish and eloquence of detail. The main responsibility for this is not the changes in personnel, valuable, on the whole, as they undoubtedly have been. The responsibility is Mr. Monteux's.

Mr. Monteux is a very simple man, rather under medium height, erect, uncommonly clear-eyed, unostentatious, self-possessed in the presence of an audience, and quietly master of his men. He had not conducted two minutes before it was apparent that he had made of the Boston Symphony Orchestra a finer instrument than it has been for many seasons. He is a supremely artistic interpreter, a man profoundly in earnest, and thoroughly equipped for his task.

There may be a number of conductors equally gifted in France. If this is so, it is time that the American musical public should awaken to the fact, and realize that conductors are not exclusively manufactured in Germany.

Interpretation of Symphony

The fact, we believe, was yesterday self-evident that Mr. Monteux's interpretation of Franck's symphony surpassed in eloquence, in mastery of line and mood, in sympathy with the genius of the composer, that of his predecessor. It had warmer feeling, more sensitive color, more dramatic emotion. It was more vital as it was more elastic in its rhythmical current. A great flood of music ebbed and flowed, sank to whispers of the most intimate self-communion, or mounted to the very heavens in its supplications and its ecstasies. There was heard the voice of the man alone with his maker, the terrors and exaltations of him who in his secret hour cries out, "Lord, I believe. Help thou mine unbelief." Each solo instrument, every atom of the orchestra, in tender dialogue or prophetic acclamation, was possessed of the emotion of music, now compassionate, now beseeching, now lofty contemplative, or aflame with the vision of the day to come. In this sensitiveness of mood and plasticity of phrase lies much of the secret of Franck's genius, whose genius was felt and profoundly impressed on the audience by the conductor.

This symphony, which hymns the compassion of God and the ultimate triumph of the meek and the humble, was composed by a man of Liege, the city which gave its life that freedom might live.

The other works on the programme were Schumann's "Manfred" overture,

Dukas, ballet music, "Le Péri: Poème Danse," composed in 1910 for Mademoiselle Trouhanowa, and performed yesterday for the first time in Boston; and Debussy's "Iberia." The performance of Schumann's work, a remarkable testimony of Mr. Monteux's catholicity of taste, was perhaps the most sympathetic that we have heard of this work, genuinely Schumannish, and as romantic as might be. As for the music itself, it seemed yesterday of another period, and a combination of good Schumann and waterly Mendelssohn, beautifully as it was played. The music of Dukas, while not perhaps of great intrinsic worth, is as gorgeous as a peacock's wing. For its full effect it would require scenery and pantomime, but it sounds superbly, and the modern French musical idiom is employed with consummate skill. It also served as a superb display of the virtuosity of the orchestra.

Debussy's "Iberia"

In "Iberia"—surely one of his very greatest scores—Debussy is found astray on the highways and byways of Spain, meeting life at first hand, putting down his impressions with the recklessness of genius and the technical certainty of his past mastery of his medium.

Snatches of song are heard, scraps of melody, coming from here and there, mingling and colliding with each other with the most enchanting effects. A hundred rhythms, and vibrations the most various, are afoot in the orchestra. There is an indescribable sense of the inarticulate gladness of nature; of the poignant beauty of the night; the sighing of the winds and the murmur of a love song; and finally, the noise and blare of a fete day. The orchestra indulges in Rabelaisian laughter. It echoes the shouts of the people, jest and jibe, songs, marches, the thrumming of guitars—overwhelming life, in which the spirit of an artist immerses itself to give out fresh beauty and joy to the world.

Mr. Monteux was the expert and precise director of all this wonder. The humor of the finale was particularly his. Whether a vaguer outline, a less definite contour, might have obtained in the movement called "Sounds and perfumes of the night," is a question for each hearer to ask himself. Some might say that in this movement a blur of color, a mood, less distinct and definable than that portrayed would have been more native to the composer. The question is one of temperament, opinion, and many practical considerations which confront a conductor. For both conductor and orchestra the concert was a triumph. Mr. Monteux's stay in Boston promises to be brief, but he will remember his welcome and his audience will gratefully remember him.

BEGINNING BOSTON SYMPHONY SEASON

Oct. 26/18
Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conducting, first concert of thirty-eighth season, Symphony Hall, afternoon of Oct. 25, 1918. The program: César Franck, Symphony in D minor; Schumann, Overture to Byron's "Manfred," Op. 115; Dukas, "Le Péri, Poème Dansé," (first time in Boston); Debussy, "Iberia," "Images" for Orchestra, No. 2.

BOSTON, Mass.—An emancipated orchestra stood up to play "The Star-Spangled Banner" at the first concert of the thirty-eighth Boston Symphony season. Above them hung a huge American flag; elsewhere in the hall were a service flag and the "Hundred Per Cent" Liberty Loan flag. And the emancipation was evident in the playing of the air. Uniform bowing, feeling phrasing, vigorous attack,—these and the spirited playing made of the anthem something other than an empty ceremony, grudgingly performed.

Since its foundation this organization has been under German domination. Now that domination has been broken and the freedom is already apparent in the different spirit of the orchestra. A French conductor, an American concert master, various new faces in the ranks and a slight rearrangement of the players are outward signs of change. All the technical enemy aliens are gone.

The real change, however, is not to be seen with the eye, and it is hardly to be heard with the ear. It is an indefinable air of freedom that pervades, a conscious loss of hampering traditions. The efficiency of this body of players has been a matter of envious emulation among orchestras. The precision of its playing has been a cause for remark. Its slavish attention to detail has afforded a topic for many a complimentary criticism. In short, as a heretical spirit has sometimes given voice, the content of the music has often been lost sight of in the meticulousness of its production. The manner has received more attention than the matter.

Now, however, that the emancipation from Teutonic methods and ideals has taken place, the orchestra stands at the threshold of a new epoch in its career. In place of the chill of efficiency will come the warmth of color; succeeding the meticulous reading of a score will be a gratifying elasticity. In short the days of the Boston Symphony Orchestra as a wonderful machine are over; instead it will be an organization made up of men subject to like passions as those in its audiences are. All of which is by way of saying that an era of humanity has dawned for it.

This was apparent in the playing of the satisfactory program which Mr. Monteux had put together. Not within long memory has the César Franck symphony had such a performance as it had yesterday afternoon. It is a work to which superlatives naturally apply. In its high nobility it transcends most of the other music of this noble composer because cast in a more heroic mold. The exaltation of Franck's music is perhaps its outstanding characteristic; it shines through the sonata for piano and violin and the wonderful piano quintet, it touches the second movement of the symphony like glints of golden sunlight on mountain tops, it lights up certain high moments in the first movement with an unworldly radiance. To César Franck's influence has been ascribed the flow of the current of French composition away from the fascinating but treacherous influence of Wagner and his music dramas toward the classical lines of symphony and opera. In the fen of stagnant water which German scholarship and uninspired writing have got us into we have need of César Franck at this hour. May it not be that as his example and kindly encouragement exerted such powerful appeal on the French composers of his day, so his music shall exercise its benign suasion on us who are in process of forming new musical standards?

The novelty of the program, Dukas' "Le Péri," made an excellent impression. It was presented with authority by Mr. Monteux, as would be expected from a conductor of ballet. From the program notes telling the story of the

dance one can easily see why it would be possible to consider the music as more adapted to symphonic than choreographic purposes. Decidedly in what we have come to consider as the modern French idiom, it gave opportunity for a display of orchestral coloring which would have been impossible with the old orchestra.

Mr. Monteux was warmly applauded and made an excellent impression on his audience. He conducted without a score, ably and capably.

Maintained, Refreshed, Rekindled

Trans. — Oct. 26, 1918.

The Symphony Concerts Begin with
a New Orchestra Worthy of
the Old, an Engrossing
Conductor, a Novel
and Notable
Piece

SINCE the very first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 22, 1881, none, probably, has marked so many new beginnings as that of yesterday, Oct. 25, 1918, at the outset of the thirty-eighth season. To the single proprietorship of Mr. Higginson had succeeded the more representative and democratic control of a board of nine trustees. Saved by them from the perils threatening its existence last spring, the Boston Symphony Orchestra Incorporated (as the programme-book labels it) now sat upon the stage, with one-quarter and more of the players new to its ranks. For the first time, since the passing visit of Mr. d'Indy, twelve years ago, a Parisian, Mr. Monteux, led the band, new, likewise, to Bostonian ears as conductor in symphonic music. Even the programme, divided between three French pieces and a single German classic, was conditioned by the obligations and the prejudices of wartime.

Details of the day likewise bore witness to a new and open-minded régime, less self-centred and remote, more responsive to the reasonable wishes of its public. From the ceiling nearly in line with the edge of the platform hung, for example, a large United States flag; on the rear rails of the balconies were a service flag and the pennant of a full subscription to the recent war-loan. For the first time within the memory of the oldest frequenter of the concerts, the lights in the auditorium were lowered during performance, while those above the stage threw orchestra and conductor into high relief—a salutary and grateful change, contributing not a little to the enjoyment of the music. At every turn, some minor departure from old routine caught the eye. The harps, for example, had receded from the front of the stage to the rear of the first violins; familiar faces in the orchestra sat in unfamiliar places; even the plush upon the rails of the balconies, the carpets upon the aisles were new. For the first time, finally, throughout a Symphony Concert, a conductor led without a score before him, Toscanini-wise. Unchanged only were the programme-book, familiar repository of learning made entertainment, and the audience. Doubtless a few chairs were empty, but the listeners at cursory glance seemed to fill the hall. In aspect, they might have been any audience, for ten years past, of a Friday afternoon.

Details of the Day

No incident diversified the preliminaries of the concert until, lingering long after the rest of the orchestra, old Mr. Schroeder, who has been recalled to the violoncellos, come conspicuously to his place, was immediately recognized and received a hearty round of applause. Much less conspicuously and by no means so warmly clapped, followed the conductor himself, Mr. Monteux. Almost before the audience had recognized him, he set to "The Star-Spangled Banner," in a version for full orchestra, prepared by Mr. Converse, here and there retouched by the conductor, and heard for the first time hereabouts. The composer has set down the hymn as played in the Army and the Navy, then harmonized it richly and distributed the instrumental voices sonorously, treating it less as a tune that might be sung by an audience than as an anthem to be eloquently intoned by the orchestra. Even his counterpoint moves in stately progress. The result was a nobler voice than usual for music that as such bears repetition none too well—a dignity and largeness accented by Mr. Monteux's pace, phrasing, emphasis. Somehow, as Mr. Messager will again demonstrate next Wednesday, these French conductors

make much more of our national hymn than do most Americans. Perhaps they respect it more.

So far as applause may go, the audience made ample amends to Mr. Monteux at each pause in Franck's symphony, the first item of the programme, and at the end. By that time, it had discovered that the reorganized orchestra was in every respect the peer of the old; that in some particulars it excelled it; that the conductor himself had ear, intelligence, imagination, sensibility and force; that he and his men were perfectly responsive to each other. To them, indeed, Mr. Monteux would transfer the plaudits. He called them to their feet as soon as the clapping began; he turned to them before he turned to the audience. Not until, at the third acknowledgment, when the orchestra, with happy tact, obstinately kept its seat, would he take the applause for himself—a conductor as modest and generous as he is able and eloquent. So onward through the rest of the concert, though it was beyond expectation that so beclouded a piece as Schumann's overture to "Manfred" would excite the plaudits that answered Franck's luminous symphony; while not all ears hear too gladly such ultra-modern Parisian pieces as Dukas's "danced poem" of "The Peri," or Debussy's more familiar "Iberia." So the end crowned the day. A single concert had dispelled doubts and fears. The new orchestra was no less the Boston Symphony Orchestra of old—unmatched in America, unexcelled in Europe. If no genius led it—such are few and far between—a conductor of signal ability and persuasive personality held it in the hollow of his hand. In programme, performance, personnel not a standard had abated. The Symphony Orchestra, the Symphony Concerts go on. A thrilled public heard and knew.

The New Orchestra

Four-fold has been the good fortune of the band; first in the tireless pains and the relentless exaction with which Mr. Monteux and Mr. Fradkin, the concert-master, have tested and chosen many of the new recruits; second, in the month, instead of a fortnight, that the postponement of the concerts yielded for daily rehearsals; third, in the diligence, ambition and good will of the men themselves; fourth, above and beyond the rest, in the work of Mr. Monteux in the fusing of the orchestra into a sensitive and responsive body, in the schooling of it to plasticity, euphony and the whole gamut of symphonic eloquence. What Mr. Gericke or Dr. Muck, at his coming to the concerts, spreads over a season, Mr. Monteux, without haste, without waste, has largely accomplished in a month. Few conductors have done the Symphony Orchestra such signal service. Two weeks hence, Mr. Rabaud may well marvel at the instrument that awaits his hand. He

has known none such in the Paris that has enclosed, hitherto, his whole working life.

To write so of the orchestra is not to imply that it is beyond betterment. A maturer first flute than Mr. de Mailly would serve it well. The English horn, under the exactions of Dukas and Debussy, left something to be desired; the present tuba-player is by no means the equal of his predecessor; Mr. Schroeder in his sixties hardly replaces Mr. Warnke in his prime. The three horns to be added to the orchestra should be of the finest obtainable quality. On the other hand, there is no doubting that the reorganization of the string choir and its reaction to the abilities of Mr. Fradkin as concert-master have bettered it. In particular, the second violins now escape the dryness, the suggestion of mechanism that were beginning to beset them in Dr. Muck's final year. They and the whole body of strings now play with an exceeding sensibility and plasticity, losing nothing in essential precision yet sloughing away a tendency to a hard accuracy. Their tone gains in sensuous beauty, delicate euphonies, soft and glamorous shimmer. Yet, as in the climaxes of Franck's symphony, it lacked not a radiant power.

The oboes with Mr. Longy, the clarinets with Mr. Sand, the horns with Mr. Wendler keep familiar quality; while Mr. Monteux has mellowed the brass choir and tempered certain inclinations among the instruments of percussion to an excess of metallic zeal. As of old, the orchestra is master of adroit euphonies, as it proved time and again with Franck's music and the second division of Debussy's "Iberia"; throughout the afternoon, it phrased like such a singing woman as was Mme. Sembrich in her golden prime, while its gradations of long ascents and descents were as flawless. Its rhythm in "Iberia" whipped the ear; in "The Peri," it often overlaid the body of Dukas's music with a very jewelry of harmonies and timbres. To listen to it from the first darkling measures of Franck's symphony to the final flash of Debussy's "Image" was to renew old, to discover new delights.

The Conductor

Unless it was in Mr. Monteux's own concerts, a few years ago in Paris, never before has he had so free a hand as that which the undeviating tradition of the Symphony Orchestra gives the conductor. Never before in America, and probably in Europe as well, has he had so responsive and rounded an instrument eager to do his interpretative will. In a sense he had attuned and polished that instrument. Though he is to play upon it—the more the regret!—through only four concerts in Boston and a bare eight elsewhere, he must have felt that, for the time, it was his very own, since he had made it. No wonder that he excelled the rhythmic fire, the

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delineative force of his "Pétouchka" with the Russian Ballet; the lyric and romantic warmth, the adroit modulation, the astute shading and detailing, the pervading fineness of feeling in his "Faust" of last winter at the Metropolitan; the freshness of fancy, the glow of color, the lusciousness of tone that he shed over "The Golden Cockerel" of last spring in both New York and Boston. No doubt the whole occasion of yesterday stimulated him, simple, self-subordinating, altogether modest as he was before both orchestra and audience. He had himself, as is the way of such quiet, gentle men, admirably in hand, but the nervous tension of the hour flashed occasionally out of his exact, incisive beat, the swift, impending fall of his gesture. Hardly before in the United States has he seemed so resourceful, so masterful a conductor, alike in design, progress, achievement.

First of all, Mr. Monteux has the most sensitive ear possessed by any conductor of the Symphony Orchestra since Mr. Gericke. To him, no less than to themselves, the strings owe the soft lustres, the fine shimmer, the unfailing vibrancy of their present tone. Of him, in equal measure, are the new mellowness of the brass, the present clear, characteristic voice of the instruments of percussion, the melting euphonies of flutes, oboes, clarinets. The sheer loveliness of many a period, phrase, transition in Franck's symphony was the play of such an ear; it heard the visioning beauty of the final measures of the overture to "Manfred"; it heightened the sensuous beauty in which Debussy has drenched his pages of the throbbing Spanish night. At the other extreme, Mr. Monteux's ear—and the mind behind—measured as faultlessly the choral-like sonorities of Franck, the climaxes of the theatre in Dukas's "Poème Dansé." So to poise and proportion tonal power is only to be the finer master of it. Again, Mr. Monteux feels rhythm, imposes it upon the orchestra, transmits it penetratingly to his hearers. The rhythmic zest and piliancy that he infused into the first and the third divisions of "Iberia" bettered Debussy himself. Chabrier, hearing from Paradise, surely bounced about with envy. Again, how delicate, how artful was the conductor's hand with the light rhythms of the Allegretto that is Franck's Scherzo.

Not less keen and of Gallic clarity, precision, fineness is Mr. Monteux's sense of musical design and of revelation thereof to his hearers. Every frequenter of serious concerts knows nowadays the long unfolding and upbuilding of Franck's symphony out of abyss of darkness into summit of light. Yet that course is as various of ascent, descent, ascent again, as a long mountain trail. Mr. Monteux perfectly profiled it upon the ears, the imaginations of his hearers. Again in "The Peri" Dukas weaves his music in fine or large strands

of polyphony and then jewels them with scintillant modulations; or else he splinters them into gleaming fragments—a star-dust of tones. Mr. Monteux understood, realized, transmitted. If penetrating perception and imparting skill could clarify that muddy, striving overture to "Manfred," he would have illuminated it.

To this insight, Mr. Monteux adds the musical intuition and experience that mould the phrase, shape the period, graduate the climax as with the composer's voice and ear. To all three he lends the imagination that discovers the just accent, that distributes and shades color, that vibrates to the subtle modulations of a Dukas or a Debussy. Best of all, he finds the pace that discloses the inherent voice, the characteristic qualities of the music in hand and, having found it, is sensitively plastic in the revelation. His pace with Franck's symphony—the quickest, the most elastic Bostonian ears have known—gave the music the vivid march, the various beauty, the changeful impulse, the emotional ardor inherent in the music. It captured, as more heavily handed performances do not, the luminosity, the spiritual, at moments the ethereal, quality of Franck inspired. He is so in nearly every measure of this master-symphony. Only here and there does he decline into his equally characteristic homeliness. Again, thanks to Mr. Monteux's choice and elasticity of pace, when has "Iberia" seemed such sensuous imagery in the rhythms, the colors, the whole implication of tones? The divine fire may not have touched the conductor—it touches so few mortals!—but a manifold ability, intelligence, imagination, devotion dwell in him. He possesses the true artist's mind and—what is equally essential—the true artist's conscience.

The Pieces

It was the day of the orchestra and the conductor, the concert of new beginnings; whereas Franck's symphony, Schumann's overture, Debussy's tone-picture are familiar items, in America at least, of the "standard repertory." There is no need now to recur to them; but, for the first time hereabouts was heard "The Peri: Danced Poem: the Legend and the Music by Paul Dukas," originally represented, as such on two Parisian stages, since variously heard as a symphonic piece. The origins of the music, its subsequent fate at the hands of Mr. Diaghilev and Miss Trouhanowa have already been set down in this place. Here also the Persian tale has been told: how the Prince went forth to seek the Flower of Immortality; how he found it in the hand of a sleeping Peri; how looking upon her, he desired her beauty; how she danced for him and so won back the flower; how she vanished as in pale flame; how the Prince submitted to his end. A fable of wistful seeking, pen-

sive longing, melancholy resignation, moving against a background of flower and flame, that dissolve into nothingness—legend old, remote, recalled only to be forgotten. Yet a fable to jewel with many lustres—of the beauty of the Peri, the glow of her flower, the flame-tints with which it changes. For, from the days of his music-drama of Ariana, Bluebeard and the cascading treasure of precious stones, Paul Abraham Dukas, with Jewish blood in his veins (as Paris gossips) has loved this process of tonal jewellery.

It is as jeweller and weaver of atmosphere that Dukas best succeeds with "The Peri." Of course, in a "dance-poem" no less than in his symphony, his opera, his miscellaneous pieces, he writes a closely knit, artfully advancing, self-expanding and self-propelled music. For no Parisian composer of our time, except Mr. d'Indy and Saint-Saëns before he fell into dotage, matches Dukas in formal resource, in constructive scholarship. Beyond all question, "The Peri" as symphonic piece is a well-made tone-poem. The music upsprings resourcefully from itself, yet in the grooves of the legend and at pace with them, elastic as they. On the other hand, there is reason to doubt at a single hearing whether the motives giving birth to the music disclose in themselves alert invention and warm imagination. With "The Peri," as with many another contemporary piece, the treatment is everything. Yet within it again Dukas sometimes flags. There are sudden commonplaces in the music; the dance of the Peri is no more than effective work for the choreographic theatre; at least one climax upswells—and is hollow.

Per contra, measure after measure, so fertile, rich and imaginative are the modulations, so poetizing the harmonies, so glamorous the instrumental colors, summons and sustains the very atmosphere of the legend, flashes its progress upon the fancy of the hearer, pierces him for the instant with its emotions. It is so, for example, when the Prince looks upon the beauty of the Peri and covets it; or when she vanishes into pale flame and the darkness of dissolution steals upon him. Rare and fine indeed are these sensations of tones. Again, those same means jewel the music till it is like the changeful glows of the Flower of Immortality or the sprays of light that dazzle Prince Iskender's longing eyes and heavy heart. Then 's Dukas alchemist, magician.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA RESUMES IN TRIUMPH

Monteux Gives Brilliant Opening Concert

Globe ——— Oct. 26/18

The Boston Symphony Orchestra began yesterday afternoon its 38th season and a new epoch in its career. For reasons the war has made clear, nearly a quarter of its personnel had been changed since last May, and before it stood a new conductor.

Pierre Monteux, known here through appearances with the Ballet Russe and the Metropolitan Opera Company, by whose direction he was loaned temporarily to the Boston trustees, conducted in concert for the first time in this city. The audience was much as in other years. It welcomed the new conductor, before and after "The Star Spangled Banner," and gave both Mr. Monteux and his players a demonstration after the symphony.

It was expressly fitting that Mr. Monteux should have chosen for the first work of the first Symphony concerts in this new epoch of the orchestra, a work of a Belgian by birth and a Frenchman by his later residence, affiliation, artistic style and sympathy. But beyond the point of occasion and timely tribute, the great symphony of Cesar Franck is music gloriously attuned to the hour.

Mr. Monteux conducted this music without score—as he did throughout the afternoon—with ardor and sensibility; with the manner of a man who himself loved and revered it. For him, Cesar Franck is more than a mystic; there was the note of flaming rapture, of triumph of sweeping exaltation.

Awakened New Spirit

All reasonably have been solicitous as to what this reorganization of the orchestra would mean. The audience had no need to wait long in doubt yesterday. In the first movement of the symphony, Mr. Monteux showed that he not only had evolved a remarkable degree of plastic unanimity and precision, but he had begun to find the soul of the orchestra.

Where before now some have been conscious of a fire smouldering under a repression which at times had its appropriate place and cast, yesterday more than once the flame of a great mood shot through, enkindling insupporting, overpowering.

Mr. Monteux is not a man of one school or style. He could share Schumann's romantic enthusiasm for the melodramatic pomposity and sentiment of his idol Byron in his more or less autobiographical "Manfred," but it was in Dukas' ballet of the Peri and her flower of immortality, played here for the first time, and in Debussy's "Iberia" that Mr. Monteux particularly revealed his own finesse, taste and authority and the new virtuosity and understanding of the orchestra.

New Members Welcomed

The "Danced Poem" of Dukas is a piece of exquisite, often enchanting orchestration, embellishing graceful, yet not profoundly significant, ideas.

Debussy's beautiful series of pictures of Spain found Mr. Monteux sympathetic and imaginative, with its rioting rhythms and colors, with the sensuous languor of its music of the night, as with a new and italicized vividness in the calls, songs and pungently awakening life of the festal day, flamingly realistic, filled with character, yet not crossing the bounds of impressionism. These graphic folk measures smelled of the soil, were exultantly garish or, upon occasion, made no pretense to blush for an idealized vulgarity.

Changes in the orchestra itself have been accompanied by those among its caretakers. Mr. Ellis will be missed, but Mr. Brennan, an executive of judgment, experience, sagacity and unfailing courtesy is his logical successor. Mr. Monteux will conduct one more pair of concerts before Mr. Rabaud takes his place for the remainder of the season.

PRAISES PHILIP HALE

To the Editor of the Herald:

Which is going to be the first college in America to honor itself by conferring the highest honorary literary degree on Philip Hale, our great Boston music critic and litterateur? Coming practically from a stranger I hope this suggestion will not shock Mr. Hale, but for the past 25 years I have felt personally indebted to him for his keen, constructive, incisive, clear-eyed, yet keenly estimate of things and people and matters musical.

What fine research and knowledge was revealed in his Lowell lectures a year or two ago! With what gentle satire he has riddled the German bombast and claims to musical omnipotence for years before the war broke out! How truly he has always seen the light on the individual pretensions of the German race! What wit, what sympathy, what learning has ever been displayed in his many writings! What an inspiration he has been to all music critics and performers and writers—a perennial source of technical knowledge, bonhomie and charm of expression.

What a constructive, upbuilding power for good! Why wait until too late to honor one who has given so much to elevate our literary, critical and dramatic standards? Always he has stood for truth and has seen all things well.

FRANCIS H. OWEN.

Brookline, Sept. 20.

1918

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918-19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

SECOND PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, AT 8 P. M.

PIERRE MONTEUX Conducts these Concerts

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in A major, No. 7, op. 92

- I. Poco sostenuto; Vivace
- II. Allegretto
- III. Presto: Presto meno assai
- IV. Allegro con brio

MOZART,

RECITATIVE, "E Susanna non vien!" ("How Susanna delays!") and ARIA, "Dove Sono," ("Flown forever"), from "The Marriage of Figaro," Act III, Scene 8

LOEFFLER,

POEME, "La Bonne Chanson"

DEBUSSY,

RECITATIVE, "L'année en vain," ("The Years roll by"), and ARIA of LIA, "Azael! Azael! from "L'Enfant Prodigue"

FRANCK,

SYMPHONIC POEM: "Les Eolides" (The Aeolide)

RAVEL,

"Daphnis et Chloé" Ballet in one Act, Orchestral Fragments, First Series: "Nocturne," "Interlude," "Danse Guerrière"
First time in Boston

Soloist:

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In Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloé" a Chorus of thirty-two, prepared by Stephen Townsend, will assist.

There will be no Rehearsal and Concert next week

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Mme. FLORENCE GERTRUDE EASTON (Mrs. Francis MacLennan), soprano, was born in Yorkshire, England, on October 25, 1887, the daughter of John Thomas and Isabella (Yarrow) Easton, concert singers in England and Canada. As pianist, she accompanied her parents and even sang at one of their concerts before she was seven. She went with them to Toronto, Canada, where she studied in the schools, took piano lessons of J. D. A. Irysp and played in one of his concerts when she was eleven. Returning to London she continued her studies at the Royal Academy of Music. She afterwards went to Paris and studied singing with Elliott Haslain. She made her first appearance in opera at Covent Garden, London, a member of the Moody-Manners English Opera Company, and sang with this company for two years. In 1904 she married Francis MacLennan, operatic tenor. Coming to the United States she was engaged for Henry W. Savage's English Grand Opera Company. She was first heard in Boston at the Tremont Theatre as Gilda in "Rigoletto,"* November 1, 1905. The following year she was one of the four engaged by Mr. Savage for the part of the heroine in "Madama Butterfly." In 1907 she and her husband went to Berlin, where they were leading members of the Royal Opera House. She also sang at Hamburg, London, Antwerp, etc. During the season of 1916-17 she was a leading member of the Chicago Opera Company. She sang at

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the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, during the season of 1917-18; Santuzza, Lodoletta (in Mascagni's opera), Ah-Yoe (in "L'Oracolo"), Elisabeth (in Liszt's oratorio of "The Legend of St. Elisabeth," performed as an oratorio), etc.

She took the part of Ah-Yoe in "L'Oracolo," when that opera was performed at the Boston Opera House, April 5, 1918, for the first time in this city.

SECOND CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald Nov. 2, 1918
Conductor Monteux Gives
Noble Performance of
Beethoven Work

ORCHESTRA TO GO ON TOUR NEXT WEEK

By PHILIP HALE

The second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Monteux conducted. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony in A major, No. 7; Mozart, recitative, "E Susanna non vien?" and aria "Dove Sono," from "Le Nozze di Figaro"; Loeffler, poem, "La Bonne Chanson"; Debussy, recitative, "L'Annee en vain" and aria "Azael! Azael!" from "L'Enfant Prodigue"; Franck, symphonic poem, "Les Eolides"; Ravel, First Suite from the ballet "Daphnis et Chloe." Mme. Florence Easton of the Metropolitan Opera company was the singer.

There was an engrossing performance of the symphony, a musical and poetic performance that should have disabused any person laboring under the delusion that only a German can fitly interpret the music of Beethoven. It was a singularly clear and well balanced performance, rhythmically exciting, but without extravagance; the imposing climaxes were admirably prepared; the wonderful Allegretto, one of the fullest manifestations of Beethoven's genius, was played in the requisite spirit of simplicity, nobly, without a suspicion of sentimentalism, while the Finale, in which Beethoven shouts and throws his hat in the air, was a revelation of Dionysiac fury.

Mr. Loeffler's "Bonne Chanson" was first performed under another title at a Symphony concert in 1902. When it was then heard, it appealed to all by its lyric flight and its unsophisticated beauty. The composition, suggested by a poem in Paul Verlaine's cycle "La Bonne Chanson," has been thoroughly revised and re-orchestrated. In many instances in music as in literature revision has enfeebled the original. The sandpapering and the polishing have brought tameness; the pursuit of perfection has resulted in finicalness. It

has not been so with this composition, which must now be ranked for its spontaneity, its warmth, its poetic feeling with the finest and most mature of Mr. Loeffler's works. There is no over-elaboration, no anxious search after the unusual, no apparently deliberate avoidance of frankly melodic expression. There is no suggestion of Flaubertian toil and agony in shunning what might be considered conventional and obvious. Richly scored, this "poem" has substance in thought as well as gorgeousness in expression. Surely Mr. Loeffler will now be willing to allow the publication of it.

The eloquent performance of "La Bonne Chanson" was followed by a delightful reading of Franck's "Eolides" with its exquisite treatment of the short chromatic phrase, with its infinite harmonic variety.

The fragments from Ravel's ballet are not so interesting in a concert hall as those contained in the Suite played last season. They are more in need of scenery and pantomime. The Nocturne has some charming bits of color; the Interlude has curious vocal effects off-stage, difficult intervals for the singers who had been well trained by Mr. Stephen Townsend; the warlike dance of the pirates has a ferocity that is not displeasing, but as a whole the music, as absolute music, disappointed expectation. By some unaccountable negligence Daphnis was referred to in the program book as a woman.

Mme. Easton did not do herself full justice yesterday. We have heard her sing here in opera with freer voice. Yesterday her upper tones were sometimes pinched and without body. The middle and lower tones were rich and beautiful. She phrased as an accomplished musician. Lia's recitative and aria were sung dramatically. In the aria of Mozart she was less successful, but the singers of Mozart's perfect melodic line are few.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concert next week, for the orchestra will go on its first trip this season. Mr. Rabaud will conduct the concerts of Nov. 15, 16. The program has not yet been determined.

The public owes Mr. Monteux a heavy debt of gratitude. By his skill, patience and unflinching courtesy as a disciplinarian he has already brought the new orchestra to a high stage of efficiency. Mr. Rabaud has a sonorous, euphonious, plastic orchestra at his command. As an interpreter Mr. Monteux has given memorable performances of works known and unfamiliar, performances that have been sane as well as brilliant and imaginative. As a man he has in a short time endeared himself to orchestra and public. And he with orchestra and public now bids his friend Mr. Rabaud welcome and wishes him all success.



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ORCHESTRA TO GO ON TOUR NEXT WEEK

By PHILIP HALE

The second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Monteux conducted. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony in A major, No. 7; Mozart, recitative, "E Susanna non vien?" and aria "Dove Sono," from "Le Nozze di Figaro"; Loeffler, poem, "La Bonne Chanson"; Debussy, recitative, "L'Annee en vain" and aria "Azael! Azael!" from "L'Enfant Prodigue"; Franck, symphonie poem, "Les Eclides"; Ravel, First Suite from the ballet "Daphnis et Chloe." Mme. Florence Easton of the Metropolitan Opera company was the singer.

There was an engrossing performance of the symphony, a musical and poetic performance that should have disabused any person laboring under the delusion that only a German can fitly interpret the music of Beethoven. It was a singularly clear and well balanced performance, rhythmically exciting, but without extravagance; the imposing climaxes were admirably prepared; the wonderful Allegretto, one of the fullest manifestations of Beethoven's genius, was played in the requisite spirit of simplicity, nobly, without a suspicion of sentimentalism, while the Finale, in which Beethoven shouts and throws his hat in the air, was a revelation of Dionysiac fury.

Mr. Loeffler's "Bonne Chanson" was first performed under another title at a Symphony concert in 1902. When it was then heard, it appealed to all by its lyric flight and its unsophisticated beauty. The composition, suggested by a poem in Paul Verlaine's cycle "La Bonne Chanson," has been thoroughly revised and re-orchestrated. In many instances in music as in literature revision has enfeebled the original. The sandpapering and the polishing have brought tameness; the pursuit of perfection has resulted in finicalness. It

has not been so with this composition, which must now be ranked for its spontaneity, its warmth, its poetic feeling with the finest and most mature of Mr. Loeffler's works. There is no over-elaboration, no anxious search after the unusual, no apparently deliberate avoidance of frankly melodic expression. There is no suggestion of Flaubertian toil and agony in shunning what might be considered conventional and obvious. Richly scored, this "poem" has substance in thought as well as gorgeousness in expression. Surely Mr. Loeffler will now be willing to allow the publication of it.

The eloquent performance of "La Bonne Chanson" was followed by a delightful reading of Franck's "Eclides" with its exquisite treatment of the short chromatic phrase, with its infinite harmonic variety.

The fragments from Ravel's ballet are not so interesting in a concert hall as those contained in the Suite played last season. They are more in need of scenery and pantomime. The Nocturne has some charming bits of color; the Interlude has curious vocal effects off-stage, difficult intervals for the singers who had been well trained by Mr. Stephen Townsend; the warlike dance of the pirates has a ferocity that is not displeasing, but as a whole the music, as absolute music, disappointed expectation. By some unaccountable negligence Daphnis was referred to in the program book as a woman.

Mme. Easton did not do herself full justice yesterday. We have heard her sing here in opera with freer voice. Yesterday her upper tones were sometimes pinched and without body. The middle and lower tones were rich and beautiful. She phrased as an accomplished musician. Lia's recitative and aria were sung dramatically. In the aria of Mozart she was less successful, but the singers of Mozart's perfect melodic line are few.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concert next week, for the orchestra will go on its first trip this season. Mr. Rabaud will conduct the concerts of Nov. 15, 16. The program has not yet been determined.

The public owes Mr. Monteux a heavy debt of gratitude. By his skill, patience and unfailing courtesy as a disciplinarian he has already brought the new orchestra to a high stage of efficiency. Mr. Rabaud has a sonorous, euphonious, plastic orchestra at his command. As an interpreter Mr. Monteux has given memorable performances of works known and unfamiliar, performances that have been sane as well as brilliant and imaginative. As a man he has in a short time endeared himself to orchestra and public. And he with orchestra and public now bids his friend Mr. Rabaud welcome and wishes him all success.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Post Nov. 2/18
BY OLIN DOWNES

The second programme of the Boston Symphony season, which Pierre Monteux interpreted yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was as interesting as the first of a week ago, and as brilliantly presented. Beethoven's seventh symphony, the tone poem, "La Bonne Chanson," of Loeffler; Franck's symphonic poem, "Les Eolides," and music from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis et Chloe," performed for the first time in Boston, were the orchestral compositions. The soloist was Miss Florence Easton of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who sang the recitative and the aria, "Dove sono," from "The Marriage of Figaro," and the recitative and aria, "Azac; Azacel," from Debussy's early cantata, "L'Enfant Prodigue."

ANOTHER TRIUMPH

Some had wondered if Mr. Monteux as interpreter of classic masterpieces would be equal to Mr. Monteux as the interpreter of modern music. The doubts of those who heard the performance of Beethoven's symphony were quickly dispelled. The sense of form, the appreciation of the boldness and virility of Beethoven's symphonic architecture, were as apparent as was Mr. Monteux's appreciation of the arch-impressionistic music of Ravel which came later on the programme.

Again the glory of the orchestral tone was a thing to wonder at, as was the enthusiasm and conviction which permeated a reverent and classical conception of the composer's thought. This was another triumph, and not the least notable, of Mr. Monteux's brief season in Boston.

Mr. Loeffler's Tone Poem

Mr. Loeffler's work, inspired by Verlaine's incredibly beautiful poem to the sunrise, was first performed in 1902 at these concerts. Since that time it has been reorchestrated. Rarely has the composer painted in such beautiful tone colors. Neither has he forgotten "line"—that is, melody. There is noble polyphony almost throughout. Develop-

ments of "line" and "color" go hand in hand, and are ordered with masterly art. Perhaps there is overluxuriance in the development of the theme, which seems first to hesitate as it steps from an exquisitely tinted instrumental background, then gathers strength, power, rhythmical life, as it rushes forward to a climax in which the orchestra fairly blazes in its sonority. Perhaps a short cut in the first half of the work would have made it more concise. Nor is the melodic speech of the composer as radically individual as it is in later works. Some would say it was more direct, as it is of more obvious appeal.

However these things may be, the audience greeted with marked enthusiasm the simplicity, the directness, the nature-mood of this music, and applauded until the composer, in the audience, rose to his feet.

Chorus of 32 Voices

What can compare with the simplicity of Franck? His music is of the winds which whisper and caress the earth. A short, Tristan-like phrase is the thematic basis of the work, which evokes a mood as delicately and fancifully sensuous as could possibly be. The unconsciousness, the absolute lack of artifice, with which the miracle is wrought, is a miracle of genius.

A chorus of 32 voices, trained by Stephen Townsend and singing behind the scenes, assisted in the performance of the strange, Pagan music of Ravel. Today this music seems the extreme of impressionism. The ear cannot analyze the laws of its harmony, yet these harmonies seem to sit as squarely as any chord in the work of a classic master. The composer has formulated a whole new speech of his own in one of the most original and astonishing scores, in the writer's opinion, in modern French music. The chorus performed admirably in very difficult passages. Mr. Monteux, who again conducted everything from memory, gave a superb performance.

Miss Easton's Singing

Miss Easton sang music, which in the hands of too many performers is merely decorative, with sincerity and emotion. She has a fresh and beautiful voice, peculiarly rich and dark in its lower registers. Her earnestness and talent impressed the audience and she was recalled with marked enthusiasm.

At the last the audience was loth to let Mr. Monteux depart. The recent epidemic deprived the symphony audience of three more programmes interpreted by a conductor of the most exceptional talents, to be numbered as one of the most gifted leaders who have stood at the head of this orchestra.

Welcome for the French Orchestra

Boston Am. & Adv. Nov. 3/18
By LOUIS C. ELSON.

WE have had two important symphony concerts during the week.

Place aux Etrangers! The orchestra of the Paris Conservatoire made its debut on Wednesday evening. It played:

Bizet....."Patrie" overture
Beethoven.....Fifth Symphony
Debussy....."The Afternoon of a Faun"
St. Saens.....Fourth Piano Concerto, C minor
Soloist, M. Alfred Cortet.

Franck, Symphonic Poem, "The Redemption"
Berlioz.....Carnaval Romaine Overture

The welcome was a grand one. A standing audience, wild cheers, enthusiastic applause greeted the great French organization at the outset. Most naturally the auditor made mental comparisons with our own orchestra, yet such comparisons are not quite fair. To know entirely what this band is one should hear them in Paris when they are in the thick of their rehearsals and in the old hall of the Conservatoire, the best hall for music in all Europe.

Yet just as they were, directly from a long voyage and amid strange surroundings, they made a most artistic impression. It is a slightly smaller orchestra than our own, perhaps not superior in its brasses, but very effective in its wood-wind, and its strings playing as if they were a solo quartet. Such crisp attacks, such perfect crescendos, such steady ensemble was worth traveling far to hear.

But while paying homage to the orchestra we reserve our chief enthusiasm for the conductor. M. Andre Messager is clearly a sensible conservative. We have heard great conductors (Mahler and Stravinsky, for example), try to squeeze out new thoughts from the old Fifth symphony and we were prepared for something equally bizarre in the present instance. Well, we were gloriously disappointed. M. Messager gave us Beethoven pure, unexaggerated and undefiled. He did not try to crush us with the opening figure, nor whip up the finale to fury. He seemed a French Gericks.

Also in the Faun's Afternoon he was far less sentimental than any conductor who has read it here. We have frequently had that Faun sighing himself to death, but this time he became a fairly virile party and gained much by the process.

The pianist, M. Cortet, created a furor. He displayed a superb technique, his double-octave and chord playing and his scale and arpeggio work being especially remarkable. He gave a most exciting performance of the pianoforte concerto, which ought rather to be called a "Forte" concerto, for it has much heavy work and the piano is constantly in the foreground. The old G minor, No. 3, is better, but St. Saens is always interesting, melodic and sanely musical. M. Cortet was recalled again and again, and forced to an encore.

Neither the Bizet nor the Franck work is a great composition, yet one may regard the "Patrie" overture as a kind of musical prophecy (from humiliation to victory) which is being fulfilled at the present. But, as already noted, the chief point to record about this concert was the advent of a commendable French conductor, sensible in the make-up of his program, free from the modern demon of "individualization," remarkable in the drilling and control of his men. We wish we had him in Boston.

It is always pleasant to return to the home table after banquetting abroad, and we came to our Boston Symphony concert with especial zest, but were a little disappointed at the first of it.

The program was as follows:

Beethoven—Seventh Symphony.

Mozart Aria—"Dove Sono."

Loeffler—"Une Bonne Chanson," Symphonic Poem.

Debussy—Lia's Aria from "L'Enfant Prodigue."

Franck—"Les Eolides," Symphonic Poem.

Ravel—"Daphnis and Chloe," Suite No. 1.

Vocalist, Florence Easton.

The program was too long and not well made up, for some of the later movements neutralized each other. We have had three symphonic concerts in eight days, each giving about two-thirds of their contents to the modern French school. We respect and admire much of this school, therefore we do not desire to see it wearing out its welcome. There are Norwegian, Finnish, English and Russian composers, not to speak of dead Germans from Bach to Wagner, and a few Americans who are well worth hearing. Let the programs be more varied in the near future.

The performance of the Beethoven symphony was not very subtle. It idealizes the dance, but should not become mere dance music at any time. The brass was often too prominent, and the brusque end of the scherzo not well brought out. But M. Monteux did not make the second movement mawkish, as some conductors do, and he read the first movement with considerable spirit.

Mme. Easton sang very finely. Her voice was broad, her intonation always secure even in highest register; there was sufficient flexibility and good expression in the Mozart aria, while the dramatic fervor and sympathetic quality in the Debussy air won the audience completely. She was recalled over and again. M. Monteux and the orchestra were commendably elastic in their support in these numbers.

To us the gem of the concert was Mr. Loeffler's poem. He is probably the finest master of orchestration on this side of the Atlantic, and the intelligible and logical working-up of the noble musical ideas in this work make it something long to remember. Perhaps we have grown, perhaps the new scoring of the work has made it more powerful, but we certainly found infinitely more greatness in it than when we heard it years ago. And we were glad to see that the audience also came under its spell.

But coming directly after it, Franck's "Eolides" seemed entirely "de trop," and so did the Nocturne which began Ravel's Suite. We consider Ravel the chief French orchestral composer of the present, yet one cannot live on rhapsody alone, and the last half of the concert dealt entirely in rhapsodical effects.

But we were glad to have Mr. Townsend's chorus assist in the last number, even if they had a semi-inaudible and comparatively unimportant part to play, but it was at least a promise that we might have this excellent choral trainer as co-worker in some future symphonic concerts, as we did last season.

The final movement of the suite (which was a continuous work) was a Danse Guerriere, which was bizarre, powerful and attractive. We should like to hear it again. If the French dance on the Germans like that it will hurt them.

M. Monteux was commendable in his readings of the last five numbers of the program, but we much prefer M. Messager in Beethoven.

The week began with a concert in Symphony Hall (last Sunday) in which Messrs. Thibaud and Bauer snared the honors. Each won success in solos,

but the union of the two in Grieg's C Minor sonata was the chief point of the afternoon. This was the first of Mr. Mudgett's regular Sunday concerts, which are the finest combination of the artistic and the popular which Boston possesses in its crowded musical season.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe — Nov. 2/18
Monteux' Last Matinee—

Mme Easton Soloist

Mr Monteux yesterday took leave of the Friday afternoon Symphony audience, which in the fortnight of his sojourn here has brought him into high favor for his modest, gentlemanly bearing as for his musicianship. Yesterday it received him warmly throughout the concert and called him out again at its close.

Mme Florence Easton, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, appeared as soloist for the first time at these concerts. The program was as follows:

Beethoven, 7th symphony; Mozart, Recit and Aria "Dove Sono," from "Marriage of Figaro," Mme Easton; Loeffler, poem "La Bonne Chanson," Debussy, Recit and Aria of Lia from "The Prodigal Son"; Franck, "Les Eolides"; Ravel, orchestral fragments, first series, "Nocturne," "Interlude," "Danse Guerriere," from ballet in one act, "Daphnis and Chloe," first performance in Boston.

A long program, ordinarily too long, but holding so much of beauty that one might well pause before making an elimination—even of Cesar Franck's poem, with its curious foreshadowing of thoughts in his symphony.

Mr Monteux' Beethoven had clearness and spirit. He finds here a ruddy, folk joyousness; makes the allegretto much less weighty than it has been, the fugue crisp and lucid, and the finale music for a chorus of dervishes in the whirlwind of the dance. No wonder the pictorial character of these pages has invited the visions of analysts. Whatever Mr Monteux' tendency to drive the orchestra in passages where an accelerando hardly is intended, he saves from the ponderous or tragic music which is more often naive.

Mr Loeffler's revised poem to Verlaine's imaginative verse has lain in seclusion too long. Composer and poet are well matched in their instinctive sense of color, line, rare and significant expression. The music appropriately touches the note of the idyl upon the one side and of impassioned rhapsody inspired by love within consonant nature

upon the other. Both overtake beauty, the harmonically enriched morning song of the strings over their insistent pedal point, no less than the sonorous tribute to the sun and the poet's beloved. The composer twice bowed his acknowledgments to the applauding audience.

Mme Easton gave pleasure by her pure, expressive voice, finding herself and her audience more particularly in Debussy's aria of his Massenet period. Although hurried by Mr Monteux a trifle in the climax, she made her points, and that in music which asks preferably a deeper timbred voice.

Ravel's suite, more recondite and challenging in its impressionism than its fellow, pleasantly remembered from last year, is probably the more dependent upon stage pantomime, lights and pictures. But the daring in harmonic color and instrumentation is not that of the mere fantasist. There is suggestion of Daphnis in supplication and the pirates are fine fellows. Mr Townsend's chorus, singing well the difficult music, defined their two moods. Had the voices sounded from a greater distance they might have been yet more effective.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Nov. 2/18
THE COMPOSERS' DAY MORE THAN
THE CONDUCTOR'S

A Novel Piece from Mr. Loeffler in His Earlier Manner—More Fragments from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe", with Many a Characteristic Stroke—Franck Again in the Middle Way of a Tone-Poem—Beethoven, Orchestra and Leader in Triple Worth—Miss Easton Sings

WITH a novel piece by Mr. Loeffler and another by Ravel to grace the programme, interest shifted at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon from the quality of the orchestra and the conductor, Mr. Monteux, to the quality of the music in hand. The keener was this interest because Mr. Loeffler is the most individual of present American composers, while Ravel stands in like place among the Parisian. Yet, as the outcome was, Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem seemed rather of the composer who fashioned "The Death of Tintagiles" in 1897 than of the composer who wrote the symphony of 1916. It was early Loeffler, so to say, reproduced at a time when a later Loeffler prompted the anticipating ear. Perhaps, however, this impression was inevitable from a piece revived for reproduction seventeen years after it had been first written. As "Poem for Orchestra: 'Avant que Tu ne t'en Ailles,'" the music heard yesterday was set to paper in 1901 and played at Sym-

phony Concerts of 1902 and 1903. As "La Bonne Chanson," it had been rescored and otherwise altered by Mr. Loeffler for performance yesterday. The subject-matter of the earlier and the later draft is the same, Verlaine's verses, likewise "La Bonne Chanson"—verses that salute the paling star of morning with the images of an unspiced dawn and that underlay the apostrophe with pulsing affection for her who, waking, stirs beside the poet. The form as well as the substance of the poem may readily stir so imaginative and yet so reflective a spirit as the composer's since the summoned images of nature—the call of the quail, the ascent of the lark, the glint of the dew, the final glowing of the sun—are like to festoons about the poet's apostrophe. So may the chief motive and the main body of the music bear the impulse of Verlaine's song, while around it variants of the motive may weave garlands of imagery like to his. Needless, almost, to say that the resulting tone-poem thus keeps pace and mood with the suggesting verses, and also develops itself in sustained and unfolding integrity. Once more, as their abominable way is to the truly orthodox, these so-called "impressionists" are unrelaxing logicians of music, formulating their design, pursuing it, at once pliant and unflinching, to the end.

Now, in the new version of "Avant que Tu ne t'en Ailles," Mr. Loeffler adheres to his original scheme, maintains his developed and dominant motive and little alters the festooning variants he deduces from it. On the other hand, he has entirely rescored the piece, distributing anew harmonies and timbres, modulations and progressions; but by a curious concentration of will and mind, he has effected this rescoring in the early manner of "The Death of Tintagiles" rather than in the later manner of the symphony. That is to say, the listener hears the Loeffler of aerial harmonies, piercing progressions, quivering modulations and iridescent instrumental color only in the preluding to "La Bonne Chanson" and here and there in the tonal imagery of the variants to the main motive with hint of sensations from the dawn. In some ears yesterday, those introductory measures surpassed in imagination and illusion all the rest of the tone-poem: for in them is reflection of the pale, suffusing light, the quiver of earth and air and watching human spirit, when night ebbs and day poises as for spring upon a trembling world. At once fanciful and dexterous is the later suggestion by similar and quickly passing means of other sensations of the kindling shimmers of day.

In contrast, the rest of the tone-poem is the opulent and passionate development of a manifestly melodious motive. It is upborne to a climax of ardent apostrophe;

is lifted again to what the composer designs as the splendors of sunrise. At every turn it is enriched harmonically, amplified instrumentally, deepened by modulation, broadened by progression—yet, as it seemed yesterday, with curious lack of Mr. Loeffler's wonted individuality. His motive sings full and strong to his hearers; he uses at will every one of these semi-conventional processes of opulent music-making. His climax, his sunrise follow the best models, but they are of the Loeffler, making his way with the rest of the young composers sixteen years ago rather than of the Loeffler of 1918, matured and isolated master. Perhaps thereby he preserves the consistency of this new version of an early piece.

Nor, as the luck of the day went, did Ravel's novel piece altogether fulfil expectation. It was the first and the shorter of the two suites that he drew for the concert-hall from his celebrated ballet of "Daphnis and Chloe," announced more than once, but never yet mimed and danced in the American theatre—the suite beginning with the miracle of the sculptured nymphs called to life to comfort the shepherd bereft of his mistress, continuing with the mysterious voices, perhaps merely of the quivering night, perhaps also of Pan's distinct train and ending with one of the furious dances of the abducting pirates. The music is all matter drawn from the earlier scenes of the ballet, whereas the second suite, heard at the Symphony Concerts last winter assembles and coordinates excerpts from the later episodes. This second suite had, moreover, symphonic continuity, roundness of impression, integral musical being apart from the mimed action and the scenic backgrounds it illuminated, the dances that it bore.

The first suite, on the other hand, seems, rather, a more or less arbitrary assemblage of detached fragments, yields no unity of impression, bids the mind recall the pale flames that flickered above the heads of the circling nymphs or the red cliffs of Bakst amongst which the red-clad pirates lurched and plunged. Time and again the hearer finds himself summoning his memories of the Russian Ballet rather than listening to Ravel's music as music. Yet there are moments in it of beauty that melts the heart, of illusion that wraps the imagination, of rhythmic power and flare of tonal color flung full-fisted upon stage and orchestra. The music at the beginning—of the tremors of the night-wind, of the stirrings of the pitying nymphs, of the pale flicker of the flame that crowns them, lambent in the darkness—achieves both intrinsic beauty and penetrating illusion, and by novel means. The much-debated, the much-scorned polyharmonic chords of the "ulche dest" Parisian composer make tremulous, titillating underbody and background, against which dart in pale lines measures for

various solo-instruments. As Ravel thereby perfectly achieves his end of beauty and illusion, is he not altogether justified of the means his imagination and resource fashioned and used? Again, the remote, wandering voices of the night invoke the mystery, the vague tremors of the moment in the ballet when a god condescends to comfort the woes of his servants. What then, does it matter, if the intervals seem as though Ravel had splotted them upon his music-paper, if they taxed to the utmost, yesterday, Mr. Townsend's expert choir, gaining none the less the illusion the composer sought. And when faint and far, a single trumpet sounds pale and clear against this murmur, the stroke is of genius itself. Quickly rhythm mounts from power to frenzy in the pirates' dishevelled dance; drunken, yet always in Ravel's masterful hands the orchestra reels, with plunging flares. So also genius writes and spares not.

The rest of the programme made an agreeable miscellany in which Beethoven's seventh symphony, strangely long unheard "at these concerts"; Franck's tone-poem, "The Daughters of Æolus," at relatively long intervals restored to them; and two operatic airs sung by Miss Easton of the Metropolitan Company were the chief items. Appearing in her own fresh, comely, youthful person, which is not at all that of Chinese maiden of Italian music-drama as Boston knew her last spring, the singer quickly won the eye as she soon pleased the ear of her new audience. Heard in the waiting Countess's soliloquy "Dove Sono i Bei Momenti" from Mozart's lyric comedy of "Figaro's Wedding" and in the musing monologue of the mother from Debussy's cantata of "The Prodigal Son," her voice quickly disclosed a crystalline quality, likening it in measure to that of Mme. Eames in her prime. There is like limpidity, like measured radiance of tone, like hint of cool control, but Miss Easton's voice is at present the warmer, the more susceptible to play of characterizing color. On the other hand, the younger singer's tones thin perceptibly in the higher ranges and "skips" that Mozart exacts, hinting at the metallic hardness that is pitfall to these crystalline transparent voices. In both airs, Miss Easton proved herself accomplished singer, with sense of the music as music and also as speech of an operatic personage and token of an operatic moment.

Debussy set the easier task, since this "Air of Leah" in the manner of that connoisseur of women, the late Monsieur Massenet, runs in smooth, fluent, songful measures, prettily dappled with tender sentiment. Miss Easton's song was as purling as Debussy's; the neat lights and shades of the music played also in her tones. The

listener heard as he might taste the "Floating Island" of domestic desserts. On the other hand, her singing of Mozart's more exacting recitative ("E Susanna non Vien") and air was hardly so successful. The declamation she achieved uncommonly well. The hearer felt the thrill of suspense and scene that dwells in those seemingly simple measures; orchestra and singer sprang into them as at the impulse of a quick-coming emotion. Yet Mr. Monteux and Miss Easton beautifully rounded each phrase. Passing to the air, the singer seemed too straightforward, too literal, thereby missing the light undulation of contour and contents in many a measure. Agreed, moreover, that the piece ends rather ornately, yet even there the melancholy of the Countess, pursuing with many a haunting memory the intrigues of her careless husband, colors the music. There and elsewhere it did not color Miss Easton's tones.

In turn, "The Daughters of Æolus" completed the progress of Bostonian ears, in the short space of a week, through all the degrees of Father Franck—the inspired Franck of the symphony of last week, the commonplace, mediocre Franck of the fragment from "The Redemption" and the Franck betwixt and between, who is doing a good job in his own way as in this tone-poem of the winds. There are chromatic, melodic phrases in the music that float upon the air with the ethereal quality, alike in gossamer substance and in attendant harmonies, that is Franck's unique possession. In tonal substance they are the purest alabaster; in illusion they summon the breezes that were daughters to the wind-god, "the nymphs of winged feet," "the dove-like virgins" about whom in Leconte de Lisle's suggesting poem they play. There are exquisite measures in which these breezes seem to move and murmur from choir to choir of the orchestra in a perfect Franckian speech. Then, the composer, being a conscientious man, and at the time in which he wrote the tone-poem, a man also with his way to make, bethinks himself of the necessities of the concert-room and the music upswells as though Æolus, rather than his daughters, were blowing resounding blast. To hear Debussy's sea-pieces is to resent the occasional boisterousness of the music, true to the ocean bye and large, but not to his particular, personally conducted and colored waves. So with the winds of Franck's tone-poem. They illude most when they whisper in his ears and skim his imagination.

In Beethoven's symphony, as in all the pieces of the day, Mr. Monteux and the orchestra, renewed, intensified, amplified the virtues and distinctions already and with one accord, repeated of them in print and by word of mouth. The conductor, surer, after the performance in Cambridge on Thursday, of both his forces and him-

self, set a yet more flying pace, darting rhythm and exuberant voice for the finale; the orchestra answered like thoroughbreds to the flick of a whip. Yet as the music flashed and tumbled by, there was not a blur upon its outline, a jolt in its progress. Hearty and full-bodied, yet withal in lightness of mood, went the scherzo in the true and characteristic voice of Beethoven in these difficult movements, while as truly sounded the deeper and contrasting hymn of the horn-filled trio. Mr. Monteux's sense of instrumental melody, his ear for shaded and sublimated orchestral song has not stood clearer than in the simple, sincere loveliness, free from every hint of abstruse or wilful manipulation, with which conductor and orchestra clothed the slow movement. From linked measure through linked measure the poetic beauty of the music glowed out of the sensuous beauty of the tone of stringed and wind choirs. As at Cambridge, the evening before, the introduction quivered into the first allegro and playful stars might have danced to its rhythms, half-halted and began anew at its "holds" and transitions. Without an outward quail sat those in the audience who were sure last spring that only a conductor from "Mittel-Europa" could "really" read a symphonic score. Perhaps, as it surely became them to do, they blushed within. Once and for all, in this symphony of Beethoven, as in all the other pieces of his concerts, hereabouts, Mr. Monteux has answered them. Conductors of distinction are bred in Paris as well as in Berlin or Vienna. They can also fashion orchestras in their own image.

H. T. P.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

There will be no Symphony concerts this week, as the orchestra will be away on its first Southern trip. The usual concerts will be given: Monday night in Philadelphia, Tuesday afternoon in Washington, Wednesday night in Baltimore, Thursday night in New York, Friday night in Brooklyn, and Saturday afternoon in New York. All these concerts will have Mr. Monteux as conductor. He will end his connection with the orchestra next Saturday afternoon for the matinee concert in New York, and then resume his work at the Metropolitan Opera House, where he will have charge of the French opera. When it became evident that Mr. Rabaud could not reach America in time properly to prepare for these Southern concerts, Mr. Gatti-Casazza courteously released Mr. Monteux in order that he might stay with the orchestra another week.

In all the cities except New York the soloist will be Florence Easton, who will sing the same arias that she has just sung here. With two exceptions, the programs will be made entirely of works which Mr. Monteux has performed in Boston. These two exceptions are the D major Concerto Grosso of Handel for strings alone, which will be played in Washington, Baltimore and at the afternoon concert in New York, and d'Indy's "Istar" variations, which will be played in Brooklyn. At all the concerts except the matinee concert in New York the symphony will be Franck's in D minor, and at this concert in New York Beethoven's Seventh Symphony will be played. Mr. Rabaud remains in Boston while the orchestra is away. He will have his first meeting with his men at the rehearsal on Monday morning, Nov. 11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY AT CARNEGIE HALL

[Special Dispatch to the Herald.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—The first matinee of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at Carnegie Hall this afternoon before a large audience which enthusiastically demanded the "Marsellaise" after Pierre Monteux had conducted the national anthem. It was delivered with accustomed Gallic spirit.

Whether he be considered as a temporary conductor or as a skilled and versatile musician, M. Monteux deserves the gratitude of our musical public. Today his brief connection with the band from Boston came to a close, and Sunday evening we hope to see him in his familiar place at the head of the Metropolitan opera forces. The music at the matinee went with more precision and spirit than at the opening concert last Thursday evening. And the musical scheme was more interesting—Handel, Loeffler, D'Indy and Beethoven—two old-timers, one American and one Frenchman.

The tonality D major began and ended the matinee. Handel's concerto grosso No. 5, for string orchestra, was no doubt, selected to show the paces of that particular development. The introduction and allegro were rather wiry in tone, nor was the largo ingratiating to the ear. The various solos were played by Frederick Fradkin, the new concert master, his colleague Mr. S. Noyack, Mr. C. Barrier, violin and Mr. J. Calkin, violocello.

MR. HOFMANN RETURNS

Trans. — Nov. 1/18
A FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT AT
CAMBRIDGE

At Last the Illustrious Pianist Rejoins the Boston Orchestra and Transfigures Chopin's Concerto in E Minor—Mr. Monteux's Beethoven, Excelling That of His Parisian Rivals—A Hall That Pointed the New Virtues of the Band

IT was the turn of Cambridge last evening to listen for the first time to Mr. Monteux and the new Symphony Orchestra; while to them for full measure was added Mr. Hofmann, the pianist, long unheard hereabouts either in recital of his own or in a symphony concert. The faithful audience of many seasons filled Sanders Theatre nearly to the last seat, receiving the conductor cordially, but happily eschewing the curious parish custom, that steadily gains ground in Symphony Hall, of rising when this, that or the other celebrity appears first upon the stage. The applause redoubled when Mr. Monteux and the orchestra had finished Beethoven's seventh symphony, since their hearers could then measure with no less pleasure than justice the quality of orchestra and leader. The finer acoustics of the compact, circular, wooden-walled Sanders Theatre disclosed even better than did Symphony Hall, the suave beauty, the flowing progress, the bright sensibility of tone in violins and violas, the richness and smoothness of the horns, the ringing clarity of the trumpets, and the mellow sonorities of the deeper brass. Sanders Theatre was, moreover, ideal place to hear the euphonies, instrument to instrument, choir to choir, with which the adroit ears of Mr. Monteux and the men themselves seldom err. Those flawless acoustics likewise revealed the fineness of detail of which the new orchestra is capable and the subtleties of shading and of varied repetition in which the Parisian conductor has practised it. Often in the progress of Beethoven's symphony the band yielded a glowing mass of tone in rhythmical motion; as often, when the composer feathers his orchestra, as it were, the two or three chosen voices stood forth soft and clear. Mr. Monteux and the newcomers to the band has not only re-

spected its standard that would blend perfection with power, but are also lifting it.

Heard for a second time in German music, the conductor achieved much more with Beethoven's symphony in A major than he had with Schumann's overture to "Manfred"; while if his material was much more fertile, so also was it the more exacting. Good to hear was Mr. Monteux's delicate phrasing of the introduction and the light suspense of his transition into the full and gladsome flow of the first movement. Embarked upon it, not once did he stay its fleet progress, yet for the passing instant the hearer felt each of the momentary holds, the thinning or the thickening of the tonal mass with which Beethoven dissipates monotony; while at once intuitive and expert were the conductor's modulations of a rhythm, in which apt variation is no less to be desired. Phrased like song, modulated like song, clothed steadily in warm richness of velvety tone, the allegretto shone anew, as conductor and orchestra turned facet upon facet to the ear. The alternate spring and suavity of the scherzo were astutely balanced; while the swirling pace, the light sure touch, the sheer tonal gayety of the flying finale were winged with the speed, certainty and shimmer that were accounted feats under the last preceding régime. Others, it now appears, may likewise accomplish them. Throughout, moreover, while Mr. Monteux never "fussed" with minutiae, while he maintained in bright integrity the whole design and progress of a symphony that is music of dancing light and air, he let hardly a measure become the mere mechanism of getting forward. Now, it is possible, in the vernacular of one of the youth of Cambridge, to make the Beethoven of the Society of the Concerts of the Conservatory "sound like twenty-three cents" and by our own orchestra among our own people.

Absence has altered Mr. Hofmann as man only in the grizzling of his hair and a somewhat less forbidding manner toward his audience. As pianist it has deepened or refined the attributes that distinguish him even among his few peers. His concerto—Chopin's in E minor—is music of which he, like other finely tempered pianists, is continuously fond; but in which hearers have been known to take less pleasure. Years of devotion to the concerto—to discover its very voice, to find the true mould and color for its every phrase, the true pace and contour for its every progression—now make it sound as more than half Mr. Hofmann's own. Under his hand the familiar ennui of the first movement vanish; Chopin no longer cramps himself through formal processes, seeks to give the music a body and stride alien to him. Instead, the listener hears the composer's manipulation of his melodies through the iridescent mantle of

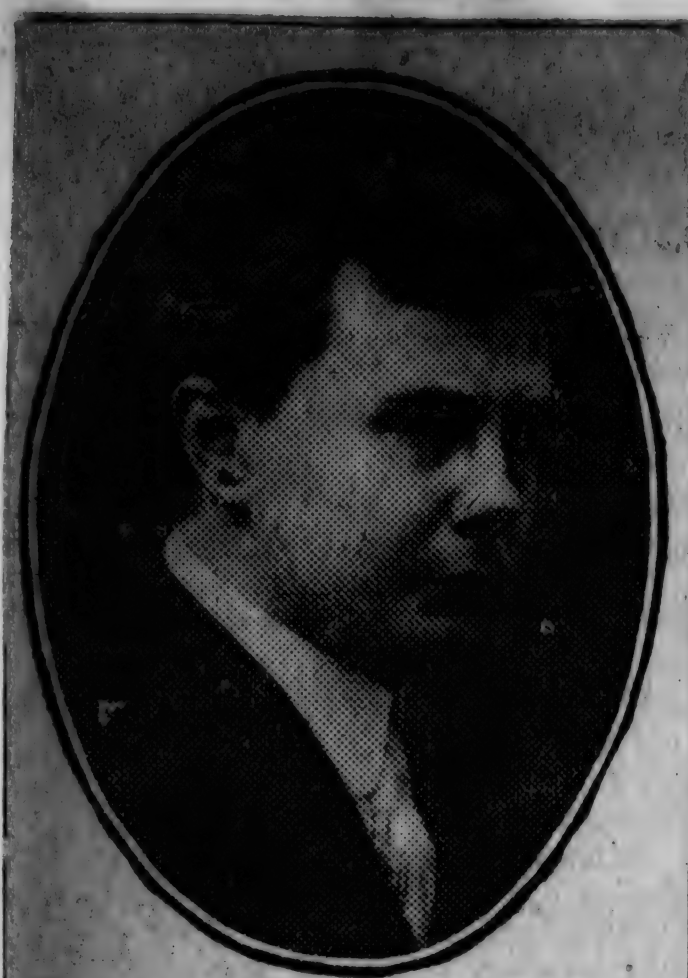
Mr. Hofmann's tone when his touch is subtlety and surety themselves, when the half-tints of his palette seem inexhaustible, when each modulation seems as momentary divination. The largeness, the stateliness that Chopin sought in this "majestical" allegro, no pianist may wrap about it, but it is possible to robe it in the grace of line, the loveliness of color that Mr. Hofmann now lays upon it. So again with the instrumental song of the middle movement. Admittedly, it is of Chopin near to sentimentality; but, as Mr. Hofmann plays it, to sweetness the pianist adds light. The music undulates at his studious and intuitive hand as with impulses of musing fancy or shimmers with the color that imagination glimpses and Hofmannesque fingers bring to light, while, as always with the pianist in such music continence guides felicity. In the final rondo, Mr. Hofmann's tone was all lightness and brightness; his pace, his rhythm of air when it plays with fire. He drove the orchestra and the discerning and sympathetic Monteux as in silken reins with silken lash. Their twin fires seemed to melt the music into new euphonies. . . . The public cared not a whit for the quarrel that long estranged Mr. Hofmann and the Symphony Orchestra. It cares much for a pianist who can so transfigure his music.

JOSEF HOFMANN FAMOUS AT TEN

Herald — Nov. 10/18

It was 31 years ago this November that Josef Hofmann, the famous Polish pianist, who is appearing at concerts of early dates in America this season, was first heard in this country. Hofmann had his 41st birthday on the 20th of last June. Born at Cracow, Poland, he came to this country when a very young boy and straightway proceeded to astonish his audiences wherever he played by his fine pianistic performance as also by his extraordinary power for extemporizing upon themes given him at random from those among his hearers who had an inspiration he was all in all pronounced a boy prodigy.

It was now that Mr. Gerry, the head of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, came forward and succeeded in the face of public opposition in having him withdrawn from the concert field. After this time, by means of the patronage of a certain wealthy man, Hofmann went back to Europe and



Josef Hofmann.

engaged in further musical study, which lasted for some 10 years or more.

The boy artist made his first appearance in this country at New York on Nov. 29, 1887, in an orchestral concert with Adolf Neuendorff, conductor. He played Beethoven's concerto No. 1, and the Weber-Liszt polacca and as solos Rameau's Variations, his own Berceuse and waltz and a Chopin nocturne. After this concert a well known music critic wrote of him as follows:

"Josef Hofmann is a little over 10 years of age. He appeared on the stage last evening in a blue and gray striped sailor shirt, knee breeches and stockings, and looked, if anything, younger than he is. The audience was plainly surprised at his appearance and a general exclamation resulted. The little fellow surprised many in another way.

He had none of the attenuated physical appearance which often accompanies early development of the brain. He was in looks a bright, healthy, strong, normal boy, with sturdy legs and arms.

"When he played the Beethoven concerto a thunder of applause swept through the house. Many people leaped to their feet. Men shouted 'Bravo!' and women waved their handkerchiefs. Pianists of repute were moved almost to tears. Some wiped the moisture from their eyes. The child had astonished the assembly. He was a marvel."

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918-19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

THIRD PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, AT 8 P. M.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 3, in E flat major, "Eroica," op. 55

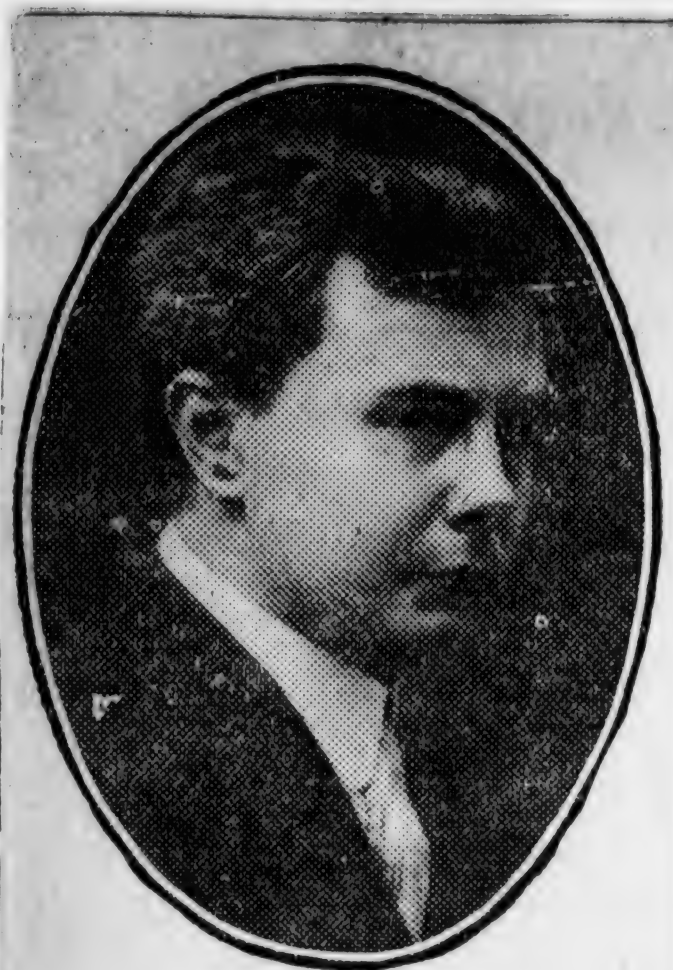
- I. Allegro con brio
- II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai
- III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio
- IV. Finale: Allegro molto

SAINT-SAËNS,

SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 4, op. 50. "La Jeunesse d'Hercule," ("The Youth of Hercules")

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, CAPRICE on Spanish Themes, op. 34

- I. Alborada
 - II. Variations
 - III. Alborada
 - IV. Scene and Gypsy Song
 - V. Fandango of the Asturias
- (Played without pause)



Josef Hofmann.

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SYMPHONY UNDER NEW CONDUCTOR

Post — *Nov. 15/18*
**Mr. Rabaud Makes
First Formal Bow
in Cambridge**

BY OLIN DOWNES

Henri Rabaud, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the season of 1918-19, made his first formal appearance before an American audience at the Symphony concert given last night in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge. His programme, part of which will be repeated this afternoon in Symphony Hall, consisted of compositions tried and true, compositions with which Symphony audiences are familiar—the Beethoven of the Eroica symphony, Cesar Franck's "Les Eolides," Weber's "Euryanthe" overture. Mme. Merle Alcock, contralto, was soloist, singing the "Ombra mai fu" of Handel, otherwise known as the "Largo," and the familiar song of Daulah from the second act of Saint-Saens' opera.

STANDS ACID TEST

Though evidently not a man of self-assertive qualities, Mr. Rabaud is none the less a striking personality, tall, of distinguished bearing, dignified without stiffness, a conductor of experience and authority, who obtains the effects he requires none the less surely despite his modest bearing and his undemonstrative manner. If the reading of the

orchestral pieces heard last night is an index of his abilities in works demanding a greater range of style than those of yesterday evening, it may be said that the Boston Symphony audiences are again very fortunate in their orchestra leader.

Mr. Rabaud's reading of Beethoven's heroic work was both virile and poetic, thoroughly in the classic spirit, yet not slavishly subservient to tradition, evidently the result of profound study and an equally profound sincerity. Of such a symphony one neither expects nor desires a "new" reading. If the conductor is a musician of calibre sufficient to transmit the gigantic spirit of a Beethoven, there is no more to ask. If he accomplishes this, not merely with objective fidelity to his task, but with a burning conviction, and the love of every tone and every phrase of the work evident on the part of Mr. Rabaud, his audience is more than fortunate.

Faithful to Beethoven

It may be added that whenever a musician is thoughtful and sincere, his interpretation, no matter how scrupulous in its regard for the composer's intention, will differ in detail if not in essentials from the interpretations of his colleagues. The differences between Mr. Rabaud's treatment of the symphony and the various achievements in it of his predecessors were not of a kind to detract from the interest and artistic quality of his accomplishment.

For one of these details we may be thankful indeed. That is, his reversal of the atrocious practice of Dr. Muck in using eight horns in the trio of the scherzo—a proceeding which made heavy and crude one of the most poetic effects in all Beethoven. Last night the modest and poetic orchestration of the master in this passage was restored, and welcome it was to the ear. The finale was particularly impressive. Seldom, indeed, has it been the writer's privilege to hear this movement interpreted with so much vividness, plasticity, and clearness and coherency of detail. Notable was the mysterious announcement of the theme, the interest and tonal beauty of individual parts, the humor, tender, and colossal strength felt in the whole movement.

Mme. Alcock's Singing

The interpretation of Franck's piece was not naturally very different from Mr. Monteux's conducting of the same work, as shown at a recent symphony concert. But what a charming work it is! What a bossamer web of tone; how sensitive the harmonic scheme; how sensuous and tender the themes! An occasional Wagnerism scarcely de-

from the exquisite originality and visibility of this music. Between these pieces and the overture which brought the concert to an end, Mme. Alcock delighted the audience with the rich and beautiful quality of her voice. She might have sung Dalilah's air with more abandon, but she could scarcely have bestowed upon this air a quality of tone more ideally suited to the character of the music. Nor did she lack appreciation of the long breath of Handel's superb air.

Euryanthe Made Youthful

There are those who would retire the Weber of the Euryanthe overture to the dust-bin. But Weber is not so easily retired, even when he indulges in the stock theatrical flourishes which open the "Euryanthe" overture. That overture is valuable today, if only for the romantic middle portion, the music which paints a supernatural scene of the drama that follows its performance in the theatre. Mr. Rabaud reminded the audience very forcibly of these things. The "Euryanthe" overture might have been composed yesterday, to judge by the fresh enthusiasm, the gallant, youthful spirit with which the conductor performed the work.

Bear in mind that this vigorous spirit, this heartfelt understanding of the German romanticism of Weber came from a French conductor, a representative of the school traditionally, and probably quite wrongly, considered incapable of entering thoroughly into the spirit of German music. The playing of the middle portion of the overture is not to be readily forgotten. It was testimony equally to the imagination and musicianship of the leader.

The audience responded heartily to Mr. Rabaud's efforts, and he was repeatedly recalled after the symphony and at the end of the concert. In Beethoven, in Franck, in Weber, he gave abundant promise of an interesting symphony season.

In a Third Trial, the New Conductor of the Symphony Orchestra Betters Both the First and the Second—The Pianist in Full, Free and Fine Play of His Distinctive Qualities Before a Rapt Audience—Pieces and Performance

Trans. Nov. 18/18
THOSE whom it may interest to follow the progress of a new conductor with orchestra and public have the opportunity of years, here in Boston, in the present evolution of Mr. Rabaud. One or two of his predecessors at the Symphony Concerts have come, seen and conquered from their first appearance at Symphony Hall. One or two more have

been easily appraised on that occasion and in the course of longer or shorter stay little altered general or particular judgment of their abilities. In contrast, alike with his band, his audience and himself, Mr. Rabaud seems to advance from concert to concert. He was, for example, well received at Cambridge last Thursday evening, when he led for the first time on this side of the Atlantic; he was more warmly applauded on Friday afternoon at his first concert in Boston; while on Saturday evening his third audience outdid the other two in cordiality toward the man and approval of the conductor. Possibly, the fact that the company of Saturday contains not a few of the more zealous advocates of a new régime at Symphony Hall accounts for some of this energy of welcoming applause; but the larger part of the assembly, long aloof from these old controversies, joined in it hardly less heartily. Again, at the end of the concert, the audience deferred its usual speedy departure until it had insistently and twice recalled Mr. Rabaud. It is hard to remember when a new conductor at the Symphony Concerts has been so well assured, at the outset of the good will of his hearers.

The reaction to this atmosphere, increasing familiarity with the orchestra in public performance and waxing, but still modest, confidence in himself were plain in the manner and the work of the new conductor on Saturday. He led with more exactness of beat, more energy of personal will, more resort to the vigorous gesture that commands a stroke or enjoins a mood than he had at either of the preceding concerts. Again he built climaxes in the large, suspensive, operatic fashion that his way with orchestra and music had suggested at Cambridge; again he was skillful and stirring in the manipulation of long tonal gradients; but more than hitherto he gained a frequent incisiveness of detail and a pervading fire of performance. It is the connoisseurs of symphonic music and the performance thereof who have seemed most cool toward Mr. Rabaud; while the miscellaneous public of the Symphony Concerts has quickly warmed to him. Yet those connoisseurs must have noted with pleasure, the skill with which, on Saturday, he maintained the Lisztian scheme, the Lisztian progressions and sonorities of Saint-Saëns's tone-poem, "The Death of Hercules," yet set upon them the distinctive niceties and exactitudes of reflective, polished Parisian workmanship. With equal satisfaction, they must have noted likewise the elasticity of pace and rhythm, the warm yet transparent tonal coloring that he and the orchestra lent to Rimsky-Korsakov's pseudo-Spanish music. The end of Mr. Rabaud's "debuts," as his own Parisians say, crowned them.

NEW CONDUCTOR WARMLY APPLAUDED

Rabaud Leads Orchestra at First Concert Here

Globe Nov. 17/18
Henri Rabaud made his first appearance as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the concert yesterday afternoon. He was received with increasing favor by the audience as the program advanced, at his entrance, after the "Eroica" symphony, when he shared the applause with the players, and finally by repeated recalls to the platform after a brilliant performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's Caprice on Spanish Themes.

To the eye, the new conductor, whom Paris knew for seven years at the Opera, who for the last four visited neutral and allied capitals as a "guest," might be the scholar, the man of letters absorbed in research or in his library, urbane in bearing, with the casual marks of an instinctive rather than an acquired or assumed gentility, but by choice evading rather than courting public demonstration.

Tall, slender, hair and beard moderately tinged with gray, his manner has a certain distinction of the old school in a quiet dignity blended with elegance. Some may have missed something of authority in the opening movement of the symphony. The performance of it was not as impressive as that of Thursday night at Cambridge, nor Mr. Rabaud as much at his ease, but with later movements, the refined mind, the characteristically Gallic love of clearness and precision, the respect for form and tradition, without ossifying or academic sterility, marked his interpretation and were made known to the orchestra with a well-defined beat and a pantomime conforming to the mood.

The symphony, noble in content and architecture, bears now a curious analogy and pertinence to the time. There are the sufficient proofs of Beethoven's admiration for Napoleon Bonaparte, "the enemy of Kings," his anger upon hearing that the conqueror had had himself declared Emperor, and at Napoleon's death his reported remark about the prophetic funeral march. The two middle movements in particular were beautifully done yesterday. The trio of the scherzo, scored for three horns, for the first time here in recent years, was played by three.

Mr. Rabaud, who had been with his orchestra but the four mornings of this week, showed an admirable plasticity and sense of color in the more modern music — Saint-Saëns' "Youth of Hercules" and the Rimsky-Korsakov. For

some, the intoxicating rhythm of the second number of the suite is better found at a tempo less slow, but this gorgeous, sensuous score, with its unvarnished folk flavor, found Mr. Rabaud sympathetic and the orchestra euphonious and inspiring. In all Mr. Rabaud's grateful manifestations his talent as conductor was reassuring and of true promise, and on a day when his opera, "Marouf," was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York for the first time this season.

CONDUCTS HIS FIRST CONCERT

Mr. Rabaud Is Warmly Greeted by Large Audi- ence at Symphony

DIGNITY, BREADTH TO INTERPRETATIONS

Herald Nov. 16, 1918
By PHILIP HALE

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Henri Rabaud conducted for the first time a symphony concert in Boston. The program was as follows: Beethoven, "Eroica" symphony; Saint-Saëns, "The Youth of Hercules"; Rimsky-Korsakov, Caprice on Spanish Themes.

The selection of the symphony was fortunate, not merely because Beethoven had in mind Napoleon, the Consul, the enemy of kings, the young liberator, but also by reason of its mighty funeral march, a heroic lamentation over heroes slain in defence of freedom, a lamentation in which there is exultation even in grief. That Beethoven erased the name of Bonaparte on the title page when he learned that the conqueror had declared himself Emperor only enlarges the significance of the symphony in this week of worldwide tumultuous rejoicing.

It was a pleasure to hear the symphonic poem of Saint-Saëns again. It had not been performed at these concerts for over 13 years. May we not hope to hear the "Phaeton" of this composer, a symphonic poem that has not been played since 1899? "Le Rouet d'Omphale" and "Danse Macabre" would also be welcome. For in his sym-

phonic poems, Saint-Saens is not mastered by his subject; he does not take it too seriously; one might even see him smiling ironically on hearing his own music. Anatole France might have written the three symphonic poems with mythological subjects if he had turned composer. Hercules had his choice, according to Prodicus and other men of wisdom: Pleasure or Virtue. Ten to one, Saint-Saens wrote the prose argument of this composition with his tongue in his cheek, saying to himself, "The apparition and the seductive words of Pleasure will give me opportunity for a riotously voluptuous Bacchanale; I must not make the music of Virtue too austere." He wrote in the spirit that moved him to take the part of Calchas when Regnault, the painter, played Helen in Offenbach's delightful "La Belle Helene." These symphonic poems are admirable if only for the absence of any attempt at interlinear translation of fable into music. They are not too programmatic. As absolute music they are characterized by Gallic clarity and logic. The effects are gained by an economy of means, as Marshal Foch understands the secret of warfare. Now that Saint-Saens is over 80, he is a reactionary, which might be pardoned if one did not remember that Verdi was 80 when "Falstaff" was produced. In his days of brilliant productiveness Saint-Saens was reproached by his countrymen for his modernism strongly tinged with German flavoring extracts. In 1918 he looks askance at Debussy and Ravel, and even at Cesar Franck, and is loud in his praise of Mendelssohn. Does he regret his own symphonic poems?

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Caprice" is music of a Russian thinking of Spain rather than living there, observing the wild dancing of the gypsy girls, shouting "Ole" in his delirious joy. There is much more of Spain in Chabrier's "Espana," Debussy's "Night in Seville" and "Iberia," Laparra's "Il Habanera." There are a few glowing pages in the Russian's score; there are many that are perfunctorily Spanish, some that are only thunderous platitudes.

Mr. Rabaud, who was greeted heartily by the large audience, conducted in a manner that at once inspired confidence in his ability. He has dignity and poise without being rigid and academic. His beat is singularly decisive; his gestures have interpretative significance. One might say, after this concert, that he takes a broad view of a composition, catches the pervading spirit, is not anxious over details that are unessential. In nearly every elaborate composition there are measures of padding. This padding may be sonorous, euphonious; but it should not be emphasized; otherwise continuity may be checked and that which is really important lose vital meaning. Mr. Rabaud gave a sound, impressive reading of the symphony, for he let Bee-

thoven have his own way. In Saint-Saens's symphonic poem he showed a fine sense of proportion and dynamic contrasts. The interpretation was poetic; it was dramatic, not theatrical. Rimsky-Korsakoff's music was strongly rhythmed, read with fire and abandon. The audience was enthusiastic throughout the concert. The orchestra, whose performance was of the traditional high standard, and the city of Boston may well plume themselves on having secured the services of this conductor.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Grieg's Pianoforte Concerto (Mme. Samaroff, pianist), Saint-Saens's Symphony No. 3, with organ.

Rabaud's Debut in Symphony a Success

adv. + am. Nov. 17/18

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

PROGRAM.

Beethoven—Heroic Symphony.
St. Saens—"Youth of Hercules," Symphonic Poem.
Rimski-Korsakoff—Spanish Caprice.

NOT a very remarkable program for our orchestral series. Can it be that M. Rabaud, the new conductor, thinks us provincial compared with Paris? But each one of the new Frenchmen, Monteux, Messager and Rabaud, have played Beethoven as their trump card at each of their debuts, and, therefore, it is possible that they assume the interpretation of this master to be the touchstone of directorial ability.

And Beethoven's Heroic Symphony fits well to the present times, for it was the composer's cry for Liberty, and he pictures his hero, in the first movement, as pulling down all kinds of tyrants, and M. Rabaud demolished them with sufficient emphasis. The new conductor was received with the wildest Boston enthusiasm, and those who think the Boston audiences frigid ought to attend the orchestral concerts this season.

M. Rabaud began well. He made an excellent impression at this concert.

Even "The Star Spangled Banner" went more broadly and less sentimentally than it has recently been done, and, by the way, the removal of that banner from the middle of the hall was an acoustical necessity. The resonance is better with the flag placed against a wall.

M. Rabaud read the Heroic symphony in a sensible, well-balanced and unaffected manner. This was very evident in the first movement. The Funeral March, no matter how well interpreted, is too long. Beethoven was altogether too prolix in the planting of his hero, but thanks to the conservative conductor there was no sentimentality exhibited in the movement, and the oboe playing was especially exquisite. Coleridge called this "A funeral in purple," and that best describes its earnest vein. The horns did good work in the next movement, and the final variations were given with superb ensemble. M. Rabaud was applauded to the echo after this excellent reading of a great work.

St. Saens' views about Hercules as a young man have not led to his greatest music, but we are glad to see that all of the French newcomers give this sterling composer a good place upon their programs. St. Saens is an adept at modern scoring without indulging in too much bigness, he is always intelligible, his musical architecture does not run to the crazy-quilt style and he does not discard pleasant melody. We predict that in the music of the near future tune will come back into music again, and we agree with St. Saens' own recent saying, "Music is sick"—at least at present.

We can recall performances of this work under Gerike when the music was taken too gently to portray the champion heavy-weight of Olympus. In these performances, of last Friday and yesterday, there was more of power and it fitted well to the subject. It would be easy to sketch a story to the music. Hercules is a young man, enters college and is admitted to the "Dickey" Club at Harvard because of his athletic capabilities. A lively drinking theme pictures the young hero going over the bridge to take up an extra chemistry course at the Parker house. Tinkle of triangle and cymbals picture the return (2 a. m.) heavily loaded with chemicals. In the Scherzando, which might be called "At Play," Hercules holds two horns. In the draw he gets two more and a bugle. He wins, of course, four horns against a small pair of oboes. A subsequent minor passage may portray a later interview with the dean.

Seriously, however, this symphonic poem is a portrayal of a struggle between virtue and vice, a topic which Wagner has set forth with tremend-

ously greater power in the "Tannhaeuser Overture." M. Rabaud exhibited commendable abandon in this work and had the elasticity required by its rhapsodical character. The piccolo did some good work in the "Path of Pleasure" portion; vice and the piccolo always go hand in hand; and there were also some stirring climaxes, of which the conductor made the most.

The concert ended with Rimski-Korsakoff. By the way, a pupil of this composer once told the present writer that he always accented the next to last syllable of his name, which is against the statement of the musical dictionaries. The caprice is a good deal more truly Spanish than the recent Spanish concert of M. Laparra was. Extremes meet, and the Russians and Scandinavians seem to catch up the Spanish swing readily. Not only are the Spanish rhythms well carried out, but there is a piquancy in the scoring that gives an agreeable and fitting spiciness to the subject. The work contains some fine obligato work for solo violin, clarinette and for harp, and these were especially well done. The reading of the caprice was commendable, and M. Rabaud caught up its spirit finely. We enjoy this caprice more thoroughly with repeated hearings. Its spicy contrasts, its rhythmic dance effects, and its theatrical climaxes are all calculated to arouse the public and certainly did so on this occasion.

Altogether then, M. Rabaud has made a very successful debut. He is graphic and decisive in his beat and gestures, has sufficient freedom in his interpretation, is by no means as operative in orchestral work as we had feared, and evidently has correct ideas about the length of the program. A good acquisition with which musical Boston may be heartily satisfied.

We may end with a mention of Mr. Mudgett's concert of a week ago. It brought us Senor De Gogorza, the favorite baritone, but we desire especially to mention Miss Rosita Renard, the Chilean pianist, who is likely to replace the great Teresa Carreno, who was also a South American. Miss Renard is the most promising female pianist that we have heard in a long time. She has both technique and temperament and will win a high place among the pianists of today.

AMAROFF

anoforte used

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

QUICK, WARM, PUBLIC FAVOR FOR

MR. RABAUD

Trans. — Nov. 16, 1918
A Pleased Audience and a Responsive Orchestra Answer to the New Conductor — His Bettered Beethoven of the "Eroica" Symphony — Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice" for Display — Timely and Agreeable Revival from Saint-Saëns

HERE is no mistaking the favor that Mr. Rabaud has quickly won with the public of the Symphony Orchestra. It was manifest in the concert of Thursday evening at Cambridge; under more auspicious circumstances and with more justifying reason, it was plain in the concert of yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The audience of Friday received the new conductor with applause that seemed to signify not only kindly courtesy but warm expectation. It answered to his leading and the playing of the orchestra in the first movement of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, as with anticipation fulfilled. It was hardly less responsive after the Funeral March and the scherzo, while at the end of the finale, it recalled Mr. Rabaud once, twice and thrice, swelling the plaudits when at length he stood with the band standing around him. The succeeding piece, Saint-Saëns's tone-poem, "The Youth of Hercules," heard for the first time in thirteen years "at these concerts" gave little less pleasure, reaped only little less applause. Then ensued that pictorial and plangent, ornate and dazzling orchestral show-piece, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice," and so pleased with music and performance were the hearers that they would not depart until their clapping had twice summoned Mr. Rabaud back to the stage. As at Cambridge, his programme was neither too short, nor too long; while the light pieces filling the second half of it, were much to the audience's liking. Throughout the orchestra was more on its mettle than it had been, than perhaps it could be, in the chilly concert-room of Sanders Theatre; at every turn it served the conductor well. In the intermission and at the end of the concert, the corridors buzzed with praise; and those in particular who cherish memories of Mr. Paur and Mr. Fiedler were warm with it. In fine, all things worked together for good. Mr. Rabaud could hardly have had a more auspicious debut.

More confident of himself, more at ease with his orchestra, quietly kindled, doubtless, by the new occasion, the conductor was more eloquent with Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony than he had been the evening before at Cambridge. He led his band with more energy and elasticity of spirit as well as with new vigor of gesture; while it returned a warmer and more euphonious tone, a more songful voice, a livelier rhythmic accent. Again it phrased sensitively, sensuously; again it was pliant and responsive. In turn, Mr. Rabaud was less concerned with the large manipulation of tonal masses; became more assiduous with luminous and finely moulded detail, gave heed to the contour as well as to the content of the symphony. The first movement gained richness of voice and plasticity of progress; the long, melodic line in which Mr. Rabaud now shaped the slow movement, the warm expansion of phrase into phrase, the grave lucidity in which he clothed the whole music, pleased ear, mind, imagination as with the voice of Beethoven. The scherzo may have lacked the characteristic Beethovenish brusqueness; but it was good to hear it so light-footedly. The finale, in turn, was crisp with rhythmic life and the contrast of the variations, while at need it marched with becomingly joyous tumult. Discerningly, Mr. Rabaud differentiated the Beethoven writing in the first two movements a music fraught with feeling and the Beethoven who fashioned the last two in sheer exuberance of ardent music-making. Throughout the conductor was the transparent and painstaking medium of the composer. If the symphony came to the ear otherwise uncolored by the personality of the leader, the listener heard the "Eroica" symphony neither in angular over-elaboration, nor in easy-going carelessness. Mr. Rabaud thinks of Beethoven before he thinks of himself.

Possibly a new conductor and in some degree a new orchestra might advisedly have waited a month or two before they essayed Rimsky-Korsakov's displayful "Spanish Caprice." Once more in the abundance of cadenzas for single or for paired instruments, Mr. Holy at the harp, Mr. Sand at the clarinet, indeed the whole wood-wind choir, less, perhaps, the first flute, renewed a vivid and familiar virtuosity; while in the recurring measures for solo violin Mr. Fradkin gave such proof of the brightness and the fineness of his tone, the warmth of his phrasing and the zest of his rhythm as he used to do when he sat in the orchestra of the Russian Ballet. Of course, Mr. Rabaud caught the clamorous rush of the repeated serenade that must have riven the Spanish dawn; the rhythmic fervors of the final fan-

dango; the contrasts of the variations; the fitfulness of the gypsy tune when once the successive cadenzas have set it free. So far, indeed, music and conductor carry each other in mutual reaction upon a gradually excited audience. On the other hand, it is possible to make this "Spanish Caprice" a very kaleidoscope of tones, whirling as it were from shape to shape yet endlessly flashing with Rimsky-Korsakov's dexterity and imagination with instrumental timbres. So viewed the playing of the piece did not lack ardor; it did lack fine distinctions. More than usual the listener felt the conventional matter of the music in contrast with the invention of the workmanship. Ravel and Laparra hearing music of Spain had tarnished many a platitude that Rimsky-Korsakov prefers to burnish with the magic of his instrumental color.

With reason Mr. Rabaud seems to be on the way to restore the tone-poems of Saint-Saëns's prime to the active repertory of the Symphony Concerts. More, probably, by chance than by design, they have fallen from it, until just desert as well as the exigencies of the lingering wartime hour are bringing them back again. Under the test of yesterday, when "The Youth of Hercules" sounded almost like a new piece, the tone-poem disclosed not a few of Saint-Saëns's characteristic virtues. The design of the piece stood clear as the day—the measures that bear the grave incitements of Virtue to the musing hero; the contrasting measures in which Pleasure trips and tinkles; the return of the voice of Virtue, first assertive, finally triumphant. Not for nothing has Saint-Saëns in these seventies when he was still open-minded and fertile, heard the overture to "Tannhäuser" or perused the symphonic poems of Liszt. Yet his own piece is Gallic in tonal logic, tonal symmetry, the even progress of musical and (in this instance) moral idea. Again, how appropriate the motives whence the music springs, winning the mind by fitness, providing neither too much nor too little stimulation to the attendant fancy. Finally, how poised, how adroit the workmanship. Not an inflection is wasted; not a note is in the wrong place; not a jointure is rough-edged; every harmony, progression, play of color is polished, but seldom into sandpapered lifelessness. In the completeness of the whole, almost, is its beauty. Such music, moreover, lies as completely within Mr. Rabaud's powers, so far as two concerts have disclosed them. He was luminous, flowing, apt and elegant as Saint-Saëns himself. More than once, indeed, he and his orchestra refined upon refinement.

H. T. P.

MUSIC IN BOSTON

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud conductor, third program of thirty-eighth season, Boston, Mass., afternoon of Nov. 15, 1918. The program: Beethoven, Symphony No. 3 in E flat major, Op. 55; Saint-Saëns, "La Jeunesse d'Hercule" ("The Youth of Hercules") symphonic poem, No. 4, Op. 50; Rimsky-Korsakov, Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34.

BOSTON, Massachusetts — Henri Rabaud, the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was formally introduced this week to his publics hereabouts, first at the concert of the orchestra in Cambridge on Thursday evening, and next day at the regular Friday afternoon concert in Boston. There can be no doubt of the immediate favor into which the new conductor has sprung. As he came on the stage he was warmly greeted and at the close of the concert the audience remained to applaud.

There is justification for this favor. No such performance of the "Eroica" symphony has been heard here for many years. The first feeling was one of nobility and grandeur, then came a realization of the wonderful richness of color, and lastly grew the impression—and this was the one that remained strongest—of a correct perspective, an intricate estimate of phrases and configurations, each with its proper stress. So in the Saint-Saëns tone poem of the young Hercules, that strange mixture of classic and romantic, depending on an emphasis of its contrasts to hold attention. So also in the gorgeously colored Spanish Caprice of Rimsky-Korsakov, music that fires conductor, players and audience alike. In all of these—and what a program it was!—Mr. Rabaud's scholarship, tempered with the fervor the music demanded, was clearly dominant. All this, of course, stamps him as a different sort of leader altogether from what Boston has been accustomed to. Mention has been made in these columns of the emancipation of the orchestra from a machine and its endowment with a humanity that has previously been in abeyance. It is evident that Mr. Rabaud is to have a considerable part in this humanizing process. No one can question his au-

thority or his scholarship; there is also present in his work the courage to feel the emotion of the work he is interpreting and the ability to convey the feeling to his listeners.

As he stands on the platform he is tall, gaunt and a trifle stiff. The stiffness disappears, however, as he takes up the baton, to be reassumed as he lays it down. His beat is decisive, easy to follow and authoritative. Body, head and legs as well as hands and eyes, are used to control the players and to get effects. The austerity of his appearance belies the strength of feeling underlying, but insures that there will be no turbid emotionalism in his work. Altogether there was good reason for the favor with which Mr. Rabaud was received in Boston.

At the concert in Cambridge on Thursday night, the soloist was the contralto of luscious voice, Mrs. Merle Alcock, who sang to the great pleasure of the audience the familiar air from Handel's opera "Xerxes" and the equally familiar passage from Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah." Here Mr. Rabaud proved himself a true accompanist, for the orchestra, adequately supporting and encouraging, never overshadowed the singer.

In the concert at Symphony Hall, on Sunday, Nov. 10, Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, and Rosita Renard, pianist, shared the honors. Mr. de Gogorza gave a varied but well-selected program designed to show the versatility and technical perfection of his art. Miss Renard's numbers ranged from Mendelssohn to Debussy and Albeniz, with mastery of technique, with intellectual and emotional power. Nov. 16, 1918

MR. RABAUD CONDUCTS

Trans. — Nov. 15/18
A "Trial Heat" at Cambridge Last Evening for the New Leader of the Symphony Orchestra in Preparation for the Concerts in Boston—Warm Applause and Many a Token of an Excellent and Pleasurable Ability

CONDUCTING in public for the first time on this side of the Atlantic at the concert of the Symphony Orchestra last evening in Cambridge, Mr. Rabaud was exceedingly well received. Susceptible and well disposed as always, the audience ap-

plauded him heartily when he first came to the stage and listened intently when he and the band set to Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. At the end of each movement, it renewed its clapping more and more heartily, until at the end of the music, it had recalled him once or twice to the stage. The plaudits were hardly less when he and the orchestra had made their way through Franck's tone-poem of "The Daughters of Æolus" and Weber's familiar overture to his opera of "Euryanthe." Perhaps, even, a little of the applause that fell to the singer of the evening Mme. Alcock, after airs from Handel's "Xerxes" and Saint-Saëns's "Samson" belonged of right to Mr. Rabaud. For as practised operatic conductor of the orthodox Parisian school, he was consideration itself for her. Not once did the orchestra cover her tones; in pace, in phrasing, in accent, it was deferentially at one with her. By every sign of last evening, Mr. Rabaud, unlike his more masterful and dominating predecessor from Berlin, will be a favorite with the "soloists" at the Symphony Concerts. Nor could the reactionary cavil at his programme. It filled almost to a minute the accustomed hour and three-quarters; no Debussy, no Dukas, no Ravel, no Loeffler tainted it with that "modernism" which, even though it come from Paris, is vexation to so many well-meaning but much-enduring souls of the concert-room. Classic and perennial Beethoven, mellifluous Handel, good old Weber, Saint-Saëns, in the long, sliding, sensuous, altogether Itallante curves of Delilah's wooings of her Hebrew Hercules, a Franck innocuous filled it. O, terque quaterque beatus, the regular thing in the regular way. No wonder Mr. Rabaud made good impression in what in racing phrase was his "trial heat."

On the conductor's stand before an audience, in the practice of his profession, Mr. Rabaud is a much more worldly and human figure than he seemed when he sat, as often of late, a mere listener before the orchestra he was soon to lead. Evening clothes become him as they have not every conductor upon the stage of Symphony Hall or Sanders Theatre. Unmistakably, he has what the dialect of the concert-room about conductors calls "A good back." He carries himself unaffectedly and well and his gaunt figure pulls itself together, gains dignity, when it is poised as it were between orchestra and audience. Contrary to mistaken report there is hardly a trace of physical extravagance in his conducting. Occasionally he taps with his foot after the manner of the departed Fiedler but not so audibly; once or twice in the evening, he crouched a little as one about to spring for the desired effect; but for the most part he was calm authority (as the word is) itself. His beat, so far as a single concert disclosed it, has no salient quality. It is

not graceful and elegant like Mr. Messenger's, insistent like Mr. Monteux's or exact and goading as was Dr. Muck's. It is a simple beat, so to say; uncommonly sparing in indication of effect as distinguished from pace and rhythm. Yet the orchestra seems readily to follow and obey it. Mr. Messenger, for contrast, was the man of the world who happens to be conductor by profession. Mr. Rabaud is the musician who devotedly pursues a chosen branch of his calling.

As with Mr. Monteux, the listener readily perceives Mr. Rabaud's operatic antecedents. He has no such passion for tonal design, for the exploiting and the sustaining of tonal outline, however various the accent, however rich the color, however ardent the mood, as used, for example, to preoccupy Dr. Muck. He lacks as clearly the zest for the momentarily revealed, the artfully moulded detail that often possessed Mr. Monteux. Nor, as yet, being relatively unacquainted with his orchestra, has he developed that conductor's fastidious ear for quality of instrumental tone, for fine and artful euphonies. Throughout Beethoven's symphony, he sought and gained the large outline, the ample contracts, the projecting force, the direct effect upon ear and upon emotions, of masses of tone largely assembled and manipulated, of ascendant and impinging climaxes that plainly disclosed a conductor versed in the music-dramas of Wagner. Like most French conductors, in contrast with German, he tended to brisk pace, notably in the first and the last movement of Beethoven's symphony; while not once did he fall prey to the easy temptation to drag the slow movement. In all that he does, Mr. Rabaud does not lack a quick spirit. He would keep the music that he undertakes in motion large and sweeping, rather than finely undulant. He knows well the art of quickening long, ascendant progressions until they begin to play upon the hearer's nerves; he sustains rhythm; he is less disposed to would his phrases into sensuous beauty for its own sake than to give them character as he did with the wisp-like bursts of Franck's music for the breezes of Æolus. It was easier to admire his sprightly accentuation of Beethoven's scherzo than the quality of song or of tone that he—or the horns for him—infused into the intervening trio.

Least of all did Mr. Rabaud seem last evening a cerebral, an analytical conductor, bent upon the formal outline, the abstract musical content, the intellectual process and the minutæ of the pieces in hand. On the contrary, he "read" them altogether

straight forwardly, opening their lain content to the ear, the fancy the emotions of the hearer, singing unaffectedly with the composer, marching as honestly with him, bringing off his strokes, projecting his effects whole-heartedly upon a stirred and sympathetic audience. As it is always possible to imagine "Aida," for example, better sung than by his particular singing-players in presence, so it is always possible to believe that Franck's tone-poem of the winds should move lighter-footed and sound more like to a music of the air than somehow any performance hereabouts from Gericke through Muck and Monteux to Rabaud has made it. Yet perhaps the shortcoming is Franck's rather than conductor's, since between the beginning and the end in those wisp-like phrases that are like shreds of flying alabaster, he has written a deal of more energetic concert-room filling. Those first, those last measures, Mr. Rabaud achieved with no little sensibility and plasticity. Between he was as conventional as the composer. On the other hand, in the overture to "Euryanthe" Mr. Rabaud was the operatic conductor taking and distributing the pleasures of his calling. There the music was thick, songful, ardent of progress, plain of mood, void of contrast, "effective" from first measure to last. He and the orchestra with him made no effort to clarify, sharpen, illuminate and enrich it. They merely made it sound as though the ringing little auditorium of Sanders were the large dull spaces of an opera house. A public that there six years has not been quite pleased with the Symphony Concerts bids fair to rejoice in Mr. Rabaud.

Items and Announcements

Mme. Samaroff, the pianist, will be heard or the first time in many years with the Symphony Orchestra at the concerts of next week when she will play Grieg's concerto in A minor, nearly as long unknown to its programmes. Schubert's "unfinished" symphony will precede the concerto and Saint-Saëns's symphony with organ follow it.

Mr. Rabaud's music is clearly profiting by the presence of the composer in this country in so notable a post as that which he now occupies. The Chicago Orchestra will play his symphony in E minor next week; while the Metropolitan Opera House will reproduce his comedy of "Marouf," drawn from The Arabian Nights, though its public was none too interested in the piece last winter. H. T. P.

Steinway Pianoforte used

Boston Symphony's Director Far Excels Muck, Says Olin Downes

Post BY OLIN DOWNES *Nov. 1918*

Our New York brethren did not like either the tone quality or, particularly, the conducting of Mr. Monteux when the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its first New York concert of the season last Thursday evening in Carnegie Hall. Some people are hard to please. Mr. Hunkeler, now writing for the New York Times, had "the unmistakable sensation that the entire symphony of Franck was overblown." Mr. Henderson of the Sun found the reading of the same symphony "very vigorous, not to say robustious . . . deficient in delicate shades of color, insistent in style, overdrawn in most respects and sadly opaque in the treatment of the instrumental parts. All the crystalline clarity, the sunny tone quality and the exquisite precision of the old orchestra were missing."

"Exquisite precision!" But in none of the performances of the Franck's symphony by the Boston orchestra were the rhythmical accents of the string figures in the middle movement so inaccurate and smudged as they were under Karl Muck in his last seasons in Boston, while if Mr. Monteux's performance has had one inescapable characteristic it has been the precision of attack and of intonation—notoriously false under his predecessor of the different choirs.

Admitted that criticism is in large degree a matter of conditions attending particular performances, the temperament and esthetic standpoint of the critic, etc., we believe that the reviewers of this city, with one voice, would acclaim in Mr. Monteux these very qualities in which our colleagues profess to have found him lacking. Perhaps in Carnegie Hall, where the acoustics are doubtless different than in Symphony Hall, the orchestra sounded "opaque in the treatment of the instrumental parts," but surely Mr. Henderson would agree that the rich and sombre coloring of Franck's symphony is intentional on the part of the composer, and that the conductor should make an effort to reproduce this carefully contrived coloring in his performance.

Perhaps Mr. Monteux was in a tense mood when he conducted in New York, yet in view of the exquisite tone qualities of his performance here, and especially the roundness and glory of the brass tone, which contrasted so happily with the hard brilliancy to which

Dr. Muck was prone—remember the trumpet?—it is difficult to understand Mr. Hunkeler's impressions of a symphony "over-blown."

The Tribune did find, what Boston musicians, with practically one accord, agree on, that "Mr. Monteux has worked something like a miracle with the band" and that "in his new capacity he seemed as admirable as in that in which he had already won our admiration," meaning as French conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Are the gentlemen in New York still laboring under the mistake that conductors are born only in Germany? Or are ears and acoustics so different in different parts of the world that no scale of comparison can be instituted? Or did the Boston Symphony Orchestra, forgetful of its Puritan ideals, excited by the peace talk or the noise of the great city, go on a sudden tear and escape the control of that admirable musician, Mr. Monteux? Or is it merely the custom, which gossip says is immemorial, for the critics of the one city to contradict the critics of the other city, whatever the occasion or the subject? We in Boston confess that, while warmly welcoming Mr. Rabaud, we regret that Mr. Monteux, owing to the epidemic, was heard so little here. We find his conducting to be replete with "delicate shades of color," "crystalline clarity," "sunny tone quality," "exquisite precision." We feel that in these precious qualities he unites the temperament and imagination of a great musician.

War's Effects on Symphony Programs

Adv.

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

IN speaking of the new conductors of symphonic music in Boston, those that we have recently heard and the one whom we are to hear this week, very little has been said about their abilities as program-makers. It sometimes happens that we get a

great conductor who seems not to have studied this essential part of concert-giving. Henschel was only moderate as a conductor when we had him in Boston, but he was one of the best of program-makers. Gerike was infinitely higher as a conductor, yet inferior in the matter of the make-up of his programs, leaning much too heavily to the classical side, and looking askance at almost everything that was modern. Dr. Muck was only modern on the German side. Fiedler, not our greatest conductor, was as good a program-maker as we ever had.

We may sound a note of warning against drawing too heavily in the near future on the modern French school. Cesar Franck is almost the only modern Frenchman (or Belgian) who will stand much repetition. We must have the Russian, Finnish, Norwegian, English and Italian works as well, and frequently. With regard to the American composer it was but natural that the German conductors should be better acquainted with him than the French leaders, for Paine, Chadwick, MacDowell, Hadley, Bird, Parker, Strong, Whiting, Bullard and many others, studied in Germany, taught there, and had their works played sometimes, in that country, while France drew chiefly to itself a few American organ students. Naturally, therefore, the Frenchmen are not as familiar with what American composers can do, or have done, as the Germans are.

And this leads to another point in connection with Germany. How many of the Teutonic composers shall be excluded from the programs because of the German barbarities of the last four years? In England they are playing many Wagner works without cavil. One would think that we have nothing to do in the concert room with the nationality or the personality of Wagner, but only with the standard of his music. If we thrilled to his music for years while we knew that the composer was selfish, ungrateful and almost a criminal, we should be able to enjoy it today even though we know that he was anti-French.

One of the new conductors draws the line at Wagner, but admits Brahms wrote a song of triumph over prostrate France, at the end of the Franco-Prussian war. We can understand the ostracism of Richard Strauss, for his music is often the embodiment of modern Prussian arrogance and brute force, yet even here we should be sorry to lose "Death and Transfiguration," or "Don Quixote." As regards the German classics we do not anticipate that any of the new conductors will be led by the adverse views of D'Indy

or Debussy into excluding any of them. We can transmute the old saying about the Indians and read it—"A dead German is a good German."

The public will always demand soloists as an attraction in the symphony concerts, and when some great operatic star appears the great orchestra is thrown into the background, even in a symphony concert, and the tail temporarily wags the dog. For ourselves we wish that no vocalists were ever engaged for these concerts, for even in an operatic aria, where the orchestra is a partner in the work, the footlight flavor disagrees with the symphonic, and the lack of costume, scenery and dramatic action make themselves felt. It is different with pianists or violinists appearing in a concert, for here we still have the sonata-form, the true spirit of the concert room.

Mr. Gerike always insisted strongly upon the dignity of these concerts, and gave the symphony the preponderance. He generally placed the symphony last upon the program so that the author might leave the hall with the greatest work strongly impressed upon his mind. Perhaps so earnest a view might make the concerts too heavily educational for the general public; a lighter program, a la Theodore Thomas, would certainly be welcome once in a while. Thomas even admitted Strauss (not the great Richard, but the three-quarter Johann) to an occasional program.

But there are younger concert-goers growing up who need to hear the chief classic works which have become familiar to our veterans, and we must have at least a sprinkling of these. In the old times we used faithfully to go through Beethoven's first eight symphonies every season. Dr. Ferdinand Hiller once said to the present writer: "You Americans are jumping at once into the heavily scored modern works. It is much safer to grow up to these through Mozart and Beethoven."

We may trust the tactful Frenchmen to give some graceful touches of lightness and humor to their programs. We wish that some time M. Rabaud would let us have a program of musical curiosities. Such a program would include Beethoven's "Rattle of Vittoria," sometimes called the tenth symphony, which not one in a hundred concert auditors has ever heard. Then we might give our excellent kettle-drummer a chance with Tausch's concerto for kettle-drums, which we think has never been heard in America, a composition which is the symphonic world turned upside down, the kettle-drums (five of them played

the single pounder) being for the once the chief instrument of the composition. A Lully score for string orchestra would be a very old novelty also.

NOVEMBER 8, 1918.

CRITICS AT ODDS ON SYMPHONY.

A wide difference of opinion as to the merits of the Boston Symphony orchestra's first New York appearance this season, in Carnegie Hall last evening, is to be found in the reviews by the musical critics of that city in the morning papers. The Sun's reviewer calls the reconstructed orchestra "a sad disappointment," and the same opinion is expressed by the critics on the Times and Herald.

The Telegraph critic, however, goes into raptures over the performance, declaring that it marked the emergence from the shadows of gradually dominating alien influences and un-American artistic bigotries.

Each critic, however, is agreed upon the fact that the audience became wildly enthusiastic at the rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "America."

"To Simmer Down"

Reginald De Koven, in the Herald, writes of the performance: "Apart from Schumann's overture to Byron's 'Manfred,' which on this occasion sounded as dry as dust and as hard as nails, the program was composed entirely of music by French composers—M. Monteux is a very insistent conductor, anxious, as it were, to dig out effects by the roots, and if the Franck's D minor symphony, through his reading, gained somewhat in force and dynamic effect it lost definitely the mystic color, elasticity of nuance and subtle charm which should characterize the work."

"It seems to me after the concert of last night that they need, as it were, to simmer and settle down to the revisions and reconstruction of personnel which they have been obliged to undergo and to a process of reclarification and readjustment."

"Not Noteworthy"

James G. Huneker, the Times' critic, Franck's work and "Manfred" is "not noteworthy." "The first movement was opaque, the second was heavy in touch and the final allegro noisy," he says, of the Franck work.

"Altogether there was much to raise question as to the present state of music in Boston. Last evening's concert provided an uncertain answer," says the Sun critic. "M. Monteux, who conducted, is a fortunately temporary leader of the Boston forces. Possibly for that reason it might not be amiss to defer analytical consideration of the reconstructed orchestra until it is heard under M. Rabaud. Of a certainty, all the old friends of the gentlemen from Boston will hope that they will not contract a habit of playing as they played the Cesar Franck symphony. All the crystalline clarity, the sunny tone quality and the exquisite precision of the old orchestra were missing."

The Symphony Orchestra Returns, Not Too Auspiciously, to New York—Band and Conductor Various Viewed—Mr. Rabaud's First Programmes—Mr. Hofmann's Return—Items and Opinions

Traveller. — Nov. 8/18
LAYING in New York for the first time last evening, the reorganized Boston Symphony Orchestra underwent a test no whit less exacting than it had undergone at home two weeks before, and one, besides, likely to set both band and conductor on nervous edge. Mr. Monteux, fresh from the garnered praises of Boston, was to meet an audience that knew him only as a conductor of the theatre and which there had taken him only as a cog in a big and busy operatic wheel. The new orchestra, in turn, was to face an audience sure to be quick with comparisons. Evidently, for all concerned the concert was uneasy occasion, to inevitable detriment of the outcome. Trying to do his best, nearly every one from the conductor downward, overdid himself. Moreover, the din of the street filled with a merry crowd celebrating the end of the war, penetrated Carnegie Hall; while the audience plainly shared some of the excitement without delaying the beginning of the concert until it had heard the national airs of the victors.

The reviewers for the New York newspapers judge variously the quality of the reorganized orchestra, but not one of them thinks well of Mr. Monteux, who in the stress of the moment, must have been another conductor to what he was in Boston. Frankly, they counted him unequal to his post. Writing in The Times, Mr. Huneker is kindest:

The new band from Boston is still the old band, and there were moments, nay stretches, when the strings were celestial, the woodwind euphonious as no other orchestra's, and the brass, both massive and mellow. Nevertheless, one had the unmistakable sensation that the entire symphony of Franck was overblown. The new and temporary conductor, Mr. Monteux, was at the head of the famous orchestra. A familiar figure his; New York has known and liked him at our Opera House. His routine in operatic work doubtless led him to transpose to the symphonic region something of broader tonal masses, something of tendency to shifting rhythms. There was less balance of the various instrumental choirs than a certain aiming at picturesque, even sweeping effects, in a word, operatic. In Schumann's "Manfred" Overture Mr. Monteux's reading did not reveal the eloquence, stammering as it sometimes is, of the composer. The conductor received a warm greeting from a large audience, both modish and musical. We await with curiosity his second and last concert tomorrow afternoon. No doubt the serenity and search for shadings will be gratifying. Any fear that the Boston Symphony Orchestra had changed was dispelled after the first clangorous chords. Our musical community breathed easier last night.

In the Sun, Mr. Henderson is more severe, writing:

Mr. Monteux, who conducted, is a fortunately temporary leader of the Boston forces. Possibly for that reason it might not be amiss to defer analytical consideration of the reconstructed orchestra till it is heard under Mr. Rabaud. Of a certainty, all old friends of the gentlemen from Boston will hope that they will not contract a habit of playing as they played in Franck's symphony. It was a very vigorous, not to say robustious, reading that Mr. Monteux gave, deficient in delicate shades of color, insistent in style, overdrawn in most respects and sadly opaque in the treatment of the instrumental parts. All the crystalline clarity, the sunny tone quality and the exquisite precision of the old orchestra were missing. There was more smoothness in the number from Schumann, the overture to Byron's "Manfred," but there was little vitality of tone and a want of shading throughout.

Programmes in Prospect

Three pieces fill the programme in which, on Friday afternoon, Nov. 15 and Saturday evening, Nov. 16, Mr. Rabaud will conduct for the first times before the public of the Symphony Concerts. They are Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, last heard here in the final concerts of May; Saint-Saëns's tone-poem, "The Youth of Hercules," unknown to Bostonian ears for many a year; and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice" long a hallowed piece for the display of the virtuosity of an orchestra and a conductor. On Thursday evening, Nov. 14, when at Cambridge, Mr. Rabaud conducts for the

first time on this side of the Atlantic, the orchestral numbers will be the "Eroica" symphony as aforesaid; Franck's tone-poem, "The Daughters of Aeolus" and Weber's overture to his opera, "Euryanthe." Mme. Alcock, the alto singer, will also be heard in airs from Handel's "Xerxes" and Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah."

Mr. Rabaud, who will conduct for the first time in this country next Thursday night at Cambridge, does not believe in long concerts. He thinks that a concert of an hour and a half is long enough; at the utmost, it should not exceed an hour and three-quarters.

And it is evident that Mr. Rabaud is not a chauvinist. An overture by Weber is on the program of the Cambridge concert; a symphony by Beethoven will be played in Symphony Hall on Friday and Saturday.

A little sketch of Mr. Rabaud has already been published in the Herald. A more complete one is now pertinent. Born at Paris in 1873, he is the son of Hippolyte Francois Rabaud (1839-1900), who took the first prize for violoncello playing at the Paris Conservatory in 1861. He was violoncellist of the Opera orchestra (1859-1889), professor of the violoncello at the Paris Conservatory (1886-1900) and for many years the solo violoncellist of the famous Conservatory orchestra. He wrote a method for his instrument, 12 études for it, also violoncello pieces.

The celebrated singer, Mme. Dorus-Gras, was the sister of Mr. Rabaud's grandfather, the flute player, equally distinguished. Vincent Joseph Van Steenkiste, better known by the name of Dorus. Mr. Rabaud is therefore the grand-nephew of the singer, not the grandson, as has been stated. The singer (1805-1896) and the flute player were born at Valenciennes.

Mr. Rabaud, a pupil of Massenet at the Paris Conservatory, took the prix de Rome in 1894. He spent four years at the Villa Medici. With his colleague, Max d'Ollone, he gave in Rome (1898) and in Vienna (1899) orchestral concerts to introduce in those cities the works of contemporary French composers.

In 1908 he was chosen a conductor at the Paris Opera. His debut was on Feb. 1 and the opera was "Lohengrin." His command of the orchestra and singers and his musical taste at once excited attention. Among the operas he conducted that year were "Tristan und Isolde," "Thais" and "Tannhauser." In 1912 he produced "Cobzar," an opera by Mme. Ferrari. On Jan. 3, 1914, he was named first conductor of the Opera in the place of Paul Vidal. The war came.

92.

In 1914-15 he conducted the orchestra of the Conservatory Orchestra, which were then given at the Sorbonne.

On June 30, 1915, at a performance of his opera "Marouf," the minister of fine arts announced that he was made chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Mr. Rabaud was then and there loudly applauded "for this honor spontaneously awarded to a true though very modest artist, to a musician of great and fine talent, to the composer of a beautiful musical work that is genuinely French." It is to be noted that in all the reviews of Mr. Rabaud's career published in Paris emphasis is laid on the refreshing modesty of the man as well as on his skill as a conductor and talent as a composer.

Mr. Rabaud is on the committee of performances for the Societe Nationale de Musique.

The list of his chief compositions is as follows:

OPERAS: "La Fille de Roland," musical tragedy in four acts, libretto based by Paul Ferrier on the tragedy of Henri de Bornier. Opera Comique, Paris, March 16, 1904. There were 10 performances that year. Chief singers: Mmes. Carre, Mumesnil, Muratore; Messrs. Beyle, Dufranne, Vieuille, Sizes, Allard, Huberdeau, Vignie. Messenger conducted.

"Marouf," opera comique in five acts, book by Lucien Nepoty, based on a tale in "The Thousand Nights and a Night" (translation of Dr. Mardrus). Opera Comique, Paris, May 15, 1914. Chief singers: Mmes. Davelli, Tiphaine; Messrs. Perier, Vieuille, Delvoys, Vigneau. Ruhlmann conducted. The opera was produced at the Metropolitan House, Dec. 19, 1917. Mr. Morieux was the conductor.

STAGE MUSIC: For Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" at the Theatre Antoine, Paris, 1916-17. Mr. Rabaud took his themes from English composers of the 16th century, employing an orchestra that was not too palpably modern.

For "Antony and Cleopatra" (Shakespeare's) at the Theatre Antoine, Paris, 1917.

CHORAL WORKS, etc.: "Job," an oratorio for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, performed at the Conservatory, for the Academy of Fine Arts, 1900. This was Mr. Rabaud's "Envoi de Rome."

"Daphne," the work with which Mr. Rabaud won the prix de Rome. Performed at the Institute in 1894.

Second Lyric Poem on Job, for baritone solo and orchestra. Colonne concert, 1905.

Psalm IV., for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, 1901, Societe des Compositeurs and Societe Guillot de Saint-bris.

Hymn a la France Eternelle (Victor Hugo), for tenor solo, chorus and orchestra. Opera House, Paris, December, 1916, at a performance "Theatre aux Armees."

Songs.

INSTRUMENTAL: Symphony in D minor, No. 1, Concert d'Harcourt, 1895. This symphony was written while Mr. Rabaud was still in the Conservatory.

Symphony, E minor, No. 2, Colonne Concert. Performed in Boston on Jan. 21, 1903, at Mrs. R. J. Hall's concert conducted by Mr. Longy. This symphony was awarded the Prix Mobinne.

Diversissement sur les Chansons Russe. Colonne Concert, 1901. Performed in Boston by the Orchestral Club, Mr. Longy conductor, April 1, 1902.

"La Procession Nocturne" (after Lenau). Colonne Concert, Jan. 15, 1899. Performed in Boston by the Orchestral Club, Mr. Longy conductor, Jan. 7, 1903. Performed in Boston by the orchestra of the New England Conservatory of Music, Nov. 19, 1903, Mr. Chadwick conductor.

Eglogue: Pieme Virgillen. Colonne Concert. Performed in Boston by the Orchestral Club, Mr. Longy conductor, Jan. 5, 1904.

String quartet.

Andante and Scherzo for flute, violin and piano.

Mr. Rabaud orchestrated "Dolly."

Six piano pieces by Gabriel Faure. Nancy, Feb. 9, 1903.

He has made an orchestral suite from the stage music to "The Merchant of Venice." *Herald Nov. 10, 1918*

My dear Miss Breten

It has been suggested by some friends of Major Henry L. Higginson that it would be pleasing to him, and a privilege for them, to send him a testimonial of their affection and gratitude on his eighty-fourth birthday which occurs very soon.

A suitable letter has been written by Pres. C. W. Eliot, and if you would like to testify to your appreciation of what he has done for each and all of us, will you sign your name to one of the slips enclosed in addressed envelope? And will you procure the names of those who had tickets for the concerts or rehearsals with you? These autograph signatures will be inserted in an appropriate book to be presented to Mr. Higginson on his birthday.

We beg that this will receive your immediate attention, as delay would be fatal to the completion of the book.

Sincerely yours,

Rose L. Dexter

In 1914-15 he conducted concerts of the Conservatory Orchestra, which were then given at the Sorbonne.

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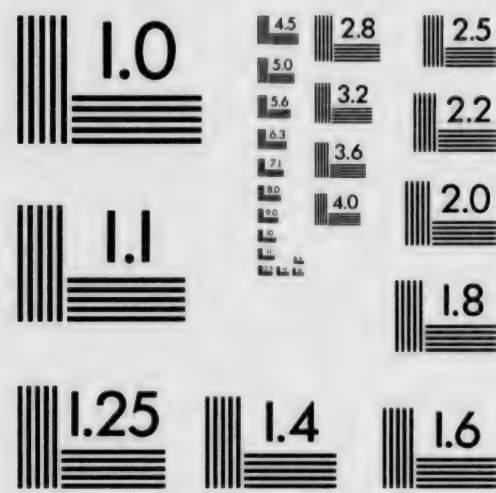
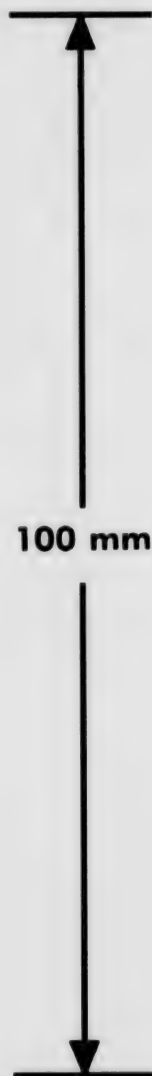
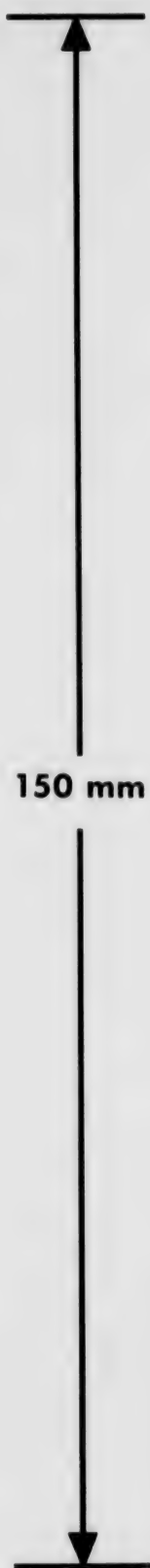
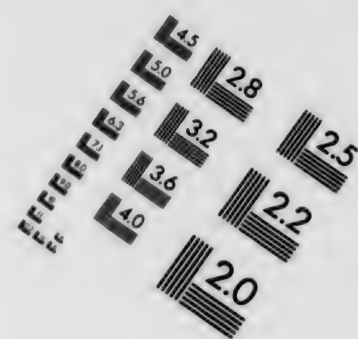
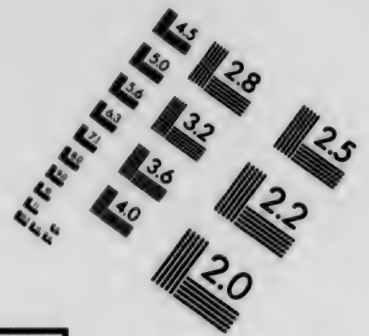
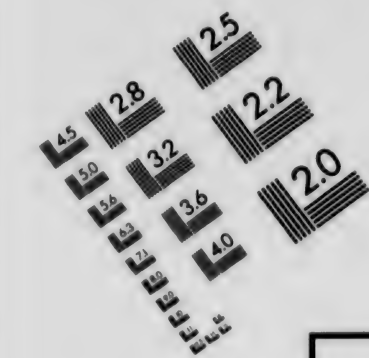
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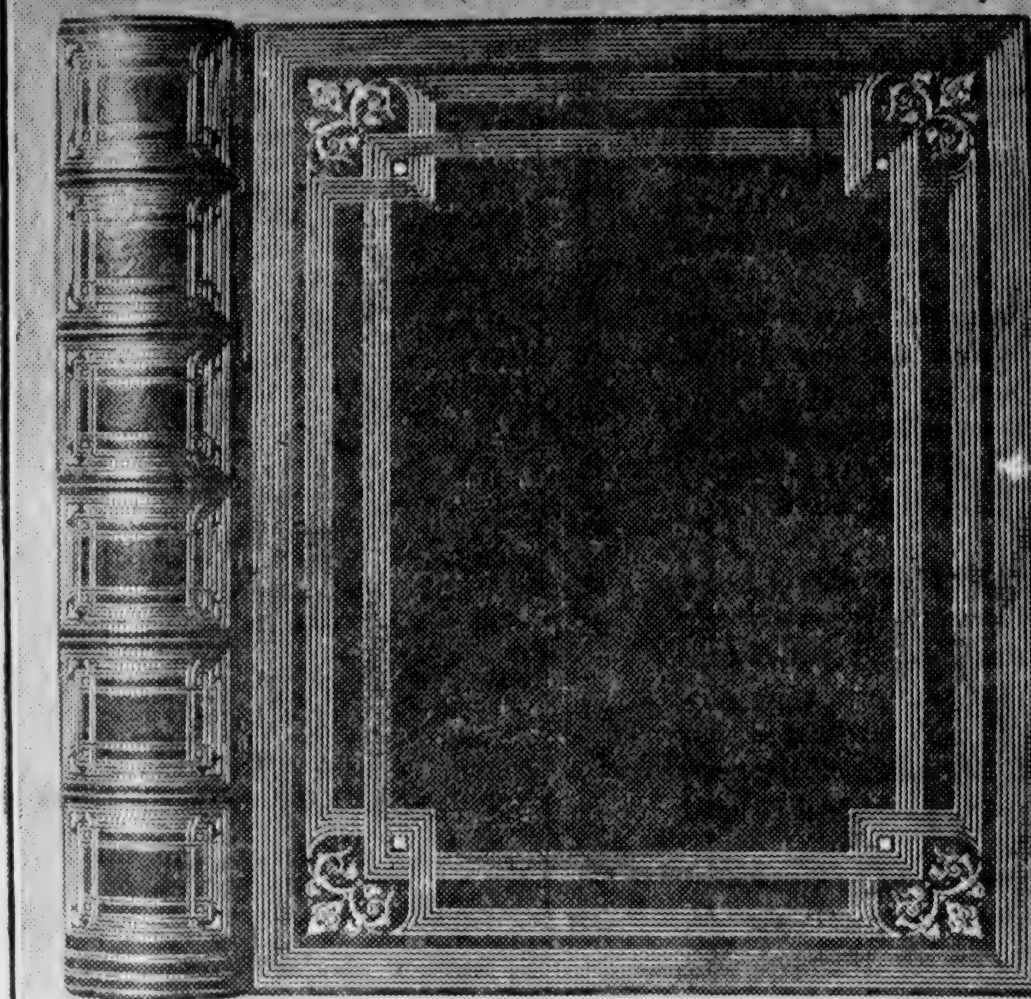
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From the Public of the Symphony Concerts to Henry L. Higginson

A Memorial Volume Containing 4000 Signatures and a
Preface by President Eliot Given Him To-
day, His Eighty-Fourth Birthday



The Tooled Cover of the Book

TODAY is the eighty-fourth birthday of Mr. Henry L. Higginson, the founder and, for thirty-seven years, the sustainer of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. To signal the occasion, to surprise and please Mr. Higginson, to recall the end, last spring, of his active connection with the Symphony Concerts, a few of his friends gave him this afternoon a unique book to be memorial of this long proprietorship. It is bound in full crushed brown levant leather with light brown morocco lining and fly-leaves. The covers, inside and outside, are tooled by hand in gold to a design suggested in the picture above, and made for the book by Mr. F. C. D. Palmer of the Rose Bindery. The pages are of vellum and on them are pasted the names of some 4000 subscribers to the Symphony Concerts, each in his or her own signature upon a little slip of white paper. On the first pages of the book as message and preface to Mr. Higginson stands the following letter to him written by his old friend, President Eliot of Harvard:

Dear Major Higginson:

Some of the thousands of persons who have had their lives made more interesting and happier by the concerts of your Symphony Orchestra in Boston and its vicinity during the past thirty-seven years wish to declare to you on your eighty-fourth birthday their personal gratitude and their strong sense of the public benefits which have resulted and will result from your disinterested and patient labors on behalf of the orchestra and the community it has served. Many of the signers of this Memorial are acquaintances who have long cherished high respect for you and your good works, or friends, old and young, who feel for you the sincerest affection; but most of them are strangers who gladly embrace this their first opportunity to tell you directly that you have gladdened and exalted their physical and spiritual lives.

Boston was historically the right place in the United States to develop an orchestra of high merit. The soil in which you planted the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1880-81 had been well prepared during the forty years preceding by a series of earlier organizations for providing orchestral concerts in the community where you and I grew up. These pioneering organizations were the Boston Academy of Music, the Musical Fund Society, the Germania Orchestra, the Philharmonic Society, and the Harvard Musical Association. Their resources were limited, and their achievements modest; but they made ready a supporting public for you. Your purpose was to create an orchestra out of the best available material in all the world competent to render to perfection the best music in the world. In this very difficult undertaking your success has been marvelous. Your plans and policies have been wise, and generous towards both your public and the artists whom you employed. Your orchestra has given year by year a demonstration of the exceeding value of coöperative discipline. You have steadily insisted that the skilled musician's occupation is not a mechanical trade but an artistic profession. You have given your public the pure, refining, exalting, inspiring music of all nations and all periods. You have enlarged and strengthened the appreciation of sweet and noble music in this community.

We shall all better appreciate the work you have done for Boston and the country, if we bear in mind that good music sustains and consoles the human spirit in times of adversity, and is, next to good literature, the best expression of public prosperity, social joy, and religious transport. It transcends the limits of language or race, requires no versions or translations, and ranges freely through all the civilized world and the successive generations of men. Your success in creating the Symphony Orchestra as a permanent institution will have a high educational value in the future; for common enjoyment of immortal music allied with immortal poetry will prove an exalting and binding influence among the various elements of the American population.

On behalf of the signers of this Memorial I greet you and Mrs. Higginson with heartiest congratulations on the principal work of your useful life, warmest thanks, and best wishes for your enjoyment of serene content as you look backward, and still more as you look forward.

Your old friend,

CHARLES W. ELIOT

Major Henry L. Higginson.

Trans. Nov. 18. 1918.

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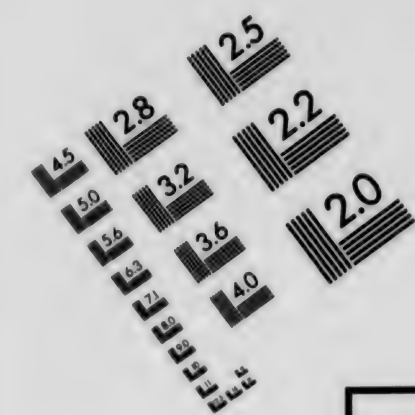
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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918--19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

FOURTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, AT 8 P. M.

SCHUBERT,

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY in B minor.

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Andante con moto

GRIEG,

CONCERTO in A minor for Pianoforte op. 16

- I. Allegro molto moderato
 - II. Adagio
 - III. Allegro moderato molto e marcato
-

SAINT-SAËNS,

SYMPHONY No. 3 in C minor, op. 78

- I. Adagio; Allegro moderato: Poco adagio
 - II. Allegro moderato: Presto; Maestoso; Allegro
- Mr. ALBERT SNOW, Organist
-

Soloist:

Mme. OLGA SAMAROFF

Steinway Pianoforte used



OLGA SAMAROFF

FOURTH-CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald Nov. 28/18
Mr. Rabaud Gives Delight-
ful Reading of Schubert's
"Unfinished" Work

REPEAT THE SAME PROGRAM TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, "Unfinished" Symphony; Grieg, piano concerto (Mme. Olga Samaroff, pianist); Saint-Saens, Symphony in C minor, No. 3.

When Joachim, one of the most important and stupid conductors we ever knew, was about to give a performance of the "Unfinished" symphony, he asked many musicians of Berlin what they thought the pace of the second theme, first announced by the violoncellos, in the first movement, should be. Some conductors sentimentalize this theme, dragging the pace until the song becomes lackadaisical. Mr. Rabaud is a musician of fine taste and judgment; he did not fall into this error. The symphony is eminently Schubertian in its beauty and in its weakness. For the most part the composer pipes his songs of innocence as the boy heard by William Blake; but in the first movement there are measures of a grandeur that is seldom found in Schubert's compositions. In these measures we recognize the Schubert that conceived the "Doppelgänger," the "Gruppe aus Tartarus," the "Dwarf" and a few other songs in which dramatic force comes before charming lyricism.

Mr. Rabaud gave a most impressive interpretation of these measures. The whole movement by the force of the contrast gained thereby. As for the second movement, which shows Schubert's tendency toward prolixity, and

is so inferior to the first that one re-joices because the symphony was left unfinished, all that is to be done with it is to let the composer pipe his pretty tunes. Some day a conductor may have the courage to play the first movement alone, a noble fragment, comparable with that torso in literature, the "Hyperion," of Keats.

Schubert wrote "Current a Calamo." It was otherwise with the Saint-Saens of the C minor symphony. We doubt whether his head were hot and his feet cold when he was engaged in the composition; but that head was full of invention and contrapuntal skill. We spoke last Saturday, discussing Saint-Saens's symphonic poems, of the clearness and the logic of his musical thought. These qualities are as fully displayed in the symphony, which is more than a triumph of cunning workmanship. The serenity of the adagio, the fantastic presto, and the majesty of the section before the brilliant coda, with its jubilant blasts of brass, are imaginative pages, not merely the carefully written measures of an accomplished technician. The symphony had been heard at these concerts on at least four occasions. It was also played here by this orchestra when the composer was present, but as pianist and composer, not as conductor. Never was it so interesting, never so imposing, as it was yesterday under the direction of Mr. Rabaud.

When Mme. Samaroff played here with the orchestra from 1906 till late in 1909, her performance was distinguished chiefly by a peculiar brilliance. Her treatment of emotional passages left one cold. Yesterday one noticed a change of style. Her touch had a more poetic quality. She was lyrical, rather than defiantly theatrical, although there was sufficient force in the stormier pages. This concerto, which some think has had its day, gives delight solely by its purely lyrical quality; not by any suggestion of folk dance; not by the bravura measures and the crashing apotheosis, which are of decidedly secondary quality. Mme. Samaroff did well to discriminate in this manner; to sing rather than to declaim. In doing this, she unfortunately too often made the mistake of underemphasis. There were times when the piano part, being of the first importance, was heard only with strained ears, so that the first movement was on the whole pale, without vitality. Nor was this in any way the fault of Mr. Rabaud, whose accompaniment was sympathetic and delightful throughout.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe"; Mozart "Jupiter" Symphony; Dukas: Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"; Borodin, Symphony in B minor, No. 2.



OLGA SAMAROFF

FOURTH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald Nov. 23 / 18

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Mr. Rabaud gave a most impressive interpretation of these measures. The whole movement by the force of the contrast gained thereby. As for the second movement, which shows Schubert's tendency toward prolixity, and

is so inferior to the first that one rejoices because the symphony was left unfinished, all that is to be done with it is to let the composer pipe his pretty tunes. Some day a conductor may have the courage to play the first movement alone, a noble fragment, comparable with that torso in literature, the "Hyperion," of Keats.

Schubert wrote "Current a Calamo." It was otherwise with the Saint-Saens of the C minor symphony. We doubt whether his head were hot and his feet cold when he was engaged in the composition; but that head was full of invention and contrapuntal skill. We spoke last Saturday, discussing Saint-Saens's symphonic poems, of the clearness and the logic of his musical thought. These qualities are as fully displayed in the symphony, which is more than a triumph of cunning workmanship. The serenity of the adagio, the fantastic presto, and the majesty of the section before the brilliant coda, with its jubilant blasts of brass, are imaginative pages, not merely the carefully written measures of an accomplished technician. The symphony had been heard at these concerts on at least four occasions. It was also played here by this orchestra when the composer was present, but as pianist and composer, not as conductor. Never was it so interesting, never so imposing, as it was yesterday under the direction of Mr. Rabaud.

When Mme. Samaroff played here with the orchestra from 1903 till late in 1909, her performance was distinguished chiefly by a peculiar brilliance. Her treatment of emotional passages left one cold. Yesterday one noticed a change of style. Her touch had a more poetic quality. She was lyrical, rather than defiantly theatrical, although there was sufficient force in the stormier pages. This concerto, which some think has had its day, gives delight solely by its purely lyrical quality; not by any suggestion of folk dance; not by the bravura measures and the crashing apotheosis, which are of decidedly secondary quality. Mme. Samaroff did well to discriminate in this manner; to sing rather than to declaim. In doing this, she unfortunately too often made the mistake of underemphasis. There were times when the piano part, being of the first importance, was heard only with strained ears, so that the first movement was on the whole pale, without vitality. Nor was this in any way the fault of Mr. Rabaud, whose accompaniment was sympathetic and delightful throughout.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe"; Mozart "Jupiter" Symphony; Dukas: Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"; Borodin, Symphony in B minor, No. 2.

ELSON REVIEWS MUSICAL WEEK

Adv. + Her. Ed. Nov. 24/18
Conductor Seems Melancholy, but Nothing Gloomy in the Minors

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

THE SYMPHONY PROGRAM

Unfinished symphony, B minor.....Schubert
Concerto for piano and orchestra, A minor.....Grieg
Soloist, Mme. Olga Samaroff.
Symphony No. 3, C minor.....Saint-Saëns

M. Rabaud seems to have been in a melancholy mood to choose three works in the minor mode for his entire program, but there was little gloom in the succession of minors, and there was a sufficient degree of contrast in the three works.

Schubert's two-movement symphony is the most melodious ever written, so richly tuneful that no composer of the world dare add the two movements which are missing. One conceited musician named Ludwig once tried to finish it, but he finished only his own reputation instead. Schubert left the work unfinished simply because he felt that he had not influence enough to bring a symphony of his own to public performance.

We again heartily admired the elasticity of M. Rabaud in his interpretation. Charming did he take that transition of the horns from the end of the chief theme into the most tuneful subordinate theme of the whole repertoire; clearly yet mysteriously was the ever-present phrase of the contra-basses and cellos brought out through the first movement; beautiful also were the pizzicato effects of the second movement, and all was given simply and without affectation.

M. Rabaud sensibly omitted the report of the exposition of the first movement. One does not want to be too prolix in these older works. The symphony made a strong contrast with the St. Saëns work. The simplicity of the old school against the inflation and complexity of the new. And yet St. Saëns is now classed among the conservatives.

We cordially welcome Olga Samaroff back to these concerts, where she has not been heard for a long time. She always had excellent technique and considerable temperament. She seems to have ripened in the last quality and has an earnestness and breadth which suits well to the Grieg Concerto which she chose for her rentree. The work itself, in spite of certain touches of sadness (the Norse composers are always wholesale dealers in melancholy), is splendidly masculine, and might well be called the Heroic Concerto. It is splendidly masculine, and it was played with virility. If that word may be applied to a female artist.

The concerto is greater in its ideas than in its workmanship. It presents what Addison might have called "The pale, unripened beauties of the North," for it does not unfold and develop its themes in the manner of a true concerto. Mme. Samaroff made a very great success with this same concerto in Boston a dozen years ago, and she repeated the triumph in the Symphony concerts of Friday and Saturday. Her cadenza work in the first movement was most massive, with heavy chords and double octave work of remarkable power. This fitted well to the heroic character of the concerto. But the adagio, with its more gentle sadness, is the musical gem of the work, and was also well interpreted.

Mme. Samaroff was well supported throughout by the orchestra, and M. Rabaud, in this and in the final symphony, proved that he could catch up "King Cambyse's vein" when necessary. The pianist was recalled with much enthusiasm and richly deserved her triumph.

Next to "Samson and Delilah," the third symphony is St. Saëns' most ambitious work. It was very proper for a symphony dedicated to the memory of Liszt to have an obligato piano part, and the organ is interwoven here in one of the finest of climaxes for that instrument with orchestra. Although the piano is not made very prominent (it is used as an orchestral tone color, not as a solo instrument) there are some very piquant effects in its part, notably its unusual combination in scale work with the piccolo. The organ, played by Albert Snow, was sometimes too heavy in its registration, although played with accuracy and generally good effect.

The work is not in the strictest symphony form, but that is not a fault in these modern days. Its first two and last two movements are connected, thus making the symphony in two large sections. The second section is much finer than the first. There is much fine figure treatment all through the work, this being foreshadowed even in the introduction.

The overlapping of the figure of the chief theme into the subordinate theme in the first movement reminds of Beethoven's style of figure treatment.

Perhaps there is a trifle too much of such treatment in the last part of the symphony, but the tossing to and fro of a tonic-dominant motive from violins and violas to the humble kettle-drums is very quaint, and the constant changes of rhythm of the theme of the violins and violas is at least ingenious: 6-8, 9-8, 2-2 (as a march) and finally 3-1 all follow each other, the rhythms sometimes being effectively accepted by cymbal strokes, all easily followed, and in the finale there is some excellent fugal work.

Truly a masterpiece and it received a rousing that was worthy.

M. Rabaud in this work reached his highest point in Boston thus far. The conclusion of the end was magnificent and the three minors in succession we can compliment the conductor upon the make-up of the program for there was not one atom of dullness, monotony, puzzle, or St. Vitus' dance in it from beginning to end.

The Albigetti concert of last Sunday brought back Josef Hofmann after an absence of several years. Ever since his arrival led Dr. Muck and his merry men a steeplechase through Schumann's piano concerto, long ago, there has been something of a feud which kept the soloist out of Symphony concerts and Symphony Hall, which was a great pity, for Hofmann is one of the most sterling pianists of the present. His recital proved him an excellent Beethoven interpreter, but somewhat less great in Chopin. He is more intellectual than temperamental, which is odd when one remembers what a "wonder-child" he once was. He will be heard again this season with the Symphony Orchestra.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Thurs. — Nov. 23/18
A TRANQUIL AND INTERESTING AFTERNOON

Mr. Rabaud and the Orchestra in a Remarkably Eloquent and Engrossing Performance of Saint-Saëns' "Organ Symphony," but in a Somewhat Dry and Rigid Version of Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" — Between, Grieg's Fading Concerto, with Mme. Samaroff Repressed

QUICKLY comes routine. To all appearances at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, Mr. Rabaud might have been the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra for two years instead of two weeks, with his hear-

ers and his forces correspondingly accustomed to him. The usual applause greeted him as he came to his place; the usual playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" ensued; for it is doubtful whether two ears in twenty in the audience note that Mr. Converse's arrangement is a new orchestral version of the hymn, stately and sonorous to its purpose. Conductor, orchestra and listeners then passed to a programme that might have been made for any Symphony Concert within the past twenty years—Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, the concerto for piano by Grieg, Saint-Saëns's symphony in C minor with conspicuous organ part. The audience listened intently, applauded warmly—least for the concerto, most for the Parisian symphony. Outside a few restless spirits and tongues, few debated the quality of either the new orchestra or the new conductor. Every one stayed to the end; nearly every one departed content.

Not a ripple disturbed the tranquil pleasure of the day except, possibly, the watery green dress that clothed Mme. Samaroff, the pianist of the afternoon, as though she were come to play Ravel's aquatic "Undine" and not Grieg's high and dry concerto. There was even opportunity to speculate upon the seeming perplexities of the management in the arrangement of a United States flag above the stage. At the beginning of the season it hung pendant from the ceiling; a week ago it was outspread upon the pipes of the organ; yesterday it stood in perpendicular folds against them. So runs the calm record of a day that brought back recollection of the "soothing" quality once attributed to the Symphony Concerts by a well-intentioned man of business in a speech to a retiring conductor. The speaker meant to please; the conductor chose to be irritated—all of which is neither here nor there. Suffice it that yesterday the afternoon audience had regained nearly normal numbers—happy omen for the new régime if only the company assembling on Saturday evenings similarly mounts.

If every conductor must have a "specialty" as well as be the "all-round" leader that the office implies, then Mr. Rabaud's, so far as two pairs of concerts have disclosed him, is the music of Saint-Saëns. A week ago, he and the orchestra wove with blended exactitude and elasticity the pattern of the Parisian's tone-poem, "The Youth of Hercules," set the music in the clearest possible light, polished every detail of an assiduous workmanship, fused in perfect unity poetic imagery and tonal progress. Not within memory hereabouts has the cool music of Saint-Saëns been so artfully chiselled. Yesterday, with the symphony in C minor, Mr. Rabaud and his forces excelled even this achievement, not only continuing the chiselling, but actually warming the material and the method into emotional heat. For once a piece by Saint-Saëns not only interested the mind of the hearer, pleased his taste, intrigued his mu-

sical scholarship, but warmed his heart as well. Out of himself, as it seemed, out of a deep and congenial devotion, Mr. Rabaud often transformed what usually seems a music of calculation and reflection into a music of propulsive power and eloquence.

This symphony in C minor is no new thing. For years it has had intermittent place in the repertory of the Symphony Concerts, whoever the conductor. Every one who reads the programme-book—and who does not?—knows by this time the composer's somewhat proclamatory attitude with regard to it—his intention to enrich the orchestra, as enrichment went modestly in the eighties, with the swelling voice of the organ, the scintillant voice of the piano; his inclination to freedom of form, since these were the days in which Saint-Saëns was studious of the ways of Liszt and well disposed toward the procedures of Wagner. Hence the division of the symphony into two parts with a single pause, which is no more than discreet veiling and mild transmutation of orthodox process, since the first "part" obviously consists of slow introduction, concise allegro and more expansive slow movement; while the second leads as transparently through introduction and scherzo into sonorous finale. Hence, also, a Lisztian fondness for recurring motives as a means to unity and a snapping, scintillant scherzo with hint here and there of Lisztian devilry. Hence, too, as in the more songful measures of the slow movement, an occasional clear Wagnerian tang. From his eighth to his eightieth year processes, workmanship have preoccupied Saint-Saëns. Being luminous, exact, sedulous with them, he would have them equally preoccupy his audiences. Possibly, by this very quality, his music endures the years so well, is heard so often. For upon style and the pleasures of style Time blunts its gnawing teeth.

Unlike many a predecessor with the symphony Mr. Rabaud was not content with lucid revelation of Saint-Saëns's design, clear exposition, cool manipulation and large cumulation of his melodies, dutiful and pointing heed to details, calm transmission of surface-voice and mood. Rather, he woke a music that can seem all cerebral exactitude and superficial dexterity into an inner and emotional life of its own steadily and eloquently pulsing outward. He achieved these remarkable things—for to his more sophisticated auditors they were such—by a pace that vitalized Saint-Saëns's motives into melody, that imparted to them a clear ardor of progress; by a rhythmic zest that heightened their vitality and motion; by incisiveness of accent and warmth of color as the music variously bade; by play of large design and upswelling climax; by sincere emotional response to a music often presumed to bear no emotion except that of a symphonic scheme well planned and well accomplished. With the orchestra yielding him a sensuous, elastic, euphoni-

ous and expressive tone, he gave the slow movement with which the first part ends, a veritable beauty, dry if the listener will, but beauty still and beauty born of as veritable a contemplative emotion. For once, albeit in his own way, Saint-Saëns was scaling the heavens and bearing his hearers on his quest. If the Parisian may not write a mystical tonal poetry in the manner of Franck, he may at least achieve a mystical tonal prose. Again with the scherzo of the second part, Mr. Rabaud gained a fantastic diablerie of mood, fancy, stroke, which was no mere technical jugglery with showering arpeggi, slithering scales and chopped rhythms. Then the finale, in which the conductor attained the long, spacious, ardent advance, the mighty outspreading and enfolding cumulation that elsewhere have proved him a master of climax. So the symphony sounded by no small addition of Henri Rabaud to Camille Saint-Saëns.

On the other hand, with the fragment that is Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, neither conductor nor orchestra succeeded as well. Especially in the more strenuous measures of the allegro moderato, the music seemed to lack the transparency, the elasticity, the edgeless flow of Schubert lyric, even sentimental. For the first time in Boston, the band seemed to be playing as report says it played on those two beset days in New York. Particularly in the slow movement, somewhere between conductor and orchestra, the fine ear essential to the full beauty and charm of Schubert's music was missing. Moreover, was not Mr. Rabaud, in curious contrast to the Rabaud of Saint-Saëns's symphony, somewhat too cerebral, too austere with the whole music? Agreed that this gravity, this force suits the more impassioned voice, the occasional grimness even, of many a period, of many a solemn intervention in the first movement. Here, unmistakably, is music of a Schubert deepening, capable of tragic mood, courting power in the expression of it. Granted the elegiac, the mourning vein of other measures varying, continuing such mood. Yet soon emerges Schubert, the long-breathed singer for the sake of song, wreathing it in flowing counterpoint, smiling, almost, in innocent delight with spontaneous process, even when the mood behind is as troubled as that of this allegro moderato. The zest of music-making softens, as the movement proceeds, even a tragically-minded Schubert, while Mr. Rabaud would hold him grim to the end.

Still more with the succeeding andante of pure lyric flow, of melody welling from one choir to another, almost from instrument to instrument, ever finding new garlands of counterpoint or ornament, modulated as by a hundred quick impulses, warmed by the sentiment that

in Schubert breeds song. The outcome is the loveliness of such sound upon ear and fancy. The mind does not measure, but sensation and sentiment stir in the hearer no less than in the composer. Now, as it seemed yesterday, Mr. Rabaud and the orchestra stopped short at pains-taking exposition of this second movement; they missed grace, charm, spontaneity, euphonious flow. They were dry and firm where they should have been lissome, transparent. A sentimental music of the heart and impulse is such and nothing else. There is no making it music of the brain and meditation and not stripping it thereby out of a sun-shot poetry into a lustreless prose. There have been better days than yesterday for Schubert at the Symphony Concerts.

Between the two symphonies, alike in the sequence of the programme and the quality of the performance, stood Grieg's concerto. The enthusiasts, either for praise or dispraise of Grieg's music, will allow mere detached listeners to it no privilege of middle ground. Like all the rest of the Norwegian's pieces in their ears, this concerto is either a work of plenary inspiration from shadowy beginning to vociferous close, or else a dull, halting, threadbare thing on the way to deserved oblivion. The more precarious, then, the footing of those who will not take sides. The detractors hold out hands, the apostles withdraw them, when such listeners regret Grieg's tendency to over-emphasis as though he were never quite sure that his thoughts and moods in music would speak for themselves, or hint that not a few measures in the concerto now sound empty and inflated. The advocates are kindly, the opponents resentful, when those same moderates find pleasure in the springy melodies, the spirited rhythms, the happy up-leapings of the finale or in the moody charm and romantic glamor of the slow movement. All three can agree only that in the concerto Grieg is adroit in fusing or contrasting such opposed voices as those of piano and orchestra and that in the whole piece he is more sustained and less fitful of speech than was his later wont.

Again, moreover, the music seemed somewhat dryly played, with Mr. Rabaud and the orchestra faithful, sensitive, supple in accompaniment, but with Mme. Samaroff foregoing her usual nervous energy. Of old it was her most characteristic possession as pianist. Often it tipped her playing with fire, touched it, even, with brilliance. There were hints, indeed, yesterday, of this animating glow in the rhythmic verve and quick plasticity of her playing of the finale; but in the first movement she was content with little more than exposition of the music in hand. Dry was her touch; brittle was her tone. Even in the slow song, when

Grieg seemed to soften her fingers, round her tone, mould and melt her phrases, the listener still heard the piano less as the transfigured voice of music than as an instrument in which little felt hammers fall upon vibrating wires at the touch of keys.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY PRESENTS EXTREMES

Post Nov. 23 '18
Sweet Lyrical and
Ultra Modern
Words Heard

BY OLIN DOWNES

The fourth programme of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud, conductor, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Olga Samaroff, pianist, was soloist, playing the Grieg concerto. The purely orchestral compositions were Schubert's symphony in B minor and Saint-Saëns's symphony in C minor, for big modern orchestra, including the organ and piano, four hands.

WIDELY SEPARATED WORKS

No juxtaposition of two symphonies could have offered a more provocative comparison—on the one hand, the lyrical and profoundly emotional outpouring of the dreamer, Schubert, who left in this tragically uncomplete work the record of his last days as an artist, on the other, the elaborate architecture of Saint-Saëns, an intellectual, a man of the world, author of a symphony which embodies modern ideas of musical development of which the simple Schubert surely never dreamed.

Neither man could have come remotely within distance of the other. There-

fore it is the more interesting to consider the manner in which Saint-Saens treats a theme which has its genesis in a musical figure having more than a remote resemblance to a figure heard at the beginning of the symphony of Schubert!

Saint-Saens' Masterpiece

Saint-Saens would have understood Schubert's symphony better than the unsophisticated and comparatively unlearned Schubert would have understood the symphony of Saint-Saens. The symphony of Schubert is of course greater music, while as a musical edifice the symphony of Saint-Saens is considerably the more significant work of the two. Saint-Saens' themes assume a Proteus-like variety of manifestation. They are transformed, lengthened, broken apart, and one part pitted against the other. At last the thematic fragments cohere and combine in a sonorous and impressive finale. The structure is a colossal one. If all of the ideas are not in themselves worthy of the composer's intention, his skill in manipulating and building with them is past the praise of a dilettante who writes on a newspaper.

One realizes not only the breadth of Saint-Saens' musical knowledge and taste, but the profound earnestness shown by him in his desire to produce a French orchestral work worthy of the highest traditions of the symphonic form. Everything that modern composers had discovered when this work was written is exemplified in it. And yet—when a man writes music his head cannot be greater than his heart. Saint-Saens' symphony has everything except the all-compelling spiritual urge that begets enduring masterpiece. The symphony of Schubert says things more personal, more profound, and much more romantic.

It is curious. The latter work is almost exactly in the symphonic mould approved by the strict formulas, largely cast off today, of the early 19th century, yet it is subjective romanticism itself in tones. The symphony of Saint-Saens confesses its indebtedness to Liszt in particular, to Beethoven, to half a dozen others by whose discoveries and experiments the later composer profits. Yet this modern and elaborate symphony, comparatively free in its form, full of rich colors, and striking effects, seems today a classic of the most strictly classic sort, a monument of proportion, emotional restraint, enduring tradition.

It may be added that Saint-Saens' work had not been dreamed of as possessing so much force and formal grandeur as it was seen to have under Mr. Rabaud's baton yesterday. His performance was literally a revelation of the composition, which Dr. Muck played here under the eye of Saint-Saens himself in 1906. Mr. Rabaud's reading was

a memorable one, and one which we are certain Saint-Saens himself would have gratefully applauded had he been present. Mr. Snow gave an admirable performance of the organ part.

Much could be said of the slow movement of Schubert's symphony, a movement in which every phrase was exquisitely moulded, when the orchestra played with that beauty of tone, and of individual parts—notably Mr. Longy's cello—for which it has long been famous.

Mme. Samaroff's Playing

Mr. Rabaud grows on one as a conductor. His reading of standard orchestral works is never slavish routine, and always distinguished by the utmost conviction and the finest taste. He will be heard next week in more modern music. His performances of yesterday afternoon were of the most admirable quality—this though the tone of the horn choir was lacking at times in clearness and brilliancy.

Then there was Mme. Samaroff, flourishing her pretty paws in the Grieg concerto. She gave an authoritative and often poetic rendering of the work. From a tendency to over-brilliance and to a certain dryness of tone in the past she has gone over to a tone fuller, rounder and more singing than of yore, and a discretion in balancing with the orchestra, which was almost too pronounced on her part yesterday afternoon. She was recalled with much enthusiasm.

RABAUD LEADS FINE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe — Nov. 23/18
Mme Samaroff Pleases in Grieg Concerto

Mr Rabaud gave further proof of the fine qualities of his conducting yesterday. His "unfinished" symphony was exquisite romantic lyricism. The orchestra, attuning its voice to sheer and transparent beauty, sang the heavenly melodies of Schubert with tenderness, with grace, with a vernal freshness and animation, always as though with devotion. The strand was finely woven, one instrument taking with gallantry or with a curtsy the theme from the mouth of another, and spinning it into new loveliness. The slow movement was enchanting in its gentle melancholy, in the answering solace of its imperturbable calm, in a classic repose which by the plasticity and sympathy of Mr Rabaud's treatment became imaginative, even improvisational.

If the conductor brought to us Schubert as a charming and spontaneous singer, he only went from one romanticist to another of more modern idiom

and palette in Grieg's piano concerto in A minor, for which Mme Olga Samaroff was the soloist. Mr Rabaud's reading of this poignantly imaginative score was one of many moments of happy appreciation and sympathy. How hauntingly beautiful the introduction to the adagio for muted strings, with the darkly impassioned song of the cellos, and how autobiographical of Grieg!

Again in Saint-Saens' organ symphony, Mr Rabaud took due note of the polished expression, the characteristic pomp in sonorities as in rhythmical figuration; the equally characteristic elegance which never fails the conductor's senior countryman, and on occasion becomes majestic, as in the pontifical entrance of the organ, the pedals supporting the pageantry of the strings and rearing in dim vastness the curve of the cathedral nave. The organ was played yesterday by Albert Snow with discreet and expressive registration, with precision and taste.

Mme Samaroff has now in her playing a warmer feeling for the poetic content. The interim has added imagination and perception to performance. Fortunately she is not a heroic pianist. May she never become one. Her playing suggests visions. That is enough for the piano. It need not claim dominion over the air, the land and the sea. There was distinction, a fine sense of proportion in the curve of many a phrase—in the rhythmically satisfying announcement of the first theme of the first movement, which the pianist developed admirably in the cadenza, in the lyric quality of the second, and in the sturdy dance figure of the last. While there are pianists who play louder or with more theatrical brilliance, Mme Samaroff has given very rewarding attention to some of the most vital phases of the great art of expression.

MUSIC IN BOSTON

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud, conductor, fourth concert of thirty-eighth season, Symphony Hall, Boston, afternoon of Nov. 22, 1918, Olga Samaroff, pianist, soloist. The program: Schubert, "Unfinished" Symphony in B minor; Grieg, Concerto in A minor for pianoforte, Op. 16; Saint-Saens, Symphony in C minor, No. 3, Op. 78. (Albert Snow, organist). *Nov. 23, 1918.*

BOSTON, Massachusetts—Gradually his Boston public is coming to form a comprehensive and just estimate of Mr. Rabaud as it has opportunity to analyze his work. Previous to the concerts of this week, he had disclosed himself through Beethoven as a dignified, scholarly, yet fervid director. He had also shown remarkable skill as an accompanying conductor. This week he strengthened these impres-

sions and gave in addition through the Homeric measures of Saint-Saens, a glimpse of capabilities hitherto not in evidence. On the last occasion when Boston heard this symphony, the orchestra was under a constricting Teutonic domination; this time it had achieved a Gallic freedom and played with a warmth and spontaneity that the former rendition lacked. It was perhaps only to be expected that Mr. Rabaud should give a reading of his friend's work that should bear the stamp of authority; the breadth of vision and the depth of understanding he put into it, however, were welcome earnestness of his unfolding genius.

It is a profitable topic for debate whether if Schubert had completed his B Minor Symphony it would have the degree of popularity which it enjoys in its unfinished state. Four movements of such melancholy sweetness might cloy. Mr. Rabaud gave fortunately just a tinge of austerity to his reading of the score. The result was pleasant romance, not sentimentality.

Mme. Olga Samaroff played the Grieg piano Concerto spiritedly, a rendering more notable in tone perhaps than in interpretation. Mr. Rabaud gave what must be a most gratifying accompaniment to a soloist, although in this instance the soloist notably deferred to the conductor, a proceeding whereby the composer gained most of all.

On Sunday, Nov. 17 Josef Hofmann appeared in piano recital, playing a familiar program—so familiar it even included the Rubinstein "Melody in F"—with great power and in scholarly fashion. Mr. Hofmann's ability to pick out and emphasize the salient phrases of a composition—even of the Rubinstein "Melody in F"—makes a recital by him musically profitable both in an educative and a pleasurable sense.

As a result of the changes in personnel and management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Longy Club of wind instruments has had to be reorganized, and Mr. Georges Longy, the leader, announces that concerts are in contemplation by a group of players appearing under the same name and drawn from the faculty of the Longy School of Music.

1106

Mme. OLGA SAMAROFF (Mrs. Leopold Stokowski) was born at San Antonio, Tex., August 8, 1880. Her maiden name was Lucy Hickenlooper. As a child, she was taught the pianoforte by her grandmother and her mother. At the age of nine she studied with Constantin von Sternberg. In Paris she studied with Marmontel the elder and Widor. Entering the Paris Conservatory in 1895, she was for five years in the class of Delaborde. She took lessons of Ernest Hutcheson and Jedliczka in Berlin. Her first appearance with orchestra in public was in New York, January 18, 1905. Her first appearance in Boston was at a concert of the Boston Symphony Quartet, April 10, 1905, when she played with Mr. Krasselt, Saint-Saëns's violoncello sonata in C minor.

She has played in Boston at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra:—

1906, April 21, Grieg's Concerto.

1907, February 9, Tschaikowsky's Concerto, B-flat minor.

1908, April 4, Liszt's Concerto, E-flat major.

1909, November 27, Rubinstein's Concerto, D minor, No. 4.

She took part in the concert given in aid of the San Francisco Fund by the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, April 29, 1906 (Liszt's Concerto, E-flat major), and at the concert in aid of the Pension Fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, November 20, 1909.

Mme. Samaroff has also been heard here in various recitals and concerts. Her last appearance in Boston was at a Kneisel Quartet concert, January 2, 1917 (César Franck's pianoforte quintet).

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918-19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

FIFTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, AT 8 P. M.

WEBER,

OVERTURE to "Euryanthe"

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in C major, "Jupiter" (K. 551)

I. Allegro vivace

II. Andante cantabile

III. Menuetto; Allegretto; Trio

IV. Finale: Allegro molto

DUKAS,

SCHERZO, "L'Apprenti Sorcier," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice.") after a Ballad by Goethe

BORODIN,

SYMPHONY in B minor, No. 2

I. Allegro moderato

II. Molto vivo

III. Andante

IV. Allegro

There will be no Rehearsal and Concert next week

SYMPHONY'S FIFTH CONCERT

Herald — *Nov. 30, 1918*
Mr. Rabaud Gives Dramatic
Reading of Dukas's
Music

NEW SIGNIFICANCE TO COMPOSER'S WORKS

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its fifth concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Rabaud conducted. The program was as follows: Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe"; Mozart, "Jupiter" symphony; Dukas, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"; Borodin, Symphony No. 2, B minor.

Mr. Apthorp frequently spoke of the "Weberian flourish," of the chivalric spirit shown, not only in Weber's overtures to "Euryanthe" and "Oberon," but in much of his music for piano. Weber's operas are wholly unknown as stage-works to the younger generation in Boston. "Der Freischuetz" has not been seen here since 1896, when a German company gave a wretched performance. "Oberon" has not been performed here since the early seventies. It's a dull opera, with some beautiful music. There is talk of reviving it at the Metropolitan, where, if it is produced, it will no doubt be a gorgeous spectacle. Has "Euryanthe" been performed in Boston? It, too, is dull, dull beyond redemption, although at Dresden years ago we saw a most carefully prepared performance, for the cult of Weber in that city was then firmly established, and nowhere else was "Der Freischuetz" so admirably performed. Yet Weber was a mighty man in his day, influencing composers of other countries than his own, praised to the skies by Berlioz and Wagner. The latter had good reason for his enthusiasm; the influence of "Euryanthe" is observed in his early operas. Weber was a romanticist of the E. T. A. Hoffmann order. The music for the scene of the Wolf's Glen in "Der Freischuetz" is in no need of fireworks and ghostly apparitions for its terrifying effects. There is charming fairy music in "Oberon."

Then there is the mysterious Largo in the overture played yesterday. The grand arias, the set pieces for a soprano, with the final allegro section better suited to an orchestral instrument than the human voice, are now singularly out of fashion, but what could be better as music for a particular text than that for the opening scenes of "Der Freischuetz"? The three overtures will long preserve the composer's name. The orchestra performed the "Euryanthe" overture brilliantly.

The Scherzo of Dukas has become so familiar that performances of late at these concerts were more or less perfunctory, but we never really heard "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" till yesterday, when Mr. Rabaud gave a most dramatic reading of it, a reading that electrified the audience, which had listened apathetically to Mozart's symphony, so that, by reason also of the dim lighting the hall had resembled a family vault. Dukas's music, as played under Mr. Rabaud, had new significance. For once, the blasts of brass announcing the magician's return were awe-inspiring; for once, the water rushed and roared.

Few Frenchmen like the music of Tchaikowsky; they prefer that of Balakireff, Borodin, and Rimsky-Korsakoff, and not merely because Tchaikowsky, except in his Fourth symphony, was a cosmopolitan while the three were nationalists. No one but a Russian could have written this symphony of Borodin, a symphony that is now wild and barbaric, now gorgeous even in its folk tune melancholy. It is easy to see that legends and the ancient history of Russia were in his head when he invented this music; that he had in mind convocations of princes, songs of Slav troubadors, feasts where music of old instruments swelled the exultation.

This symphony is not only program music: it brings before the hearer the stage and a superb show of feudal Russia. Mr. Rabaud, duly emphasizing the oriental insistence of themes, caught the frenzied spirit of the headlong finale, while in the two middle movements there was the requisite contrasting delicacy. And now will not Mr. Rabaud this season let us hear Borodin's first symphony, which has not been performed here since the reign of Mr. Nikisch?

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week, for the orchestra will make its second trip. The program of the concerts Dec. 13, 14 is as follows: Beethoven, Symphony, No. 8; Converse, Orchestral Fantasy, "The Mystic Trumpeter" (after Walt Whitman's poem); Guilmant, Symphony No. 1, for organ and orchestra (Joseph Bonnet, organist).

There will be no Rehearsal and Concert next week

RABAUD LIKE ST. SAENS ON EXPERIMENTS

Adv. — Dec. 1, 1918
Symphony Program Is
Evidently Free From
Ultra-Modernism

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

PROGRAM.

"Euryanthe Overture".....Weber
"Jupiter Symphony".....Mozart
"The Sorcerer's Apprentice".....Dukas
Symphony in B-Minor, No. 2.....Borodin

Entirely orchestral and without any novelty (for Dr. Muck has given us excellent performances of the Borodin work), but well-contrasted and a program which was free from ultra-modernism. We begin to suspect that M. Rabaud is somewhat akin to Saint-Saens and regards some of the recent radical musical experiments with suspicion. The above program, given in Symphony Hall Friday and yesterday, was the only musical occasion of Thanksgiving week, except the Sunday concert which introduced Raoul Vidal to Boston.

We emphatically indorse M. Rabaud's reading of the Weber overture. Strong contrasts, crashing chords, and a touch of sensationalism suit well to this composer who was theatrical even in his sonatas. The French operatic conductor kept up this footlight flavor excellently, and the spicy performance was much appreciated. The horns did some excellent work, and Weber always has more horns than a dilemma — and more agreeable ones. The brilliancy of the entire work was remarkable, and it was the prelude to a very sparkling concert.

RABAUD A CLASSICIST.

But the Mozart "Jupiter" symphony showed M. Rabaud as a thorough classicist also. He did not take the virility out of Mozart but gave to the symphony something of modern vigor

and power. But nothing can reconcile the modern concertgoer to the old Andantes and Minuets. They are as tame in their repetitions and suavities as an eighteenth century sentimental novel ("Clarissa Harlowe" for example) would be. It is the first and last movements only which sustain the interest.

Some day a conductor will have the courage to give us single movements from the symphonies of Mozart, Haydn or Schubert. The glory of the fugue of the Finale will never grow dim. It is the only bit of quadruple counterpoint that we know of that does not seem pedantic or strained. The four voices are constantly inverting among themselves yet make fluent music in all their various positions, and they could be put in many more inversions and still be correct, had the composer defied the fear of monotony and carried them out.

This Finale was especially clear and well-balanced, making the intricate counterpoint clear even to the untrained auditor, yet probably few understood the tremendous skill of this part of the composition. It was not applauded as vehemently as some more obvious effects in the subsequent parts of the program. But to the trained musician it showed M. Rabaud in the very best light. He is proving himself a very worthy successor to his great predecessors.

PREPARING FOR JULY.

Dukas' setting of Goethe's subject is not new to Boston, but it bears repetition very well. The sorcerer's apprentice manages to change a broomstick into a water-carrier, but forgets the incantation to change him back. He remains an industrious bassoon bringing water without stint. The frenzied apprentice saws the broomstick in two; it only makes matters worse, for now he has two bassoons bringing twice as much water. Finally the master-magician returns and shuts off the water. This French "Overture to the Water-Carrier" will fit excellently after next July. It received an unctuously humorous reading and the bassoons were deserving of high praise. Poor Dukas! all his other works fall flat after this humorous masterpiece. It never pays to be as funny as one can. All in all this was the best performance of the quaint piece that we have yet had in Boston. But it was a mistake to follow this bizarrerie with more eccentricity. Mozart's symphony should have been placed between the Dukas and Borodin numbers.

Thus far the program had been theatrical, with Weber, classical and contrapuntal, with Mozart, humorous, with Dukas. It now became

pompous, but in a wild, barbaric style, with Borodin. The B minor symphony is very innocent of counterpoint and of complexity. It would shrivel up before the learning of Brahms or even of Mendelssohn. It has many crudities, but it is brimful of original ideas, has an attractive splendor and gives many a new flavor. Borodin is a direct descendant from Caucasian monarchs and may claim a genealogy reaching back to King David, and the oriental rhythms of his ancestors are often present in this striking symphony. The Andante has a lofty rhapsodical character which is intended to picture the songs of the ancient bards at some Russian court. The first movement and also the Finale has the character of some barbaric festival, not in the wild, vodka-inspired vein which Tschai-kovsky sometimes used, but sufficiently gorgeous nevertheless. When I first missed the mark in my sketches we feel doubly grateful to Borodin for giving some-thing old saying runs — and you find a Borodin has scratched the veneering.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Nov. 30, 1918
MR. RABAUD NEATLY BALANCES A
PROGRAMME

Weber's Overture to "Euryanthe" and
Dukas's "Sorcerer's Apprentice," a Sym-
phony by Mozart and a Symphony by
Borodin — Objective Performance of All
Four Pieces—Contrasts, and Also Re-
flections, Along the Way

IN the days in which Maurice Grau was director of the Metropolitan Opera House, complaint arose, as it does perennially in that theatre, over the disturbance of the audience by late comers. One and another complainant suggested to the manager that performances begin a quarter or a half hour later and so give the tardy more leeway. "If we did not begin till midnight," returned the manager in his meditative voice, "there are people who would come in toward one o'clock. They're built that way." Now at the Symphony Concerts here in Boston, Mr. Rabaud's programmes are the shortest that the audiences have known in a dozen years. Intermission included, they run barely an hour and forty minutes. Yet yesterday afternoon there were enough departures before the final number to draw the attention of the casual listener. Possibly imperative engagements or the exigencies of suburban time-tables compelled them.

Quite as likely mere habit prompted them. Possibly, having heard one symphony by Mozart, some retreated before another by Borodin, even though the two musics are as far apart as the poles. Seemingly, Mr. Rabaud is inclined to programmes containing two symphonies. A fortnight hence, he proposes for the same pair of concerts one by Beethoven and another by Guilmant. A week ago Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, though only two movements span it, began the programme, while another, very complete indeed, by Saint-Saens ended it. In the nature of things, there is no reason why a conductor should not include two symphonies in a single concert, if so to do rounds his programmatic scheme and the contrast between them in matter and manner sufficiently offsets the repetition of form. Yet, in concrete practice, seldom do two symphonies stand upon one programme in orchestral concerts in the United States. Audiences are unaccustomed to more than one at a time; when they have been served with two, they used to believe that conductors were superfluously cultivating a pretentiously serious German way. Mr. Rabaud may easily escape this reproach, but it is not necessary for him to take too literally the phrase, "Symphony Concerts." Yet, one symphony or two, the early goers will hardly alter the custom that every conductor at Symphony Hall has openly or secretly resented. Mr. Grau summed the practice and the necessary resignation to it in "They're built that way."

Admirable was Mr. Rabaud's exposition of the four familiar pieces that yesterday filled his programme. He struck fire in the overture to Weber's "Euryanthe," though there were moments at the beginning and at the end when the orchestra seemed hardly so ardent as he. Better the chosen strings gained the moonlit and remote beauty of the intervening slow measures. Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony rose from the conductor's hand clearly outlined, aptly paced, discreetly modulated, with more warmth and spring in the first and the final Allegros than with melancholy sentiment in the Andante or formal elegance in the Minuet. The listener heard the symphony as he might look upon a well posed, well wrought photograph of a familiar object. As fully Mr. Rabaud imparted the pictorial quality of Borodin's symphony in B minor. There was no need of printed list of the images that consciously or unconsciously crossed the composer's mind as he wrote. Rather they outstood from the clangorous music of the beginning and the end when the boyards of old Russia, throng the scene striding, feasting, exulting in their pride and power; or, again, for the slow movement, when ancient minstrels touch the strings of their gusli and sing the fates or the prowess of old legend.

There will be no Rehearsal and Concert next week

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or when Russian fantasy and nervous exhilaration whip through the scherzo and, even so, may not quite flee melancholy.

Alike, however, for conductor, orchestra and audience, the piece of the afternoon was Dukas's tonal tale of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." For the fifteenth time it was played "at these concerts" to a public in whom familiarity seems only to multiply enjoyment. It is not distinguished music as the pieces of Dukas's Parisian generation go; in more than one quality, it is no more than workaday composition well devised for the concert-hall. As little is it distinctive of the Dukas who ascends to high and deep tonal emotion, to radiant tonal picture in his music-drama of "Ariana and Bluebeard" or who gains the poetic atmosphere, the piteous illusion of the "dance-poem" of "The Peri." In fact, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" is a homely, transparent, well made, piece of programme-music that sets a scene and tells a tale with plentiful vivacity and occasional humor. The progress of the Scherzo as such, the unfolding and the pointing of the motives whence it springs, are plain to the simplest ear; the progress and the pointing of the watery adventures of the magician and his apprentice are as clear and entertaining to the easiest-going mind. The impression, the pleasure of the whole is complete, satisfying—the more yesterday for the freshening energy, the pervading liveliness, the senso of tonal picture and tonal humor that a new conductor and a new orchestra brought to the piece. To rhythmic exactness and verve, to fancy with the conjuring measures that summon and dismiss the tale, Mr. Rabaud added a hearty plain-spoken humor, laid on a touch of burlesquing exaggeration more in accord with the piece than a forcing quest of subtle, sardonic innuendo. Dukas is still in his early fifties; he still ripens; he may yet excel "Ariana" or "The Peri," but to the public of his time, at home and abroad, he will remain Dukas of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." How many conductors and how often have blessed him for the gap in their programmes his Scherzo stands perennially ready to fill!

So ran a tranquil and pleasurable concert with room for those wandering reflections which are sauce to familiar music so objectively played as seems Mr. Rabaud's way with whatever piece he undertakes. Suppose, for example, a very courageous conductor should restore the small orchestra, as orchestras go nowadays, for which Mozart wrote this "Jupiter" symphony. Such a band need not approximate the actual numbers, if they can be ascertained, of the bands the composer himself led in such music, but it should diminish the weight of string-tone that an orchestra of 1918 by sheer body gives to

measures intended to run more lightly, more pliantly than sixteen first violins, fourteen second, and the attendant violas, violoncellos and double-basses can possibly move. The unescapable volume of string tone that now encloses these eighteenth-century symphonies tends to make them rigid, precise, angular. Recall for a moment the so-called fugued finale of this "Jupiter" symphony. For a century and a quarter, it has justly passed as a masterpiece of musical scholarship, resource, elaboration. None the less it is music designed to move fleetly, brightly, as in swift and glinting pattern upon the air. Yet so many-voiced a string choir as played it yesterday, as play it nowadays wherever it is heard, thicken and stay such a music, no matter how transparent the tone, how light the figuration, how quick the pace.

From like "unavoidable circumstances," eighteenth-century minuets tend to become heavy-footed in twentieth-century performance; Allegros, like that at the beginning of the "Jupiter" symphony, in which fitful mood plays, lose the force of contrast that the composer designed from period to period; while the charm of melancholy and sentimental music-making that he would infuse into his slow movements, smothers under too ample performance. Admittedly these eighteenth-century symphonies were a thin music as modern ears measure harmonic and instrumental vesture. But, being a thin music, they are supple to the slightest inflection of the composer, turn readily into whatever arabesque his fancy or workmanship summons, are translucent to every ray of his moods. However discerning the conductor, however light-fingered and light-lipped the orchestra, the mere numbers of the band stiffen and darken this music. Moreover, if an orchestra of thirty "sounded" in the theatres where Strauss's "Ariadne on Naxos" was installed, why should not an orchestra of forty "sound" in Mozart's or Haydn's symphonies in the halls of Boston or New York, A. D. 1918?

If ever there was pure music, contained within itself and in the response of hearers, sufficient unto itself and to them, it is this "Jupiter" symphony of Vienna in 1787. In contrast, Borodin's symphony of Petrograd, ninety years later, cries out for a setting of the stage, for the mutually heightening illusion of the theatre. Mr. Diaghilev has spared not the Russian composers to meet the exigencies of his ballet. Rimsky-Korsakov's surging sea-music in "Scheherazade," has underscored the vengeance of a Sultan upon a faithless Sultana, caught in the arms of her slave. Wholly unrelated measures from Glazunov and other Muscovites have been pinned upon a choreographic tale of one of Cleopatra's nights. Only with the tone poem of Balakirev, "Thamar," has it occurred to

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Mr. Diaghilev that Russians have written symphonic music that invited the picturing, the miming of the choreographic stage. The pedantic may repine as they will at the lack of "development" in Borodin's second symphony, at his short-breathed processes, less fertilizing than re-clothing his motives in whatever rhythmic and harmonic garb he can devise; at his open-voiced melodies, his candid progressions.

Yet no sooner does this music fall upon the hearer's ear than pictures, actions take shape, color, motion upon the stage of the imagination. There throng the capped, furred, multi-colored boyards between the high straight walls, under the bulging domes of monastery or castle courtyard. Then weapons clank; their march rings; loud are their voices; turbulent their bearing. Or else they feast in like barbaric splendor and tumult, their vassals shouting around them, the hot glare of Russian summer upon their heads. Or in the shadowed hall of the old king weary, minstrels touch their strings and in choir retell the legends of his folk. Music of picture, of ancient, passionate fable, of old forgotten splendors, remote but unfading; yet to no stage except that of the imagination will any one summon them. The Musorgsky of "Boris," the Rimsky of "Sadko" and many another opera is not more pictorial than the Borodin of this symphony. His opera, "Prince Igor" is often less a music of the theatre.

H. T. P.

GAY AND GRAVE BY SYMPHONY

Well Balanced and
Interesting List
Played

Post

Nov. 30, 1918

BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, which will be re-

peated this evening, was one uncommonly well balanced and interesting from beginning to end: Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," Mozart's C major, or "Jupiter" symphony; Dukas' ingenious piece, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and Borodin's second symphony.

ENTERING "MODERN" FIELD

Mr. Rabaud appears to be building, slowly but surely, commencing with classic masterworks, wherein he is sure of technical perfection already established on the part of the orchestra, and gradually entering the modern field. It may here be admitted that the words "classic" and "modern" are not as easy to define as they may appear to be. It is likely that the virile and gorgeously colored symphony of Borodin will be less modern than the "Jupiter" symphony of Mozart in years to come. The finale of this latter symphony is still a wonder of wonders of workmanship and inspiration. The slow movement is one of pure and ineffable beauty, a beauty found only in Mozart, and in no other composer of his time or this one. It is a symphony for which Mr. Rabaud is apparently exceptionally equipped by tastes and training.

He gives a romantic reading of a romantic work—the "Euryanthe" overture, which, despite its measures of fustian in the opening, and in the more or less conventional flourishes of the reprise, is ultra-romantic in the mysterious middle portion. Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice" is about as far as one work could be from another, when one compares it with Weber's music. It is an extra brilliant piece. Whether it matches in value the superbly colored ballet music from "The Peri," which Mr. Monteux introduced in this city, is another question. The infernal cleverness of Dukas is not for us so happily distinguished in "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" as it is in the later ballet. The themes of the former are not modern French nor pleasingly exotic, as they are in the ballet. They are, in fact, commonplace in a Gounodish manner. Nevertheless the piece is witty, very well made, and instrumentated with a master hand.

Borodin's music is more natural, echoing, to be sure, his opera, "Prince Igor," but having in it something of the vigor and the freedom of those epic days of ancient Russia of which one has a taste in literature, such as the "Taras Bulba" of Gogol. The winds of the steps, the clash of arms, the joy of roving peoples, are strongly felt, at least by the writer, in these pages.

RABAUD CONDUCTS DUKAS BRILLIANTLY

9 Cobe Nov. 30, 1918
Treats Mozart With Fine
Taste and Skill

Mr Rabaud showed at yesterday afternoon's concert with what authority, taste and skill he could discriminate among three compositions for orchestra as radically diverse in character and school as a symphony of Mozart, a modern French tone-poem, a symphony from one of the Russian nationalists, in part racial if not highly distinctive or representative, and as a prelude to all, an overture of Weber's, that to "Eury-anthe," of flamboyant romanticism and a passage for the upper strings of real musical beauty.

The "Jupiter" symphony yesterday was an instructive study in color, style and regard for period. It would not have been easy to believe that it was the same body of strings playing the finely spun Mozart that immediately after contributed to the scintillating performance of Dukas' "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." The fineness of Mozart's structure, its classic purity of line, its faultless proportion, its cool order and repose even in the ardent fugal dialogue of the remarkable last movement and the transparent clearness of every bar—all were to be found in a reading no less admirable for the quiet authority with which it was set forth than for the perception and sensibility which were its source.

But the feature of the afternoon was Mr Rabaud's brilliant performance of Dukas' scherzo. At last this score of exquisite conceit and fantasy has been heard favored with a resilient Gallic wit and imagination. There was piquant, pungent incisiveness, drollery elbowing flashing humor, in all, the satire of champagne or of the poignard, never of the bludgeon. The composer of the fanciful "Marouf" illumined Dukas' score as neither of his two immediate predecessors. The orchestra played superbly for him and the performance was applauded with unwonted vigor.

Borodin's second symphony is more Russian in the chanting theme of the first movement and some of its ponderous variants than, for example, in the second. Composed of material originally intended for other works, the score lacks coherence and sustained interest, as it does evidences of marked invention. There is not the color of Rimsky-Korsakow nor the sheer dramatic force of Moussorgsky. Mr Rabaud did not sandpaper the Slavic virility in the first movement and made the most of the last.

Nov. 30, Music in Boston 1918.
Specially for The Christian Science Monitor
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud, conductor, fifth concert of thirty-eighth season, Symphony Hall, Boston, afternoon of Nov. 29, 1918. The program: Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe"; Mozart, Symphony in C major, "Jupiter" (K. 551); Dukas, Scherzo, "L'Apprenti Sorcier" ("The Sorcerer's Apprentice"); Borodin, Symphony in B minor, No. 2.

BOSTON, Massachusetts — Some day a conductor may be found who will have the courage to dismiss half of his strings just before a Mozart number, gather the rest in a compact body about the small group of wood winds and brass which are specified by a Mozart score, and the result will be a tonally sufficient but plastic orchestra that might make the music sound as it is written. The restful and pleasantly definite music of Mozart, with no uncertainties of development and no astounding statements of ideas, is good to hear occasionally in the midst of the clamant outpourings of our own day. The restfulness of the "Jupiter" symphony was misinterpreted by the men of the Boston Orchestra as somnolence, and in spite of the efforts of the conductor, and these were vigorous and earnest, the symphony had a sluggishness and rigidity that must have enraged Mr. Rabaud as much as it bored the audience. Mr. Rabaud's efforts had been unable to rouse the players in the "Euryanthe" overture. Only with the second half of the program did the orchestra show anywhere near the verve which Mr. Rabaud had been demanding. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" had the dash which the baffled conductor had been seeking and the men succeeded in furnishing, at its climax, the great moment of the afternoon.

The rigidity and heaviness of the strings, anathema in Mozart, were just what Borodin demanded for the sombre grandiloquence of the opening measures of his Second Symphony. Borodin, after all, does not have a great deal to say in this symphony, and its chief merit lies in the fact that its dimensions are compacted into correspondence with its paucity of ideas. The sonorous quality and the strongly tinged national feeling are of interest,

but there is a disturbing lack of skill in transition and a want of cleverness in invention.

On Sunday, Nov. 24, Raoul Vidas, the new young French violinist, appeared in Boston, sharing his program with Miss Rosita Renard, the Chilean pianist. Mr. Vidas made a marked impression for he has a remarkable tone and a gracious approach to his audience. He is a young man who is fully capable of making his own way and that without the artificial methods that have attended the advance of some of his colleagues among the younger violinists.

Items and Announcements

The Symphony Orchestra left Boston last evening for its second journey of the season to New York and the other cities southward that it regularly visits. In none of them has Mr. Rabaud yet been heard as conductor, and curiosity runs correspondingly high. In New York on Thursday evening he will repeat the programme of his first concerts in Boston—Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, Saint-Saëns's tone-poem, "The Youth of Hercules," and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice." In the same city on Saturday afternoon, he and the orchestra will play the pieces in which they were heard here last week—the "Jupiter" symphony of Mozart, the second symphony of Borodin, Dukas's tonal tale of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," and Weber's overture to his opera "Euryanthe." Elsewhere one and another of these numbers, plus Beethoven's seventh symphony, furnish forth the programme.

F. S. CONVERSE,

ORCHESTRAL
peter," after

GUILMANT,

SYMPHONY
Orchestra
Cadenza

Solo

JOSEPH

The Listener's Mind

That's the worst symphony I ever heard in my life. I don't see how the orchestra can play it and keep their faces straight. I almost wish I hadn't come. And the symbolistic explanation in the programme notes is ridiculous. Still, a sense of humor doesn't go with the musical temperament. We can't have everything.

I hope I can carry that hat ahead of me in my mind until I get home to a pencil and paper. Aline can copy it perfectly. The brim is brought right up in the back and continued as the crown. It's an awfully smart idea.

That number was better. Such a contrast! I feel so uplifted when I listen to great music. It brings the tattered ends of existence right together, somehow. Art is wonderful. I'm definitely convinced by this time that I like it better than nature. Of course I might like nature better if I weren't so near-sighted and could tell the flowers and birds apart with greater ease, but even so, I'm pretty sure that I like the things man has made better than the things God has made. I don't think it's sacrilegious, either. God made man, so it's all the same. And man is only working out his own divinity when he produces art. What's that Joyce Kilmer couplet?

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

I don't know. Perhaps I'm wrong.

I must ask the superintendent tomorrow if he'll let me have my bedroom floor painted. If he won't, there's no use putting all that money into having the furniture redone. And I want all the side lights in the entire apartment yanked out. They're so unæsthetic. I can have lamps at different levels.

Thank Heaven the pianist is good-looking! One critic said she had the poise of a Paderewski. I hate this side of the hall. You never can see their fingers. . . . This is the last time I shall bring Elena to a concert. When she talks, she talks right out loud. And I can't very well shush her. She's older than I am.

My watch has stopped! And I shan't have the slightest idea when to go out. Ned said he'd be at the Ritz at 4.30. It says 3.45 now, but of course I haven't any idea how long it hasn't been going. Life is hard. . . . They're going to play the "Love-Death" from "Tristan." If I'd known that, wild horses couldn't have dragged me away early. Not only do I adore it but I want to see if Mrs. William Jay stalks out and leaves Mr. Stransky flat. [Baird Leonard in The New York Telegraph].

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918--19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

SIXTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, AT 8 P. M.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in F major, No. 8, op. 93

- I. Allegro vivace e con brio
 - II. Allegretto Scherzando
 - III. Tempo di menuetto
 - IV. Allegro vivace
-

CONVERSE,

ORCHESTRAL FANTASY, "The Mystic Trumpeter," op. 19, (after the Poem by Walt Whitman)

GUILMANT,

SYMPHONY in D minor, No. 1, for Organ and Orchestra, op. 42

- I. Largo e maestoso. Allegro
- II. Pastorale: Andante quasi allegretto
- III. Finale: Allegro assai

Cadenza by Joseph Bonnet

Soloist:

JOSEPH BONNET



Drawn for The Christian Science Monitor

Joseph Bonnet, organist

SIXTH CONCERT OF SYMPHONY

Opens with Beethoven
Work—Converse's "Mystic Trumpeter" Given

ORGANIST BONNET'S FIRST APPEARANCE

By PHILIP HALE

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony, No. 8; Converse, "The Mystic Trumpeter," Orchestral Fantasy (after the poem of Walt Whitman); Guilmant, Symphony, No. 1, for organ and orchestra. Joseph Bonnet, organist, played for the first time at these concerts.

By this time no one in Boston believes that only a German can interpret the music of Beethoven. Messrs. Rabaud, Monteux and Messager have proved that the old idea, long entertained by some in this city, was absurdly false. Beethoven did not write his music for a parish or a country; he wrote it for the world. Nowhere has Beethoven's purely orchestral music been performed with greater reverence and with more brilliant and emotional results than in the city of Paris. Nowhere has it been more appreciated and with finer discrimination than in Paris. The performances by the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire under Habeneck moved Richard Wagner to enthusiasm. Habeneck's successors maintained the reputation of the preceding performances. At the Chatelot and at the Lamoureux concerts the symphonies of Beethoven have been often and superbly performed, nor has the public appreciation of these works, awakened by Habeneck, waned with the years.

Too often in Boston a symphony by Beethoven has been treated by conductor, orchestra and audience as an old and highly respectable relative whose annual visits were to be treated with perfunctory courtesy. Four or five symphonies were expected in the season; the sooner they were over, the better. Tribute to a great man had been paid.

Yesterday Beethoven's Eighth, which has not been the most "popular" of the last seven, assumed an importance that made some wonder why its peculiar eminence had not been sooner recognized. Mr. Rabaud did not bring about this result by any extravagance in tempo, in phrasing, or by the discovery of "inner and concealed" melodic phrases. He brought it about by legitimate and musical means. His choice of tempi was happy; the cantabile phrases were sung expressively, but without too great freedom; there was elasticity, not licentiousness. How effectively he prepared the climaxes, with inevitable quickening of the pace that carried with it the expectation of the hearer! The climax, then, was as convincing as any natural phenomenon. There was no attempt to give passing measures, more or less conventional grave significance. There was clear and logical thought; there was truly musical rhetoric. In this symphony there are pages that reveal as in no other one of the Nine, characteristics of Beethoven: whimsicality, even freakishness; humor that is akin to practical joking, a certain coarseness that is to be found in the work of nearly every genius; the coarseness, not vulgarity, not commonness, of a virile, mighty nature. These characteristics are plainly shown in the last movement; and in this movement, near the end, is an unexpected, almost irrelevant episode, that sets the hearer a-dreaming, measures that only Beethoven could have written; an irresistible effect gained by a surprising economy of means.

Mr. Converse's "Mystic Trumpeter," first performed in Philadelphia nearly 13 years ago, was suggested, as is well known, by a poem of Walt Whitman. The fantasia follows with one exception the sections of the poem: the visions of a rapt bard excited by the notes of a wild trumpeter, "some strange musician, hovering unseen in air"; of "the cool, refreshing night, the walks of Paradise"; of love, with Whitman's apostrophe that might be compared with the opening of Swinburne's Prelude to his "Tristram and Iseult"; of shipwreck, murder, war; of all humiliated, offended, dejected; of mankind at last a reborn race, joyous, exultant. This poem, surely, enwrapped the composer, for without being literal in translation, without the attempt at realism that is too often impotent, he has rhapsodically turned the poet's free verse into glowing, and dramatic, musical expression.

It has been said that the foreign conductors of this orchestra have not rehearse faithfully the pieces of American composers. The statement, unjust and peevish, came as a rule from composers whose music made no marked impression on the audience. We do not believe that any conductor deliberately

slighted in rehearsal any American composer. Whether his interpretation was intelligent is another matter. That depended on the nature and ability of the conductor. Mr. Rabaud, who has shown since his arrival, genuine interest in orchestral works of Americans, gave a most eloquent reading of Mr. Converse's Fantasia. The music itself and the performance of the orchestra awakened the enthusiasm of the audience. The applause, which Mr. Converse acknowledged modestly, was much more than a genial compliment to him; it was the public expression of delight at hearing an engrossing and imaginative work by an American sympathetically interpreted by a Frenchman.

Mr. Bonnet is not a stranger in Boston. A virtuoso of the first rank and an accomplished musician, he has awakened interest in the organ and in its ancient and modern literature. He chose yesterday the symphony of Guilmant, familiar to all organists in the form of a solo sonata. The Pastorale is charming in every way. The other movements are effective for concert use, although the thematic material in itself and in its development is not of conspicuous quality. Guilmant afterwards wrote compositions that redound more to his credit than the first and third movements of this symphony. Mr. Bonnet, who introduced a cadenza of his own, played in a masterly manner.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: D'Indy, "Wallenstein," trilogy after Schiller's poem; Chopin, concerto in E minor (Josef Hofmann, pianist); Berlioz, overture to "King Lear."

An Organist at the Symphony Concert

Adm. & Anti. — Dec. 15, 1918

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

PROGRAM.

Beethoven, Eighth Symphony.

Converse, The Mystic Trumpeter. Orchestral Fantasy.

Guilmant, Symphony in D minor, for Organ and Orchestra.

Soloist—M. Joseph Bonnet.

OUR French conductors have given us a rather continuous succession of Beethoven this season. Can it be possible that they have the idea that we need to be educated in the standard classics? We can as-

sure them that we are familiar with Beethoven, and while familiarity does not breed contempt, in this case, much repetition may lead to a craving for a change; we may even hanker for the fleshpots of Wagner.

But the eighth symphony is short and bright and never wears out its welcome. We can imagine the modern symphonists, who take more room than the Mauritania to turn about in, sniffing at a symphony only a half an hour in length. All the dainty and piquant points were brought out broadly (sometimes too broadly) in the reading. The pretty dialogue in the second movement between the violins and the cellos was exquisitely played, and the sudden capricious end of this movement had just the right brusquerie. The playful antique minuet was like an echo of Mozart, but the finale was the gem of it all. The contrabasses interrupted the innocent flute in the most comical manner—in a sudden jump from the garret to the basement of the orchestra—and the kettle-drums and bassoons played their very unusual duet in the properly grotesque manner. In one sense the bassoon was Beethoven's favorite instrument; he was almost always jolly when he wrote for it. In this symphony bassoons, contrabasses and kettle-drums are dragged curiously into the foreground, and the whole work is humor shaped in a most classical form. It was, however, a little over-emphasized.

Converse's composition is founded on Walt Whitman's poem of the same title. How many errors literary people make when they get on musical ground! Here is Whitman (in the full version of the poem) telling his musician to sound

"Thy cornet, echoing, pealing;" whereas a true trumpeter would decline to play a cornet. In like manner Coleridge speaks of the wedding guest hearing "the loud bassoon," while the bassoon is neither loud nor likely to be especially prominent at weddings. And Tennyson invites Maud to come into the garden to hear a band composed of "violin, flute, bassoon," which would rival the worst street band one could possibly hear. The poets are not reliable musical guides.

However, Mr. Converse has given the trumpeter his proper instrument and made it fairly prominent (it might have been more so), and it was well played in this tone picture. We have always considered Mr. Converse one of the best masters of orchestration that we possess on this side of the Atlantic, and he here makes some fine contrasts between Peace and War which come home to us more pregnantly than when we heard the

work ten years ago. The note of Triumph, which forms the climax, is also very fitting today, and the composition comes very close to us because it fits well to the present times.

There is much obbligate work in the piece and harp, oboe, bass clarinet and piccolo were almost as prominent as the trumpeter aforesaid, especially the piccolo with its reminiscence of "Marching Through Georgia." The climaxes are gloriously worked up, even if the work is somewhat fragmentary, not sufficiently unified. It received a finer reading than it has ever had in Boston. M. Rabaud interpreted it magnificently and the result was an overwhelming public enthusiasm which was poured out upon both conductor and composer, the latter being obliged to rise twice from his seat in acknowledgment.

The concert ended with a prominent and unusual display of organ combined with orchestra. We have far too little organ-music in Boston concerts. Considering that Boston possesses such great concert organists as George E. Whiting, Wallace Goodrich, Henry M. Dunham, and others, we ought to have regular organ recitals here as they have in Portland.

The instrument in Symphony Hall is a peculiar one. It is excellent in quality and has enough variety of stops. It would be better if it had four manuals (as the organs in Emmanuel, Old South and Immaculate Conception) instead of three. The console, designed by Mr. Lang, is rather complicated, so much so that Mr. Clarence Eddy once spent an entire week in practice upon it, in order to get full control of its resources.

The Guilmant symphony (originally a solo sonata written for the inauguration of the new organ in Notre Dame, Paris), was made by him into an organ concerto, under the symphonic title. It is very difficult to combine the two forces successfully. The best method is to have the work largely antiphonal, between organ and orchestra, and Guilmant has made full use of this device. He has achieved a popular work, in the best sense of the word, and the last movement is something more than that. In the first movement there are some frank efforts to catch the public, some moments of mere prettiness. The second movement is a good compromise between the classical and popular, for the untrained auditor will find plenty of melody to enjoy, while the musician will note some very good counterpoint in the treatment, particularly canonic work.

But the Finale is the really artistic part of the symphony. Here one

finds all the difficulty of an advanced organ toccata, and yet the orchestral development is by no means slighted. There is good, logical figure treatment, clean through to the Coda, with most brilliant organ work for both manuals and pedals, and M. Joseph Bonnet was very effective in this most difficult movement. His own cadenza added to the display work of the symphony, and was not only well played, but was a good piece of musical construction. It had some difficult and rapid pedalling. All through the work Guilmant's skill and tact in working up to a climax was in evidence. If there was occasionally a touch of French confectionery there was also a fine exhibition of Gallic tact, grace and skill in working up climaxes, which made the work a triumph for the composer, for M. Bonnet, for M. Rabaud, and for our great orchestra, which has proved recently that it is not going backwards under the new regime, great as its preceding conductors have been. M. Bonnet was recalled at the end with great applause. Instead of rushing for coatroom and trolleys almost the entire audience remained to show their appreciation of the great work and the great organist who had interpreted it.

BONNET SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY

Organ Virtuoso Plays
Guilmant's First
Symphony

Post — Dec. 14, 1918
BY OLIN DOWNES

Joseph Bonnet, organist and composer, was soloist at the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Bonnet played the symphony for or-

gan and orchestra, No. 1, op. 42, of his master, Alexandre Guilmant.

The other compositions performed were F. S. Converse's tone-poem after Walt Whitman, "The Mystic Trumpeter," and Beethoven's eighth symphony.

BONNET THE PAST MASTER

It is rarely indeed that an organist, not a regular member of an orchestra, but a traveling virtuoso and composer, is invited to officiate at a symphony concert. The organ is seldom thought of as a solo instrument. Perhaps the unusual sight of the organist laboring manfully at his instrument, hands, head and feet moving with vigor if not precision, is prejudicial to his chances with the managers. Where should the organist be seated? Yesterday Mr. Bonnet set in full view of the audience, and for those who are appreciative of organ technic his mastery of pedals as well as manuals was evident to the eye as to the ear.

Mr. Bonnet is indeed a past master of his instrument and in every respect a great musician. It would be superfluous to refer to the extraordinary finish and brilliancy of his technic, his infallibly precise attack and release, the cleanness of his rapid passages and the perfect legato which he maintains when he desires it in passages of the most complicated voice-leading. This is the machinery of his art, long since perfected. It served to conceal the difficulty of his enormous physical accomplishment and to make certain the force and breadth of his style, the authority with which he now supported and now led on the orchestra; his skill in color obtained through the most artistic registration; and the astonishing vitality and precision of his rhythm. The concerto itself is conspicuous for its solid workmanship, the master, of form and the very effective and harmonious instrumentation. But with a less effective opportunity to display his mastery, Mr. Bonnet would have made a lasting impression on his audience.

Converse's Tone Poem

Mr. Converse's tone-poem wears well with the years. It was composed in 1904 and was first heard in Boston in 1907. The mood is lofty, the prelude and the opening solo of the mystic trumpeter establish a noble and poetic mood. The principal phases of Whitman's verses are freely followed. The harmonic scheme of the love-music is well conceived as a contrast to that of the opening. The music of war is stirring, nor is the quotation of a few measures from "Marching Through Georgia" incongruous. The conclusion is highly effective, and a worthy capstone of the work

which we personally consider Mr. Converse's finest accomplishment for orchestra. This work should be heard much oftener. The performance of Mr. Rabaud was a very brilliant one, and the composer bowed his acknowledgements from an obscure corner of the hall.

Rabaud the Classicist

Mr. Rabaud strengthens one's impressions of his exceptional gift as a classicist. His readings of symphonic music of the classic school revitalize these works, not in an impudent or unduly modernist spirit, but in a manner which impresses anew on the hearer the vigor and human meaning of the music, and the incalculable significance of great musical form.

As for the symphony—is it not one of the most unique accomplishments of genius? The traditions of the symphony and the orchestra were maintained in this performance, one of uncommon eloquence.

ANOTHER BRILLIANT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Mr Bonnet Plays Superbly in Guilmant Symphony

9 cols — Dec. 14/18
In "The Mystic Trumpeter" of Mr. Frederick S. Converse of this city, Mr. Rabaud conducted a score yesterday afternoon with which he probably was less familiar, if at all, than other modern works on his programs thus far, such as Dukas' "The Sorcerer's Apprentice."

There was the greater admiration for his brilliant performance, admiration, for it was euphonious, plastic, emotional and at moments highly dramatic orchestral playing irrespective of a program. It was also a performance throwing into new relief admirable qualities in workmanship and expression in Mr. Converse's treatment of Walt Whitman's poem, which for his purpose he divided into five parts. "elemental phases—mystery and peace, love, war or struggle, humiliation and finally joy." The inspiring vision—the human, wholesome, heartening optimism of the poet—is reflected in many of these pages, and Mr. Rabaud, consciously or unconsciously, was partner to it. There was idealism in the love music, a noble sympathy in the slow movement which did not become lachrymose, and in the last pages an exultation—yesterday even a fine frenzy—which did not become bombast. A score with qualities which may be called characteristically "American," one curiously appropriate in thought and illuminating in expression for this time,

The composer twice acknowledged the enthusiastic reception by the audience. No remembered performance of it was to be compared to this.

Joseph Bonnet, the distinguished French organist, appeared as soloist for the first time at these concerts, playing Guilmant's first symphony in D minor for organ and orchestra. By his appearances here in recital on this same organ, the beauty of which is too rarely heard, and on the fine instrument at the New Old South Church, Mr. Bonnet revealed the true distinction of his art. Yesterday he again played as a master in his consummate skill with pedals and manuals, in his judicious and illuminating registration, in the breath and repose of his style, his virtuosity in bravura, his taste and characteristic sense of proportion, and no less than these, in the invention and admirable development found in his own cadenza and the brilliance with which he played it.

Many gladly would have heard Mr. Bonnet, whose repertory is extensive, add solo numbers more representative of his modern school. Mr. Rabaud aided in a splendid performance.

An excellent performance of Beethoven's "little" symphony, the 8th, began the concert.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Dec. 14, 1918
BEETHOVEN, MR. CONVERSE AND AN ORGANIST

Mr. Bonnet as "Assisting Artist" in a Piece That Well Displays Him as Virtuoso and Musician — "The Mystic Trumpeter" Deservedly Heard Again—Mr. Rabaud Freshens Another Classic

SUPER-SENSITIVE persons, unable to divorce the impressions of the eye from the impressions of the ear, have sometimes suggested that for the full enjoyment of symphonic music, the playing orchestra should be invisible. Then would the listener hear with mind and heart, understanding, imagination, emotion, a seeming music of the air to produce which no visible violinists laid bows to strings, no horn-players perceptibly puffed their cheeks; no drum-sticks rose and fell flail-like; while the conductor was a spiritual rather than a bodily presence. Finical desires no doubt, born often of amiable, amusing affectation, perilously touching the institutional habits of the concert-hall, yet desires that an incident of the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon seemed in measure to justify. For the first time within the longest memory, a visiting organist was the "assisting

artist" of the day, no other, indeed, than Joseph Bonnet, most noted in Europe and in America of all his Parisian generation. To display the better, perhaps, one side of his technical skill, the organ was set close to the front of the stage with keyboard, stops and pedals in full view. Upon the bench, back to the audience, in sight of every eye that chose to seek him, sat Mr. Bonnet, pulling stops at need, plying feet or hands or both as the measures of the music demanded, occasionally swinging his body, as it were, into his playing, doing whatever the manifold and exacting technique of the organ requires. He was as unobtrusive as he might be in these spirited exercises; he gave them, even, pictorial quality; unquestionably they much interested the spectators which most hearers became; presumably to not a few they were clearest proof of Mr. Bonnet's high resource as a virtuoso. Yet would the impression have been diminished had Mr. Bonnet's "footwork," for example, been discreetly concealed behind his instrument, had Guilmant's symphony for organ and orchestra seemed less to the eye energetic and fluent manufacture on the part of the organist? After all the profit that students drew from such observation of "the master" is only a detail of the Symphony Concerts, designed as they are rather to be heard than seen.

The obvious retort is, of course, that Guilmant's symphony is a displayful piece, existing by and for the abilities and distinctions of the organist whom it joins to the orchestra; that when that organist is as illustrious as Mr. Bonnet his hearers are nothing loth to see him also at his task. The symphony has indeed little intrinsic quality except as a "vehicle." The motives whence it springs, the course that they follow, the meagre transformations and enrichments that they undergo interest only as they serve the range of the organ. In the course of the piece it is heard in sonorous proclamation and peroration, in rapid and ornate passages, in songful measures, in intricate unions of diverse voices in deep or delicate play of color. It joins itself to the orchestra; it makes contrast to it; it exchanges measures with the other choirs; it seeks now and then artful euphonies. But it remains essentially an instrument to be displayed while the music is the means to that display. Thus the symphony, plus the organist's own cadenza, disclosed almost to the full his mastery of nearly every process that summons diversifies or controls the voice of the organ. Mr. Bonnet's resource therewith was inexhaustible, his surety unshakable; his ease the mantle that hid his pains. Furthermore, this organ part of Guilmant's studious fashioning revealed him as the musician alert to rhythm, sensitive to color, at once precise and plastic, designing, accomplish-

ing not for himself but for his instrument and for a symphony that at moments seemed hardly to deserve such pains. For steadily Mr. Bonnet took thought of the orchestra as partner with him. Glorifying his instrument, glorifying his piece he shone the more for himself.

For one of the two numbers that fell to Mr. Rabaud and the orchestra the conductor made significantly wise choice. The Symphony Concerts have long been hospitable to the music of American composers; one after another, five and six in a given season. Their pieces have been played to be well or ill received, to show enduring or only passing deserts. Yet, whatever the intrinsic merit, the temper of the audience or the judgment of the conductor, they have forthwith in many an instance been laid aside and speedily forgotten. Their fate in this respect has been in no wise different from that which has befallen other novel pieces from European pens. Once the "novelty" has vanished the choosing conductors have lost interest. Yet manifestly not a little of this music deserves to be established in the active repertory of the orchestra, would yield quite as much pleasure as many a reiterated number that it now contains. In 1907, for example, Dr. Muck produced Mr. Converse's fantasia upon Walt Whitman's poem, "The Mystic Trumpeter." It was meritorious music, interesting to all concerned, illusory and impressive to many, bearing witness, above almost any other of his work, to the composer's abilities. Yet until Mr. Rabaud revived it yesterday, through eleven years it had been heard not at all, or only once at most, in the course of nearly three hundred Symphony Concerts. To all intents and purposes Mr. Rabaud was producing a new piece; once more it proved worth; once more music and composer were warmly applauded; yet again presumably into the archives it will go—perhaps for another term of years. Now the way to foster American music is not merely to play it as novelty, but to keep so much of it as deserves such place in the active repertory of symphony concerts.

Again, yesterday, there was no questioning the fair deserts of Mr. Converse's fantasia. Whitman's poem invites translation into tones. In it, he hears his "Mystic trumpeter" sounding as in the music of the air, amorous longing, the zests and the struggle of men as in warfare, the pains of defeat, humiliation, self-abasement, the joy of full and ardent life. Whitman could summon these sensations only in the illusion and the emotion of words. Mr. Converse invokes them in the music in which the poet feigned to hear them. The design of his fantasia lies ready to his hand—the prelude that calls the trumpeter into tonal being as in a rapture of listening; the divisions in which, in Whitman's word, the trumpet "blows" of love, of struggle, of humiliation, of exultation; the linking

measures in which the trumpet changes voice for new song. Such a fantasia cannot miss unity, progress, contrast. In the fulfilling of this design, Mr. Converse writes with an invention and imagination, a fullness and freedom not always at his command. As music, the fantasia interests the ear in matter and movement, in skilful and fertile treatment. As expression of the mood, emotion, illusion of the poem, it is graphic, eloquent. Seldom has Mr. Converse so well sustained a tonal flight, seldom has he written music to which his hearers make so ready answer with understanding and mood. It is quite true that fantasia bears no mark of genius; it is not necessary that it should. It is true as well that Mr. Converse's music does not teem with an innate or a willed originality. On the other hand it is music that by able means and an honest eloquence altogether achieves its end. Now much of the music heard at symphony concerts anywhere is no more than such.

The other of Mr. Rabaud's purely orchestral numbers was a repertory piece reanimated—Beethoven's eighth symphony—the symphony of the composer in the highest of playful spirits—ticking Allegretto, sportive rather than stately Minuet, gayly bristling Finale and all the familiar rest. At moments it is music of a careless energy as when toward the end Beethoven piles chord upon chord in sheer caprice of hearty reiteration; again, it is light running fancy as when the Allegretto ticks out its tune; again as in the first movement, it sounds as music written from sheer exuberant impulse; while of a sudden, as in the Finale, it becomes for a space the music of Beethoven, dreamer of dreams—and for no reason at all except his own impulse. Beyond any other of his symphonies, it is music flung off as the mood prompted, in a kind of happy release, falling on the instant into the form that will most readily contain it, into the progress that will best give it life. Objective as always, but discerningly, communicatively objective, Mr. Rabaud caught in pace and accent, transition, climax, contrast, this animation, fitfulness, exuberance. Nor had the orchestra lost skill in the feats of fleetness that the music bids it do. Mr. Rabaud's hand was brisk and keen; at every stroke his band answered to it.

H. T. P.

WHAT N. Y. SAID OF RABAUD

Henri Rabaud made his first appearance in New York as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last Thursday night in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Huneker, reviewing his performance for the Times, made this witty summary of the characteristics of Boston Symphony conductors, past and present: "George Henschel, a singer whose orchestra did not sing; Wilhelm Gericke, a drillmaster of exquisite taste; Arthur Nikisch, a poet plus a prima donna; Emil Paur,

a temperament without style; Fiedler, a German; Karl Muck, a stylist without dramatic temperament; Pierre Monteux, French, but not Gallic; Henri Rabaud—a conductor, and, as conductors go nowadays, that is praise, indeed."

"He is," continues Mr. Huneker, "a cerebral conductor. He is sensitive to form. His phrasing reveals not only the large pulsation, but also the articulation of the phrase; yet, he is not petit-maitre, or meticulous. His feeling for nuance rather than undue insistence on color was rather a relief. In this he follows the lead of Paul Verlaene, who celebrated the superiority of nuance over color in a line which might have been written by the pedantic Boileau. And the mere rhetoric of conducting makes little appeal to the new man. In a word a Frenchman, ruled by tact and a fine sense of tonal balance. But cerebral."

Mr. Huneker thought that Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, which Mr. Rabaud conducted in Boston, was "academic, not Napoleonic. The mighty paws of the lion were encased in the finest Parisian kid. Neither Beethoven nor the First Consul were among the mourners."

"The Saint-Saens tone-poem, 'Le Rouet d'Omphale,' not so popular as the other three poems, yet of deeper musical significance... gave us a better chance than the symphony to gauge the main qualities of the conductor. The weight and dramatic emphasis which were lacking before here were in high relief. More than a moiety of the old plangency of the strings was heard; and the elasticity of attack and release in massed episodes made me sure that the orchestra was ruled by a benign musical influence."

Boston Music Notes

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud, conductor, sixth concert of thirty-eighth season, Symphony Hall, Boston, afternoon of Dec. 13, 1918, Joseph Bonnet, soloist. The program: Beethoven, Symphony No. 8, F major, Op. 93; Converse, "The Mystic Trumpeter," Orchestral Fantasy, Op. 19 (after the poem of Walt Whitman); Guilmant, Symphony No. 1, D-minor, for organ and orchestra, Op. 42.

BOSTON, Massachusetts—It is perhaps an illuminating commentary on the present stage of our musical development that a piece composed 14 years ago should not yet sound old-fashioned. Mr. F. S. Converse's cleverly wrought fantasy called "The Mystic Trumpeter," after the poem by Walt Whitman, played on the sixth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, sounded as fresh, alluring, and, to some probably, as cacophonous

as it did when it had its first public hearing, in Philadelphia, on March 3, 1905. Such faith have we, however, in the value of the music of the present day that we should like to hazard a guess that the number who found it discordant on Dec. 13, 1918, was far less than on Jan. 26, 1907, when it had its first Boston hearing. We have been freed from many supposedly inflexible conditions attending the writing of music since the beginning of this century, which is only another way of saying that we have allowed vast new fields of color to be opened up for us to enjoy. There is far more turbulence in the note of joy with which Mr. Converse's piece ends than in the more placid gladness at the ending of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, but who shall say that the joyousness of Mr. Converse's joy is any degree less than Beethoven's?

Joseph Bonnet took the solo part in the Guilmant Symphony for organ and orchestra, playing a cadenza of his own. This is noble music, and Mr. Bonnet's playing of this great work by his teacher added brilliance to a scintillant score. The smoothness and perfect rhythm of the organist's pedaling called forth a gasp of astonished admiration from the organists in the audience.

The Eighth Beethoven Symphony received what seemed to be a somewhat perfunctory reading, in which the desired clarity and crispness was lacking.

At its third concert in Cambridge on the evening of Thursday, Dec. 12, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Rabaud, played the César Franck D Minor Symphony in a manner that stirred the house into spontaneous and prolonged applause. Miss Rosita Renard was the soloist, playing the Liszt E flat major concerto. A third number on the program was Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony.

On the afternoon of Saturday, Dec. 7, Miss Aurore La Croix revived the pleasant custom, heretofore neglected this year in Boston, of Saturday afternoon recitals by visiting artists, in Jordan Hall. Miss La Croix is a most agreeable player, happily lacking in brute strength but possessing as compensation full measure of appreciation of the poetry of the composition in hand. The Chopin E Major Etude marked the high point of her afternoon's work, although from the

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Opus 42 of Schubert was probably the most interesting. It was an admirable performance of a work which sets forth only mildly interesting ideas.

The Sunday afternoon concert of Dec. 8 was divided between Hipolito Lazaro, tenor, and Sasha Jacobsen, violinist. Mr. Lazaro, prodigal as we expect his race to be of florid, ringing tone, made a praiseworthy attempt to differentiate between the dramatic and the lyric styles. He was notably freer and more at home, however, in the excerpts from the operas of his repertory than in the songs wherein he will some day make an artistic mark. Mr. Jacobsen played with an agreeable tone and showed that he had a good idea of the value of a phrase. Heinrich Gebhard gave a piano recital on the afternoon of Tuesday.

Olin Downes Says Combination of French Organist and Symphony Conductor Rabaud Will Be Musical Treat of the Season.

Post Dec. 8/18
BY OLIN DOWNES

Ask almost any devout student of the organ to describe the French school, and he will say, "First there was Lemmens and Cesar Franck, then there was Guilmant; now there is Bonnet." He will probably go on to speak particularly if he has studied in Paris, of the present week's pair of Boston Symphony concerts, in which Mr. Rabaud, newly from Paris, will co-operate with Joseph Bonnet himself, also from Paris, and some more distinguished French musicians, round about them, to play the mountainous symphony in D minor for organ and orchestra by Guilmant, also from Paris, and beloved of them all.

This student will take particular delight upon this occasion, in the unchurchlike chance to watch Bonnet's swift fingers and phenomenal feet, likewise to applaud at will. Question him about Bonnet, and he will remind you that Bonnet is the first pupil of Guilmant, and his successor as organist of the Conservatoire—the most honored post in France. That Bonnet's staccato touch by which he turns out his clean-



cut rhythms is known the world over (by organists, at least). That his Bach is incomparable, his erudition huge, and his memory unbelievable—he gave a historical series of 40 recitals at his church of St. Eustache, playing no piece twice, and using never a printed page! There stands also upon the Symphony programme the Eighth Symphony of Beethoven, and Frederick Converse's musical version of Walt Whitman's poem, "The Mystic Trumpeter."

Bonnet Carries on Tradition

Following are extracts apropos of Mr. Bonnet's appearance, from an article by Harvey B. Gaul in the Musical Quarterly for July, 1918:

"As every school is created or moulded by leaders, these schools (the French, Italian and German schools of organ music) may be epitomized in the three generic names, Bonnet, Bossi and Karg-Elert.

These men and their respective schools represent . . . freer writing . . . freer form . . . They have brought organ composition nearer to contemporary symphonic writing.

Thanks to them and the generation they overlap, a near future will see the democratized organ elevated to the kingship of the early English and Post-Reformation periods . . .

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6-6
Cesar Franck, and developed by Guilmant. Chief among his pupils is Joseph Bonnet. St. Eustache always enjoyed a reputation for fine organ music; Bonnet advanced it. Every American student in Paris spent his time between Widor at St. Sulpice and Bonnet at St. Eustache. The ability to memorize enables him to concentrate on his instrument and his execution. Considering our varied organs, with their different consoles and ununiform action, an organist is almost forced to memorize. There are some organists who spend their leisure time arguing as to the advisability of memorizing programmes. Futile conversation! It is not a matter of advisability, but of sheer ability. Bonnet carries in his mind's eye compositions that range from Clerambault to Cesar Franck, from Martini to Mendelssohn. In his flawless execution, that extends even to highly colored trifles, he

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As a teacher and player—performance over precept—he has been of great aid to his contemporaries of France and America. His style is that of the Lemmens-Guilmant school—cleanliness and

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Mr. Bonnet played for the first time in this country in the Great Hall, College of the city of New York, January 30, 1917.

On April 16, 1917, Mr. Bonnet gave a recital at the new Old South Church. On January 23, 1918, he played in Symphony Hall, where a concert took place for the benefit of the Edith Wharton War Charities. His associates were Mme. Gabrielle Gills, soprano, and the Société des Instruments Anciens. He then played pieces by Bach, Clérambault, Grigny, and a concerto by Handel. He gave recitals at the Emmanuel Church March 17, 24, 1918.

standpoint of a pianist the Sonata Opus 42 of Schubert was probably the most interesting. It was an admirable performance of a work which sets forth only mildly interesting ideas.

The Sunday afternoon concert of Dec. 8 was divided between Hipolito Lazaro, tenor, and Sasha Jacobsen, violinist. Mr. Lazaro, prodigal as we expect his race to be of florid, ringing tone, made a praiseworthy attempt to differentiate between the dramatic and the lyric styles. He was notably freer and more at home, however, in the excerpts from the operas of his repertory than in the songs wherein he will some day make an artistic mark. Mr. Jacobsen played with an agreeable tone and showed that he had a good idea of the value of a phrase.

Heinrich Gebhard gave a piano recital on the afternoon of Tuesday.

Olin Downes Says Combination of French Organist and Symphony Conductor Rabaud Will Be Musical Treat of the Season.

Post Dec. 8/18
BY OLIN DOWNES

Ask almost any devout student of the organ to describe the French school, and he will say, "First there was Lemmens and Cesar Franck, then there was Guilmant; now there is Bonnet." He will probably go on to speak, particularly if he has studied in Paris, of the present week's pair of Boston Symphony concerts, in which Mr. Rabaud, newly from Paris, will cooperate with Joseph Bonnet himself, also from Paris, and some more distinguished French musicians, round about them, to play the mountainous symphony in D minor for organ and orchestra by Guilmant, also from Paris, and beloved of them all.

This student will take particular delight, upon this occasion, in the unchurchlike chance to watch Bonnet's swift fingers and phenomenal feet, likewise to applaud at will. Question him about Bonnet, and he will remind you that Bonnet is the first pupil of Guilmant, and his successor as organist of the Conservatoire—the most honored post in France. That Bonnet's staccato touch by which he turns out his clean-



Dec. 10, to an audience that filled Steinert Hall. Mr. Gebhard, in addition to being an excellent player, has taught his audience that they may expect something unusual and worth while at his recitals. Hence a widening reputation for the artist and a rapidly growing public for him. Two numbers by Charles T. Griffes, "The Lake at Evening" and a scherzo, Opus 5 No. 3, made a favorable impression on their first Boston audience, as did the second movement from Sonata Opus 63 by Vincent D'Indy. Possibly the most enjoyment of the afternoon, however, was afforded by Mr. Gebhard's spirited and appreciative playing of Fauré's Impromptu No. 2 in F minor. If more artists followed Mr. Gebhard's example, there would be much more interest in recitals.

cut rhythms is known the world over (by organists, at least). That his Bach is incomparable, his erudition huge, and his memory unbelievable—he gave a historical series of 40 recitals at his church of St. Eustache, playing no piece twice, and using never a printed page!

There stands also upon the Symphony programme the Eighth Symphony of Beethoven, and Frederick Converse's musical version of Walt Whitman's poem, "The Mystic Trumpeter."

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918--19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

SEVENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, AT 8 P. M.

D'INDY,

"WALLENSTEIN," Trilogy after the Dramatic
Poem of Schiller, op. 12

- I. Wallenstein's Camp
 - II. Max and Thekla. (The Piccolomini)
 - III. The death of Wallenstein
-

CHOPIN,

CONCERTO in E minor, op. 11, No. 1

- I. Allegro maestoso
 - II. Romance: Larghetto
 - III. Rondo: Vivace
-

BERLIOZ,

OVERTURE to "King Lear," in C major, op. 4

Soloist:

JOSEF HOFMANN

Steinway Pianoforte used



JOSEF HOFMANN

7TH SYMPHONY CONCERT GIVEN

Herald Dec. 21/18

**D'Indy's Trilogy Played
for the First Time
Here Since 1907**

HOFMANN HEARD IN CHOPIN'S CONCERTO

By PHILIP HALE

The 7th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: D'Indy, "Wallenstein" Trilogy (after Schiller); Chopin, Concerto in E minor for piano; Berlioz, Overture to "King Lear." Josef Hofmann was the pianist.

D'Indy's Trilogy has been played in Boston only at the concerts of Oct. 13, 19, 1907, when Dr. Muck introduced the work, performed in Paris and New York as long ago as 1888. For several years Dr. Muck favored the music of this French composer, but when he read one day some bitter statements of d'Indy about the Germanization of musical America his heart was hardened and even the name of Vincent d'Indy was obnoxious to his ear. Thus was the audience of the Symphony concerts wronged.

The Trilogy should have been heard again before yesterday. It was evidently composed when d'Indy was influenced by Wagner; for instance, the opening of the third section, "Wallenstein's Death," takes one back to the "Ring," but the influence did not destroy d'Indy's individuality, for the nobler and the more beautiful pages of the Trilogy are by him and by him alone. The first movement, "Wallenstein's Camp," is descriptive, brilliant and highly original. The sermon of the Capuchin, preached by the bassoons, is humorously conceived. The thematic material is used in masterly manner; the instrumentation is varied skilfully; the mass of instruments—the composer

Steinway Pianoforte used

calls for eight harps—there were four on the stage—is not employed merely to swell volume of sound; they are used alternately and in chorus for particular and expressive effects. The second movement, "Max and Thekla," is eloquent, love music that is not merely sensuous, with striking hints at the tragedy of their lives. Note the beautiful manner in which the typical theme of Thekla is turned into the famous lament over Max, "I've lived and loved." The third section does not rise in eloquence to the height of those preceding, but it is interesting, and not only by the employment of the introductory and final chords that are, unconsciously no doubt, more or less reminiscent.

This Trilogy occupied d'Indy for seven or eight years, yet we find it more spontaneous in certain ways than his latest works—works characterized by purity of thought and purpose, superb in workmanship, but of a peculiar austerity and aloofness that make them unsympathetic to the general public. If ever a composer wrote for musicians of highest aims, that man is the d'Indy of the latter years.

In the Trilogy there is a melodic warmth that is missed in the later works; there is an outpouring of musical thought unchecked by rigid adherence to the cyclic form on which the composer now insists.

Mr. Rabaud gave a dramatic reading of the Trilogy: a reading fine in feeling, eloquent in expression. The orchestra responded to his every wish. And in his interpretation of the "King Lear" overture Mr. Rabaud was in full sympathy with the wild and too often bombastic romanticism of Berlioz. In 1918 this overture seems old-fashioned, one of the least significant of the composer's overtures; but think how new, daring, revolutionary it must have sounded to the Parisians of the early Thirties! As Mr. Rabaud read the opening phrase of the lower strings, it was commanding, arousing anticipation. For once the main body of the overture was attacked as Berlioz wished it, "in an agitated and desperate manner."

Mr. Hofmann gave a remarkably clear, pearly, polished, unemotional performance of Chopin's concerto, for which he was loudly applauded.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Schumann, Symphony in D minor, No. 4; Rabaud, "The Nocturnal Procession" (after Lenau's "Faust"); Saint-Saens, Concerto in G minor for piano (Mischa Levitzki, pianist); Beethoven, Overture to "Leonora," No. 3.



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Steinway Pianoforte used

SYMPHONY DISPLAYS A D'INDY WORK

Post — Dec. 21/18
Hofmann as Soloist
Plays Chopin
Concerto

BY OLIN DOWNES

D'Indy's "Wallenstein" trilogy, after Schiller was the most significant item of the programme given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Josef Hofmann, pianist, was soloist, playing the E minor Chopin concerto. Berlioz' "King Lear" overture brought this concert to an end.

D'Indy's Work Interests

Seldom has Mr. Rabaud excelled himself as he did on this occasion. The "Wallenstein" trilogy was introduced here in 1907 by Dr. Muck. After 10 years the youthful work of the great French composer made an impression even greater than at the first Boston performance. D'Indy was an ardent student and admirer of Wagner when he wrote this vigorous and romantic score. There are Wagnerisms in abundance, but when all is said there is new and splendid spirit in the music, a profound earnestness and imaginative power, a sureness and brilliancy in the instrumentation which carries all before it.

On what may be called preliminary acquaintance the first movement—the lively scene in the camp of Wallenstein—makes the most immediate impression. Its spirit, its tumult of a crowd, and the rough, wild power of this music, once heard, are not to be forgotten. The humor of the fugetta played by the three bassoons is real

humor, introducing a note ingeniously contrasted with the color of the instrumentation and the general character of other motives, while remaining of a piece with them. Technically the movement is a tour de force. No wonder that the man who wrote such music at the age of 29 has developed into one of the greatest composers of today, one who may well bide his time for the ultimate complete realization of the worth of his music.

Made Glowing by Rabaud

Nor is the first movement of the "Wallenstein" trilogy, with all its fascination, alone in its strokes of genius. The thought of the fate that hangs over the loves of Max and Thekla in the second part, the sensuousness which is comparatively absent in the music of the latter D'Indy, the setting of the love music in the midst of music of commotion and tragedy are also significant passages.

The chords of the last movement, supposed by some to have been inspired by the thought of the fate foretold in the stars, and the noble peroration, must surely rank among D'Indy's finest pages. Much of the deep appreciation of the music on the part of the audience must be laid to the splendid insight, authority, and enthusiasm with which Mr. Rabaud interpreted it.

Mr. Hofmann's Playing

Mr. Hofmann played the music of Chopin with exquisite clarity, finesse and beauty of tone. He triumphed particularly in the slow movement, the poetry of which was not marred by sentimentality, by unmusically dragging of tempo, by disproportionate accents, or exaggerations, to which a number of lesser musicians are prone. It must be admitted that with all his art the opening allegro sounded very old-fashioned indeed, that the sparkle of the finale seemed a little faded.

It is the custom to talk of certain musical compositions as "immortal." Immortal? How much music is immortal? Not the nine symphonies of Beethoven, half of which are gradually gathering their shrouds about them; not many a gigantic masterpiece, still hailed in music histories and textbooks as a thing of undying perfection and beauty. The print was hardly cold when the masterpiece began to pale. It was Romain Rolland, if memory serves, who said that music is the art which consumes itself quickest by its own heat. Even the music of the youthful Chopin must give way to the music of another composer of genius, and it is too early today to say what music, if any, will be regarded a centennial hence as "immortal."

The final distinction of this concert was Mr. Rabaud's fiery interpretation of Berlioz's extravagant and dramatic music. How the opening recitative for

the strings spoke. How convincing, for the moment, were the things that one knew in cold blood to be the extravagances of a musical revolutionist—the boldest, perhaps, and most audacious, that the history of music as yet has known.

A memorable concert, and one applauded to the echo by a deeply engrossed audience.

Musical Events in Boston

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts — Between the sixth and seventh concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which interval is constituted of a single week, there has been one concert in Boston to which the public might be admitted on payment of the regular fee. Such other music as was to be heard consisted of private musicals, and the regular affairs of the New England Conservatory. Outside of this, church organs, motion picture organs and theater and hotel orchestras furnished the sole musical pabulum of this center of culture. The most optimistic will have to admit that some of this did not contain much nourishment. It is not the province of this chronicle to inquire into the reasons for this condition nor yet to offer remedies therefor. The chronicler feels impelled, however, to make note of it in passing.

The single concert of the week, and dignified, and contemplative in his one which did not need this splendid isolation to make it an event not easily forgotten, was the appearance of Mr. Sergei Rachmaninoff, in Symphony Hall, on the afternoon of Sunday, Dec. 15. The program was one such as a master would select and it was played as a master would play it. Opening with the Mozart theme and variations in A major, it traversed an early sonata of Beethoven's, Op. 10, No. 3, a short Chopin group, a group by Mr. Rachmaninoff, two preludes, those in G major and B flat major, and two transcriptions, "The Lilacs" and a polka, and closed with Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsodie. That is to say, it purported to close with this; as a matter of fact the audience swooped down to the front of the hall and clamored for much more. To his credit be it said that Mr. Rachmaninoff resisted as long as was feasible the demand for his C sharp minor prelude, but the lingerers apparently knew what they liked and he was forced to play it before they would quit bothering him.

We have come to expect from Mr. Rabaud an accompaniment that fulfills all requirements of good taste and helpfulness; his assistance to Mr. Hofmann was all that could be desired. The other numbers on the program were D'Indy's "Wallenstein" trilogy, Op. 12, after the tragedy of Schiller, and Berlioz's overture to "King Lear," Op. 4. It was good to see D'Indy's name on a program once more. He has been strangely neglected in this town of recent years.

The program had the remarkable merit of making one yearn for more of each group. Most of all, though, one regretted the modesty that limited the player to so few of his own compositions. Such is the power of the man that his public is perfectly willing to take his technical skill for granted, as he is himself, and it is concerned with his ability to interpret music.

The seventh program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra brought forward another pianist as soloist, Josef Hofmann, who played the Chopin E minor concerto, Op. 11, No. 1, a work which he had played with this orchestra on the occasion of his appearance in Cambridge earlier in the season. Inasmuch as two famous pianists were the only concert visitors to Boston in a week it is almost inevitable that comparisons should be made. Mr. Hofmann, playing this elaborately polished concerto, with tempo rubato, delicacy of nuance and suchlike refinements all nicely calculated, and all played according to calculation, typified the scholar, the miniaturist, the exquisite, wrapped up in the temporary and particular, polishing a phrase because of his interest in that phrase for its own sake,—in a word, an intellectual player. Mr. Rachmaninoff, on the other hand, grave, dignified, and contemplative in his approach to his audience, making no display of technique in his playing, but conveying always the impression of capability, far less concerned with phrases than with a composition as a whole, given to considering less the technical problems than the racial or universal aspects of a composition, stood forth as a player no less intellectual than Mr. Hofmann, but one whose intellectuality indicated a broader outlook and whose scholarship dug more deeply into fundamentals.

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D'Indy Trilogy Is Given at Symphony

Adm. + Mm. — Dec. 22/18

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

PROGRAM.

"Wallenstein" Symphonic Trilogy.....D'Indy
Piano Concerto, E minor.....Chopin
Soloist, Josef Hofmann.

Overture, "King Lear".....Berlioz

M. RABAUD, is to be complimented on the rational length of his programs. They are never prolix, and this time, for once, Beethoven was absent from the list, although it was still far removed from the extreme modern school. D'Indy's Trilogy, founded on Schiller's Tragedy, is conservative enough and is somewhat more dramatic than many of the later works of the composer. The first movement, "Wallenstein's Camp," is not exactly as orderly as Camp Devens. The composer makes the most effective scene out of the sermon of the Capuchin, with its grotesque Latin quotations, its attack on Wallenstein, the anger of the soldiers, and the rally of the Croats to the rescue of the monk. But even this is not exactly "program-music" for D'Indy does not picture a solo instrument heckled by the rest of the orchestra, but gives this as a strange fugue (or a fugal exposition) upon the bassoons, a very quaint and fitting touch, which is afterwards parodied (a la Berlioz) by trumpet and clarinet. The instruments were very clear in this learned portion of the work.

The love scene between Max and Thekla, the second movement, was in strong contrast with the camp movement, and the masculine and feminine themes were excellent foils to each other. This was the simplest and most easily comprehended movement, but the first movement was the most effective. The Finale, however, "Wallenstein's Death," is the proper

climax of the work. Here one does not find the ascetic and over-learned D'Indy, but a composer who sometimes leans even toward the Tchaikowsky expression of sorrow, and the musical auditor can find an occasional Wagnerian touch, as, for example, when the "Flying Dutchman" comes into port towards the end, with Siegfried evidently on board. But it is all worthy and excellent music, and we like it better than D'Indy in his more bitter and more scholastic moods. We only wish that he had kept upon this path.

The performance was excellent. The ensemble was perfect and the first movement aroused very spontaneous enthusiasm. There are eight harps called for in this trilogy and in this performance we had four. But the effect which Wagner managed to obtain from massing these instruments was not achieved.

The renee of Josef Hofmann was undoubtedly the chief attraction of the concert for the public. He has not appeared in these concerts in several years. There were strained relations between him and the symphonic powers ever since he took the Finale of the Schumann concerto at a pace which was simply impossible for the orchestra. He is a great artist, all the same, and everyone was glad to welcome him back. But the piece that he chose was not so entirely welcome. Chopin's piano concertos have their faults. In the first place, they are not real concertos, but piano works almost entirely. A concerto should be first of all symphonic, and Chopin's two are not.

Secondly, the orchestration of Chopin was very weak, and even in the revision used this side of the picture is rather tame. There is also too much of sweetness in the work, too little of powerful contrast. But Mr. Hofmann by his virile playing was able to make the concerto more effective than it generally is, and the amount of tunefulness in it was grateful in these days of discord. Every part of the work was made clear as crystal and the avoidance of sentimentality was something to grow enthusiastic over, for some pianists must needs weep over the keyboard when they play Chopin. Therefore the public welcomed the Prodigious Son with great enthusiasm and killed the fatted calf at his return, in spite of the high price of veal. But even Mr. Hofmann could not make us enjoy the Larghetto, the second movement of this concerto.

Berlioz's "King Lear" overture is not one of his greatest works. It is curious to note that in "Les Francs Juges" overture he can tear a passion to tatters, while in the present

case one could bear much more continuous frenzy in the part of the tortured king. But the oboe has some beautiful work (and it was finely played, too) in portraying the soft-voiced Cordelia, and the kettle-drum, with some emphatic strokes, intimated that Fate was giving the monarch some knockout blows.

We liked the reading very much. It was strongly contrasted in its chief points, and had much more abandon than we recall in some of its previous performances. The strings particularly gave a whirlwind of Passion at one part of the work, and the climaxes were made the most of.

All in all we like Mr. Rabaud more and more at each performance. The orchestra is in superb condition at present, which tells the story of his drill-mastership, while the elasticity, the abandon, the poetry of his readings make us felicitate ourselves on having M. Rabaud at the head of the organization.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

9:30 — Dec. 21/18

Josef Hofmann Reappears as Soloist

The seventh Symphony program yesterday was as follows: D'Indy's "Wallenstein" trilogy; Chopin's concerto in E minor No. 1 for piano, Josef Hofmann, soloist, and Berlioz' "King Lear" overture.

If d'Indy were in his 20's today, would he turn his face across the Rhine with equal zeal—barring, of course, the intervention of the past four years' upheaval of Nations? Would he find the same inspiration in Schiller, in his "Song of the Bell"—d'Indy's cantata was sung here by the Cecelia Society—or in his ponderous dramatic form of Count von Albrecht Wenzel Eusebius Wallenstein, the great General of the imperialists in the Thirty Years' War, who equipped 50,000 men at his own expense to repel the invasion of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who saved the Empire again and again only to arouse the jealousy of his Emperor and be murdered at his command?

Reading of the rigor with which Wallenstein prosecuted war, he might be called the Hindenburg or Ludendorff of his day. No doubt to the young d'Indy, whose Germanic impulses were not daunted by the cool reception of Brahms after he had traveled some distance to see him, this intrepid, unconquerable soldier and leader of soldiers was a fine fellow, the more picturesque for his reputed faith in the oracles of the stars, of which the mystical, one

might say, ecclesiastical, chords opening the last movement of the trilogy are suggestive.

Shows Strong Individuality

The first of the three movements, depicting the General's camp—the warlike alarms, the bristling militarism, the coarse and roystering merriment of the soldiers—shows the advent of a strong individuality, a fertile invention and a colorful imagination. There is both dry and sinister humor in the sententious preaching of the Capuchin monk in the chortling fugue of the bassoons, and there is world orgy in the waltz.

The second movement of the hopeless love of Thekla, the daughter of Wallenstein and Max Piccolomini, who in history was a favorite of the General, in the drama his accuser, contains some beautiful and tragic music. The manner of Schumann is noticeable and there is less maturity of expression than in the music of the "camp" which was composed later. The "death of Wallenstein," the last of the three, in general is least effective and might be shortened.

Mr Rabaud conducted with the fine hand and the perception which now it seems may be taken for granted from him. There are many pages which one with less taste and authority would make boisterous, obscure or merely negligible. A man of little pretension, discouraging rather than inviting personal acclaim or propaganda, Mr Rabaud has proven a most fortunate gift from our French ally. He is steadily revealing himself to be a great conductor, a man of broad scholarship, of culture, of exemplary catholicity of taste in other schools than his own, of sincerity and charm of manner. The orchestra and its patrons might well look forward with pleasure to an extended rather than a limited term of such conductorship.

Hofmann Warmly Greeted

Mr Hofmann was warmly and appropriately greeted upon his return as a soloist at these concerts. He gave a finely proportioned and brilliantly executed performance of the concerto, although he has been heard to play this and other music in a more poetic vein.

Conductor and orchestra gave sympathetic assistance to the soloist and played Berlioz' "Lear" overture superbly. One can hear now the rude yet majestic vigor of the opening theme in the deep strings. When has the agitated section begun in as wildly dramatic, as menacing and forboding a manner, as foretelling of the tragedy to come? The fear of some that Mr Rabaud would lack edge in some aspects of realism should have been thoroughly dispelled by now.

We admire further the dignity, the ardor, the absence of all that is or might become perfunctory in his conducting of our National Anthem, but need the tone of the first trumpet be as aggressively dominating in the first eight repeated bars?

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Dec. 21 '18
MR. HOFMANN AFTER FIVE YEARS
OF EXILE

A Warm Reception for the Pianist, and a Wellnigh Perfect Performance of Chopin's Concerto in F Minor—D'Indy, Likewise, Welcomed Back in His Graphic, Eloquent Music of "Wallenstein" — The Berlioz of "Lear" for Postlude

YESTERDAY afternoon, for the first time in five years, almost to a day, Mr. Hofmann, the pianist, sat beside the Symphony Orchestra in its own concert-room. Twice before this season he had played with it—once at Cambridge, once in Brooklyn; yet this coming to Symphony Hall may stand as the visible sign of the healing of the long breach between them. Into the causes of the estrangement, into the rights and wrongs of the high contending parties, it were unprofitable to inquire, since such inquisitive expeditions are usually less illuminating than amusing. Neutral at first, because of evidence to its own ears, the public of the Symphony Concerts has gradually inclined to the pianist, because with the mounting years of absence and his no less ascendant fame as pianist, it missed him more and more. Seemingly the audience of Friday sought to indicate this feeling by the heartiness of the applause it began to bestow upon the pianist as soon as he came into view and that, through two or three minutes, kept him standing by the piano. At each pause in his concerto, it renewed these plaudits, while at the end, it warmly and more than once recalled him. Mr. Hofmann, usually open in his moods toward an audience, did not hide his pleasure in this reception and these rewards. In fact, as, though to release it by proxy, he shook heartily the hand of Mr. Rabaud who, if the truth must be told, had returned him no more than a faithful, accurate but inflexible accompaniment. In all these proceedings, except the hand-shaking, the orchestra joined, as it has heretofore when singer or virtuoso has assisted it—a detail of etiquette in the concert-hall about which there are two opinions, either debatable.

Mr. Hofmann's concerto was Chopin's in F minor, music of which he has long been fond, upon which he has spent endless study and pains, and which he now brings to as perfect performance as is, probably possible to human hand, brain, and imagi-

nation. Like its fellow in E minor, this concerto is purely a pianistic music, which is to say that Chopin uses the orchestra merely as the complement of a design in which he worked none too easily, none too fruitfully. Perhaps, for that reason, neither concerto rises so high in poetizing imagination, passion of mood, eloquence of expression, as many of his solo pieces. From beginning to end—and the lengths are considerable unless a masterly and sympathetic pianist glamour them—this concerto in F minor primarily displays the beauties, the subtleties, under many an exaction, of the voice of the piano and similarly reveals the musician and the virtuoso sitting before it. To say these things is not to diminish a whit the bright charm, the light rhythms, the sparkling pace, the dance-like returns of the Rondo-Finale; or to lessen the sentimental grace of the songful Larghetto, the gradual intensifying of tender mood that deepens it; or to detract from the large plan, the warm speech, the zest of fanciful ornament in the long Maestoso of the first movement. The classical rather than the romantic Chopin fashioned the two concertos, fashioned them less—it is easy to suspect by the records—from imperative impulse to such expression than from utility to him as tools of trade, especially in a day when a pianist could play a single movement of such a piece unquestioned and applauded. In it or in the whole concerto, the audience expected a display of the pianist's skill not merely in the range and fluency of his technical means, as such things went ninety years ago, but of his graces of tone, his elegance in ornament, his play of sentiment and taste. It asked also from his hand like revelation of the finer attributes of the piano itself.

The more, then, does this concerto in F minor minister to many of Mr. Hofmann's distinctive abilities. With much of the music that he plays, it is altogether reasonable to debate his interpretive powers; to assert that he is cerebral rather than impassioned, to deny him ardor of imagination, to question his choice of pace, his distribution of light and shade; to hold or not to hold with his musical designing. On the other hand, there is no debating Mr. Hofmann's command of the voice of the piano. With it, seemingly, in this, his golden noon, he has gone as far, fully and finely as mortal musician and virtuoso may go. There is none to excel him in limpidity, in smoothness, in roundness of tone, in the graduation, in the coloring of it. Endless and endlessly divided, sub-divided, blended, parted, measured are the tints of his palette of the piano, as endless and apt is the range of touch that measures volume, orders force. It is hard to imagine a tone more luminous, transparent, iridescent, disembodied than his—a veritable

erial music though the pianist sit earth-bound in a concert room. No pianist, likewise, excels him in felicity of ornament. His runs purl along their course like vaporous drops in sunshine, or are strung as evenly as matched pearls; his staccati glint without a trace of hardness; his chords are beautifully sonorous and rounded, his arpeggi woo the ear, and so forth through the whole range of the purely pianistic graces. Master is he, also, of the discerning mind, the delicate finger, the imaginative touch, that winds these ornaments in garlands about the main stem of the music or sets them spreading like fine tendrils from it. His taste in touch, tone, song, arabesque, is unerring unless it be when some seated idiosyncrasy or passing impulse bids him accent a phrase, a detail beyond the seeming implication of the music itself. As flawless is his elegance of handling, as just his sentiment, as sensitive his style as he pursues his way through the music. How an eighteenth-century of Burneys and like listening connoisseurs would applaud him in this concerto of Chopin!

In due place and with flowing ease all these signal and distinctive qualities shone with gentle radiance out of Mr. Hofmann's performance yesterday. Grace of line and point of rhythm went hand in hand through the mazurka-like Rondo. How spirited the progress of the music, yet with what adroit modulations of pace and emphasis, what exquisite moulding and fusing of the phrases! The lightness of it was like a tonal champagne when soft glows also traverse it. Before had come the Larghetto—all delicate loveliness of line, jewelled with ornament, flecked by fancy, touched with chaste sentiment, the distilled essence of music as beauty of sound animated, enriched by beauty of feeling. The sheer lustre of the pianist's tone was sensuous delight. There are passages in the long first movement in which Chopin seems a little pedantic, somewhat too expository, audibly inclined to music-making for his own particular satisfactions rather than for the general pleasure of the audience. The variety of Mr. Hofmann's touch, the glimmers of his tone, the purity and fineness of his articulation cloaked them. Again, in this Maestoso, there are measures in which Chopin would be sonorous, expansive, even grandiose in the fashion of his day and of Hummel's. In the year 1918 of musical grace when the thunders of Liszt are but distant rumblings beside, say, the earthquakes of Prokofiev, these passages may easily sound them, out-moded, futile. They must be saved by such adroit proportioning of tonal volume, of progressive emphasis as that with which Mr. Hofmann and adjusted them to the music out of which they rise, into which they descend. A finer stylistic perception, a more acute stylistic discretion, it

would be hard to imagine. For the rest, the exacting "passage-work" fell like spun-silk from the pianist's fingers; while his and Chopin's song was as spell of fancy upon the ear, the magical music with which a dreaming Shakespeare filled Prospero's isle. An Ariel-Hofmann, negation of sprites as the pianist is in the flesh, sounded it.

Romantic music from French composers, as far removed in time and quality as d'Indy and Berlioz, filled the rest of Mr. Rabaud's programme. Long, indeed, has it been, unjustly and mistakenly long, since d'Indy's voice has been heard at a Symphony Concert; yet as the ironies of things would have it, the piece out of which it sounded had been brought to them by the very conductor who willed the war-time exclusion. Irony, too, was the fact that bitter in these days beyond other French composers, as d'Indy has been toward the Germans, he was in the seventies and eighties making this music of "Wallenstein" out of Schiller's plays and in the process remembering sundry measures written by one, Richard Wagner. The "trilogy," however, is none the worse for these imitative passages and if we may not have "The Niebelung's Ring," it is at least pleasant to glimpse it momentarily recalled. Moreover, this pictorial music of Wallenstein's camp, this shadowed and passioned music of the love of Max and Thekla in "Die Piccolomini" this grave, stern, yet glorifying music of Wallenstein's death is quite able to stand upon its own interest, illusion, worth.

The tumult of the camp, the licentious waltz, the monk's sermon mocked and travestied, the sudden interposition of the mighty tonal presence of Wallenstein rise graphically from d'Indy's pages, rose vividly from the strenuous performance of Mr. Rabaud and the orchestra. In those young days d'Indy had a zest for such music that subsequent austerities of mind, heart, creative theory and practice have dulled: yet even in these young years he is characteristically scrupulous, throughout the "trilogy," to write a close-knit music, and ready, no less, with appropriate means. There is more hint in the tonal passion of Max and Thekla of the grave and sombre beauty of mood, means, expression, of which the mature d'Indy has long been master. It is as though the lovers stood embraced in their motives for the blows of that other motive of fate to smite them—a fate that the motive of Wallenstein seems also to propel. Again, a d'Indy already imaginative with dramatic tonal design. In turn, the d'Indy of large, stately, noble utterance, upswelling from quelled tumult, speaks out of the music of Wallenstein's death, especially in the final measures that are as apotheosis to Schiller's chieftain. A young hand, but a ripening mind and a quickening imagi-

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A special choral concert has been arranged for the last two days of the year (Monday afternoon, Dec. 30, and Tuesday evening, Dec. 31), "Celebrating the Close of the Year of Victory." It will be devoted to music of thanksgiving and music of patriotism. First will come the American, Belgian, English, Italian and French anthems, then Chadwick's patriotic hymn, "Land of Our Hearts," and Bizet's "Patrie." More notable music will be Franck's choral setting of the 150th psalm, Verdi's "Te Deum," and a "Suite of the 16th Century," arranged by Mr. Rabaud from pieces found in the Virginal Book of Queen Elizabeth. These concerts will replace the first pair, postponed from October (11th and 12th) on account of the influenza. Consequently the season tickets for those will be good for these concerts of Dec. 30 and 31. Single tickets also are on sale.

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He revisited Boston with the Chicago Orchestra, led by Theodore Thomas, March 27, 1898, and played Rubinstein's concerto in D minor and a group of solo pieces. He gave recitals in Music Hall, March 28 and April 21, 1898. His next recital was on March 6, 1901, in Symphony Hall.

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Mr. Hofmann has composed several piano concertos and smaller piano pieces. He played his concerto in A minor, No. 3, with the Philharmonic Society of New York, February 28, 29, 1908. He has contributed to various periodicals, and published a book about piano technic.

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Mr. Hofmann has composed several piano concertos and smaller piano pieces. He played his concerto in A minor, No. 3, with the Philharmonic Society of New York, February 28, 29, 1908. He has contributed to various periodicals, and published a book about piano technic.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918-19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

EIGHTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, AT 8 P. M.

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY in D minor, op. 120

I. Andante; Allegro

II. Romanza

III. Scherzo

IV. Largo: Finale

Played without pause

RABAUD,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "La Procession Nocturne"
(after Lenau)

First time at these Concerts

SAINT-SAËNS,

CONCERTO for Pianoforte in G minor, No. 2, op. 22

I. Andante sostenuto

II. Allegretto scherzando

III. Presto

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to "Leonora" No. 3

Soloist:

MISCHA LEVITZKI

Baldwin Pianoforte used



MISCHA LEVITZKI

The Phenomenal
Pianist

RABAUD MAKES OLD MUSIC LIVE

Departs from Perfunctory
Reading of Schumann
at Symphony Concert

LEVITZKI HEARD WITH ORCHESTRA

By PHILIP HALE

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Schumann, symphony No. 4, D minor; Rabaud, "La Procession Nocturne," symphonic poem (after Lenau's "Faust")—first time at these concerts; Saint-Saens, piano concerto No. 2, G minor; Beethoven, overture to "Leonore" No. 3.

Mr. Nikisch, a romantic conductor, gave a singularly romantic interpretation of Schumann's symphony in D minor. The music appealed to him strongly, as did Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet." The performance of these two works was the crowning glory of his career in Boston. After his departure there were many performances of this symphony; some highly respectable and therefore ineffective, some curiously unintelligent and dull. His successors unfortunately regarded the symphony as "a classic," forgetting the fact that the romanticist of one generation, if he has a spark of genius or even conspicuous talent, is a classic in the eyes of the generation following; but the works of this "classic" composer should still be performed in the romantic spirit. Thus the occasional bombast, the extravagance of the Berlioz of the "Hernani" and "Antony" period should be defiantly expressed. So with Schumann. Yet too many conductors treat a symphony by him as though they were exhibiting a corpse and calling attention to the beauty of its features in death. They are afraid of disturbing the body. This symphony is not dead; its spirit did not die with Schumann.

Spirit of Music Prevails

Mr. Rabaud, fortunately for the audience, looks on the symphony as living music; as romantic in spite of the years. There was nothing perfunctory in the performance; there was no trace of the required respect of the professional mourner in the funeral chamber or at the grave. For once the spirit of the music prevailed over its material body. No conductor can change certain awkward passages in the symphony or re-orchestrate it in the performance; but Mr. Rabaud made the hearer forget Schumann's deficiencies, by bringing out fully the beauty of the musical thought. Take, for instance, the haunting Trio of the Scherzo. No conductor here has so comprehended its rhythmic character, the melancholy, so wistful, so contemplative, so peculiarly Schumannesque since Mr. Nikisch left us. The symphony gained greatly by being played without pauses between the movements as the composer directed.

"La Procession Nocturne" is illustrative of an episode in Lenau's "Faust." The symphonic poem was performed here 15 years ago by the Orchestral Club under Mr. Longy. There has also been a performance by the New England Conservatory Orchestra. The work was brought out in Paris in 1899. It shows the sensitive, impressionable nature of an accomplished musician, an imaginative composer whose technical skill allows him to create at once a mood, to maintain it without inducing monotony, to re-establish the mood after an ecclesiastically impressive middle section. The effects are gained by artfully simple means, a sober use of musical material; but the sobriety is not for a moment academic. The moods of Nature and of Faust are suggested without any attempts at bald realism. The despair of Faust is not frenzy. The religious procession seen by him, the solemn hymn as it swells and dies away—these furnish the contrast to the portrayal of the night, the stillness of the forest, the gloomy Faust as he envies the happiness of those singing the sacred hymn. The audience was quick to appreciate the charm of the music and the perfection of the performance. The composer was recalled several times.

Praise Levitzki's Playing

Young Mr. Levitzki has given three recitals in Boston. Yesterday he played here for the first time with the orchestra, and gave a delightful performance of Saint-Saens's almost too familiar concerto. He played the first movement of pseudo-Bach character in the appro-

Steinway Pianoforte used



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Steinway Pianoforte used

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priately dignified manner, not endeavoring to infuse the emotional quality that is inherently lacking, but giving due importance to melodic figures, displaying strength and a clear and charming touch. In the other movements, the clarity, the grace and the fleetness were noteworthy. We have not heard for many years so well-balanced and so interesting a reading of this concerto, a performance wholly in keeping with the character of the music.

By this time, no experienced and unprejudiced hearer has any doubt about the ability of Mr. Rabaud as an interpreter of Beethoven. His interpretations, neither conventional nor extravagant, are vital and illuminating, as was Mr. Rachmaninoff's treatment of music by Mozart and Beethoven not long ago.

The concert will be repeated tonight.

The program of the concerts next Monday afternoon and Tuesday evening will include national airs of Belgium, England, France, Italy and the United States; these choral works—Verdi's "Te Deum," Chadwick's "Land of Our Hearts," Cesar Franck's Psalm CL., and these orchestral works: Bizet's overture "Patrie" and the third suite of music by composers represented in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book (16th century) derived from the stage music arranged by Mr. Rabaud for a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" in Paris.

The program of the concerts for Jan. 3, 4, comprises the "Antar" symphony of Rimsky-Korsakoff; Beethoven's violin concerto (Mr. Helfitz, violinist and Ravel's "Raspedie Espagnole."

RABAUD "PROCESSION NOCTURNE" PLEASURES

"La Procession Nocturne," after Lenau's poem on the Faust legend, played here in 1903 by Mr Longy's Orchestral Club and six years later by Mr Chadwick and the Conservatory Orchestra, is the first of his own compositions Mr Rabaud has placed upon his programs here.

It is not music to startle or amaze by an aggressive modernity, or by the display of a virtuoso skill in juggling themes or putting the orchestra through extraordinary feats. It is rather music which bears the stamp of sincerity, of sensibility of mind and spirit in the perception of poetic ideas and of ardor and refinement of imagination in orchestral expression of them.

There is no apparent attempt at literal translation by lines of Lenau's poem which is printed on the fly leaf of the score. The divisions of the procession disclosed in the forest to Faust are not obviously marked as by banners—as though he should divide the children walking in pairs with torches from the host of virgins bearing crowns, or they

from the soberly clad and aged saints with frosted beards and crosses. But the work as a whole is one blending the note of naive mysticism with what may be said to portray human aspiration or regret which at times is poignant.

There is marked economy of materials. Two strokes are not made when one will do. In the simple introductory phrase deep in the horn, repeated in the chalumeau tones of the clarinet, there is at once a mood, an atmosphere established. The naively rhythmical figure of the procession, the later theme suggesting the phrase in the love duet of "Tristan and Isolde," indeed, the poignant harmonic treatment in the song of the cellos, repeated by violas and later by full orchestra, which strangely recalls progressions and a mood of the prelude to the same opera—all with a well-defined individuality, yet the introspective character of the work is not destroyed through development.

Received With Enthusiasm

It is never as though the same creatures were seen moving along the village street or in a country highway. The procession passes as though one were in a dream. The hearer is led first into the solitude and shadows of the forest, where the soul may commune with the spirits of another world. As the procession is gone, the sound of the marchers dying away, there is a shuddering, abruptly intrusive chord in the orchestra, as though Faust roused himself to a sense of reality and of the present, but he remains the observer, not the chief subject of the picture.

While the treatment is objective it is not weak. While musical form, which in its demand for a reprisal of what has already been told, sometimes laughs to scorn dramatic or even congruous development, there was not loss of illusion in the repetition by full orchestra in the final pages.

The work was received with demonstrations of approval wholly unusual for these concerts. As Mr Rabaud was brought back to the platform, many in the audience stood to receive him at both recalls. It is plain that admiration for him is increasingly outspoken from week to week, which is all as it should be.

Levitvski a Brilliant Technician

Mischa Levitzki, appearing as soloist with the orchestra for the first time in Boston, no doubt wearies of references to his youth. When a young man of 20, retaining as modest a manner as he, gives a public performance of Saint-Saens' second or G minor concerto for piano with as many elements of brilliance as did Mr Levitzki yesterday, liance as by instinct mechanical overleaping as by many of his elders ride barriers which many of his elders ride at bravely but clumsily, one must pause with garlands before the glories of youth even before homage to the venerability of years.

Mr Levitzki is so abundantly supplied with technical skill that emotional content is now at times passed over upon wings which are enamored of their own flight. Only years can unfold the perspective of the temple of art. There was occasionally the sense yesterday that rhythmically, in this brilliantly

decorative music which asks much of rhythm, the pianist was not always at ease or authoritative, nor were pianist and conductor always in agreement in ensemble, but Mr Levitzki commanded lively admiration. He did not make the mistake of playing an emotional depth beneath a surface which is characteristically polished, particularly in the scintillating brilliance of the scherzo and final movement. He was warmly applauded.

Spirit of Schumann

If all four of Schumann's symphonies were destroyed—including this last in D minor of yesterday: the third also, with its picture of life in the Rhine valley 80 years before the advent of one Gen Pershing, and of the bishop's coronation in the Cologne Cathedral which many would now trade for one in that of Rheims—the real spirit of the composer would live the keener, the more luminous in his songs, in his music for the piano, in the quartets.

A dreamer who worked in ivory with the born passion of the miniaturist, who heard the call of inner voices, he expressed with more dramatic force and tragic beauty when within a smaller frame. There is the spell in the sentiment of the song of the romance, but there are the measures of German padding, indifferent when given out, and wearisome by much repetition. The performance did not drag sentiment into sentimentality and disclosed euphony and precision. Mr Rabaud ended his program with the third overture to "Leonore." *Scale Dec. 28, 1918*

SYMPHONY GIVES WORK OF LEADER

Rabaud's Tone Poem on This Week's List

Post Dec 28/18

Seldom has Mr. Rabaud, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, devised a more entertaining and happily varied programme than that which he presented yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall: the fourth symphony of Schumann, Rabaud's "Procession Nocturne," Saint-Saens' G minor piano

concerto, performed by Michael Levitzki, and Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture.

PLAYED AS ONE PIECE

The Schumann symphony was played as the composer desired—without breaks between the movements. Late comers stayed outside in the lobbies until the last note had sounded. The proceeding was not only in accord with the composer's purpose, the whole interpretation was one of exquisite poetry.

It is not hard to believe that Mr. Rabaud, whose breadth and eclecticism as a composer grows on one, finds himself in peculiar sympathy with the sensitive romanticist who could touch nothing, even the grand form of the classic symphony, and the potencies of the modern orchestra, without making them intimately and incorrigibly an echo of his lyrical, dreaming spirit.

Rabaud's Own Work

The poetic mood was sustained by the performance of what is perhaps Mr. Rabaud's most famous and popular orchestral composition—the "Procession Nocturne" after Lenau's "Faust." The work has been performed sympathetically, ere this, in Boston. It made the stronger an impression yesterday under the composer's baton. The mood is that of Faust, pondering on his destiny, wrapt in his musings, but half conscious of nature that broods about him, while her unhappy man-child struggles with his fate.

In melodic thought, in imaginative suggestion, in orchestral color the work is a congenial and highly artistic addition to the long list of compositions inspired by Lenau's poem. Mr. Rabaud, as composer-conductor, was recalled repeatedly after his performance.

Gifted Young Virtuoso

Mr. Levitzki, a highly gifted young virtuoso, played Saint-Saens with exemplary brilliancy and clarity. These are qualities inherent in the music, which they served well to illumine. Unusually young for a soloist at these concerts, Mr. Levitzki made an excellent impression on the audience, and was recalled with marked enthusiasm.

Sometimes it is written, "an effective performance of the Leonore overture brought the concert to an end." Mr. Rabaud's reading of the famous masterwork was more than that. The emotion of the music was profoundly felt. It smoldered in the introduction, burst into flame with the opening of the allegro, and at last thrilled every hearer with its hosannas of triumph, of deliverance from wrong, of freedom from the tyrant.

VARIETY OF CONCERTS IS GREAT NEED

Dec. 29, 1918
Schumann's Symphony,
Real Music as It Is, Now
a 'Thrice-Told Tale'

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

Program.
Schumann, Fourth Symphony, D minor.
Rabaud, "La Procession Nocturne," Sym-
phonic Poem.
St. Saens, Piano Concerto, G minor.
Soloist, Mischa Levitzki.
Beethoven, Leonora No. 3, overture.

The above, the program at Sym-
phony Hall on Friday afternoon and
Saturday evening, with one exception,
was not only a twice-told tale to the
Boston concert-goer, but a fifty-times
told one. We must beware of let-
ting these concerts become a routine
recital of "standard" pieces. We ad-
mit the necessity of giving the
younger attendants some classical
pabulum, but either the Schumann
or the Beethoven work would have
been enough for this duty, and to
add the very familiar G minor con-
certo was becoming altogether too
academical. Let M. Rabaud study
the programs of Henschel, Fiedler or
Nikisch, if he wishes to know what
bills-of-fare we are accustomed to!
even those of Gericke and Muck
might teach a lesson.

Having thus growled we may re-
cant by saying that Schumann's
works do not fade nearly as much as
many others of his epoch. It is be-
cause they do not rely so much upon
orchestration (in which we have
made great strides), as upon really
musical thought. It has been said,
with truth, that Schumann's sym-
phonies are about as effective as
piano duets as in an orchestral ver-
sion. How weak the composed was
in scoring may be judged by the fact
that he originally tried Guitarr ac-

companiment in the Romance of this
work, although he changed this in
the later revision. The only diffi-
cult part in the symphony, for such
an orchestra as ours, was in the vio-
lin passages of the first movement
and the finale, and for our artists in
this division of our band there are
no longer any difficulties of any
kind.

A GRATEFUL CHANGE.

Yet after all we are glad that M.
Rabaud played the Schumann sym-
phony, for when we remember how
some modern Frenchmen revile this
composer (Debussy and D'Indy, for
example), it is a most grateful change
to find another Frenchman giving
such a splendid reading of his work,
as was done on this occasion. We
notice that M. Rabaud repeats the
expositions of the first movements in
his symphonic readings, a custom
that has somewhat lapsed under Dr.
Muck.

In his Nocturnal Procession, M.
Rabaud proved to be the more con-
servative modern French school, like
Pierne, for example. The number is
rather too constantly pianissimo, and
therefore lacks contrast, but it has
some noble moments, as for example,
the chorale-like work on brasses in
the centre. There is dignity and
romance in its measures. It follows
a well-known plan in beginning and
ending very softly, as many proces-
sions do, all the way from the Lohen-
grin Prelude, through Roff's Lenore
symphony, to the Turkish Patrol. It
has some very masterly treatment
of the wind instruments. The audi-
ence used the occasion to pay homage
to the great conductor and recalled
him at the end of his work over and
again, and many even rose from their
seats as a testimonial of respect.

Of the most popular and most melo-
dic of concertos we can say nothing
new, but we may become enthusiastic
over Mischa Levitzki. He leans more
to the technical than to the tempera-
mental side, but then his technique is
remarkable. His wrist and forearm
action in heavy chord playing or in
double-octave work is phenomenal,
his scales and passages are clear as
crystal, and he gave the second move-
ment (the gem of the work) with a
crispness and daintiness that was de-
lightful.

He is certainly one of the most
promising of the younger set of pian-
ists. He is not extravagant in ges-
ture or over-sentimental, as some of
the younger pianists are apt to be.
All in all, he made a very pronounced
success and was recalled over and
over again with a continuance of ap-
plause that is most unusual at these
afternoon concerts.

A heroine named Leonora
From her well-beloved husband they tore her.
But, disguised as a boy named Fidelio,
She outwitted his jailer right gayly O,
Which caused her freed spouse to adore her.

That tells the story of the final over-
ture in a nutshell, and Beethoven tells
it in music so that the climax of joy
after Florestan's deliverance becomes
something frantic. When Beethoven pic-
tures jubilation, as in this work or in
the ninth symphony finale, he sometimes
becomes frenzied, and the ecstasy, the
delirium of triumph and happiness, was
done full justice to by M. Rabaud and
his men. The solo trumpet passage, the
only important bit for this instrument
that Beethoven ever wrote, was also
clear and effective, so that the rather
stereotyped program ended with much
brilliance.

Judging by the Schumann and the
Beethoven readings, M. Rabaud is a
classical conductor of high rank. Among
modern French conductors we can re-
call only Lamoureux as gifted with such
sensible tendencies. Yet Andre Mes-
sager shows indications of the same con-
servative spirit in the makeup of his
American programs and the style of
their interpretation.

MUSIC IN BOSTON

Dec. 28, 1918
Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri
Rabaud, conductor, eighth concert of
thirty-eighth season, Symphony Hall, Bos-
ton, afternoon of Dec. 27, 1918; Mischa
Levitzki, soloist. The program: Schumann,
symphony No. 4 in D minor, op. 120;
Rabaud, "La Procession Nocturne," sym-
phonic poem, after Lenau (first time at
these concerts); Saint-Saens, concerto for
pianoforte in G minor, No. 2, op. 22;
Beethoven, overture to "Leonore," No. 3.

BOSTON, Massachusetts — Boston
has the opportunity during the incum-
bency of Mr. Rabaud to study the
gentle art of program making under
a master. Never too long to tire the
hearers, with contrast in plenty, with
enough new things to keep interest
eager, with a fresh viewpoint postu-
lated on the old things, they offer
musical entertainment ideally luxu-
rious. Such a program was the eighth
of the present season and in addition
to its individual merit as a program
it added interest both in that for the
first time the conductor appeared as
composer and the soloist stirred his
hearers into gratified and noisy ac-
knowledgegment of his success. If ever
an audience sat back and seemed to
say: "All right. Now show us what
you can do," when a soloist appeared
before it, it was the one of Friday
afternoon. If ever a soloist coolly ac-

cepted a challenge and thoroughly suc-
ceeded in "showing" his audience, it
was Mr. Levitzki. Of course, he had
the help first of a most gracious piece
of writing in the Saint-Saens second
concerto, second of a facile and ac-
commodating conductor, and third of
an interested and wholly sympathetic
band of players. Even so, the major
part of the task was for Mr. Levitzki's
fingers to accomplish. Nimble and
obedient, they performed their task in
satisfying fashion. True, the eager-
ness of the player caused their nim-
bleness at times to endanger the
rhythm, and his intentness on the
task in hand obscured the glance he
should more often have lifted to the
conductor. With experience, however,
will come the poise, and meanwhile
the beauty of tone is beyond cavil.

Mr. Rabaud's "La Procession Noc-
turne" is probably as compact, unified,
and scholarly a bit of writing in the
modern idiom as has ever been heard
at these concerts. It takes but a few
bars to establish the mood and the
On its next "southern trip," the
second week of January, the Boston
Symphony Orchestra will play:

In the Academy of Music, Philadelphia,
on Monday evening, Jan. 6, Schumann's
Fourth Symphony in D Minor, Mr. Ra-
baud's own "Procession Nocturne," Ber-
lioz's overture to "King Lear," and
Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto in E
Minor, with Mr. Fredric Fradkin, the new
concertmaster, as soloist.

In the New National Theater, Washing-
ton, on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 7,
D'Indy's Trilogy "Wallenstein," Con-
verse's "Mystic Trumpeter," and Men-
delssohn's Concerto with Mr. Fradkin.

In the Lyric Theater, Baltimore, on
Wednesday evening, Jan. 8, Schumann's
Fourth Symphony, Mendelssohn's Con-
certo with Mr. Fradkin, a suite of English
Sixteenth Century music arranged by
Mr. Rabaud, and Ravel's "Rapsodie
Espagnole."

In Carnegie Hall, New York, on Thurs-
day evening, Jan. 9, D'Indy's "Wallen-
stein," Converse's "Mystic Trumpeter,"
the old English suite, and Berlioz's "King
Lear."

In the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on
Friday evening, Jan. 10, Rimsky-Kors-
koff's Symphony "Antar," Mendelssohn's
Concerto with Mr. Fradkin, and Ravel's
"Rapsodie Espagnole."

In Carnegie Hall, New York, Saturday
afternoon, Jan. 11, Schumann's Fourth
Symphony, Rabaud's "Procession Noc-
turne," Ravel's "Rapsodie Espagnole,"
and Beethoven's "Leonora" Overture
No. 3.

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MISCHA LEVITZKI was born at Kremenschug, Russia, in May, 1898. His father, an American citizen, was there with his family on business. The boy attended the public schools of New York. He had learned to play the piano a little in Russia. Friends in New York placed him at the Institute of Musical Art, where he studied for above five years with Sigismond Stojowski. He was then sent to Berlin, where Ernst von Dohnányi was his teacher. In March, 1914, Mr. Levitzki gave his first public recital in Berlin. In the spring of that year he gave recitals in Antwerp and Brussels. The war broke out; he returned to Berlin, and in the winter of 1914-15 gave recitals there. Afterwards he gave recitals in Leipsic, Vienna, Budapest, where he played with Dohnányi, smaller cities of Germany and Austria-Hungary, and in Christiania. Returning to New York in April, 1916, he gave his first recital there on October 17 of that year.

His first recital in Boston was on October 19, 1916. He gave recitals here on November 27 of that year and on November 10, 1917.

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TO BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
SUBSCRIBERS

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

One of the two pairs of Symphony Concerts scheduled for October and postponed because of the closing of all Halls and Theatres will be given in Symphony Hall

MONDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 30, at 2.30 o'clock

TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 31, at 8 o'clock

PROGRAMME

Celebrating the Close of the Year of Victory

STAR SPANGLED BANNER
LA BRABANÇONNE
GOD SAVE THE KING
MARCIA REALE ITALIANA
LA MARSEILLAISE

G. W. CHADWICK (b. Lowell, Mass., 1854)

"LAND OF OUR HEARTS," Patriotic Hymn
(to words by John Hall Ingham)

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

G. BIZET (b. Paris, France, 1838) "PATRIE," Dramatic Overture

G. VERDI (b. Roncole, Italy, 1813) TE DEUM
DOUBLE CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

GILES FARNABY (b. Truro, England, 1568 [?]) and anonymous
English composers . . . SUITE OF THE XVITH CENTURY
(Arranged by Henri Rabaud)

Maestoso Moderato Allegro Andante Maestoso

C. FRANCK (b. Liège, Belgium, 1822) PSALM CL
CHORUS, ORCHESTRA AND ORGAN

AMERICA

CHORUS, ORCHESTRA AND ORGAN

Ticket Information — Please Read Carefully

Tickets dated Friday Afternoon, October 11, 1918, to be used

Monday Afternoon, December 30

Tickets dated Saturday Evening, October 12, 1918, to be used

Tuesday Evening, December 31

Extra single tickets for these concerts now on sale at Box Office

150

9-1

151

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918--19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

NINTH PROGRAMME

MONDAY, DECEMBER 30, AT 2.30 P. M.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31, AT 8 P. M.

CELEBRATING THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR OF VICTORY!

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH, THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

CAMPENHOUT,

LA BRABANCONNE

HENRY CAREY, (?)

GOD SAVE THE KING

G. GABETTI,

MARCIA REALE ITALIANA

ROUGET DE LISLE,

LA MARSEILLAISE

CHADWICK,

"LAND OF OUR HEARTS," Patriotic Hymn for
Chorus and Orchestra
(First time in Boston)

BIZET,

"PATRIE," Dramatic Overture

VERDI,

"TE DEUM" for double Chorus and Orchestra
(First time at these Concerts)

GILES FARNABY and anony-
mous English Composers

SUITE of the XVI Century
(Arranged by Henri Rabaud)
Maestoso. Moderato. Allegro. Andante. Maestoso
(First time in Concert)

FRANCK,

PSALM CL. for Chorus, Orchestra and Organ
(First time at these Concerts)

HENRY CAREY, (?)

AMERICA
Chorus, Orchestra and Organ

CONCERT OF VICTORY BY SYMPHONY

Orchestra Assisted by
the Townsend
Chorus

Post Dec. 3/18

The ninth symphony concert, which takes the place of the first concert postponed because of the influenza epidemic, was given yesterday afternoon. M. Rabaud and the orchestra were assisted by a mixed chorus trained under Stephen Townsend.

The programme of a cosmopolitan character and selected with the idea of celebrating the "close of the year of victory," was as follows: "The Star Spangled Banner," "La Brabanconne," "God Save the King," "Marcia Reale Italiana" and "La Marseillaise"; "Land of Our Hearts," a patriotic hymn for chorus and orchestra by Chadwick (first time in Boston); "Patrie," a dramatic overture by Bizet; "Te Deum," for double chorus and orchestra by Verdi (first time at these concerts); "Suite of the Sixteenth Century," by Giles Farnaby and anonymous English composers, arranged by M. Rabaud; "Psalm CL," for chorus, orchestra and organ by Franck (first time at these concerts), and "America."

CHADWICK'S HYMN

Mr. Chadwick's "Land of Our Hearts," a setting of a patriotic poem

by John Hall Ingham of Philadelphia, was given its first performance at the meeting of the Litchfield County (Conn.) Association on June 5, 1918. The first, third and fourth stanzas of the work are beautiful and impressive in themselves, but are tainted with a "voluptuous religiosity" which ill suits the austere dignity and repose essential to the ideal patriotic composition (which, needless to add, has not yet been written).

The comparative weakness of the composition as a whole is evident in the conventional musical conception of the "Sunny South" and by the absence of cumulative intensity in the whole work. The last stanza, which should have been the most powerful, is the weakest. A bad diminished seventh chord on the keyword "nation" and conventional chromatic harmonies, as in the final two measures, betray a lack of the more profound creative power.

"Patrie" and "Te Deum"

Bizet's "Patrie" is also an "occasional piece," written for M. Pasdeloup and the Concerts Populaires in 1873. It is marred by the same slight tendency in the direction of bombast and sentimentality that hampers Mr. Chadwick. Yet it, too, is not without a certain impressiveness, and at its best conveys something of the tragic bewilderment of France after the "debacle of 1870." The modulations are often forced, the cadences too often conventional, and the delicate orchestration is impaired by excessive percussion and perfunctory trumpet calls.

In Verdi's "Te Deum" the shortcomings of the chorus were most evident. Their attacks lacked incisiveness, the vowel sounds were sometimes blatant, the final consonants indistinguishable and the male voices were often harsh and lacking in body. The soprano solo near the end was capably given, and the work of the chorus as a whole reflects credit on Mr. Townsend when the difficulties of assembling and training a chorus at the present time are considered. The performance of the impressive and often profound "Te Deum" was, on the whole, thoroughly satisfactory.

The "Suite of the Sixteenth Century" shared with Franck's "Psalm" the honors of the programme. M. Rabaud is to be congratulated on his delicate and unobtrusive orchestration in antique style of these old pieces from the "Fitzwilliam Virginal Book." They are full of the eloquent simplicity of the Elizabethans, best exemplified in the lyrics of Shakspeare and the madrigals of Dowland and Morley.

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 Franck's setting of the 150th Psalm is one of the masterpieces of the last years of his life. The introduction is mystical and yet restrained. The "Hallelujahs" at the beginning are mysterious and menacing, rather than triumphant. Such awe is an essential part of religious emotion, yet most composers, Verdi, for example, tend to be "too much at ease in Zion." The whole composition works up gradually and inevitably to a powerful, sublime, but restrained climax.

The programme for next Friday and Saturday is as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff—"Antar" Symphony, Beethoven—Concerto for violin in D major, and Ravel's "Rapsodie Espagnole." Jascha Heifetz will be the soloist.

9TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald Dec. 31 '18
 Chorus Assists in Celebrating Close of Year of Victory

NATIONAL AIRS OF ALLIES ON PROGRAM

By PHILIP HALE

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestra was assisted by a chorus prepared by Stephen Townsend. The concert celebrated the close of the year of victory. The program was as follows: National airs of the United States, Belgium, England, Italy, France; Chadwick, "Land of Our Hearts," for chorus and orchestra (first time in Boston); Bizet, "Patrie," dramatic overture; Verdi, "Te Deum," for double chorus and orchestra (first time at these concerts); Barnaby and anonymous English composers of the 16th century, Suite No. 3, from the stage music arranged by Mr. Rabaud for the production of "Le Marchand de Venise" in Paris; Cesar Franck, Psalm CL., for chorus, orchestra and organ (first time at these concerts); "America."

There was a large audience, but the seats of many subscribers were filled by others, and, strange to say, there were many vacant seats in the second balcony.

The concert as a whole was tame and a disappointment. Even the patriotic hymns of the allied nations aroused little enthusiasm. There was a slight crescendo of applause during the playing. The heartiest manifestation of joy followed the Marseillaise, and yet, taken at a little slower pace than that chosen by Mr. Messager, the Marseillaise—"luckiest musical composition ever promulgated; the sound of which will make the blood tingle in men's veins," to quote Carlyle—was not so spirited and flaming as when it was played here *con amore* by the Paris Conservatory Orchestra two months ago.

Mr. Rabaud planned the program so that the United States, France, Italy, England and Belgium should be represented. As Russia's heroic soldiers in the early years of the war alarmed the Germans and gave the English time to form a second army, Russia, theoretically, should have been heard in music. Alas, what is Russia today? What has she been since the Revolution and the substitution of a weak tune by Gretchaninoff for the superb National Hymn associated with the Tsar?

For the United States, Mr. Chadwick's unpretentious and patriotic hymn, "Land of Our Hearts," was chosen; it was sung sonorously by the chorus and well received by the audience.

Verdi's noble and profoundly impressive "Te Deum" was a doubly appropriate selection. It is to be regretted that the choral performance was timid and generally ineffective. It too plainly showed the lack of confidence that results from insufficient preparation. A work like this "Te Deum" is not to be treated in Mr. Wemmick fashion "Hullo, here's a 'Te Deum'; let's sing it." There was not sufficient time for thorough rehearsal between the announcement of the concert and the day of performance. Nor is this "Te Deum" a work for many of the amateurs that were in the chorus, a work that demands picked singers, trained musicians with independent voices; not merely amiable singers following the more experienced in their neighborhood. Yet, pale as the choral performance was, it was a pleasure to hear Verdi's music again, an extraordinary work for the Verdi of 81 or 85 years. How the significance of the text inspired him with an imposing simplicity of expression! The grandeur of "The Father of an Infinite Majesty"; the ineffable beauty of "Also the Holy Ghost the Comforter," the monotone "Day by Day We Magnify Thee," the wonderful "O Lord Have Mercy," and the marvelous ending in which the hope of the world is voiced clamorously, with the following few orchestral chords, pianissimo, never to be forgotten—these are only a few of the glories in this dramatic-mystical composition.

Cesar Franck's Psalm, which gains in effect with the orchestral accompani-

ment, is straightforward jubilation. Here the task of the chorus was comparatively easy.

Bizet's "Patrie," written shortly after the Franco-Prussian war, was again an appropriate selection, expressing the martial spirit, the grief, the indomitable courage of the French; yet one wished that Bizet had invented music more worthy the composer of "Carmen" and "L'Arlesienne." The overture was written to order. Some of the pages are trivial, indeed; some are only bombast. Only here and there does one recognize the better Bizet, whose letters as a soldier in 1870 are more eloquent than this tonal expression of feeling.

Mr. Rabaud's Suite shows his taste in selection from the old English composers and his skill in editing and arranging the pieces, without the foolish reverence that respects the archaism that is synonymous with dullness in modern ears; without the impertinent modernization that takes away the delicate and delightful flavor of old songs and dance tunes. The opening Maestoso is distinctively English in its formality and ruggedness. The gems of the Suite are the Moderato by Farnaby and the Andante by an unknown composer of Elizabethan days. The Suite found immediate favor.

This concert which took the place of that announced for Oct. 11 and deferred on account of the influenza, will be repeated tonight.

The program of the concerts on next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Jan. 3, 4, is as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Antar," symphony No. 2; Beethoven, violin concerto (Mr. Heifetz, violinist); Ravel, Rapsodie Espagnole.

BOSTON CONDUCTOR NOW AN "IMMORTAL"

Monitor Jan. 1, 1919.

BOSTON, Massachusetts—News has just arrived of the election of Mr. Henri Rabaud, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as a member of L'Institut de France. Under the Institut is the Académie des Beaux Arts, comprising five chambers for the various fine arts. Of the "forty immortals" there are always six musical composers, judges of the Prix de Rome; they are at present: Saint-Saëns, Dubois, Paladilhe, Fauré, Charpentier, and now Rabaud, replacing Widor, who in turn has become "Secrétaire Perpétuelle."

Mr. Rabaud's father was a celebrated cellist and teacher at the Conservatoire, his grandfather was also a musician, and his grand-aunt the famous

singer, Mme. Dorus-Gros. He is a graduate of the Conservatoire, where he studied composition under Massenet, and in 1894 he won the Grand Prix de Rome. For the four years following he studied at the Villa Medici. Then, in Rome and Vienna he organized and conducted series of concerts for the purpose of acquainting those cities with contemporary French music. He has regularly been a leading conductor at the Opéra and the Opéra Comique, and has often conducted at the Concerts Lamoureux, Colonne, Monteux, and Conservatoire. As a composer, he is known to Europe by two operas besides the Arabian Nights opera "Marouf," which has been presented by the Metropolitan Opera Company. He has written an oratorio, "Job," three symphonies and numerous works in smaller forms.

THE STANDARDIZED "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"

The Oliver Ditson Company has put on the market the service version of the "Star-Spangled Banner." This version embodies the work of a committee of 12, comprising the following: John Alden Carpenter, Wallace Goodrich, Walter E. Spaulding and F. W. Converse, representing the committee on training camp activities; Peter W. Dykema of the University of Wisconsin, Osbourne McConathy of Northwestern University and Hollis Dann of Cornell University, representing the national conference of music supervisors; and C. C. Birchard, Carl Engel, William Arms Fisher, E. W. Newton and Arthur E. Johnstone, representing the music publishers.

In their work of standardizing the anthem, the committee considered and studied it from the standpoints of melody, rhythm and harmonization. The result of their joint effort was to add dignity to the ordinary version and to offer the country a more musical form of its national anthem.

The new version of the hymn is being used in all its concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra, to the delight and interest of its hearers. This version will undoubtedly also be the one exclusively used in the schools and in those printed in the army and navy song and band books.

PHONY CONCERT

RD OF A DISILLUSIONIZING
AFTERNOON

Trans. Dec. 31, 1918
A "Celebration of the Close of the Year of Victory" That Proved but Perfunctory Occasion—A Singular Audience from Which Subscribers Were Conspicuously Absent—Little Interesting or Impressive Music and All in Routine Performance—A Chorus Too Hastily Assembled and Prepared

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT of yesterday afternoon—first of a pair, as the programme-book put it, "to celebrate the year of victory"—was better designed than accomplished. It replaced the concert announced for Oct. 11 last and postponed because of the prevalence of influenza, as the repetition, this evening, will replace the concert of Oct. 12. By so much the occasion fulfilled its purpose, since it lessened by a week the prolongation of the series to the middle of May in amends for omitted concerts. Otherwise, it fell far short of intent. To suit the plan, the programme began with the playing by the orchestra of the national hymns of the United States, Belgium, Britain, Italy and France; it proceeded with three pieces for chorus with orchestra—"Land of Our Hearts: A Patriotic Hymn" written by the American, Mr. Chadwick; a setting of the Te Deum in the offices of the church by the Italian, Verdi; and a setting of the last Psalm—music of triumphant rejoicing—by the Franco-Belgian Franck. Between these were interspersed two orchestral pieces—Bizet's concert overture, "Patrie" and a short Suite arranged by Mr. Rabaud from old English tunes of the sixteenth century and originally part of the incidental music to Monsieur Gémier's reproduction of Shakspeare's comedy, "The Merchant of Venice" at Paris in 1916. To conclude as the old playbills had it, orchestra, organ, chorus and audience sounded one stanza of the hymn, "America." So were the numbers of the day distributed among the United States and the co-belligerent nations against Germany; so were these numbers designed to stir appropriate emotions in the segment of the victors dwelling in and around Boston and assembling in Symphony Hall; so were the Symphony Concerts to be linked into what it is now fashionable to call "the communal life."

Whatever the outcome may be this evening—the more appropriate time for such "celebration"—the number and the quality of the audience, Monday afternoon, visibly defeated the last of these purposes. The upper balcony, open to "the

community," at twenty-eight cents per head, held only a fringe of listeners, whereas at an ordinary Symphony Concert, it is filled, usually, to the last seat. In the lower balcony and in the parquet the subscribers to the afternoon concerts seemed few and far between, having evidently bestowed their tickets hither and yon until the auditorium resembled what in the palmy days of the Boston Opera used to be known as "a poor relations' night." The places disposable for each concert were occupied by a still more miscellaneous company, not too much at ease in its surroundings and plainly disappointed in the relative tameness of the proceedings as a "celebration." The whole audience, indeed, declined to be stirred even by the preliminary national hymns, joined only perfunctorily in the singing of "America," returned to the other numbers of the day only routine applause. Whatever the outcome this evening—to repeat a necessary proviso—substantial evidence was not lacking yesterday that the public of the afternoon concerts prefers the Symphony Orchestra as a cosmopolitan medium for the performance of symphonic music and not as instrument for "celebrating the close of the year of victory." Possibly that public, if it ever reflects upon the matter at all, may even believe that, playing such music from all lands week in and week out from October to May, the Symphony Orchestra sufficiently serves and enriches "the communal life."

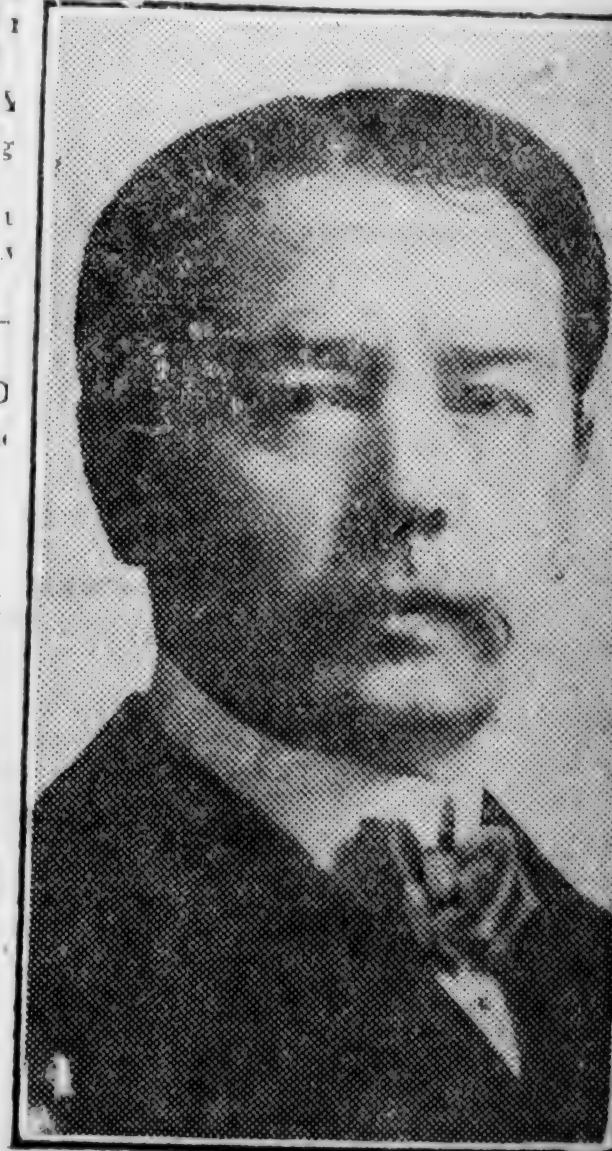
In the second place, with the exception of Verdi's loftily imagined and eloquently written setting of the Te Deum—not to "celebrate" anything but because the beauty and the majesty of the hymn of praise deeply stirred him—the music of the afternoon as music seldom rose above commonplace. The national hymns evoke in themselves and by habit in the hearers the emotions they were designed to summon; the least sensitive thereto may hardly hear "La Marseillaise" played, especially in the presence of French troops, without answering thrill. But heard as they were Monday afternoon, one after another, "off the reel," on a purely arbitrary occasion, before an unexcited and unexcitable audience, they seemed hardly the sort of musical stuff upon which the Symphony Orchestra exercises its abilities or its audiences their ears. Mr. Chadwick's "hymn" sounded neither better nor worse than the "pot-boiler" of a practised composer. It clothes simple, straightforward elemental verses—"Land of the North, Land of the South, Land of the East, Land of the West, Land of Our Hearts" and so forth—in as simple, straightforward, elementary music, skilfully and "gratefully" written for the singing chorus, mechanically accompanied by the orchestra—a frank pièce d'occasion designed for general usage, with little imagination, with no distinction. Franck's set-

ting of the one hundred and fiftieth Psalm is music of finer craftsmanship and warmer feeling; as direct, if not quite so elementary; of the tonal prose of the organist of Sainte-Clothilde and not of the tonal poetry, like Verdi's setting of the Te Deum, of an illustrious composer.

Until Bizet's overture, "Patrie," became haloed to many an ear by new association with a desolate but warlike France, it passed intrinsically for one of his routine pieces seldom to be resurrected in the concert-room when his masterly music to "L'Arlésienne," for example—to say nothing of orchestral fragments of "Carmen"—lay ready to hand. As for the Suite of Mr. Rabaud—honestest and openest of men—it is exactly what it purports to be. Monsieur Gémier, the actor-manager, eager to domicile "Shakspeare in France," contrived a reproduction of "The Merchant of Venice" on the Parisian stage in which the play was barely discoverable through thick swathings of scenery, costumes, lights, dances, music and other spectacular paraphernalia. He deputed the scholarly Rabaud to write this music. The composer-conductor opened the music-books of Shakspeare's time, when England was fertile in tunes of its own, and transcribed pieces appropriate to various incidents in the play, for a very small orchestra—a mere group of instruments in the pit of a theatre. More recently he has rescored the numbers heard yesterday as a Suite for the concert-hall and a sizable orchestra. The resulting piece runs in five short movements—the first and the last, being identical, of sonorous voice, free and ample rhythmic stride; the intervening three either songful with frank English melody, a little touched by melancholy, or sprightly with English high spirits. Mr. Rabaud has well preserved the directness, the heartiness, the honesty of this old English music. He rescues it with a sympathetic, resourceful, reticent hand. There he and the Suite stop. Of all the numbers of the day, only it and Verdi's Te Deum were worthy of the higher standards of the Symphony Concerts.

Finally, the performance of no one of these pieces, however it may go this evening, rose above dutiful routine. A cosmopolitan orchestra, as the Symphony Orchestra by auspicious fate has been, is now, and probably ever will be, cannot with the best will in the world, play an arbitrary assortment of national hymns with the fire of feeling and of utterance that Mr. Messager and his Frenchmen from the Conservatory lately infused in Symphony Hall into "La Marseillaise." Mr. Rabaud, besides, was too rigid with it; while he was literal to a fault with the overture, "Patrie," which needs all the extraneous heat and glamour a conductor may kindle around it. Only in his own Suite did leader and band seem their usual

elves. As for the choral pieces the performance of all three obviously suffered from the fact that the choir, however able, diligent and finely voiced, has lacked time for adequate preparation, for the gaining of the elasticity, the sureness, the confidence, the zest that are half the battle with such music and that were chief glories, in another time, of the Boston Symphony Chorus. In Mr. Chadwick's hymn, made to measure, as it were, for the average choir, Mr. Townsend's singers regained not a little of their precision, rhythm, sense of quality of tone, of turn of phrase, mounting progression and expanding climax. They fared well enough with Franck's Psalm, within the limits of competence. But in Verdi's setting of the Te Deum—as exacting as it is beautiful and eloquent in the answers of choir to choir, in intervals and transitions that dim the eye and melt the heart, in glowing arcs of exultant, exalted or poignant tone—the choir and indeed Mr. Rabaud seemed only to grope their way along by no means without occasional missteps. Not always did they achieve even the letter of the music. This done, there was naught left in them to summon its spirit. Nor would it be the truth to say that Mr. Rabaud much distinguished himself as a conductor.



George W. Chadwick.

Angles and Authority



CLYAS
WILLIAMS

Henri Rabaud

Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918--19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY. ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

TENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, AT 8 P. M.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, SYMPHONY No. 2, "Antar," op. 15
I. Largo; Allegretto vivace
II. Allegro
III. Allegro risoluto alla marcia
IV. Allegretto vivace: Andante amoroso

BEETHOVEN, CONCERTO for Violin in D major, op. 61
I. Allegro ma non troppo
II. Larghetto
III. Rondo

RAVEL, RHAPSODIE ESPAGNOLE
I. Prelude à la nuit
II. Malagueña
III. Habanera
IV. Fera, (The Fair)

Soloist:

JASCHA HEIFETZ

There will be no Rehearsal and Concert next week



Jascha Heifetz THE SUPREME VIOLINIST

It is said that Mr. JASCHA HEIFETZ was born at Vilna, Russia, in 1900. He began his musical studies at the age of three with his father, a violinist. When he was five he entered the Royal School of Music in Vilna; when he was six he played Mendelssohn's concerto in public; and at the age of seven he was graduated. He then went to Petrograd, where he took lessons for two years of Leopold Auer. There he gave recitals. Soon afterwards he played with the Odessa Symphony Orchestra in seven concerts. In 1911 he made his first tour outside of Russia, playing in Berlin with orchestras led by Mr. Nikisch, in Vienna with an orchestra led by Mr. Safonoff. He appeared in other cities of Germany and Austria. Returning to Russia he gave concerts. The war broke out. He made a concert tour through Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. In the winter of 1916-17 he gave many recitals in Petrograd. In September, 1917, he arrived in New York, coming from Russia by way of Siberia, across the Pacific Ocean.

His first appearance in Boston was on January 6, 1918. He gave recitals here on March 17, 31, November 3, of that year.

HEIFETZ SYMPHONY CONCERT SOLOIST

Globe — Jan. 4, 1919
Famous Violinist Plays for First
Time With Boston Orchestra

Jascha Heifetz, the marvelous boy violinist, was the soloist at the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon, and again revealed his remarkable gifts as interpreter of music written for his chosen instrument. The modest bearing of this young genius and the unassuming manner with which he conquers the tremendous difficulties of masterpieces composed for the violin have been mentioned before, and the encomiums given him for his recitals the past year are equally applicable to his captivating performance yesterday in the familiar D major concerto by Beethoven.

When Heifetz appeared the cordiality of his greeting indicated that his standard as an artist was well established here. He began his performance of the concerto with a freedom from pose and a quiet dignity which didn't desert him while playing, even when he had some difficulty with the strings of the violin by reason of weather conditions.

His exquisite tone, facile technique, double stops, clean-cut phrasing and impeccable finger work again claimed the admiration of his auditors, the variety of shading and delicacy of detail appearing to be spontaneous and free from mechanical control.

In the ethereal slow movement the breadth and resonance of the work was set forth with compelling effect, and the two cadenzas were made fairly scintillating by the phenomenal brilliancy of his work. A half dozen recalls were given him at the close of his performance.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" Symphony and Ravel's "Rapsodie Espagnole" completed the program. The Oriental atmosphere of the former, with its sensuous and dreamy significance of the adventures of Antar and the transformed fairy, tends to awaken the imagination because of the skillful use of the orchestral forces by the composer.

The tone pictures are vivid and beautifully contrasted, love, triumph, frenzy, regret and passion being the principal emotions upon which the story is based. Under Mr. Rabaud's guidance the rich and barbaric splendor of the composition was given with fine effect.

Ravel's rhapsodic pictures of Spanish life went with the proper spirit and abandon, an easy task for the orchestra. There will be no concerts next week, the orchestra being away on the regular tour.

DESERT MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Herald — Jan. 4, 1919
Orchestra Plays "Antar" of
Rimsky-Korsakoff at
Tenth Concert

MR. HEIFETZ IS SOLO VIOLINIST

By PHILIP HALE

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Rabaud conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Antar," Symphony No. 2; Beethoven, Violin Concerto; Ravel, Rapsodie Espagnole. Mr. Heifetz was the solo violinist.

It would be an interesting experiment to put "Antar" and Scheherazade on a program in illustration of Rimsky-Korsakoff's orientalism. "Antar" was composed in 1868, "Scheherazade" in 1888, when the composer's technic was fully developed. Of the two, "Scheherazade" is undeniably the more popular, not only because it has been heard often and is associated with its incongruous use for a ballet; it appeals more intimately to the average hearer. Yet "Antar" is the more imaginative work. "Scheherazade," for the most part, suggests the harem. It is true, there is the storm music, with the shock and the fury of the billows; the composer had heard one of the Kalandars telling his wondrous tale; but the excursions from the harem are short and few. The greater number of pages are odorous with

Strange spice and flower, strange savor of crushed fruit,
And perfume the swart kings tread under foot.

For pleasure when their minds wax amorous,
Charred frankincense and grated sandal-root.

There is freer, purer air in "Antar"; there is the thought of the desert and its

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MR. HEIFETZ IS SOLO VIOLINIST

By PHILIP HALE

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Rabaud conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Antar," Symphony No. 2; Beethoven, Violin Concerto; Ravel, Rapsodie Espagnole. Mr. Heifetz was the solo violinist.

It would be an interesting experiment to put "Antar" and Scheherazade on a program in illustration of Rimsky-Korsakoff's orientalism. "Antar" was composed in 1868, "Scheherazade" in 1888, when the composer's technic was fully developed. Of the two, "Scheherazade" is undeniably the more popular, not only because it has been heard often and is associated with its incongruous use for a ballet; it appeals more intimately to the average hearer. Yet "Antar" is the more imaginative work. "Scheherazade," for the most part, suggests the harem. It is true, there is the storm music, with the shock and the fury of the billows; the composer had heard one of the Kalandars telling his wondrous tale; but the excursions from the harem are short and few. The greater number of pages are odorous with

Strange spice and flower, strange savor of
crushed fruit,
And perfume the swart kings tread under
foot

For pleasure when their minds wax
amorous,
Charred frankincense and grated sandal-
root.

There is freer, purer air in "Antar";
there is the thought of the desert and its

There will be no Rehearsal and Concert next week

majestic loneliness. The mood of the hero, who might have stalked gloomily with Lara or any other Byronic hater of mankind, is at once established; it is powerfully maintained. The descriptive, or pictorial, episode of the pursued gazelle is graphic, not grotesque, although the composer here risked a disconcerting fall into the ludicrous. The two movements that follow, expressing in turn the delights of revenge and of power are splendidly barbaric, invoking scenes of ravaging and murderous hordes, exulting, furious, rushing onward to the wild sounds of strange instruments, ruthless, defiant, indomitable, while the love-music of the finale is sensuously languorous.

In this symphony we find the cruelty and the sensuality of the east, frank, unabashed, magnificent. And all is so largely expressed! There is here no miniature painting, as is found too frequently in "Scheherazade"; the colors in "Antar" are often bold and glaring; the palette knife takes the place of the brush. The thought of the composer is more than fanciful; it is imaginative.

Mr. Rabaud was so fortunate in his interpretation of this Symphony that it is to be hoped he will find it convenient during the season to let us hear Balakireff's Symphony, played here some years ago, and the same composer's "Thamar," which, as we believe, has not yet received full justice in Symphony Hall. Then there is the first Symphony of Borodin, which Mr. Nikisch brought out here 28 years ago for the first time in this country. These composers are more in favor with the French than is Tchaikowsky. Perhaps the frequent bursts of platitudes and coarseness, the vociferous outcries of despair that at times degenerate into a personal whine, disturb the Parisians, yet we should like to hear his fourth Symphony, to our mind the most characteristically Russian of Tchaikowsky's work in the symphonic field, played under Mr. Rabaud's direction.

He was equally fortunate in his interpretation of Ravel's tonal pictures of Spain, which yesterday were more glowing and spirited than ever before. The nocturnal prelude had fuller significance, a more poetic feeling. How brilliant the reading of the Malaguena, the Habanera and the finale with its delirious revel. The reading of the Rhapsody was distinguished by subtlety as well as dash. Those who thought that Mr. Rabaud might be an "academic" conductor have learned that neither Beethoven nor Ravel, Schumann nor Berlioz, Converse nor Saint-Saens is misunderstood or unappreciated by this musician of broad sympathies, kindly authority and a spirit that blazes when the music makes demand.

Mr. Heifetz, who played yesterday for the first time with this orchestra, gave an uncommonly fine performance of Beethoven's Concerto. His technical proficiency, which is almost incredible in a man of his years, his amazing facility, his poise—one might say—his imperturbability—already known to all, were again conspicuous, as were the beauty of his tone and the sureness of his intonation. But since he first played here, he has gained in warmth and depth of expression, so that his selection of the too familiar concerto was not ill-advised. The cadenzas, which, we are told, are by Leopold Auer, were long and musically uninteresting.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program for Jan. 17-18 is as follows: Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, No. 5; Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto (Mr. Fradkin, violinist); Saint-Saens, "Phaeton," symphonic poem; Lalo, Rhapsody.

SYMPHONY SETS YEAR FAST PACE

Post Jan. 4, 1919
Gorgeously Colored
Music Played—
Heifetz Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

Jascha Heifetz, violinist, played Beethoven's concerto at the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestral compositions were Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" and Ravel's "Caprice Espagnole"—two pieces of gorgeous tone-painting, although the musical pictures of Ravel are in many respects far from the oriental fantasy of Rimsky-Korsakoff.

SPLendor OF "ANTAR"

Partly because of the eloquent interpretation of Mr. Rabaud, but also because of the inherent originality and imaginative power of the music, this latter composition made a deep impression on the audience, and that is a greater tribute to the genius of the composer than may be realized at first by a concert-goer of the year 1919. "Antar" was heard for the first time in Petrograd in 1869. At that time the young men of the "Neo-Russian" school were just beginning to find themselves. The new idioms which they then struck out are part and parcel of every composer's equipment today, if he chooses to use them; but "Antar" must have been in every measure strange and terrifying to the conservatives in 1869. Today it need terrify no one. Too much water has flowed over the bridges since it first saw the light. In point of orchestration and harmony, etc., it is an old story. Yet it was the most gorgeous music on the programme yesterday.

The strange colors of Ravel's suite seemed deliberately manufactured by comparison. As soon as the music of "Antar" commenced, a miracle was wrought again. The doors of the enchanted esat swung open. Perfumes of the orient, the fate-haunted spaces of the desert, the deeds of oriental legends, sensuous dreams of the fruitions of life and the vanit of all things, echoed in this music and struck an answering echo in those who listened.

Has Vital Originality

This, despite the fact that "Antar" is by no means the most finished and brilliant work of Rimsky-Korsakoff. The composer himself confessed that his hand still lacked much of its cunning when he penned this music. It is easy to point out in it immaturities, passages where the explorer or a new tonal realm is feeling his way, or leaping boldly forward into the darkness, with the audacity and impatience of genius. But the spirit, the thing that does not die, is there, and no fair-minded student of the musical art can refuse enthusiastic tribute to the vital originality of this work. In it is the genesis of most of the Russian music that came later.

This score, and Balakireff's "Thamar," are certainly two of the principal foundations stones of the "Neo-Russian" school, which following Liszt and Berlioz, emancipated itself completely from the German harmonic scheme and the German principles of instrumentation, turning the orchestral into a dazzling kaleidoscope of color, following freely the bent of the Slavic imagination in the invention of tone-pictures of unparalleled vividness and splendor.

One thing may be admitted: This music of "Antar" implies a stage pic-

ture and stage action to fulfil its scope even more inevitably than Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," mounted so appropriately by the Russian ballet. Movement, color, pantomime, seem inevitable corollaries of it.

Hence there are those who will claim that this is not great music, or pure music, or whatever the shibboleth of those who prefer esthetic doctrines to art which is alive and inspiring and stimulating to the imagination may be. But this will not destroy the beauty and the genius of the music.

Mr. Heifetz played his concerto with the technical mastery expected of him, with uncommon purity and beauty of tone, and a true feeling for the classic qualities of the composition. He played with the utmost respect for the intention of the composer, and as one at home and master of music of grand proportions. The manner in which his solo was an integral and indivisible part of a great whole, emerging from the orchestral canvas at the appropriate time, or blending with it in a manner to secure ideal balance and proportion was an exhibition of the highest musicianship. Thrice admirable, too, was the vigorous straightforward quality of his performance, the firm, masculine rhythms, the elasticity in the singing of melodic passages or the weaving of musical ornamentations about the orchestral themes. The finale has seldom been played in a manner at once so simple and effective.

No doubt that Mr. Heifetz in the future will show richer and more poignant feeling in such passages as the slow movement, but sufficient unto the day were the musical and intellectual distinctions of the performance of a young man of genius. He was recalled repeatedly with the greatest enthusiasm.

The Beethoven concert found itself in strange company, following "Antar" and preceding the ultra-modern music of Ravel. Here is one of the most interesting of the French composers of today. He is an impressionist in technique, yet there are cerebral qualities in Ravel seldom indeed associated with impressionism. He uses bewildering effects of his own making, yet he has a strong sense of form. He knows where he is going. He may bewilder you, but you are very certain that he never bewilders himself. The strangest and most fascinating colors come from his orchestra-colors, which the composer examines with keen and clear-eyed interest, and "I told you so" as the effect which he invented comes out exactly as he intended it should. Yet the first movement of this Spanish caprice is very poetic and beautiful in a strange, tenebrous fashion. "Prelude to the Night," the sighing of winds, the ghost of a song, and strange gibberings of clarinets and bassoons—a country,

There will be no Rehearsal and Concert next week

one would say, of crude, huge shapes that startle one as they leer out of black shadows, a country which is the wraith of its romantic and tragic past. There is rough vigor and sardonic humor in the Malaguena. The Habanera is melancholy and black, like pictures of Goya.

The crackling, calculated effects of the last movement, "The Fair," have an alternating passage which redeems the inherent commonness of this realistic photograph of a Spanish market-place. This is a melancholy, sensuous strain played by the cello, and soon submerged in the commotion of the concluding measures. A movement far beneath the last movement of Debussy's "Iberia" in true imagination and artistic distinction! Just the same, this caprice is a notable and exhilarating "stunt," if for the most part it is nothing else, and the "Prelude to the Night" is one of the most original pieces of tone-painting which have come from modern France.

"Antar" Given by Symphony Artists

Herald & American
Jan. 5, 1919.

By LOUIS. C. ELSON.

PROGRAM.

"Antar" Symphony Rimski-Korsakoff
Violin Concerto Beethoven
Soloist, Jascha Heifetz
Rhapsodie Espagnole Ravel

"ANTAR" is a symphony that tells an Oriental story. The first movement shows Antar, the great hunter, amid the ruins of Palmyra, the ruins being inhabited evidently by trombones, bassoons and clarinettes. A flute is now pursued by ferocious cellos and contrabasses, picturing the fairy Ghul-Nazar chased by the spirits of darkness. As Antar saves her she rewards him, as all good fairies do, by three gifts—Revenge, Power and Love. All this first part is splendidly graphic and original. In Revenge, the second movement, Antar evidently takes vengeance upon harmony teachers and gives many dissonances of the most modern school. A muscular kettle-drummer, a healthy cymbal player and an artist upon the gong emphasize this part with the fury of a Bol-

sheviki caucus meeting. Stopped horns and other disagreeable things join in this portion of the trouble.

The movement picturing Power, being Russian, of course made it military power, but here there was also a charming Eastern dance, a good contrast to the military effects.

This was the finest part of the work and it was splendidly interpreted. In the finale Love, the English horn and the clarinette are evidently enamored of each other. The dialogue between these two instruments, very well given, presented a good contrast between the masculine yearning of the former and the more delicate dreaminess of the latter instrument. Antar dies at the end of this (kissed to death by the fairy), but his Liebestod was by no means as striking as one that Wagner has written.

It is a strong, if rather barbaric picture, and the scoring as well as the harmonic progressions are effective and often novel, but one may object to such a free tone-poem masquerading under the title of "Symphony." The work was greatly applauded, but the chief enthusiasm followed the third movement.

Beethoven's one violin concerto distances all other works of this form, but it is only to be played by passion and technique. It is the visiting card (along with Bach's "Chaconne") of all the violinists who claim pre-eminence. We have heard it given as if it were an advanced exercise, and we have also heard it played in a ladylike manner. Not so on this occasion, for Jascha Heifetz at once proved his title to being "primus inter pares" in the lofty composition. The long cadenza of the first movement showed the young artist equipped in every technical direction, while the massive power of the great theme, with its four emphatic notes as its principal figure, was altogether commendable.

As with the Emperor Piano Concerto, this work has its chief glories in the first movement, while the Finale falls off somewhat in power, but the brilliancy of the playing of the rondo made it remarkably successful at this concert and the enthusiasm at the end was much more intense than anything at the "Peace Celebration" concerts of the earlier part of the week. Of course, Heifetz won the chief honors of this concert. One could not count the number of times that he was recalled, and, barring a little lack of breadth in the first movement, he deserved it all.

Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody was given an interesting reading. The French and the Russians have both invaded Spain, but we fancy if

Granados had not been killed we might through him have had the truest Spanish music. But this work strikes us as more graphic and original than the Spanish Caprice by Rimski-Korsakoff, recently heard. It once more gave proof of the elasticity and abandon of M. Rabaud's readings, and it ended the concert in a spicy manner, a concert which for once was more than half modern. The Rhapsody is a fantasia of rhythms and dynamic contrasts. There were many modern experiments in scoring in it, and its many explosions were startling if not convincing.

This week there were four symphonic concerts instead of two, an aftermath of the gripe epidemic prohibitions, for one of the postponed concerts was made up by a species of symphonic Peace Festival on Monday afternoon and Tuesday evening. We need a Gilmore and a military band for this kind of thing and it must be confessed that the interpolated concerts were somewhat tepid. This was the program:

National Hymns of America, Belgium, England, Italy and France.

Chadwick, "Land of Our Hearts."

Patriotic Hymn.

Bizet, "Patrie" overture.

Verdi, "Te Deum." Double chorus and orchestra.

Rabaud, Suite of XVI. Century, Arr.

from Farnaby and others.

Franck, Psalm CL. Chorus, orchestra

and organ.

And the whole concluded with the singing of "America."

It was somewhat of a stand-up affair, for no one ventured to remain seated while any of the six national anthems were sung or played. By the way there is a trumpet fanfare that generally is given in the Italian Royal March, which might have been added. But even with this it is a rather inferior piece of music. Italy, the Mother of Music, should have an infinitely greater national march.

Chadwick's "Land of Our Hearts" is the most ambitious piece of work that the war has brought forth in America. It celebrates the North, South, East and West, in turn, has an instrumental introduction and an interlude, contains considerable figure treatment and some counterpoint (canonic), and has a fine climax. It was done full justice to by chorus, orchestra and conductor. A more compact work would be better for national music.

Bizet's "Patrie" has been recently reviewed in these columns. It is not a masterpiece, but it certainly never has had such a fine reading as M. Rabaud gave it on this occasion. The severe ecclesiastical vein of Verdi's

"Te Deum" must have puzzled those who are not familiar with Catholic music. It was very difficult for the chorus, and there was some timidity, but Mr. Stephen Townsend had done hard work in the vocal training and the pitfalls were generally avoided.

M. Rabaud's suite arranged from the old virginal music of Farnaby and others was very discreetly treated. Never once was the antique flavor contradicted by any modern style of scoring. The first and last movements were the most successful.

Franck's setting of the 150th Psalm was the best music of the concert, but there had been such heavy vocal work before it that it did not win enthusiastic recognition. There was applause after each number, but not the enthusiasm that would have followed a rollicking, tuneful concert of military band music, such as a popular national war (or peace) celebration generally calls for.

Music in Boston Jan. 4, 1919

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The Boston Symphony Orchestra has presented

two programs within a week, one of

much interest, the other, which by all

laws of precedent ought to have been

an affair worthy of mark, distinctly

tedious. This latter came first, replacing

one of the concerts postponed by

a late opening of the season. It was

advertised to "celebrate the close of

the year of victory," and was given on

Monday afternoon, Dec. 30, and Tuesday

evening, Dec. 31. The chorus,

trained by Stephen Townsend, manifested

a lack of rehearsal not in evidence

on former appearances. The program

traversed the national airs of the

allied nations, Chadwick's "Land

of Our Hearts," Bizet's "Patrie" over-

ture, Verdi's "Te Deum," old English

composers' works in a suite of the

Sixteenth Century arranged by Mr.

Rabaud, and Franck's Psalm CL. Of

these numbers by far the most interesting

was that comprising Mr. Rabaud's

homage to England. In this

suite he performed the difficult task

of keeping archaic music without anachronisms,

and this he did partly by

orchestrating it with great skill, avoid-

ing instruments of distinctly modern

invention, but mostly through his un-

erring instinct for the fitness of things.

The regular tenth program of the

season presented Jascha Heifetz as

soloist. He played the Beethoven D

major concerto, Op. 61, in a manner

that revealed a musical understanding heretofore not in evidence in the programs with which he has been wont to amuse his recital audiences and with an astounding command of technique that brought hearty applause not only from the audience but from the men of the orchestra, and even the conductor himself. So overshadowing was the performance of the concerto that it obliterated the unhealthy, sensual atmosphere of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" symphony which preceded it and took away the flavor of

Ravel's "Rapsodie Espagnole" which followed it. The "Antar" symphony made little impression and even the third movement, which is supposed to represent the delights of power, and which is the most understandable of the four, seemed strangely lacking. Verdi has said this sort of thing so much better than other triumphal processions seem led by hobby-horses. The Ravel number is worth a rehearsing when it occupies a fortuitous position on a program.

Silhouetted Serenity



Mr. Heifetz Playing
From a New and Recent Photograph

(Photograph by Mishkin)

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918-19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA



Jascha Heifetz.

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of central Europe, where he achieved a tremendous success. On this tour he played with orchestras and under such conductors as Safonoff and Nikisch.

At the outbreak of the war Heifetz was not interned in Germany, as has sometimes been reported, but was living with his family in Petrograd. Before coming to America he toured Scandinavia and then gave 12 recitals in Petrograd before sold-out houses. As yet he has never played in Great Britain. Crossing Siberia, China and the Pacific en route for New York, Heifetz and his family journeyed two months before reaching San Francisco.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918-19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

EARLY LIFE OF YOUNG HEIFETZ

Some Facts Concerning Famous Young Russian Violinist

Herald. Oct. 13/18

Jascha Heifetz, the young Russian violinist, who first reached this country on Sept. 5, 1917, and then had phenomenal artistic success wherever he appeared in concert, has figured in press notices almost beyond count, but rarely, strange to say, have they contained facts about his earlier life.

He was born in Vilna, Russia, almost 19 years ago. He began his study of the violin at the age of 3 with his father, who was a fine violinist. When he was 5 years old Heifetz entered the Royal School of Music in his native city, and during the same year he made his first public appearance. When 6 years old he played the Mendelssohn Concerto, and two years later he was graduated from the conservatory. A short time after this he was taken to Petrograd, where after repeated disappointments he secured a coveted hearing with Leopold Auer, and it is said that this great teacher after hearing him proclaimed him to be an astonishing genius.

Within the next two years young Heifetz made his formal debut in a recital at Petrograd, and thereby drew to himself the attention of musical Russia. In Odessa alone he played seven times with the Odessa Symphony orchestra. In 1911 he went on a tour through many cities



Jascha Heifetz.

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SYMPHONY CONCERT

AN AFTERNOON OF EXCEPTIONAL PLEASURE

Happy Return of a "Halcyon Day" for Orchestra, Audience and Conductor—Mr. Heifetz Plays Beethoven's Concerto for Violin at the Acme of His Powers—Rimsky-Korsakov's "Antar" and Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" Make Contrasts in Imaginative and Graphic Music

FOR the first time since the new régime took possession of the Symphony Concerts, they recalled yesterday the atmosphere and accomplishment, yielded the pleasant excitement of an earlier day. For once, thanks, no doubt, to the presence of Mr. Heifetz as "assisting artist," every place in Symphony Hall seemed taken by an audience of the familiar, distinctive quality of years past. By reason of his first coming to the concerts that agreeable air of anticipation, which is antidote to placid routine, pervaded the assembled company. Those who regretted his absence last winter, in the first flush of his fame in America, were now expectantly content; those who had waited to hear him—and in Beethoven's Concerto—at a Symphony Concert were becomingly eager. To the full, Mr. Heifetz fulfilled these lively anticipations, and, in the keenest of memories few of the eminent violinists preceding him upon the stage of Symphony Hall these many years, and sometimes in this Concerto, have surpassed his playing. For the time he was at the acme of his powers, so far as Bostonian audiences yet know them, and loud, long, altogether spontaneous and generous—since for once there was no hope of extra pieces—were the plaudits rewarding him. The whole hall rang with them and it was pleasanter than words can half say to hear this return to old enthusiasms. For still ampler measure, the forepiece to the Concerto, Rimsky-Korsakov's symphonic Suite, "Antar," and the after-piece, Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody," were interesting music of modern or ultra-modern voice, well read in his usual objective fashion by Mr. Rabaud, played by the orchestra with a nearer approximation to ancient mingling of technical perfection and of expressive warmth than it has often attained since the reorganization of last autumn. Once more, it was a band commanding both finesse and power, euphony and piancy, ardor and exactitude of characterizing and revealing voice. For an afternoon at least,

the "halcyon days" of the Symphony Orchestra, as its good-willed public in New York is beginning to call them, were come again. They warrant rejoicing; they justify hope of continuance.

Mr. Heifetz, in whom the interest of the afternoon plainly centred, chose wisely in Beethoven's Concerto often as it has been played in recent years at Symphony Hall. It is not music of the pulssant Beethoven, storming the heavens in a passion of self-release in tones. It is, by record, no more than a piece written to oblige his friend, the violinist, Clement, and designed to display virtuoso, musician and instrument. The lines of the Concerto curve, expand, interweave agreeably upon the ear. The subject-matter charms in the sentimental grace of the slow movement or the rhythmic animation of the finale; interests in the long first Allegro by ingenious variety of progress, by felicitous and fanciful adornment. At every turn, even in the decorative "passage-work," the voice of the music is songful. Sentiment, elegance continuously touch it and invite like qualities in the playing violinist. How finely spun and piquant to the ear is many a transition in the first movement; how gently flowing in singing orchestra and in embroidering violin is the succeeding Romance; with what gay energy play the returns of the motives of the Rondo. The hand of Beethoven light is not less good to hear and to feel than the hand of Beethoven, puissant. The Beethoven of fancy and charm is rare beside the Beethoven of power and passion. Beethoven, if the listener will, displaying violin and violinist, but so doing with the discernment, the imagination, the felicity of a master. Hackneyed "repertory piece" though it is, the Concerto, played in any fashion above routine, still gladdens the ear, warms the heart.

Played by Mr. Heifetz at the zenith of his present powers, with the orchestra kindling to the occasion, with Mr. Rabaud steadily considerate of the quality of the music and the will of the violinist, the Concerto was clothed in transcendent beauty. From youth Mr. Heifetz is ripening fast into young manhood; even to the eye he is a far maturer figure than he was a year ago; while to ear and mind, he seems to gain finer insight into his music, keener sensibility in the communication of it, a yet more adroit command of the violin, of the subtleties and the glammers of the tone he draws from it. Intent solely upon his work yet instinctively or reflectively measuring every stroke and detail, he is rare figure of the concert-hall in this mingling of concentration and poise. But for his sedulous regard for euphony with the orchestra, for his fidelity in almost every measure to Beethoven's clear intent, he might

have been summoning the Concerto from himself, from the surrounding air. The pedants of the violin and the music of the violin could find no flaw in the minute perfections of his performance; yet it flowed from period through period as in spontaneous re-creative impulse. Violinist and composer, the speech of the instrument, the speech of the music were as one, illuding a whole audience into as rapt impression.

Beauty and sensibility dwelt hand in hand in Mr. Heifetz's tone. Never dried nor over-refined, never coarsened nor thickened, luminous, edgeless, animate, exquisitely textured to the ear, it gains and maintains a sensuous loveliness that is as the voice of the violin, transfigured, the voice of ordered and songful sound idealized. Merely to hear it as such is to receive rare sensation, to know as rare and pure an emotion. As it was yesterday, it was the quintessence of the sensuous beauty that the violin may yield. The sensibility of Mr. Heifetz's tone falls not a whit below this beauty. It is ever in undulant motion, unless the music bid an exact evenness; light and shadow play as incessantly over it till it touches the rarest of iridescence; as many accents as there are in the music this tone commands; it knows the ply of twenty textures. Beethoven sets the violinist to the embroidery of the sentimental song of the slow movement, and Mr. Heifetz's playing wrote shimmering arabesques upon the air. Beethoven sets the violinist to artful "passage-work" of figure and ornament and Mr. Heifetz glorified it into pattern that fancy drew and warm creative impulse gladdened. More than once, as in transition to the finale, the music by the lightest of hints anticipates the rhythm that is to come and Mr. Heifetz's tone as lightly quickened with it. There are transitions in the Concerto that are as insinuating as creeping light. The violinist was radiant with them. Given songful measures and he shaped the curve in unflinching loveliness of line while the contents melted from phrase into phrase in limpid beauty. Bright was the sport of rhythm in the finale; yet Mr. Heifetz's bow never lost deft elegance. The smallest fancy, the lightest inflection of Beethoven upon the surface of the music seemed not once to elude him.

Behind both this beauty and this sensibility lay an instinctive sense of style; for Mr. Heifetz, prodigy though he was, is hardly of the age to evolve such faculty by mental process. He understood, he imparted the Concerto as an elegant and flowing music, skilfully adorned with tonal fancies, with displayful ornament, touched here and there with gentle sentiment or sportive zest, a music designed to charm, to give in-gratulating, yet exacting speech to violin

and violinist. Source, likewise, of this beauty and sensibility was Mr. Heifetz's caressing command of his instrument. Seemingly he has passed the day in which "technical problems," as the teacher calls them, at all preoccupy him. Whatever he wills, fingers, wrist, bow-arm, readily accomplish. For him now, there remains to refine upon textures, to multiply shadings, to increase susceptibilities, to heighten expressive quality, to make the voice of the violin more penetrating, more beautiful, more significant of mood, as it sometimes seems in the sensations of the moment; than the voice of singing men or women.

In few violinists have the qualities of a master been so assembled and coördinated as they are in Mr. Heifetz—the technical skill that works its will upon the instrument; the instinct, the affection that divines and draws from it close-held secrets; the perceiving sense and the achieving hand that compass beauty of tone; the responsive and imaginative sensibility to music; the imparting faculty glorifying what it transmits; the mental oversight, so to say, that designs and measures, flowering equally in the poise and the concentration that mingle in him. As for personality, does not the sum of these qualities, as they stood yesterday, constitute as rare and signal a personality as the whole field of executive artistry—letters, music, painting—has of late revealed? Our time has disclosed no violinist that gains such ideal beauty of performance. According to the programme book, Mr. Heifetz has not yet turned his twentieth year; yet Fate has given him the highest and finest of human felicities—the ability to do one thing supremely well for his own pleasure, for the pleasure of all within reach of it. Not often is youth so crowned or is there reason so to wonder—perhaps to tremble—over maturity.

Happily, the "halcyon day" neither began nor ended with Beethoven's Concerto and Mr. Heifetz's playing of it. Rimsky-Korsakov's suite of "Antar" dates from 1868, but still remains an imaginative, eloquent, stimulating music. He stretches his tonal canvas broadly; he fills it amply; he lays on the color thickly, richly; he opens vistas to enkindled and answering imagination. Writing "Antar" when he was relatively a young man, he is not yet pre-occupied with subtleties of harmonic and instrumental coloring, with ingenuities of repetition, refinements of atmosphere and suggestion. Eagerly, warmly, he writes a forthright music, that expands succinctly from itself, proceeds with clear creative ardor, takes form and speech as by inevitable process, wears its own harmonic and instrumental dress. It were possible to hear "Antar"

with little thought of the figure of the Arab hero, the course of the Arab legend behind it and yet find it a warmly invented, resourcefully conducted music, graphic to the ear, enkindling to all the listening faculties. There is no more need to stress its oriental quality which is obvious enough than its occasional "obligation" to Liszt which indebtedness is transparent. Even when the third division was played as a mere intermezzo between Russian ballets, it clanged with tonal pomp, marched with large stride, flashed with candid color—music of the outspoken power of the composer, as well as of the dominion it would symbolize.

So, too, with the wild and rugged music, as it still sounds after fifty years, that in the scheme of the suite would speak of revenge—a virtue not often so frankly celebrated in these altruistic days, and needing, no doubt, the apologetic Oriental background. Yet it still seizes ears, that note no longer strange intervals and progressions, now become familiar, as music of savage force, image, impulse. If it is possible to write a cruel music, here Rimsky-Korsakov has written it. His pictorial imagination in tones speaks out of the Largo of the empty desert, vivid picturing, again after half a century of that process applied to tones, of a vast solitary, empty, ominous place. Strauss in some of his tone-poems does not more graphically set his tonal scene, evoke the figure of his imagination. Only in the amorous, the semi-sensual music of the final division does "Antar" seem faded. In those days Rimsky-Korsakov was less apt of hand, less disposed to dwell imaginatively upon the sensuous suggestion that fills no little of his later "Scheherazade" and "The Golden Cockerel." The amorous Arab melody, with which among the composer's decorations, Antar "dies upon a kiss" seems somewhat all in the day's work for Rimsky-Korsakov. After the music of revenge, the music of power, Antar might better have perished, as the legend pictures him, stark and rigid upon his horse in sombre, fearsome solitude. Russian imagination in the arts, moreover, often courts such suggestion.

As Mr. Rabaud and the orchestra were variously graphic and eloquent with

"Antar," so were they no less with the far-removed "Spanish Rhapsody" of Ravel. Indeed, it is the clear merit of this objective conducting that it describes and imparts each piece of a given concert in appropriate mood and image. Ravel's purpose in his Suite is seemingly as delineative as Rimsky-Korsakov's in his. The Parisian, no less than the Russian, would summon and sustain an atmosphere, yet imaginative suggestion upspringing from it. He bids hearers catch from the music the stillness, the softness and yet the expectant tremor of his fancied Spanish night. A little and he leads them into the nervous rhythmic sensations of his Malaguena—music of the glint and the smoke of Spanish dance. In contrast, he sets beside it the voluptuous and insinuating languors of his Habanera, yet tingling beneath the smooth surface of the music. Then, for the ending, the rhythmic, the harmonic whirl of "The Fair," beating high with hot color, receding as in surfeit, but only to glow again.

Yet how different are Ravel's means of 1908 from Rimsky-Korsakov's of 1868. The Russian is lavish; the Parisian is economical. When the ear has almost forgotten it a figure of Ravel's music fructifies into motive for expanding measures. The Frenchman is as subtle as he is economical. Here a little play with the timbres of his orchestra; there like exercise of harmonic ingenuity; an astute repetition at one moment; an incisive progression at the next. Stroke upon stroke, point laid beside point; a mosaic of sedulous jointure; yet always a music that says precisely, yet with imagination, what it is designed to say. Moreover, out of these economies, these subtleties, this "pointillage" and manipulation, rise the imagery, the illusion that Ravel seeks. Who may hear his preluding without sense of the sensuous glow and quiver of the Spanish night, his dances without nervous excitement, or listen unstirred to the riotous flood, ebbing and flowing, of his fair? So to accomplish his ends by a procedure altogether his own, so to make each orchestral piece, the tour de force in kind that the "Spanish Rhapsody" surely is, is the individuality, the genius, almost, of Ravel. H. T. P.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918--19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

ELEVENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, AT 8 P. M.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 5, in C minor. op. 67

- I. Allegro con brio
- II. Andante con moto
- III. Allegro: Trio
- IV. Allegro

MOZART,

RECITATIVE, "Mia Speranza Adorata," and
RONDO, "Ah non sai qual pena sia."

SAINT-SAËNS,

SYMPHONIC POEM No. 2, op. 39, "Phaeton"

KELLEY,

"A CALIFORNIA IDYL."

LALO,

RHAPSODY for Orchestra in A

Soloist:

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Soloist:

MABEL GARRISON



Mabel Garrison, Soprano, Who Appears with the Handel and Haydn Society in "The Messiah" This Afternoon in Symphony Hall.

SYMPHONY IN 11TH CONCERT

Herald Jan. 18, 1917

Impressive Interpretation
of Beethoven Given
by Mr. Rabaud

METROPOLITAN OPERA STAR IS SOLOIST

By PHILIP HALE

The 11th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 5, C minor; Mozart, Recitative, "Mia Speranza Adorata" and Rondo, "Ah! non sal qual pena sal"; Saint-Saens, "Phaeton," symphonic poem No. 2; Kelley, "A California Idyl" for coloratura soprano and orchestra; Lalo, Rhapsody in A major for orchestra. Mabel Garrison of the Metropolitan Opera Company was the soprano.

Mr. Rabaud at the head of a responsive, euphonious and plastic orchestra—an orchestra that now need not fear a rival—gave a remarkably impressive interpretation of the Fifth Symphony. We do not remember one that has equalled it in dramatic intensity and in nobility. Some conductors, as Mr. Nikisch, gave a theatrical reading, giving portentous significance to the opening phrases, prolonging holds in a spectacular manner with quivering arm upraised until the hearers were tempted to cry out "Let go of it, and proceed with the music," hunting out inner voices and giving them undue importance. Others, deploring these extravagances, gave what are called "intellectual," "academic" interpretations, euphemistic terms for the word "dull." Mr. Rabaud, believing that this symphony is the "summit of music"—to quote his own words—did not have to depart from Beethoven's text or inject a foreign spirit into the symphony to gain magnificent effects. Again he revealed himself as a born and accom-

plished musician among conductors, as a skilful and imaginative conductor among musicians. His reverence for Beethoven was not obsequious. He did not turn the concert hall into a theatre. So-called absolute music may be more passionate and dramatic than an exciting opera, and suggests milder and higher thoughts in the breast of the hearer than any invoked by a composition that has a program or is a tonal translation of epic or lyric poem. It would not be easy to say which movement, as played yesterday, moved most the soul of the audience; yet the Scherzo had a new meaning; the wonderful transition to the tumultuous joy of the Finale was managed in masterly manner, and—O crowning triumph!—the interest in the Finale never flagged after the first glorious outburst.

"Phaeton" had not been performed at these concerts for twenty years. It did not deserve this long neglect. Here again Saint-Saens shows his sound sense, his lucid musical mind. He does not ride in the chariot by the side of the arrogant Phaeton; he sees him mount, watches him, almost with a smile, foreseeing his end. If Liszt had treated this sun myth he would have insisted on taking the reins himself. How skilfully the insolent ride is portrayed! Nor does Saint-Saens represent Jupiter as wrecking the world when he launched the bolt that saved it. What a pothor a modern German composer would have made with a formidable orchestra in hurling Phaeton from his car!

Lalo's Norwegian Rhapsody was also new to the majority of hearers. It is a brilliant composition, with entertaining thematic material, richly and ingeniously orchestrated. The modern French learned much from Lalo and Chabrier. They sometimes helped themselves with both hands from the scores of these predecessors, and without the grace of acknowledgment.

Mme. Garrison was pleasantly remembered here by her singing at a symphony concert last season and by her singing the extremely difficult music of the Princess in "Coq d'Or" at the Boston Opera House in April. The Rondo of Mozart, which she sang yesterday, was written for his sister-in-law, Aloysia, in a day. It is more or less perfunctory music in the manner of the period, as if Mozart, teased for a long time by Aloysia for a new aria, had tossed it off and said to her: "There you are; don't bother me again." Mr. Kelley wrote his Idyl when he was lecturing in California. He completed it at Oxford, Ohio, where he lives. Remenyi, inspired by far western scenery, wrote a "Hymn to Mount Shasta" for the fiddle. Mr. Kelley was less ambitious: he contented himself with a

lively allegro, an invitation for someone's love to come forth, when hills are green and the sky is blue and hearts of love are beating true. When Artemus Ward heard young men beneath his window singing "Come, where my love lies dreaming," he did not go. "I did not think it would be proper." But Mr. Kelley's invitation is purely lyrical, not erotic, an idyl that might be assigned to Vermont of North Carolina as well as to California. The music is appropriately cheerful in rather commonplace fashion, with an orchestral accompaniment that is at times too thick for the advantage of the singer. Mme. Garrison sang accurately and easily, and in Mozart's Recitative with a pretty show of sentiment.

Just before the concert Mr. Rabaud received news by cable of the death of his brother Maurice as the result of an operation. He surely has the sympathy of all. The wonder is that he was able to conduct so brilliantly.

The orchestra is now materially strengthened by the coming of men from the orchestra of the Paris Conservatory. The names of Messrs. Laurent, first flute; L. Speyer, oboe and English horn; Adam, trombone, appear in the program book. It was a pleasure to note the return of Mr. Jaenicke, the horn player. There are now eight horns in the list of the personnel.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Hadley, Symphonic Fantasia (first time at these concerts); Bach, Suite in D major, No. 3; Franck, Symphonic Variations for piano and orchestra; d'Indy, Symphony "On a Mountain Air" for orchestra and pianoforte. Alfred Cortot will be the pianist.

Monitor Music in Boston Jan. 18/19
Specially for The Christian Science Monitor
BOSTON, Massachusetts — Mr. Rabaud made a more profound impression on a Friday afternoon audience at the eleventh program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, on the afternoon of Jan. 17, than he has achieved at any previous afternoon concert this season. He did it in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, which he read not alone with authority but with a freedom from convention, though always within the strict bounds of good taste, which has not always marked his Beethoven readings hitherto. The orchestra responded nobly to the conductor's mood. For the first time, Mr. Laurent, the new first flute, and Mr. Adam, the new first trombone, were in their

places, to the noticeable improvement of the tone quality of their respective divisions. Both come from the Paris Conservatory Orchestra. Miss Mabel Garrison, who, aside from the quality of her voice, always sings so well that it is a pleasure to hear her, was the soloist, giving a Mozart recitative, "Mia Speranza Adorata," and rondo, "Ah! non sai qual pena sia" (K. 416) and "A California Idyl" by Edgar Stillman Kelley, which is a setting to verses by Charles Keeler. Mr. Kelley wrote this aria for Miss Garrison especially, but he quite evidently did not consult with the lady first, for the orchestration receives far more attention than the voice, and a singer must breathe sometimes. It is to be hoped that Mr. Kelley, who was in the audience, may realize the necessity of fitting music and words a little more closely together. The program also included Saint-Saëns' symphonic poem, "Phaëton" and Lalo's rhapsody in A major.

Fredric Fradkin, the new concert master of the Boston Orchestra, made his first local appearance as soloist in the fourth concert of the series which the orchestra gives in Cambridge each year, playing Mendelssohn's concerto in E minor, op. 64. The young man's tone is engaging though not large, but a certain restlessness in his posture communicates itself to his tempi so that his rhythm is somewhat uneven. His tremolo is a little inclined to stiffness and rapidity, but his technique has reached the point where it is sufficient for any demands that the violin repertory makes on a concert player. He hurls himself headlong into a tempestuous passage sure that he will come out all right but leaving conductor and orchestra to follow as best they can. It is to his credit that he played the sugary andante movement of the concerto without sentimentality. A second hearing of the Suite of Sixteenth Century English music, arranged by Mr. Rabaud, confirms the excellent impression the first hearing made. An admirable restraint in orchestration preserves the atmosphere of the early English music. Likewise a second hearing of F. S. Converse's "Mystic Trumpeter" fantasy strengthens the impression gained of the admirable qualities of this work.

BEETHOVEN EXALTED BY SYMPHONY

Post — Jan. 18/19

Remarkable Performance of the Great Fifth

BY OLIN DOWNES

The feature of yesterday afternoons concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud conductor, was the performance of Beethoven's Fifth symphony. There were other interesting performances; the Boston Symphony has, in the past, given many notable performances of Beethoven's work; but seldom has this work been so noble and so thrilling, at the hands of any conductor, whether visiting at the head of another orchestra or officiating at the regular series of concerts in Symphony Hall, as it was yesterday at the hands of Mr. Rabaud.

The Fifth Symphony is over 100 years old. It is probably the most popular symphony, even today, in the orchestral repertory. It is very hard to perform such a work, over familiar to conductor and men, without the suspicion of routine, of a task perfunctorily executed. A good conductor will of course rehearse such a work scrupulously, however often it has been played. He will give reverent attention to each detail and concentrate anew on the meaning of the music, yet he may well fail to produce the effect produced yesterday.

This symphony has been gospel to generations. How many musicians have sat with the score, at desk or piano, and listened with the inner ear to per-

formances more ideal than any orchestra could give? Doubtless there have been thousands who never heard the work played by an orchestra, and were yet profoundly moved by the printed music. The conductors are not always the most zealous interpreters. Years ago we knew a Swiss musician, a man of brilliant accomplishments, condemned to the hard labor of piano teaching. We shall never forget the awful sounds and the profound feeling, the tears rolling down his cheeks, with which he played the Fifth Symphony to us one day on the piano. For he was as sincere and intelligent a lover of his art as he was a miserable failure as a virtuoso.

Fulfillment of Dreams

Mr. Rabaud's performance of yesterday had the dramatic fire, the exalted faith, the consuming ecstasy, of that piano performance we remember so well. It had also the tonal balance and beauty, the technical sufficiency, the overwhelming orchestral sonorities only to be attained when a great instrumental body and a conductor of artistic sensibility and noble character meet. On such an occasion, the conductor is doing more than he knows. He is the hero who accomplishes for the humble dreamers and those to whom the reward of accomplishment is not given, the fulfillment of their dreams.

The orchestra responded fully to Mr. Rabaud's wishes. The men, too, were inspired. The gesture of thanks which the conductor made after the performance was the acknowledgment of a kind of co-operation which cannot be commanded. The interpretation was a model of musicianship and taste, in addition to its more overpowering qualities. There was no extravagance. The great strength of it was the strength which is felt the more because of poise and control.

Do Understand Beethoven

Perhaps there were those in the audience, accustomed to an almost unbroken succession of conductors of the German school, who had thought that a French conductor would not understand the Beethoven "fermatas"—those long-sustained chords, vibrated by the instruments as though two planets had met headlong in space and were locked together in a grip that would never give way. The "fermatas" of the first movement, the rugged power of its rhythms, the volcanic passion of the music, were understood by Mr. Rabaud as by all the players in the orchestra, which now includes a much greater number of Frenchmen than before. Who should understand the music of a great spirit better? Beethoven has been reverently studied, understood, adored, for many years in France, and it may be said here that no orchestra has played

the famous passage for the double-basses in the scherzo of the fifth symphony as the double-basses of the orchestra of the Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire played this symphony a few months ago in the same hall, under the direction of Andre Messager.

As a whole, however, Mr. Rabaud's performance was by far the more moving of the two. It was not distinguished by unheard-of subtleties, and it is possible to be too subtle and sophisticated, as many conductors of the day show, with this symphony. It simply told its story of the man who fights with fate and conquers his stars with the ruggedness and the irresistible expressive power of the titan of composers. Only in such a spirit and in such a manner could the wildly exultant finale have been made so uplifting.

Music Born Again

To the conductor who can lead this movement as Mr. Rabaud led it yesterday, words are hardly adequate tribute. The audience was deeply stirred. The music was born again. Under less gifted men one has suspected signs of approaching age in this monumental work, but yesterday the fifth symphony seemed no less adequate a greeting to the new spirit of the 20th century and humanity after the world war than it must have seemed to the young generation of the 19th century in the turmoil and the birth of new ideals which followed the French revolution. How many composers could be measured by such a scale?

A word for the new flutist, Mr. Laurent. His tone is uncommonly clear and brilliant. He is evidently an accomplished virtuoso and an authoritative musician.

Miss Garrison Singing

The concert aria of Mozart, "Ah non sai qual pena sia," sung by Miss Mabel Garrison, is not for us a very distinguished or dramatic piece of music. Nor did it find Miss Garrison at her vocal best, admirable musician as she is, and also a finished technician. That she has the vocal range and dexterity needed for such music, that she knows how to phrase and what the art of diction means, was apparent to everyone, but there is surely more interesting material for a singer. Nor can we commend on the score of composition Edgar-Stillman-Kelley's "California Idyl." The poem, which is full of rills and trills, could hardly inspire exalted treatment.

The music is prettily conventional, and the mention of bird songs and the like is made the moment for many vocal ornaments and extravaganzas of the soloist. Probably Mr. Kelley took the thing no more seriously. He has certainly written much more distinctive

music. In this song Miss Garrison distinguished herself as a vocalist.

Saint-Saens' "Phaeton"

Saint-Saens' symphonic poem, "Phaeton," has seldom been played in Boston. Perhaps for this reason, one wishes one could hear it a little oftner, and other of Saint-Saens' symphonic poems a little less. It is very dexterous, piquant Gallic. Saint-Saens is always spoken of as the one who inaugurated the symphonic poem of the Liszt type in France, and one of the first to understand its possibilities. Well, if he understood them, he did not exploit them. The Saint-Saens symphonic poems are less "symphonic poems" as Liszt conceived the form than they are sublimated piano etudes, arranged for orchestra. One persistent figure, designed to suggest a spinning wheel, or a grave yard dance, or, as yesterday, the chariot of "Phaeton," is made the basis for entertaining variations. The symphonic poems of Liszt and Strauss are far deeper, more dramatic, plastic in form, symphonic in character.

Lalo's rhapsody in A major brought the concert to a brilliant conclusion.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Jan. 18, 1919
MR. RABAUD PROVES UNSUSPECTED POWERS

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in a Performance of Signal Eloquence — Saint-Saens' "Phaeton" and a Rhapsody of Lalo for Contrasting Pieces—Miss Garrison Sings Ill-Chosen Numbers — The Orchestra, with Full Forces and Sundry Newcomers, on Its Mettle Again

BY signs from stage and programme-book yesterday, the Symphony Orchestra has at last been reconstituted, as it will continue through the present season and, substantially, for a season or more to come. Familiar figures, missing since last spring from familiar places, notably among the horns, have now resumed them; while two or three recent recruits have begun work with the band. The familiar figures were once Austrian or German subjects. When the orchestra was reorganized last summer to accord with the conditions of wartime, they were permitted to keep their posts because they were then on the way to American citizenship. They could not occupy them, however, until they had completed

the necessary legal formalities, actually finished a week or more ago. There was happy evidence in the playing of the orchestra on Friday that change of nationality does not alter the abilities that originally brought them into the band and have made them valuable to it. The new recruits were gathered from the orchestra of the Parisian Conservatory now at the end of its American tour. One is a first flute, the body and the brightness of whose tone commend him no less than his fluent technical skill; another reinforces the trombones with material gain in smooth sonority; while a third will play at need, either the oboe or the English horn.

Thus, the orchestra now stands at full complement again; with eight horn-players, from which to draw four, none will be overworked; while the new flutist and the new trombonist promise well for the woodwind and the brass choirs. Similarly Mr. Rabaud's assiduous pains at rehearsal, as he and the orchestra become more and more accustomed and responsive each to each; the increasing familiarity of the men in work one with another and choir with choir, a perceptibly rising esprit de corps are bettering the general and the particular quality of performance. Yesterday, for example, there were richer sonorities, warmer flow and larger piancy of tone in the playing of Beethoven's symphony in C minor than the reorganized orchestra has often achieved. Finesse of detail and agreeable euphonies were not lacking in the instrumental voices to Saint-Saens' tone-poem of "Phaeton"; while in Lalo's rhapsody, remade for orchestra from his "Norwegian Fantasy" for violin, the band renewed its rhythmic verve, recovered its élan of colorful performance in showy music. As signs now run before the end of the season the Symphony Orchestra will be near to its old self and no subject for the condescensions of our neighbors in New York.

Beyond all anticipation among the merely neutral, to the surprise even of the conductor's warmest partisans, Mr. Rabaud succeeded with Beethoven's symphony in C minor. In the two months of his leadership he has not gained such eloquence with any classic piece and with only two or three modern numbers. For the first time, almost, he seemed to conduct with clear emotional as well as mental reaction to the music in hand, at moments even with a veritable passion of response to it. Once more he was lucid of exposition, at the golden mean of a disclosing and animating pace, never too fast and never too slow, just in his distribution of accent and color, less moulding phrase than helping it into large flow into Beethoven's ample design. Now, however, under the ardor that the music plainly kindled in him, these

admirable qualities gained warmth, vitality. True, there were moments in which he was only vigorously straightforward with inclosures he might have modulated imaginatively and moments again in which he seemed to shorten Beethoven's intentionally dramatic pauses. On the other hand, he surpassed himself in fine energies of rhythm, in large ascents over long gradients of tone, in fervor of transition, in the vivid emphasis of significant phrase or progression.

Above all, Mr. Rabaud caught, and transmitted the power, the exaltation of this symphony—the note that Beethoven strikes at the very beginning; that he—and yesterday the conductor with him—sustains to the end. The contrasting tumults of the first movement rose and fell as in a tragic passion of tonal speech, yet with a puissant splendor of music as it addresses the ear alone. Large were the fervors, noble the accent, luminous the progress of Beethoven's instrumental song, as conductor and orchestra spoke it from the slow movement. The scherzo passed from the voice of vigor to the voice of mystery; the celebrated transition to the finale wrought the familiar thrill and, for once, deepened it; while the finale itself was Mr. Rabaud and the orchestra in magniloquent progress through Beethoven's nearly endless exultations. Again they renewed the tonal, the emotional power they had gained in the first movement but clothed it now in a glowing magnificence of sound and motion. For once, an audience heard Beethoven not only impassioned but epic, knew his depths of mood, his mighty exaltations of speech, knew also the white heats of creation whereby he makes the means, the matter, the procedure of music so speak from man to men. It was rare experience; it was, as yet, Mr. Rabaud's one half hour of glowing inspiration. An audience too impressed to be fully articulate, might have given him more applause. He had held it, as he had held the orchestra in the hollow of his fervid will.

The rest of the programme offered less stimulating matter, less transcended usual conditions of performance. Of Saint-Saens' symphonic poems, "The Youth of Hercules" is well devised matter for music, brought not merely to well-considered but often imaginative voice; the "Danse Macabre" does not lack occasional graphic and fantastic quality; even "Omphale's Spinning Wheel" has charm of fancy. But is "Phaeton," revived yesterday afternoon, much more than artificial contrivance, disclosing Saint-Saens' dexterity in a musical narrative, so to say, ill suited to music? Phaeton drives across the heavens the coursers of the sun, soon escaping from a hand unmeet to guide them. The fiery chariot, tossing through the upper air, threatens to consume the earth. With a thunderbolt, Jupiter stays it. There is

lament for the youth, daring and dead, the lament of nymphs, perhaps, who earlier in the fonal tale, have watched forebodingly Phaëton's peril. Thereby Saint-Saëns gains opportunity for the songful, gentler measures that shall set contrast to the measures of the coursers and chariot. His tone-picturing of the ride with rhythm, now insistent, now broken, with suggestion of the youth's failing hand and the fitful flight of his horses, remains expert technical feat; but no more than narrative prose to the listening imagination. Pale, too, is the catastrophe, pale, prepared, meditated; while as for the mourning nymphs, they are decorous, tasteful. Not a little of Saint-Saëns's music well abides the years; but they have withered this "Phaëton" because, though it concerns the sun, there is little life or heat in the tone-poem. From first measure to last it is thought and facture, not the imagery or the poetry of tones.

Akin to the tone-poem, as curious coincidence of the day would have it, were the two pieces sung by Miss Garrison, the "assisting artist" of the day, though they were as far apart in matter and in manner as are Mozart of Vienna in 1783 from Edgar Stillmann Kelley of Oxford, Ohio, 1918. Mozart's recitative and rondo, "Mia Speranza Adorata," is routine mechanics for the display of an ornate soprano voice and no whit more, even his illustrious name does sign it. Mr. Kelley's "California Idyll" seems written for no other purpose and with like use of convenient commonplaces sometimes none too skilfully disposed; while Miss Garrison, as ill fortune would have it, sang neither with her usual brightness of tone and animation of mood. In Mozart's piece, she was the skilful singer taking careful thought of the contour of each phrase, of her method with each ornament, of the touches of sentiment the music here and there exacted. In Mr. Kelley's "Idyll" she was similarly captious with his plentiful florid passages, wary of the moments when her voice must pierce her clouding orchestra. In a sense she was expert with both pieces, but through neither played the charm, the glow usually animating her singing. It suggested fatigue and a reluctant spirit. The more welcome, then, was Lalo's version for orchestra alone of his Nouvegram Fantasia for violin and orchestra. Admittedly, it is a displayful piece, more manner than matter, but there is warmth of invention in the motives, clear play of vivifying mood, lively imagination and graphic effect in play of rhythm, harmonies, instrumental color. Again Mr. Rabaud and the orchestra struck fire, and after the pathos of Mozart, Kelley, Miss Garrison and Saint-Saëns, it was good to hear music "sound." But the symphony of the beginning and the performance of the symphony still haunted many an ear.

H. T. P.

Artistic Phonographs

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EDISON

RABAUD GIVES NOBLE READING

Adv. + Am. Jun. 19, 1919

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony Performed Faultlessly at Concert

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Her California Song, However, Draws Deeper Applause Than Mozart's Aria

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Mozart, Concert Aria, "Mia Speranza."

Soloist, Miss Mabel Garrison.

St. Saëns, "Phaeton" Symphonic Poem.

Kelley, "A California Idyll."

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Lalo, Rhapsody in A major.

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M. Rabaud gave a reading that was in the noblest Beethoven school, without exaggeration, save that he dwelt somewhat long upon the great opening figure, and the finale was read with a glory of heroic triumph that aroused the entire audience.

BEETHOVEN AND CONTRABASSES.

We are always disposed to give the chief laurels of this work to the contrabasses, of which Beethoven was the liberator. Before his time they generally gave merely fundamental bass notes. At the very end of the fourth symphony Beethoven wrote a most difficult set of violin figures for these instruments. Weber satirized the proceeding most keenly in the musical press.

Poor Beethoven could only swear (he was a master in this branch of oratory) in return, but his real answer to the rival composer was in the fifth symphony, where we have the same instruments again introduced and the contrabasses giving a variation in the slow movement, telling a mysterious ghost story at the beginning of the scherzo, and playing a furiously difficult set of phrases in the trio of this movement.

The manner in which they played spoke well for their artistry and for M. Rabaud's drillmastership. The whole orchestra played famously. We remembered that we had this same symphony very well given by Messager and the Paris Conservatory Orchestra a few weeks ago, but we must decidedly give the palm to the reading of M. Rabaud and the playing of his orchestra.

The other two selections, although not new to Boston, were less familiar. St. Saëns' "Phaeton" tells in music of what might befall a young man if he tries to run his father's aeroplane without having had any experience. One can watch the machine miss fire, dip, drive; we can hear the tank explode and the whole affair finally turn turtle. It is perfectly evident that Phaeton is driving without a license and ought never to have been allowed at the wheel.

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MABEL GARRISON (Mrs. George Siemonn) was born at Baltimore, Md. Her first teacher was Lucien Odend'hal (1903-06). She continued her studies at the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, was graduated in 1912 with a diploma for proficiency in singing, and she also had honors as a student of the pianoforte and of composition. She went to New York where she studied with several teachers. Joining the Aborn Opera Company, she made her first appearance in Boston as Filina in "Mignon" in April, 1912. She sang for two seasons, taking the parts of Gilda, Lucia, Violetta, Olympia, and other rôles. In 1914 she became a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company. She was heard here as Oscar in "Un Ballo in Maschera," performed by the Metropolitan Opera Company in the Boston Opera House, April 18, 1916. She sang in concert at Symphony Hall, November 4, 1917: "Ah, fors' è lui" from "La Traviata"; songs by Massenet, Granados, and Scandinavian folk-songs.

On November 23, 1917, at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, she sang "L'amerò, sarò costante" from Mozart's "Il Rè Pastore" and the aria of Zerbinetta from Richard Strauss's "Ariadne on Naxos."

She sang the music of the Princess in Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Le Coq d'Or," performed by the Metropolitan Opera Company at the Boston Opera House, April 26, 1918, when the part was mimed by the dancer Rosina Galli.

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LALO'S RHAPSODY.

Lalo's Rhapsody has not been heard here in a long time, so it was practically a novelty. It is derived from Norwegian inspiration and we like this Frenchman better in Norway than in Spain. The essence of the Springtanz and the Halling are both well caught up. The last movement is chiefly a Halling. We have been present at one of these dances north of Christiania, where, in a barn, the young men strove, to the wild scraping of fiddles and the yelling of excited maidens, to kick the overhanging rafters. The fiercely exuberant music brought back the scene, and it was played with a dash and heartiness that demands unstinted praise.

Therefore, M. Rabaud's triumphs were made at the beginning and end of the concert. Yet of course the very beginning was "The Star Spangled Banner," which we suppose will be reserved for especial occasions after the coming peace. Possibly they might begin the "Pop" concerts, at least in July, with the old tune, "How Dry I Am."

12-1

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918-19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

TWELFTH PROGRAMME

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, AT 8 P. M.

HADLEY,

SYMPHONIC FANTASIA, op. 46.
(First time at these Concerts)

J. S. BACH,

SUITE in D major, No. 3, for Orchestra

- I. Overture
- II. Air
- III. Gavotte No. 1; Gavotte No. 2
- IV. Bourrée
- V. Gigue

FRANCK,

VARIATIONS SYMPHONIQUES for Pianoforte and Orchestra

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SYMPHONY No. 1. "On a Mountain Air," for Orchestra and Pianoforte, op. 25

Soloist:

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12TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald—Jan. 25/19

Players Share Honors with
Alfred Cortot, Who Is
at the Piano

HADLEY'S FANTASIA SHOWS HIS FLUENCY

By PHILIP HALE

The 12th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Hadley, Symphonic Fantasia, op. 46; Bach, Suite in D major, No. 3; Franck, Symphonic Variations for piano and orchestra; d'Indy, Symphony for orchestra and piano on a French Mountain Song. Alfred Cortot was the pianist. He played with this orchestra for the first time.

Mr. Hadley has such facility in composition and is so prolific that one imagines him seated at his desk, writing with both hands. Now it is a symphonic poem and now it is an opera; a cantata or a Symphony; some translation of a poem into orchestral music; chamber music, a song. Is it not possible that he thus does himself injustice? At present he reminds one of the man that fell into the deplorable habit of taking a drink between drinks. Mr. Hadley writes music between compositions. This symphonic fantasia, at least a dozen years old, played here yesterday for the first time, is a less ambitious work than his symphonic poems and symphonies that have been performed here. The orchestral music by him that we have heard was agreeable at the time. One recognized a certain technical skill, the ability to produce euphonious sounds by combinations and contrasts of instruments, but one failed to find individual invention. There was little or nothing that was remembered the next week. The music had not such decided flavor that one might have at once said: "This is by Hadley." Fluent music, but without marked characteristics. And so it is with this fantasia. Here and there the influence of Wagner is clearly shown, as in the fortissimo pages that open the

main body of the composition; the Wagner of the earlier years. It is not surprising that Mr. Hadley, having studied, dwelt and conducted in Austria and Germany should have submitted to this influence. Few Americans, Germans, Frenchmen or Italians escaped it. There are some pleasant pages in this fantasia, but it is to be regretted that Mr. Hadley writes so easily and so much; that he seems to be contented with whatever comes into his head and rushes at once to his desk.

Bach's Suite gave pleasure, especially the famous Air, and the Gavottes; yet the Air, sung beautifully by the violins, was not so fully appreciated as on certain other occasions; or perhaps the pleasure of the audience was too deep for barbarous recognition by hand-clapping.

Mr. Cortot's eminence as a virtuoso-musician was at once appreciated here when he played Saint-Saens's fourth concerto with the orchestra of the Paris Conservatory three months ago. Yesterday instead of choosing some flamboyant piece to win plaudits easily by an individual tour de force, he selected two works in which the piano is one instrument of many; this is especially true of d'Indy's symphony. Nevertheless he excited not only the unbounded admiration of musicians, but engrossed the attention of the others in the audience and awakened the enthusiasm of even those whose first question in regard to a symphony concert is this: "Who is the soloist?" He displayed the finest musical intelligence served by a technical proficiency so pronounced that no one thought of it but took it as a matter of course. What an infinite variety of tonal beauty! One had hardly realized before this how musical an instrument the piano could be. The music itself was, indeed, worthy of his fingers, brain and soul. For in these compositions the mystical Franck and the "cerebral" Vincent d'Indy are romanticists in the modern significance of the word, without too great respect for formalism, worshippers, and at the same time priests, at the shrine of beauty. Performances like those of the Variations and the Symphony have been rare in the whole history of the orchestra. Mr. Cortot, whose unassuming modesty is ingratiating, was only just when he insisted that Mr. Rabaud should share with him in the applause; yet there were more than two artists on the stage; there was the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Bruneau, Entr'acte from "Messidor"; Rachmaninoff, Concerto No. 2, C minor; Brahms, Symphony No. 2. Mr. Rachmaninoff will be the pianist.

MASTER OF PIANO WITH SYMPHONY

Post ——— Jan. 15/19
Ideal Union of Great
Band, Conductor
and Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

The ideal union of a great orchestra, a great conductor and a great soloist, and, to complete the effect, a programme admirably arranged, is seldom a fact, even in the affairs of the best regulated artistic organizations.

The concert given yesterday afternoon by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud, conductor, with Alfred Cortot, pianist, as soloist, was such an event, superlatively representative of the greatest traditions of these concerts.

MORE THAN A VIRTUOSO

Mr. Cortot took part in two performances, those of the Franck "Variations Symphonique" and D'Indy's "Symphony on a Mountain Air." In both these works the pianist is far more than a haranguing virtuoso. The piano is an element of the orchestra, important but organic.

In the D'Indy, it might be said, the piano is another orchestra, with a host of effects all its own, and only slightly inferior in capacities of tone-color and sonority to the hundred instruments which surround it. The pianist becomes less a soloist than a second conductor, whose authority is exceeded only by the man with the baton. In such circumstances the pianist can be either an indifferent performer, accustomed to musical routine, an executant intent on displaying his own gifts, or a great artist who subordinates himself completely to the music and thinks with the conductor or as one man.

Two Masters of Art

Seldom in the history of these concerts has there been witnessed such union of spirit and intellect between two musicians of the first rank, and such superb mastery of every aspect of their art, as was shown by Mr. Rabaud and Mr. Cortot yesterday. Their performances were, indeed, historic. Mr. Rabaud we now know as a musician, and our admiration of him increases with every concert that he gives. An inspired student of his art, he inspires the orchestra, which not only obeys him and plays, but understands him and speaks.

Mr. Cortot is what a famous pianist should be, and seldom is—first of all a great musician, with a burning enthusiasm for his art, and, second, a virtuoso of extraordinary powers, for whom physical difficulties apparently do not exist. It may be said without exaggeration that although at least two performances of Franck's variations had been given in this city, the music was heard here yesterday for the first time.

New Beauties in Variations

It had not had its rightful aspect before. The poetic qualities of the composition, its development and finish of workmanship, had been realized, but we had not been permitted to perceive the strength and dramatic character of the music, as was revealed in the very first phrase of the strings, as interpreted by Mr. Rabaud. The revelation was overwhelming. We knew Franck as mystic, the secluded dreamer—these qualities are not wholly absent in the variations—but there were passages in which one thought of Michelangelo.

Most variations are separate fragments, loosely bound together into a whole. Franck's are not, and the continuity of the thought, the force and the generative power of the composer's imagination were unforgettably demonstrated. The second variation was the inevitable consequence of the first, and so on. The momentum of the music and the performance was irresistible and exciting to the last degree.

D'Indy's Symphony

D'Indy's symphony on a "Mountain Air" is for the writer one of the most beautiful and brilliant compositions of a modern master. Conductor, pianist and orchestra surpassed themselves in its performance. Mr. Cortot, though he sat at the piano among the other instrumentalists, played as one who was at the same time immersed in his task and sufficiently far from it to understand equally the great outlines and the finest details of the composition. When the occasion arose, he led authoritatively, stating a theme or some important phrase of its development with as much breadth and conviction as though he

had composed the music himself; at other times he supplied only tone color as a background for solo instrument, or again was virtually the conductor in setting the pace of a movement and sustaining it for measures as the basis of the orchestral performance. Technically his performance can only be called by an abused and misappropriated term, "colossal," or, if you like, "overwhelming." The skill, imagination, musicianship of all who took part were placed at the service of the composer, who would himself have rejoiced if he could have heard this performance of his music.

Hadley's Fantasia

Henry Hadley's "Symphonic Fantasia" op. 46, was played for the first time at these concerts. This is not one of Mr. Hadley's late compositions. It was published in 1907, and there had been performances of it before that time. We prefer this music to other compositions of Mr. Hadley which have come since it was completed. It has mood and the music is full of enthusiasm. The idiom is strongly tinged with Wagnerianism. The orchestra is the big Wagnerian orchestra, which is used to the limit. The effect is full and brilliant. The composer liked to make his instruments sound, and did so with a youthful gusto which is contagious. It is sincere, direct writing, and as such gave much pleasure to the audience.

Not the least item of the concert was the suite of Bach in D major which contains the famous air known because of a violin transcription as the "Air for the G String." Again Mr. Rabaud showed his eclecticism and not only his understanding but his enthusiasm for music of all schools. Witness the two-fisted vigor and swing of the overture, the serenity and classic outline of the famous air. This, indeed, was a concert long to remember.

Boston Notes Jan. 15/19

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

More of d'Indy's music was presented by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on its twelfth program, heard on the afternoon of Friday, Jan. 24, Mr. Alfred Cortot playing the piano part in the "Symphony on a French Mountain Song," Op. 25. Being closer akin to program music than is the string quartet, the moments of pure musical inspiration are fewer. Mr.

Cortot submerged himself in the ranks of the players, and made no attempt to turn the symphony into a concerto. Mr. Rabaud, as is the case with all that he does, showed perfect familiarity with the score and a great anxiety to do justice to its poetry and beauty. Mr. Cortot's ability to exert just the right amount of force through his fingers at just the right instant to bring about the elasticity in a phrase that marks the true artist was in evidence in the César Franck symphonic variations. These found much favor with the audience, which gave the soloist long and loud applause. No pianist has been heard in Symphony Hall this year who can put more poetry into his tone than can Mr. Cortot. The program began with a symphonic fantasia, Op. 46, by Henry Hadley, heard for the first time at these concerts. The work suggests Wagnerian influence, but with a striving along approved lines for modernity. On the program was the Bach suite in D major, No. 3, which plentifully satisfied any yearnings for structural and melodic music.

Sergei Rachmaninoff will be soloist at the coming concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in various cities instead of Mr. Arthur Rubinstein, who, unable to reach this country from South America, was forced to cancel his engagements. The schedule for the next two weeks runs as follows:

Worcester, Massachusetts, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 28. The soloist will be the American contralto, Mme. Merle Alcock. Boston, Jan. 31 and Feb. 1. The soloist will be Sergei Rachmaninoff.

Washington New National Theater, Monday afternoon, Feb. 3. Soloist, Sergei Rachmaninoff.

Baltimore, Lyric Theater, Tuesday evening, Feb. 4. Soloist, Rachmaninoff.

Philadelphia, Academy of Music, Wednesday evening, Feb. 5. Soloist, Rachmaninoff.

New York, Carnegie Hall, Thursday evening, Feb. 6.

Brooklyn, Academy of Music, Friday evening, Feb. 7. Soloist, Rachmaninoff.

New York, Carnegie Hall, Saturday afternoon, Feb. 8.

ELECTRIC NEEDLE SPECIAL
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BENJAMIN K. GORHAM

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the complexion and hair
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Bulcous—North Annex
in season's most modern
styles are exhibited, making
comparatively easy to choose
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Wavy Hair, Natural
28-Inch Hair, Natural
Wavy Hair, Natural
32-Inch Hair, Natural
Wavy Hair, Natural
All Around Transformations,
Natural Wavy Hair
\$6.
\$7.
\$8.
\$9.

MASTER OF PIANO WITH SYMPHONY

Post ——— Jan. 25/19
Ideal Union of Great

Band, Conductor
and Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

The ideal union of a great orchestra, a great conductor and a great soloist, and, to complete the effect, a programme admirably arranged, is seldom a fact, even in the affairs of the best regulated artistic organizations.

The concert given yesterday afternoon by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud, conductor, with Alfred Cortot, pianist, as soloist, was such an event, superlatively representative of the greatest traditions of these concerts.

MORE THAN A VIRTUOSO

Mr. Cortot took part in two performances, those of the Franck "Variations Symphonique" and D'Indy's "Symphony on a Mountain Air." In both these works the pianist is far more than a haranguing virtuoso. The piano is an element of the orchestra, important but organic.

In the D'Indy, it might be said, the piano is another orchestra, with a host of effects all its own, and only slightly inferior in capacities of tone-color and sonority to the hundred instruments which surround it. The pianist becomes less a soloist than a second conductor, whose authority is exceeded only by the man with the baton. In such circumstances the pianist can be either an indifferent performer, accustomed to musical routine, an executant intent on displaying his own gifts, or a great artist who subordinates himself completely to the music and thinks with the conductor as one man.

Two Masters of Art

Seldom in the history of these concerts has there been witnessed such union of spirit and intellect between two musicians of the first rank, and such superb mastery of every aspect of their art, as was shown by Mr. Rabaud and Mr. Cortot yesterday. Their performances were, indeed, historic. Mr. Rabaud we now know as a musician, and our admiration of him increases with every concert that he gives. An inspired student of his art, he inspires the orchestra, which not only obeys him and plays, but understands him and speaks.

Mr. Cortot is what a famous pianist should be, and seldom is—first of all a great musician, with a burning enthusiasm for his art, and, second, a virtuoso of extraordinary powers, for whom physical difficulties apparently do not exist. It may be said without exaggeration that although at least two performances of Franck's variations had been given in this city, the music was heard here yesterday for the first time.

New Beauties in Variations

It had not had its rightful aspect before. The poetic qualities of the composition, its development and finish of workmanship, had been realized, but we had not been permitted to perceive the strength and dramatic character of the music, as was revealed in the very first phrase of the strings, as interpreted by Mr. Rabaud. The revelation was overwhelming. We knew Franck as mystic, the secluded dreamer—these qualities are not wholly absent in the variations—but there were passages in which one thought of Michelangelo.

Most variations are separate fragments, loosely bound together into a whole. Franck's are not, and the continuity of the thought, the force and the generative power of the composer's imagination were unforgettably demonstrated. The second variation was the inevitable consequence of the first, and so on. The momentum of the music and the performance was irresistible and exciting to the last degree.

D'Indy's Symphony

D'Indy's symphony on a "Mountain Air" is for the writer one of the most beautiful and brilliant compositions of a modern master. Conductor, pianist and orchestra surpassed themselves in its performance. Mr. Cortot, though he sat at the piano among the other instrumentalists, played as one who was at the same time immersed in his task and sufficiently far from it to understand equally the great outlines and the finest details of the composition. When the occasion arose, he led authoritatively, stating a theme or some important phrase of its development with as much breadth and conviction as though he

had composed the music himself; at other times he supplied only tone color as a background for solo instrument, or again was virtually the conductor in setting the pace of a movement and sustaining it for measures as the basis of the orchestral performance. Technically his performance can only be called by an abused and misappropriated term, "colossal," or, if you like, "overwhelming." The skill, imagination, musicianship of all who took part were placed at the service of the composer, who would himself have rejoiced if he could have heard this performance of his music.

Hadley's Fantasia

Henry Hadley's "Symphonic Fantasia" op. 46, was played for the first time at these concerts. This is not one of Mr. Hadley's late compositions. It was published in 1907, and there had been performances of it before that time. We prefer this music to other compositions of Mr. Hadley which have come since it was completed. It has mood and the music is full of enthusiasm. The idiom is strongly tinged with Wagnerianism. The orchestra is the big Wagnerian orchestra, which is used to the limit. The effect is full and brilliant. The composer liked to make his instruments sound, and did so with a youthful gusto which is contagious. It is sincere, direct writing, and as such gave much pleasure to the audience.

Not the least item in the suite of Bach contains the famous cause of a violinist's "Air for the G String." Rebaud showed his only his understanding for music of all the two-listed vigor overture, the serene line of the famous was a concert long.

Boston

Specially for The Christ

More of d'Indy's sent by the Boston Orchestra on its twelfth on the afternoon of Mr. Alfred Cortot part in the "Symphony on a Mountain Song," Op. 46, akin to program music, string quartet, the musical inspiration

Cortot submerged himself in the ranks of the players, and made no attempt to turn the symphony into a concerto. Mr. Rabaud, as is the case with all that he does, showed perfect familiarity with the score and a great anxiety to do justice to its poetry and beauty. Mr. Cortot's ability to exert just the right amount of force through his fingers at just the right instant to bring about the elasticity in a phrase that marks the true artist was in evidence in the César Franck symphonic variations. These found much favor with the audience, which gave the soloist long and loud applause. No pianist has been heard in Symphony Hall this year who can put more poetry into his tone than can Mr. Cortot. The program began with a symphonic fantasia, Op. 46, by Henry Hadley, heard for the first time at these concerts. The work suggests Wagnerian influence, but with a striving along approved lines for modernity. On the program was the Bach suite in D major, No. 3, which plentifully satisfied any yearnings for structural and melodic music.

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ernegie Hall, Thursday

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ernegie Hall, Saturday



HENRY HADLEY.

CORTOT'S SKILL IS APPLAUDED

Adv. + Am. Jan. 26/14
**French Violinist Arouses
Great Enthusiasm at
the Symphony**

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

Program.
Hadley, Symphonic Fantasia.
Bach, Suite in D major.
Franck, Variations Symphoniques, with piano.
Soloist, M. Alfred Cortot.
D'Indy, Symphony, "On a Mountain Air."

The above was the symphonic list of Friday and Saturday. It was more out of the standard-classical rut than most of its predecessors. The new work by Hadley was worth hearing. It is for large modern score and the young composer handles the heavy forces well. It was given in London five years ago by the London Symphony Orchestra (which Richter once called the best orchestra in the world), at a concert made up of Hadley's own compositions and led by the composer.

It has some striking points of scoring. In the introduction the contrabasses tune their lowest string to E-flat, and the harp is used throughout the work in a very modulatory manner, involving much skilful use of pedals. There is a strongly rhythmic touch in the military episode in the centre of the work, in which the contrabasses are prominent and even the military (snare) drum is used and much triangle tinkling. Strong climaxes are well worked up and the work goes from a pianissimo beginning in three-part clarinet harmony, to a heavy ending of full orchestra, with the harp giving an extra glassando kick to the final cadence.

The work is brief and exciting, but there are more important numbers in the American repertoire. Because of its sharp contrasts, its mysterious beginning with a long organ point, its triumphant climax, it seems to be program music with the story left out, somewhat after Mahler's style. As a study in orchestration it has its points of interest.

Bach's Suite was, for once, a disappointment. We are used to a more

sedate, a more reserved Bach. M. Rabaud modernized the old composer in an unnecessary fashion. We admire the French modernization of Bach in his organ works, but his orchestral numbers are another matter. They do not gain by being read in a brilliant and exciting fashion. The brass was constantly heavy.

Infinitely more effective were the Franck Symphonic Variations, with piano. M. Cortot more than repeated the triumph which he won here recently with the Conservatoire Orchestra under Messager. There are new possibilities in our Symphony pianists nowadays. There was recently a pianist in our Symphony concerts, named Paderewski, who is now appearing in the concert of European powers.

M. Cortot did not have as excellent a vehicle of expression as at the preceding concert. Then he played a Saint-Saëns concerto which was more pianistic than the Franck variations. But the variations are nevertheless effective music and M. Cortot may receive the acknowledgment of having been the first to make their full power evident to the public. The dialogues between the piano and orchestra (for there was much antiphonal work) were exquisitely balanced, and the end became a whirlwind of brilliancy. M. Cortot's power in double octave work is something phenomenal, and his steady attention to the ensemble proves him more than merely a great technician. He aroused a tremendous enthusiasm and it was thoroughly deserved.

The last work on the program again made use of the piano, but less independently, more in the vein of an added tone-color to the orchestra, as Glinka, Berlioz and Wolf-Ferrari have used it. The mountain air was sliced up in a manner so that the mountaineer himself would not have recognized it. But one must pay unstinted tribute to D'Indy's skill in this school of development. He is the chief master of the modern French school in this field.

This symphony is one of the most attractive of D'Indy's works. There is a carillon in the finale which is as effective as that of Bizet in his "L'Arlesienne," and this was most effectively interpreted both by pianist and orchestra. The mountain air comes first upon that instrument which all composers use for the shepherd's pipe—the English horn. The pianist, although in a lesser part here, was again recalled with enthusiasm.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

MR. CORTOT SHINES OUT OF TWO NOTABLE PIECES

The Pianist in a Vivid Performance of Franck's Symphonic Variations and in Signal Share in d'Indy's Symphony on a Mountain Air—Eloquent Music in Revealing and Stirring Voice—The Contrast of Other Numbers

AS often of late at the Symphony Concerts, the "assisting artist," yesterday afternoon, again stimulated orchestra and conductor, engrossed and stirred the audience, did much to make the numbers in which he joined the distinctive and pleasurable items of the programme. In a sense newcomer, he was not altogether unknown to his hearers since he had played here, though to a different company, three months ago. Yet the Alfred Cortot who was then heard with the orchestra of the Conservatoire in Paris in one of Saint-Saëns's concertos, was hardly the pianist who now bore signal part in Franck's Symphonic Variations and d'Indy's symphony "On a Mountain Song." With Mr. Cortot, as with many another, the better the medium, the better the deed. The polished surfaces, the brittle artifice of Saint-Saëns's concerto in C minor—the piece of last October—could only hint at the larger abilities, the finer powers evoked by Franck and d'Indy in music of warmer and deeper mettle. Beyond question, the Cortot of last autumn was an adroit technician, a pianist sensitive to color, alert to rhythm, with a keen ear for the interplay of the voice of his instrument with the voices of the orchestra—a personality without wearing what certain youths were pleased to call a "romantic mask," animating Saint-Saëns's music by his own ardor of spirit, here and there in pace, inflection or detail setting his individual stamp upon it.

The Cortot of yesterday and of mid-winter (as the calendar alleges) was again the masterful technician, keen to rhythm, multifold of color, but now less the virtuoso exhibiting these excellent capacities for their own sake than the musician employing them for the greater glory of the music in hand. Franck's Symphonic Variations are intrinsically a rhapsody for piano and orchestra in which only a pedantic hearer may take thought of the containing form. Once Franck has proposed his fecund motive, he begins to rhapsodize upon it in rich flow of imagination, in high ardor of creative spirit, as he was wont to extemporize in the organ loft of his church in Paris to the delight and

the wonder of his hearers. He sets the piano to bright traceries upon the motive made melody and Mr. Cortot wrought them in shimmering lace-work of tone. He infuses into the piano his own zest of improvisation and Mr. Cortot then winged the music with an answering ardor of rhythm and progress. Or he bids the piano weave garlands of counterpoint about his motive—to fall from Mr. Cortot's fingers with fluid grace of line, with play of light and shade upon them as in glints of the composer's and the pianist's fancy. Once and again, Franck allots to the piano the songful voice, wrought by Mr. Cortot in rich contours, pellucid phrase and upspringing course. Toward the end come the measures in which, according to his wont, Franck seems to shower forth music in high exuberance and happy release of exultant spirit. Tossing motive back and forth between piano and orchestra, blending, parting, contrasting their voices, flinging modulation and ornament here, there and everywhere, he summons pianist, players and audience to share in his ecstasy as naive of spirit as it is often adept in means. Out of Mr. Cortot's playing flashed these fine fires, in the warmth of his own spirit he heated them, while a skill that never failed lay hid beneath the glow of the achievement. Throughout the piece, pianist and composer set sparks as well to conductor or orchestra. For once these Symphonic Variations sounded as the manifold, multi-colored, ardent rhapsody that they are. With intensive force Mr. Cortot's personality played upon music and performance. It was the personality of a penetrating and responsive musician, equally rich in romantic spirit, imparting skill, recreative imagination. Yet not a detail of performance seemed to evade his care; while nowhere did he thrust himself through the music. There was rhapsodic passion, as the music well warrants; there was also poise.

Romantic music, likewise, is d'Indy's symphonic fantasia upon the mountain air of the Cévennes—a song that even within the four walls of a concert-hall seems to sound from some distant height in an open country, calling with arresting voice to the dreamer of dreams, the seer of visions. Perhaps d'Indy heard it sung as Mr. Speyer, new and fortunate comer to the woodwind choir, played it yesterday; perhaps the composer's own prompting, like that of the virtuoso, added a little to the haunting quality. Upon it, as upon a generating motive, d'Indy writes a succession of orchestral variations, with the piano often as distinctive instrument of his band. If the hearer choose so to regard the piece, he may find in it much studious reflection, much expert workmanship in the transformations, manipulations, re-incarnations, that the mountain-song undergoes in the

three divisions of the fantasia. He will be in the fashion and in accord with the conventional labels, if he so listens to the music. Yet often he will lose his way, unless he happens to be uncommonly acute in such listening, while at the end he will be as one who may not see the glories of the wood because he is so closely scrutinizing the trees.

No more than the rest of d'Indy's music do these variations justify such reduction to formal abstraction. Rather, each transformation of the song is prompted by clear mood, enriched with warm and various imagination. The like-minded listener may hear music in which the air is amplified, transfigured, glorified, gladdened. He may hear music again in which it becomes the voice of longing, calling afar and mysteriously as through mists. Or, yet again, it beats in the rhythms to which d'Indy sets it, shines in the colors in which he clothes it as though it sounded against bright expanse of mountain sky, as though it were borne upon mountain wind keen, fleet and strong. Or once more, the composer takes it as he might some cherished object and weaves harmonic and instrumental fancies upon it. More and more as the fantasia proceeds, the air seems to possess d'Indy, mind and heart, body and soul, until he must set himself free by some such demoniac exorcism as that of the finale. Into reiterated, obstinate, blazing dance, tarantilla-like, he transforms this many-voiced song. The music spins in it; the music shouts it; the music flares with it. Nor is there end until the song, thus whipped and maddened, rushes away down the world.

When the song is one of mystery, of longing, d'Indy writes a music of beauty; when it clangs or whirls out of other measures in other moods, he writes a music of power. Everywhere also he writes in these variations a fecund and ingenious music, weaving itself from itself manifold though it be, the warmth of his heart, quickening as it were his inventiveness of mind, his skill of hand. To crown this fecundity, this skill, he sets within the fantasia a piano part, seemingly designed to play in light and shade upon the song and then to be the lash that, darting in and out of the music, whips the air into the whirl of the end. Through the first and the second division of the fantasia, Mr. Cortot played this part with an unerring sense of the color it was to thread into the music, with as flawless touch in the gaining of it. In the third division he and the song at his hands became energizing force to the performance, even as did his playing in Franck's Symphonic Variations. So in Mr. Cortot finesse and power, poise and ardor are in complement upon the music. Hardly less, however, had conductor and orchestra answered to d'Indy through the whole fan-

tasia. As with the fifth symphony of Beethoven a week ago, Mr. Rabaud no longer heard with impersonal ear, saw no longer with the purely objective eye.

In all this, perhaps, there was passing enlightenment to those who take their cue from the scorers in good Parisian fashion of what passes there as "official French music." D'Indy himself has spoken and written despitely of it as the means to advancement in a withered and self-centred hierarchy; Debussy shot upon it many a shaft of wit; Ravel has not been sparing of scornful word; nearly every "light" of the younger Parisian generation mocks at it. Our younger generation on this side of the sea warms to music that these composers write, accepts their point of view of cognate matters. Yet here is Mr. Cortot, who is of the official hierarchy, giving clear proof of signal and individual qualities, while, as the Symphonic Concerts of late have disclosed, not always does Mr. Rabaud conduct, as Ravel once put it, "with respect." And yet, and yet, there was cause for wonder why he should have included in his programme of yesterday, Mr. Hadley's Symphonic Fantasia, no more than a fluent, well-made, well-sounding piece according to the conventions of a post-Wagnerian day, and why he should have led through Bach's Suite in D major with so rigid a pace and rhythm, with so little shading and modulating of the interwoven voices. Mr. Hadley's fantasia is as routine music-making in kind as ever fell from any Parisian academic "hierarchy," while Bach played "with respect" is a Bach left lifeless and uncharacterized. H. T. P.

FRENCH MUSIC Globe Jan. 25/19 SUPERBLY PLAYED

Mr. Rabaud, conductor; Mr. Cortot, pianist, both of imagination and sensibility, the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its present state of virtuosity, unsurpassed, if equaled, lifted yesterday afternoon's concert above those of its series, although no one of them has passed without its own distinction.

Alfred Cortot had played earlier this season with the orchestra of the Paris Conservatory, conducted by M. Messager. He had revealed a marked talent but gave no such embodiment of his art as now. Frank's Symphonic Variations for piano and orchestra are not the type of show piece for the casual virtuoso. While there are high demands for pianistic skill, the chief essentials are the perception, understanding, and spiritual powers of re-creation by the artist, his sense of the piano as an exalted instrument of the orchestra, the ensemble, the humanity, the childlike joy in the

very breath of life which mark these noble pages.

There are rare moments when it seems the privilege of musicians to have brought into the very concert room the presence of the composer whom they invoke. Pianist and conductor, both Frenchmen, both well endowed by nature to perceive as to translate this score, touched it yesterday with reverent hands. Their labor was as one of love, celebrating also the glory of their elder colleague. In an age when aspiration daily jogs elbows with materialism, he cannot and will not often find such exponents in pianist, conductor or orchestra.

Mr. Cortot was given such an ovation as few soloists receive from this audience. The manner of this young artist, far from that of the virtuoso, is rather of the man who would more happily honor the composer and his colleagues than himself.

D'Indy's Symphony for Orchestra and Piano on a French Mountain Song was a fitting sequel. The plaintive air, given out by the English horn—marking the newly arriving Mr. Speyer, an artist on his instrument—is one of the souvenirs taken by d'Indy from his Cevennes. Here is a folk melody, strange and haunting, as though es-

caping in purer mountain heights the baser alloy of earth, its people and their songs.

This is not music to be chosen by all. There is too much out of beaten paths. There are verbose, abstract passages to casual, perhaps even to studied hearing, but where are such pages as those of the last movement, when the spirit of this fugitive air, wild as the cry of an untamed bird, seems metamorphosed into incarnate rhythmic fury, catching in its clutches all who ever may have sung it, and whirling them in a demoniac spirit of the dance over precipice and abyss, peopled only by the echoes of its melody. In such superbly eloquent and realistic manner Mr. Rabaud, Mr. Cortot and the orchestra played it.

Henry Hadley's symphonic fantasia, composed in 1907, played in London and America, began the concert. It praises the composer in sustained vitality, musical significance and effective contrast of ideas over and beyond some of the music, which since has come from his pen.

Bach's suite in D major was played with the discrimination in its various movements, the beautiful air, the stately dances, which Mr. Rabaud has shown in all schools, classic or modern.

Mr. ALFRED DENIS CORTOT was born of French parents at Nyon, Switzerland, on September 26, 1877. Going at an early age with his family to Paris, he received his first pianoforte lessons from his sisters. He entered the Paris Conservatory, where he was in turn the pupil of Decombes * and Diémer. As a pupil of the latter he was awarded the first prize for pianoforte-playing in 1896. Taking part in the Lamoureux and Colonne concerts, he soon became known throughout Europe. He has played in England, Italy, The Netherlands, Russia, Spain, Switzerland. Having been a *répétiteur* at Bayreuth he staged in Paris "Götterdämmerung." In 1904 he founded the concert society that bears his name, and with it he has given performances of important choral works by Beethoven, Brahms, Liszt, etc., also a concert performance of "Parsifal." In 1904 he was chosen conductor of the Société Nationale; in 1907 he took charge of an advanced pianoforte class at the Paris Conservatory. Chief of the Service d'Études Artistiques du Ministère de l'Instruction Publique et des Beaux-Arts, he was named a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1914.

Coming to the United States with the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, André Messager conductor, in the fall of 1918, he played in Boston at a concert of that orchestra on October 30, 1918 (Saint-Saëns's Concerto in C minor, No. 4).

* Émile Decombes, born at Nîmes in 1829, was awarded the first prize for pianoforte-playing at the Paris Conservatory in 1846. It is said that he was one of the last pupils of Chopin. From 1875 to 1899, Decombes was an instructor of preparatory classes in pianoforte-playing at the Conservatory. He wrote a "Méthode," exercises and transcriptions for the pianoforte.

Steinway Pianoforte used

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Alfred Cortot had played earlier this season with the orchestra of the Paris Conservatory, conducted by M. Messager. He had revealed a marked talent but gave no such embodiment of his art as now. Frank's Symphonic Variations for piano and orchestra are not the type of show piece for the casual virtuoso. While there are high demands for pianistic skill, the chief essentials are the perception, understanding and spiritual powers of re-creation by the artist, his sense of the piano as an exalted instrument of the orchestra, the ensemble a mouthpiece for the ecstatic mysticism, the humanity, the childlike joy in the

very breath of life which mark these noble pages.

There are rare moments when it seems the privilege of musicians to have brought into the very concert room the presence of the composer whom they invoke. Pianist and conductor, both Frenchmen, both well endowed by nature to perceive as to translate this score, touched it yesterday with reverent hands. Their labor was as one of love, celebrating also the glory of their elder colleague. In an age when aspiration daily jogs elbows with materialism, he cannot and will not often find such exponents in pianist, conductor or orchestra.

Mr. Cortot was given such an ovation as few soloists receive from this audience. The manner of this young artist, far from that of the virtuoso, is rather of the man who would more happily honor the composer and his colleagues than himself.

D'Indy's Symphonic Fantasia for Orchestra and Pianoforte on a French Mountain Song was a fitting sequel. The plaintive air, given out by the English horn—marking the newly arriving Mr. Speyer, an artist on his instrument—is one of the souvenirs taken by d'Indy from his Cevennes. Here is a folk melody, strange and haunting, as though es-

caping in purer mountain heights the baser alloy of earth, its people and their songs.

This is not music to be chosen by all. There is too much out of beaten paths. There are verbose, abstract passages to casual, perhaps even to studied hearing, but where are such pages as those of the last movement, when the spirit of this fugitive air, wild as the cry of an untamed bird, seems metamorphosed into incarnate rhythmic fury, catching in its clutches all who ever may have sung it, and whirling them in a demonic spirit of the dance over precipice and abyss, peopled only by the echoes of its melody. In such superbly eloquent and realistic manner Mr. Rabaud, Mr. Cortot and the orchestra played it.

Henry Hadley's symphonic fantasia, composed in 1907, played in London and America, began the concert. It praises the composer in sustained vitality, musical significance and effective contrast of ideas over and beyond some of the music, which since has come from his pen.

Bach's suite in D major was played with the discrimination in its various movements, the beautiful air, the stately dances, which Mr. Rabaud has shown in all schools, classic or modern.

MR. ALFRED DENIS CORTOT was born of French parents at Nyon, Switzerland, on September 26, 1877. Going at an early age with his family to Paris, he received his first pianoforte lessons from his sisters. He entered the Paris Conservatory, where he was in turn the pupil of Decombes* and Diémer. As a pupil of the latter he was awarded the first prize for pianoforte-playing in 1896. Taking part in the Lamoureux and Colonne concerts, he soon became known throughout Europe. He has played in England, Italy, The Netherlands, Russia, Spain, Switzerland. Having been a *répétiteur* at Bayreuth he staged in Paris "Götterdämmerung." In 1904 he founded the concert society that bears his name, and with it he has given performances of important choral works by Beethoven, Brahms, Liszt, etc., also a concert performance of "Parsifal." In 1904 he was chosen conductor of the Société Nationale; in 1907 he took charge of an advanced pianoforte class at the Paris Conservatory. Chief of the Service d'Études Artistiques du Ministère de l'Instruction Publique et des Beaux-Arts, he was named a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1914.

Coming to the United States with the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, André Messager conductor, in the fall of 1918, he played in Boston at a concert of that orchestra on October 30, 1918 (Saint-Saëns's Concerto in C minor, No. 4).

*Émile Decombes, born at Nîmes in 1829, was awarded the first prize for pianoforte-playing at the Paris Conservatory in 1846. It is said that he was one of the last pupils of Chopin. From 1875 to 1899, Decombes was an instructor of preparatory classes in pianoforte-playing at the Conservatory. He wrote a "Méthode," exercises and transcriptions for the pianoforte.

Steinway Pianoforte used

Mr. Cortot in English Ears

No pianist of the winter left more vivid memory behind him in Boston than Mr. Cortot. No sooner had he returned to France from his concerts in America than he departed upon a visit to various cities of England. Among them was Manchester and there with the Hallé Orchestra he played Beethoven's "Emperor Concerto" to be heard here, ten days hence, from Mr. Bauer. The reviewer for The Guardian writes interestingly of Mr. Cortot and of the piece, saying: "The so-called 'Emperor' concerto of Beethoven—we do not know what it may be called now—was, for a French pianist, a choice both daring and wise in its challenge to intellectual sympathies, and Mr. Cortot's interpretation, we are sure, commanded the same universal sanction and admiration as the music itself. There was a little tendency in Mr. Landon Ronald's conduct of the orchestra towards the comfortable symphonic style, and we fancy Mr. Cortot's reading would have been enhanced by an orchestral accompaniment of more lightness, precision and brilliance."

"Mr. Cortot's own playing and interpretation were strongest of all in his imaginative approach to the pianissimo. That is the most marvellous strength which compels while it yields and draws us on as it recedes. It is the strength of Beethoven, too, for this composer transformed the expressive to the imaginative style, more by his unexpected withdrawals of tone than by any other means. Mr. Cortot charms most of all by the minute steps which to the listener are made consciously deliberate as the maze of star-like notes is withdrawn. We feel our ears enriched by the very vanishing of the notes. The great passage of octaves was unfortunate at first in a clear divergence of treatment between the orchestra and the solo instrument, but exercised its old fascination by the soloist's wizardry well before the close of its long diminuendo. One is often tempted to transcribe for the benefit of the orchestral player the doggerel of Wordsworth, and say:

A dash above the music's rim
A pert staccato is to him,
And it is nothing more.

"One famous passage of detached chords in the opening symphony suffered terribly from this unimaginative handling, from which, one would think, the composer's subsequent treatment of the passage would have roused the most unservant player. Is there anything in the whole range of pianoforte music that equals the imaginative power of these chords when they appear in the solo part? Mr. Cortot was not found lacking here, nor in the spirituality of the figuration as the melody of the slow movement is heard

for the last time. There was another fascinating piece of execution in the working out of the last movement, and in the equable Spinato movement and the glittering Polonaise of Chopin (which he later played) the magic of Mr. Cortot's passage-work came again into play. The Gollywogg Dance of Debussy was a morsel of an encore—a joke that hardly more than flouted the listener's appetite."

Brilliant Future of Symphony

Post Jan. 25, 1919.
**Problems of Those Who Assume Big Yearly Deficits—
—Surprise and Pleasure of Concerts Under
French Conductor—The Reward of Study—A
Pianistic Premier of Poland—Local Musical Activities**

Elsewhere in the Post is a description of the Boston Symphony Orchestra of the present season. Not for many seasons has this celebrated organization been in so strong a position, musically, and as regards its right to public patronage, as today. New appointments have brought fresh blood into the orchestral body and added skilled instrumentalists to its ranks without impairing its distinctive tone-qualities or technical capacities. French conductors have replaced those of the German school with immediate and manifest advantage to the artistic character of the concerts. The Boston Symphony concerts were provincialized by conductors of a nation which has never ceased to hug its provincialism to its bosom. We are no longer dominated by German conceptions of music in Symphony Hall, and, war or no war, it was high time that this change had been made.

The public approval of the results of these arrangements has been immediate and unmistakable. There are other things, however, than artistic performances and public approval which intimately affect the existence and development of big artistic bodies. Money is as essential in music as in war. A great orchestra, even when managed as ably as the Boston Symphony, does not pile up packers' profits as the years roll by. Through 37 years, Major Higginson, generously, without protest or self-display, and with the one thought of the artistic future of the organization he founded, paid from his private funds the yearly deficits. He resigned all active connection with the Boston Symphony and financial support of that body at the close of the season of 1917-18. The trustees who undertook the responsibility of the task Major Higginson relinquished, with zeal and sincerity in the public interest, are now finding out what running a big orchestra means. It develops that the deficit for this season will be much larger than

was calculated, and that this condition will doubtless continue through the years immediately following. The deficit is due partly to the tardiness of the trustees in securing the conductor for the present season, and the unfortunately amateurish manner in which the arrangements were announced, which had a strong effect on the public subscriptions; to various expenses of the orchestra itself; and to the increased cost of travelling, hall rent and other items of orchestral management which are always present. This large deficit has, however, been subscribed for this season and for seasons to come. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, thanks to such generous support, appears to be at the beginning of a new and brilliant epoch in its history.

The trustees and certain of the wealthier subscribers to the concerts have done their part. It is now the turn of the public. The Boston Symphony Orchestra is remade and at its best today, a conductor of singular and distinguished talent is giving a series of concerts of exceptional brilliancy. The programmes are excellently arranged. The list of soloists, as it turns out, offers many unusual attractions. Those who hesitated to subscribe to a season when they did not know what conductor they would hear, if they would hear any at all, are not to blame for their hesitation, especially in view of financial stresses of the time. But these may now feel more than reassured about the quality of the performances and should do everything in their power to pack Symphony Hall to its capacity for the balance of this season and the seasons to come. Major Higginson's gift to the city and the country will never be relinquished by those who inherit his task and his responsibilities, but the reward of their efforts and the reward of the man who founded the orchestra can only come through the deserved approval and co-operation of the community.

CONDUCTORS FOR THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Frank. Jan. 30
A Fact or Two Underlying Present Uncertainties — The Unwisdom of Change for the Sake of Change—The Advantages of a "Genius," If a "Genius" Can Be Found—The Orchestra, the Public and Mr. Rabaud—Miss Hempel to Be Heard in Boston — Mr. Gabrilowitsch Re-engaged in Detroit—Mr. Kneisel as Conductor—Items and Incidents

AS "pigs is pigs," so facts is facts, even in a matter of such stubborn and divergent opinion as the proper conductor for the Symphony Orchestra next year. One of those facts, moreover, standing high and clear, is the unwisdom of change for the sake of change. If the trustees of the band can secure a conductor of larger abilities, more impressive personality, more vivid reputation than Mr. Rabaud, then, by all means, the audiences at the Symphony Concerts here and elsewhere deserve to have him and for a term of years. If, on the other hand, none such is obtainable, there is sound reason for the continuance of Mr. Rabaud in his present post. Individual by individual, choir by choir, the quality of the orchestra is as high as it ever was, probably higher. By so much the trustees and the management have indeed wrought well. Being, however, a recently constituted band, it needs to be assimilated, unified, polished into a sure and sensitive instrument to the conductor's hand. The hundred men within it must come, likewise, to know and feel themselves in a common work. Not in weeks or in months are these desirable ends gained, but in season upon season of association, mutual understanding and ambition. Already the orchestra is more responsive to Mr. Rabaud because it is becoming familiar with him, while he better measures and adjusts its powers because he has become better acquainted with it. Were he to continue as conductor with as few changes in the band as there are likely to be for a season or two, the advantage on this score is plain; whereas a new conductor, say next autumn, must begin almost at the beginning. If he much excelled Mr. Rabaud, either in fact or in the faith of the public, the gain in prestige might offset the loss in continuity. Otherwise, change would be change for the sake of change and, in the present estate of the orchestra hardly advisable.

Similarly the public of the Symphony Concerts in Boston is becoming accustomed to Mr. Rabaud and so the more ready by habit to accept him without demur. True, the numbers of that public do not appreciably increase unless a Heifetz or a Rakhmaninov as "assisting artist" swells the audience; but in disposition, it clearly warms to the conductor when he and the orchestra acquit themselves notably well as in d'Indy's symphony "on a mountain air" of last week, as in Beethoven's fifth symphony of a fortnight ago. Always, moreover, whatever individual judgment of the conductor's abilities may be, it shows a kindly, a receptive mind toward him. Only the exceptional "genius," not easy to descry in the offing, is likely, for example, to better the relatively sparse audiences of Saturday evenings. Comparatively new habits of life as well as degree of musical curiosity and satisfaction have altered them, perhaps permanently. Indeed, the whole subscription to the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra both at home and abroad, was made last autumn under exceptional conditions that give little or no clue to the response of the public next year when war-time economies and preoccupations have receded into a dimmer distance, when the quality of the orchestra and the quality of the conductor—should Mr. Rabaud continue—are better and more widely understood. Such condition is difficult for trustees and guarantors who would discern the future, but there is no altering it or the risk of it. Perhaps, therefore, the keener the search for the "genius."

So, also, habit is making Mr. Rabaud's programmes seem the regular thing in the regular way—German classics and French pieces in nearly equal proportion, an occasional Russian, an occasional American number, a concerto of Grieg or of Chopin. If a pianist happens to impose it. So far, Mr. Rabaud has eschewed Italian music, shows no inclination toward Scandinavian or other composers of the North; while, whoever the conductor, hardly a piece by an English composer, except the cosmopolitan Delius, has been heard for many years at the Symphony Concerts. Some will say that Mr. Rabaud does not "overdo" the ultra-modern Parisians; others will regret that he does not oftener play their music. Some wonder that he chose, say, Mr. Hadley from American composers, when many another has quite as fair title to hearing. And so opinions go. As a matter of fact, it is too early to say what direction Mr. Rabaud's programmes would take in the long run. For the present they move in a Franco-German groove, comfortable to most in his audiences; while within that groove they tend to be "classical." An ardent modernist, like Mr. Montoux or Mr. Rhéné-Baton, would more please the youngsters—and distinctively

overtax the elders. As for the "genius," sought in the offing, he could probably make his programmes what he chose and satisfy his hearers. For good or ill, he would count with them above both orchestra and music.

In a word, if an earnest, faithful, personable man of talent is to lead the Symphony Orchestra for another year or two, Mr. Rabaud, if he is disposed to remain in Boston, would probably yield as much satisfaction to the public, as well maintain the standard of the concerts, as well serve the treasury as any other; while change from him would largely be change for the sake of change and on the chance of betterment. On the other hand, if the trustees and the guarantors believe they can lay hand on a conductor of superlative ability, of outstanding personality, of acknowledged and widespread prestige, they might wisely act accordingly. The more eminent the conductor, the higher the reputation of their concerts, the larger the public, presumably, that will seek them. The discovery, however, of such a leader is not easy. He is not to be descried or even glimpsed in many a one whom friendly admiration or personal predilection has suggested for the post. The most diligent and catholic observers of concert-hall and opera house in Europe or in America may not easily lay finger on him. Still more do the resentments and the rebounds of wartime and the years immediately following, circumscribe the field of choice. It was the custom to say last spring, when all these matters were in earnest debate that three European conductors were "worthy" to lead the Boston Orchestra—Sir Henry Wood, Mr. Rakhmaninov, Mr. Toscanini. It is permissible to believe, after familiar experience with him in London, that Sir Henry, had he come hither, would have less pleased many elements in the public of the Symphony Concerts than has Mr. Rabaud. Mr. Rakhmaninov prefers to till other fields than that of conducting. There remains Mr. Toscanini—in many a sense "genius" if there ever was one, alike in ability and in infirmity. But who may say what his present mind may be (or how long it will hold) toward the conductorship of the Symphony Orchestra? It is useful, likewise, to remember that not a few contributing to its support, prefer also that it remain as clearly Francophile as it was once of German leanings.

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY I

- I. Sostenuto assai;
- II. Scherzo; Allegro
- III. Adagio espressivo
- IV. Allegro molto vivace

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Henri Rabaud Jan. 29/19

The question has been raised: "Who will be the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra next season?"

This question should be answered publicly as soon as possible by the trustees of the orchestra, if they wish the confidence and the financial support of those interested in music and those possessed with civic pride.

The answer is easy: that is, if Mr. Rabaud will accept a second term.

Mr. Rabaud has shown himself an accomplished musician. This was expected, for he was known here as a composer before he visited Boston. He is now recognized here, in other American cities, as in those of Europe, as an admirable conductor. His sensitive, refined, poetic nature has been revealed through his interpretation of orchestral compositions; furthermore, when the music made the demand, he has shown compelling virility—virility without the taint of coarseness—dash and amazing brilliance. Catholic in the selection of programs, he is the sympathetic interpreter of the various schools, ancient and modern. No conductor in the past years of this orchestra has equalled him in his reading of Beethoven and Bach; while the modern romanticists and the members of the ultra-modern French school have found in him an appreciative, imaginative soul. Respected, admired as conductor and man by the audiences, he is held in affectionate regard by the players, who gladly obey and second him.

To make a change would be folly; the change might be disastrous. Who is there to fill his place?

Surely no one wishes a conductor that has been under the suspicion of siding with Germany, of sneering at the United States, of snarling, biting the hand that had fed him and is still feeding him. No one wishes a conductor that would attempt the Germanization of orchestra, programs, public taste. Names of eminent foreign conductors have been men-

tioned, but their success as leaders of a hundred concerts would be a doubtful quantity, even if after long parleying, they should condescendingly accept. Delays are dangerous. Any one asked to subscribe wishes to know what he is to receive in return for the subscription.

Mr. Rabaud was not anxious to leave Paris. No Parisian leaves that city without a sigh. He came here as a representative of French musical art, also as a patriot grateful to this country, encouraged, if not urged, by his government; not as one lured by American dollars. France could not have sent a more worthy and ingratiating representative. Having received from her the highest honors she can award a musician, he is here, a celebrated composer, a conductor of the first rank, a man of pure artistic purposes, a gentleman in the old and most significant meaning of the word.

SYMPHONY MEN TO PLAY

Trans. — Feb. 5. '19.
Concert in Aid of Lafayette Fund to Be Given Tuesday at 255 Beacon Street

Twelve of the French members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, headed by M. Rabaud, leader of the Symphony band, have arranged a concert to take place next Tuesday evening in aid of the Lafayette Fund. The concert will be at the home of Mrs. Bryce Allan, 255 Beacon street, and the programme will be made up of chamber music by French composers. Tickets may be had at Herrick's.

The Boston committee of the Lafayette Fund, which sends kits to French soldiers, has received a letter from a member of the American Red Cross Commission in Paris, in which it is stated that despite the signing of the armistice the armies of occupation are still suffering, and until they are demobilized will require the same attention as heretofore.

Taxes on Tickets to the Symphony Concerts — Future Exemption but Present Payment—Mr. Bauer, Mme. Frijsh and Mr. Rakhmaninov in Prospect

Trans. — Jan. 23. 1919
INQUIRY at Washington elicits the fact that the proviso exempting tickets to symphony concerts from the tax on admissions to entertainments still stands in the pending Revenue Bill. Since the Conference Committee of Senate and House yesterday completed revision of these clauses, the proviso is likely to remain unaltered and to become law before the end of the present concert season. Under it, "organizations conducted for the sole purpose of maintaining symphony orchestras and receiving substantial support from voluntary contributions" escape the tax of ten per cent upon the prices of admission to these concerts. Virtually, "every organization maintaining a symphony orchestra" in the United States, from Boston to San Francisco, exists for no other purpose, while every one of them not only receives "substantial support from voluntary contributions," but is practically dependent upon them. Accordingly, from the day on which the pending bill takes effect as law, tickets to symphony concerts, bought either for a whole series or for a single occasion, will go untaxed.

That is to say when the subscribers to the Symphony Concerts here in Boston make their subscriptions next autumn to the series of 1919-1920, they will have no tax to pay. They may even escape taxation upon a few of the concerts in the coming spring, for which they have already subscribed, if the new law begins to function before those concerts befall. On the other hand, if available information from Washington is accurate, the pending bill is in no way retroactive and leaves no loophole for the refunding of the tax paid last autumn upon subscriptions to the Symphony Concerts of 1918-1919, except as a few concerts at the end of the season may be exempt. The law, as it has stood for a year and more, as it still stands, exacts a tax of ten per cent on admissions to symphony concerts as on entrance to other entertainments. Not until the pending bill supersedes it on a date yet to be fixed and dependent on the time of enactment, will exemptions begin.

M. HENRI RABAUD, ACADEMICIAN

Jan. 4. 1919.
Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

The election of M. Rabaud, now conductor of the Boston Symphony, to a seat in the Institute, is a high tribute to a musician of much learning. It may be also something more than that—a veiled compliment to the Bostonian public. So does a government lift up the special envoys whom it sends abroad, turning rear-admirals into admirals, and ministers into full-fledged ambassadors.

This does not mean that, had he not been made conductor of the great Boston orchestra, M. Rabaud would not have been chosen to be a member of the French Institute. It merely hints that what might have come fitly—later on—has happened sooner. Well—tant mieux pour M. Rabaud. There is no doubt that he has worked hard, and with honesty, to win the place which he now occupies, not with the "Immortals" (for that term belongs exclusively to the Forty of the Académie Française), but in the Académie des Beaux-Arts. In his favor he has a distinguished past as a composer of two operatic efforts, his "Fille de Roland" and "Marouf," besides many very interesting concert works, and as conductor for seven years or more at the Paris Opera House, or, to give it its absurd official name, the Académie Nationale de Musique. As a composer he is ingenious and erudite. Not possibly quite so original as some, but well worth studying. He had at least as good a right to be elected as M. Paladilhe or M. Dubois, who had preceded him. And if his name, by some strange chance, does not appear in Baltzell's "Dictionary of Musicians," the omission need not worry him.

It may be mentioned, just in passing, that the Académie des Beaux-Arts is one of the five academic bodies which make up the Institute. The others are the Académie Française (reserved, at least in theory, for

writers); the Académie des Sciences; the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres; and the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, all sit beneath the roof of the domed building on the Seine, facing the Tuilleries, known as the Palais-Mazarin, in recognition of the part which that too crafty though most able statesman played, after Richelieu, in building up French art and letters. Besides musicians, the Académie des Beaux-Arts welcomes painters, sculptors, architects and engravers. At present it includes six composers, of unequal rank—M. Saint-Saëns, M. Dubois, M. Paladilhe, M. Fauré, M. Charpentier and now M. Rabaud.

Among Frenchmen, since the creation of "the" Académie by Richelieu, it has been the fashion to deride the Institute. But, notwithstanding all the jibes of Alphonse Daudet, Zola and the de Goncourts, it is the ambition of most writers, artists and scientific men in France to become Academicians. The sneers, which Voltaire spoke about and satirized, have been largely due to the regrettable narrowness which has at times led the Academicians to snub such celebrities as Molière, Pascal, Piron, Diderot and Balzac. The neglected have avenged themselves in many ways; some, like Piron, by epigrams, others by insults. The most scathing of all hits at the Académie was embodied in Piron's own epitaph:

"Ci-git Piron, que ne fût rien—
Pas même académicien."
"Here lies Piron, who was naught—
Not even an academician."

The Immortals got even with that author by declining as one man to attend his funeral.

The de Goncourts, on the other hand, showed their dislike (or, as they no doubt would have preferred to say, contempt) for the Institute by founding an Académie of their own, and attaching their name to it. Daudet, Zola and their followers were members of this body. But, in the end, even Zola, despite all his truculence, became more than deferential to the Immortals.

Of the qualities most cherished by

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the Institute in dealing with writers and artists in general, the first is style. And for that reason, to their shame, the Academicians preferred Mérimée to Balzac. It may be for his style, even more than for his unquestioned erudition, that the Académie des

Beaux-Arts has elected M. Rabaud, rather than M. d'Indy, M. Ravel, or M. Florent Schmitt—to say nothing of M. Février, M. Pierné, M. Messager and M. Xavier Leroux. Tot homines, tot sententiæ.

In the United States not much is known as yet with regard to the value of M. Rabaud's more important concert works. It is by these, not by his operas, that he might best like to win reputation here. Why should he not give the Boston public opportunities, from time to time, of enjoying and discussing at least some of them? To most Americans he is the composer of one opera, "Marouf," which has been heard in various places, and more especially at the Metropolitan. If he were judged by that alone, he might not rank so high as some of his French rivals. M. Rabaud is too modest and sincere to think that "Marouf" is in the same class as the "Louise" of M. Charpentier, the "Samson et Dalila" or "Henri VIII" of M. Saint-Saëns, or even the less flawless, though delightful, "Monna Vanna" of M. Février. It has much charm and grace, much piquancy and scholarship to help it. But it lacks unity and it is not original. Bizet, Delibes and others, had they been up-to-date, might have written many passages and scenes in the first part of "Marouf." As for the last, it can be traced direct to Wagner to a very large extent, and more particularly to that composer's "Meistersinger." As to its style, it is romantic and fantastic. But the romantic feeling is not quite so poetic as it might have been, while the fantasy is—shall we say, theatric? New Yorkers are still wondering why the manager of the Metropolitan selected "Marouf" for production when he had works like "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" and "Pelléas et Mélisande" and above all, "Louise," still waiting to be added to his repertory. Can he have known (such things are possible) that M. Rabaud was to succeed Dr. Muck in

Boston? Or was he anxious (as some wicked persons say) to exclude the more nearly perfect art of France from the chief New York opera house?

To deny the merits of "Marouf" would be ungenerous. But to exaggerate them would be more than foolish. "Marouf" will have its fleeting day of favor. And after that—? The prophets may reply.

There are many who would rather have their "Kismet" as a play and their "Chu-Chin-Chow" as a mere extravaganza. There are others who prefer it in the pretentious form it takes as opera. De gustibus. However it may rank, "Marouf" does credit to the craftsmanship of the newly elected Academician. One of his smaller orchestral compositions, "La Procession Nocturne," a symphonic poem after Lenau's Faust poem, also does credit to a remarkable craftsmanship, for it combines successfully the two antithetical qualities of compactness and atmosphere. No one will grudge M. Rabaud his high good fortune. Whatever else he may or may not be, he is a musician of authority and taste.

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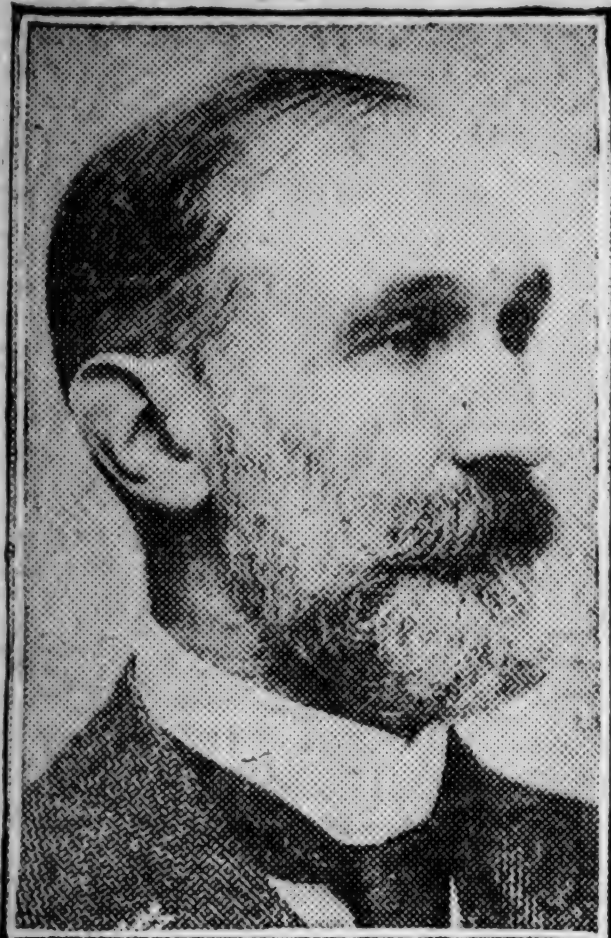
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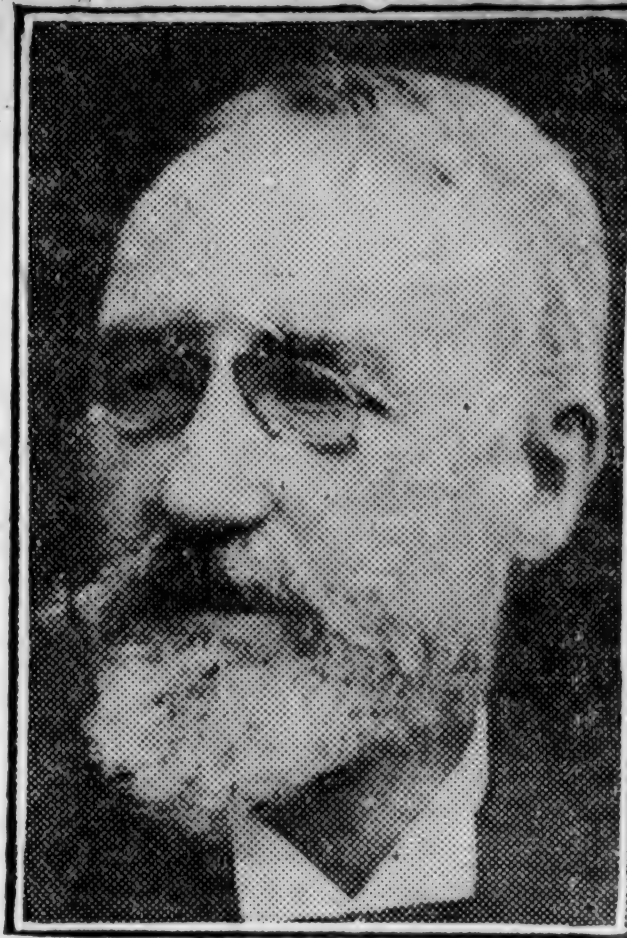
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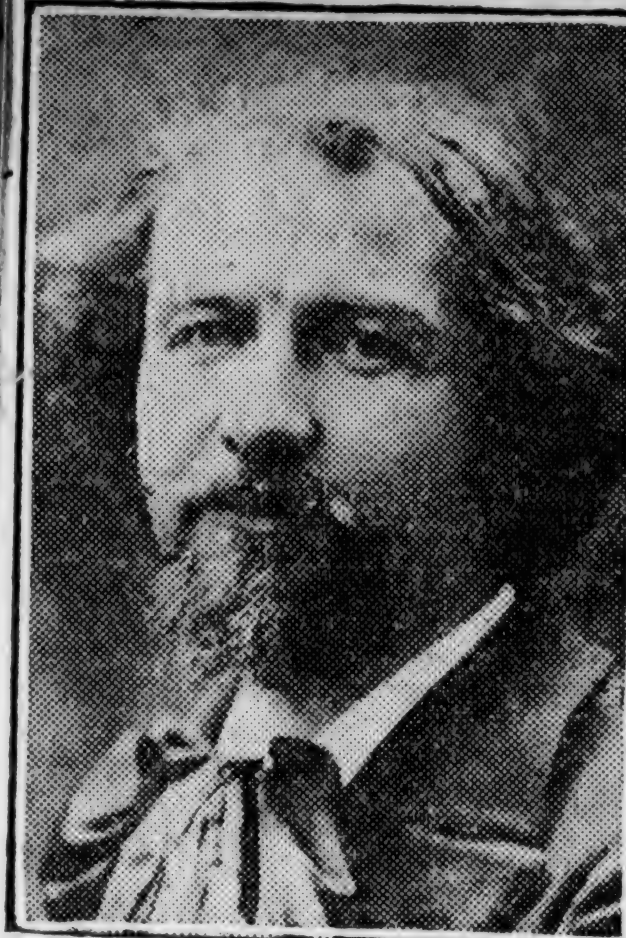
NEW BOSTON SYMPHONY CONDUCTOR A MEMBER OF THE "INSTITUTE OF FRANCE"



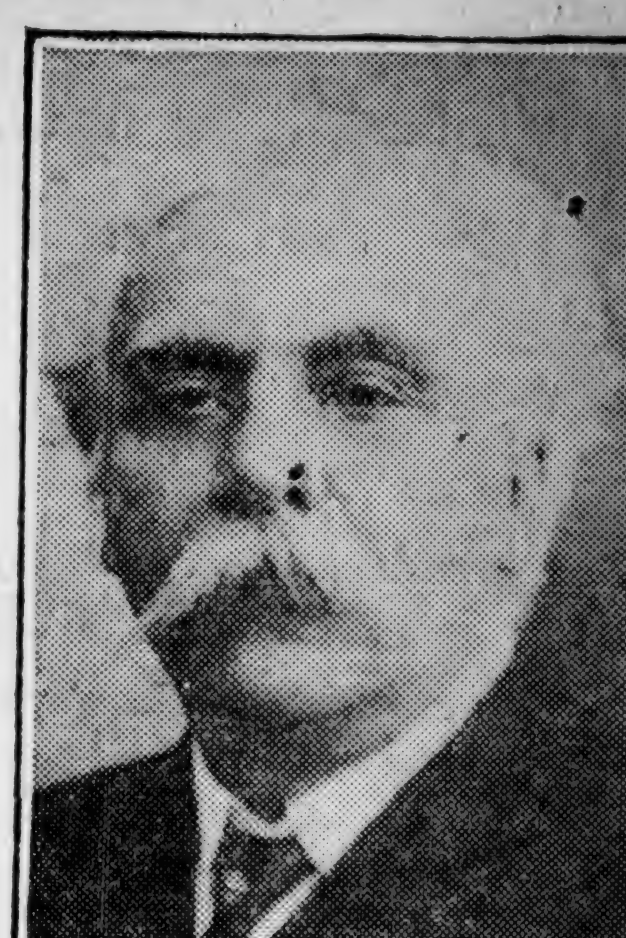
Henri Rabaud.



Theodore Dubois.



Gustave Charpentier.



Gabriel Faure.

Herald Jan. 12, 1919
Some interesting new members have been placed among the "Immortals" in the venerable "Institute of France," fount of knowledge and authority: Gens. Joffre, Foch, Premier Clemenceau, and Henri Rabaud, new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The discrepancy between the careers of Mr. Rabaud and the others is accounted for by the assortment of academies, submerged by the French Revolution and united in 1806 under a new head—the "Institut." The generals and the premier qualified for the Académie Française by their writings; Mr. Rabaud qualified for the Académie des Beaux Arts by his merits as a composer, being the only conductor to hold the honor. In this academy there are 40 chairs, representing the various arts, and among them six are held by composers, the august occupants keeping them for life and choosing their successors. They judge the Prix de Rome, appoint professors, and the like. The present six are Saint-Saëns, Dubois, Charpentier, Paladilhe, Gabriel Faure, and now Rabaud, who replaces Widor, who in turn has become Secrétaire Perpetuel. The musical correspondents are Glazounoff, Lacombe, Cui and Sgambati (until they died), Humperdinck and Bruch until (poor old souls) the war came and they were "dishonorably annulled." Taking his chair, Mr. Rabaud adds one to the following line

of descent since the Revolution: Gossec, Auber, Masse, Delibes, Widor. The most distinguished of the other five chairs were Boieldieu, Gounod, Cherubini, Massenet, Gretry, Spontini, Thomas, Berlioz, Adam, David.

What Berlioz thought of the Academy is indicated in his Memoirs, when, as a pupil of Cherubini, he competed for a prize, solely for the much needed money it would bring, and the small gold medal which would admit him into theatres and concert halls.

Berlioz at least became the best of friends with the old doorkeeper, Pingard. When he learned that he had missed the first prize by two votes, and taken the second, he said:

"Come, Pingard, calm down a bit and tell me about today."

"Well, when M. Dupont had finished singing your cantata they began writing their verdicts, and I brought the urn. There was a musician close by whispering to the architect. 'Don't give him your vote, he's no good at all, and never will be. He is gone on that eccentric creature, Beethoven, and we shall never get him right again.' 'Really,' said the architect. 'Yet—well, ask Cherubini. You will take his word, won't you? He will tell you that Beethoven has turned the fellow's head.' 'I beg pardon,' said Pingard, 'but who is this M. Beethoven? He doesn't belong to the academy, and yet everyone seems to be talking of him.'

"No, no! He's a German—Go on."
"There isn't much more. When I passed the urn to the architect I saw that he gave his vote to No. 4 instead of to you. Suddenly, one of the musicians said, 'Gentlemen, I think you ought to know that, in the second part of the score we have just heard, there is an exceedingly clever and effective piece of orchestration to which the piano cannot do justice. This ought to be taken into consideration.' 'Don't tell us another cock-and-bull story like that,' cried another musician. 'Your pupil has broken the rules and written two quick arias instead of one, and he has put in an extra prayer. We cannot allow rules to be set at naught like this; it would be establishing a precedent.' 'Oh, this is too ridiculous! What says the secretary?' 'I think that we might pardon a certain amount of license, and that the jury should distinctly understand that passage that you say cannot be properly given by the piano.' 'No, no!' cried Cherubini, 'It's all nonsense. There is no such clever piece of work. It is a regular jumble, and would be abominable for the orchestra.' 'Then on all sides rose the architects, painters, sculptors, etc., saying 'Gentlemen, for pity's sake, agree somehow! We can only judge by what we hear, and if you will not agree—' And all began to talk at once, and it became distinctly a bore; so M. Regnault and two

others marched out without voting. They counted the votes. You only got second prize."

Perhaps the old world thinks more of "Academicians" than we do. Their traditions are stronger, and they are more prone to recognize that there must be a stabilizing force to the kite as well as the tail which dashes it about and keeps it alive. Yet apprehension is felt lest Clemenceau rebels, when he is formally taken in, against the green uniform with golden oak leaves, the splendid scabbard, and the plumed hat—an outfit which costs the wearer far more than the yearly salary.

Since Richelieu and Louis XIV. fastened upon a small clique of litterateurs in 1635, and at once glorified and exasperated them by making them a public and imperial institution, the "Académie Française," which must of course adulate king and cardinal, there has always been a sentiment of discontent within, contempt mingled with jealousy without. The powers were at first restricted to "the embellishment, the ornamentation and the augmentation of the language," but the element of artistic discussion was always with it. "Wrote Voltaire: 'The 'Académie Française' is the secret love of all men of letters. She is a mistress at whom they hurl verses and epigrams until they have won her favor; they slight her only until they possess her.'

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918--19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

THIRTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, AT 8 P. M.

BRUNEAU,

ENTR'ACTE SYMPHONIQUE from "Messidor"

RACHMANINOFF,

CONCERTO No. 2, in C minor, for Pianoforte with
Orchestra, op. 18

- I. Moderato
 - II. Adagio sostenuto
 - III. Allegro scherzando
-

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY No. 2, in D major, op. 73

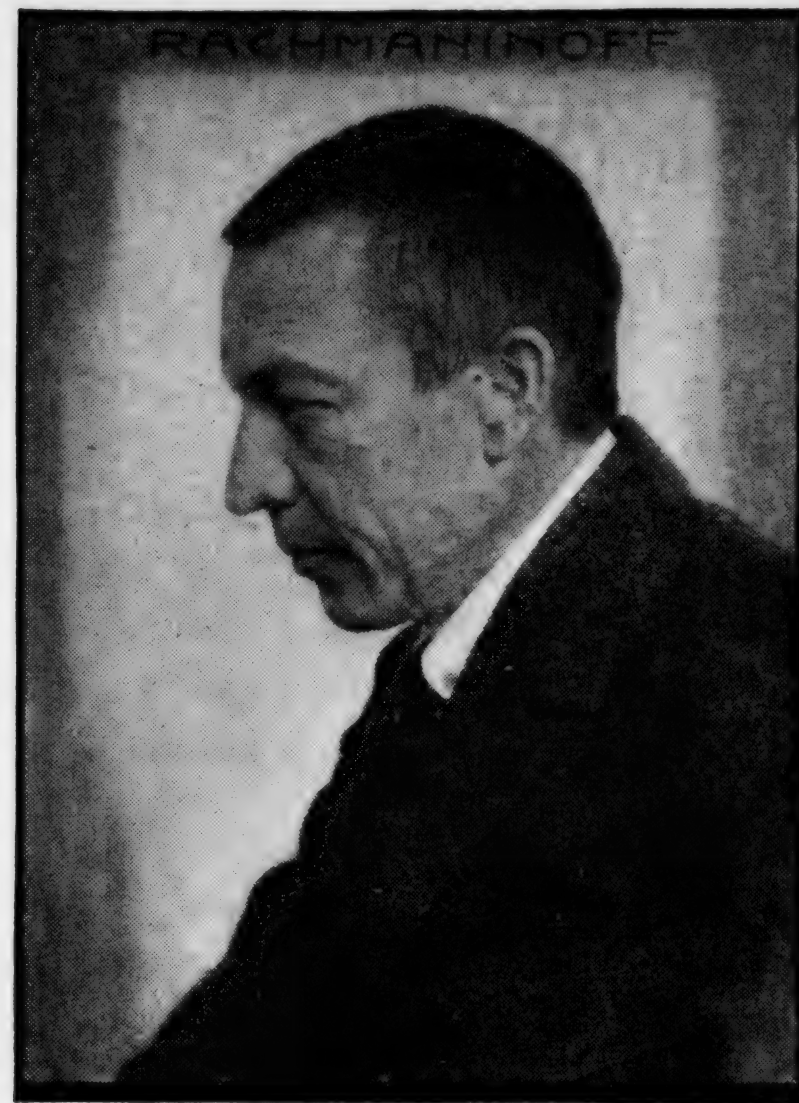
- I. Allegro non troppo
 - II. Adagio non troppo
 - III. Allegretto grazioso; quasi andantino
 - IV. Allegro con spirito
-

Soloist:

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

Steinway Pianoforte used

There will be no Rehearsal and Concert next week



SYMPHONY HAS 13TH CONCERT

Herald — Feb. 1, 1919

Excellent Program Well
Received by Many
Lovers of Music

ORCHESTRA WILL
LEAVE NEXT WEEK

By PHILIP HALE

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Bruneau, Entr'acte Symphonique from "Messidor"; Rachmaninoff, Concerto No. 2 for piano; Brahms, Symphony No. 2, D major.

The opera "Messidor" was produced in Paris in 1897. Did Charpentier and Puccini ever study the score? During the first measures of the Entr'acte played yesterday we expected to see the mother bringing in the plates of onion soup, the father declaiming about parental rights and the wrongs of the working man; Louise, sulky, longing to be with her lover. Later we were reminded of "The Girl of the Golden West," the dashing and amorous Mr. Johnson; the sheriff with his elaborate chain and remarkable plug hat; the frenzied girl that cheated at cards. The moods in each instance, even tricks of instrumentation, were singularly alike. The ingenious Etienne Destranges is almost as fortunate in bagging typical themes as was that perfervid Wagnerite, Hans von Wolzogen. Destranges has identified 26 in "Messidor." No doubt he can tell them even in the dark. He finds five of them in the Entr'acte. When it is played in a concert hall, these themes are interesting only as musical sentences. The hearer, not knowing the plot of the opera, indifferent to it, listens to the music, nor does he label one theme "Toll," another "Water," a third "Spring." He likes the music, thinks it melodious and euphonious, with the pleasing thematic material not over-developed. He

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is stirred by the crescendo that leads to the imposing climax, and is gently let down to a normal state of nerves by the soothing final measures.

Mr. Rachmaninoff played his second concerto with this orchestra when he visited Boston late in 1909. The concerto was played here a little over two years ago by Mr. Gabrilowitsch. No one but a Russian need apply. For although the concerto is not free from Germanisms, and the influence of Chopin is noticeable here and there, there are pages that are demonically Russian, certain themes that have Russian folk-song character. Perhaps the first movement is too carefully constructed. Surely in 1919 the Adagio and the Finale sound fresher and have a more decided physiognomy. There are touches of orchestration in the Finale that are delightfully exotic, verging on the fascinatingly barbaric. One welcomes these pages more than those that were purely scholastic. The concerto is an interesting work, especially when it is played by the composer with a freedom in phrasing and rhythm that tax the skill of the conductor and the orchestra. Mr. Rachmaninoff has played here with more technical brilliance, with a greater variety of tonal color, but there were moments yesterday when he carried all before him. He was enthusiastically applauded.

The name of Brahms appeared for the first time on the program this season. Mr. Rabaud chose the second symphony, the most lyrical of the four. The performance was conspicuous for its clearness, its fine balance, its vitality, yet even Mr. Rabaud could not make the second movement endurable, for the themes are commonplace and the development is complex and dry. We have never heard so beautiful a performance of the charming Scherzo as that of yesterday. This movement and the first repay one for the boredom induced by the second and the fourth. In this symphony, as in the other three, there are pages in which Brahms is seen as one treading water, sparring for wind, writing in orthodox fashion respectable and dull measures, filling an allotted space, until a fresh idea comes to him.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week, for the orchestra will be away on its fourth trip.

The program for Feb. 14 and 15, is one of unusual interest: Franck, Orchestral Suite from the Symphonic poem "Psyche"; Mendelssohn, Concerto for violin (Mr. Fradkin, violinist); Chabrier, Prelude to Act II. of "Gwendoline"; G. Faure, Suite from the stage music to Haraucourt's "Shylock" (after Shakespeare), including two songs to be sung by Arthur Hackett, tenor; Berlioz, overture, "The Roman Carnival."



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MODERNITY AT THE SYMPHONY

Adv. + Am. — Feb. 2 / 19.
Rachmaninoff Plays His
Own Concerto to Highly
Enthusiastic Audience

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

Bruneau. Entr'acte from "Messidor."

Rachmaninoff. Piano concerto No. 2.

Soloist, Serge Rachmaninoff.

Brahms. Second Symphony.

This was the excellent list at the Symphony concert; modern, but not of the wrong, the strained kind of modernity, where the adventurers burn their harmony methods behind them. Bruneau's Entr'acte. Symphonique ("Symphonique" in French merely means orchestral) is a well-constructed work with much skilful figure treatment, which, however, is always clear and logical. Bruneau is far removed from that affectation which is the bane of many a composer of the present; one feels that his work (in literature as well as in music) is sincere and unforced; he never becomes ugly merely to be original. There are some noble climaxes well worked up, and the composition is brief and to the point, he does not go on after he has ceased to have anything to say.

It was not astonishing to find a Frenchman using guiding melodies in a symphonic composition, for Berlioz did this as strikingly as Wagner, even if not so voluminously. But Bruneau's work loses a little by a lack of familiarity with the opera to which it is attached.

THE GREAT ATTRACTION.

The great point of attraction at this concert was Rachmaninoff. He, too, is a sensible modern who has imbibed from Tschalkowsky an appreciation of melodic treatment and an avoidance of escetic harshness, and there are few men alive who could create such a beautiful Adagio as this concerto contains. Rachmaninoff is said to possess phenomenal hands and can stretch to unheard-of intervals, and there are some chords in this work which would tax the ordinary fingers. There is also the tendency, pardonable with composer-pianists, to keep the piano some-

what more in the foreground than is consistent with that symphonic-orchestral idea which the true concerto should follow.

The first movement began with a massive theme by orchestra (the piano had already entered alone in the introduction) which was followed by a finely contrasted subordinate theme upon piano. The development was not drawn altogether from these, but introduced some new subject matter which was intertwined with the chief theme. The presenting of the chief theme of the Adagio upon the orchestra with the piano as a counterpoise, and then giving it to the piano and allowing the orchestra to embroider it, is not a new idea but it is always effective, and here the themes were so beautiful that the effect was entrancing. The coda was full of expressive power and this movement was undoubtedly the gem of the work.

EXPRESSIVE MODERN WORK.

The Finale was in clear classical form. There was much arpeggio work upon the piano and the chief and intermediate themes were both given to the solo instrument. The development was drawn chiefly from the subordinate theme, which is unusual but was very effective, for it was nobly elaborated. Of course, being an advanced musician, the composer must needs add some contrapuntal sauce to his dish, and the fugal treatment of the chief theme between piano and orchestra must be recorded, but the development of the subordinate theme was more attractive. The themes came back at the end in the strict classical manner and it was good to hear a most expressive modern work which was yet built in the recognized forms.

How Rachmaninoff played this can scarcely be told unless we use gilded type and rose-colored ink. He is the most expressive, the most temperamental pianist that we have had since Paderewski deserted the pianostool for a throne. The audience became enthusiastic in the highest degree and recalled the composer-pianist over and over again.

BRAHMS ONCE MORE.

We were glad to hear a great Brahms work once more, but, in strict justice, if Wagner is excluded Brahms should also be, for he wrote a choral work celebrating Germany's victory over France in 1871. For ourselves we would welcome both composers for the sake of their genius. The second symphony is the most popular of modern classical works. Everyone, musician or not, comes under the spell of that glorious ending of the first movement, the pure melody of the

adagio, the playful rhythmic changes of that rondo-scherzo, and the clear figure treatment of the first and last movements. It is a pregnant lesson that the classical-symphonic lemon is not squeezed dry yet, as some would have us believe.

The reading, however, did not have quite the spirit of simplicity and naivete which this work demands. The first movement was somewhat too rapid, and there was too much of the dramatic style in the interpretation for it to make its full effect. One could find a little fault also with some of the ensemble of the finale of the concerto, but it seems hypercritical to pick flaws where M. Rabaud is so generally excellent. He has brought the new orchestra (for its added elements have made it new) very near to the standard of the old one.

SIX HOURS A DAY IN MOVIES.

One could not help remembering, as one noted the great and deserved triumph of Rachmaninoff, that his great teacher, Siloti, is reported dead of privation in Russia, and spent the last months of his life in playing six hours a day in a movie show to obtain sustenance. The Bolshevik regime refused to allow him to leave the country. Last Sunday Josef Hofmann gave a piano recital in Symphony Hall, made up entirely of compositions by nine American composers. We wonder what Mr. Hofmann would think of a dinner made up entirely of nine soups, for, to carry out the gastronomic simile further, there was no roast beef on any part of the menu. We do not believe in thus nursing the American muse. Let good native works have their place on all of our programs and let concert-givers take some trouble to search them out, but do not neutralize their effect by bunching them all together in such a fashion as this. The audience was much smaller than is usual in these very popular Sunday afternoon concerts (they are generally crowded to the doors), and often the applause was scant.

We must add, however, that the composers chosen for performance ought to have been very happy in their interpreter and we should choose Clayton Johns' fugue, Edward Royce's "Joyance" and Mrs. Beach's "Fireflies" as worthy of especial mention, and also Horatio Parker's "Valse Gracie," the only work encored. Alexander McFadyen's sonata shows good promise in its first movement and runs quite true to form. If Daniel Gregory Mason's short pieces were played in the order printed upon the program we can only say that some of them seemed strange misnomers.

RUSSIAN DAY WITH SYMPHONY

Rachmaninoff Plays
His Own Second
Concerto

Post — Feb. 1, 1919
BY OLIN DOWNES

The lion, or let us rather say the Russian bear, of the Boston Symphony concert of yesterday afternoon was Sergei Rachmaninoff, the famous pianist and composer, who recently arrived on these shores fresh from stirring experiences in the territories of the late Czar.

He strode prehistorically—I say prehistorically, since his length of limb and the span of his shoulders reminds one irresistibly of skeletons of the stone age which they dig now and then from the rocks—this man emerged from a doorway which his head almost scraped, sat at the piano, over which he leaned like some huge anaconda about to devour its prey, and performed his own C minor concerto.

SOMBRE AND MELANCHOLY

The first movement of this concerto is true to form and Slavic tradition. It opens with a growl which grows to a roar, after which a gloomy and pulsant theme stalks out of the orchestra. And the whole movement, which is uncommonly well knit, is sombre, powerful, melancholy with that pervading Slavic melancholy that we know and love so well. The instrumentation, too, is dark and rather thick, all in the lower registers of strings, with now and then shrill or brilliant outcries of brass and wind.

There is some of Tchaikowsky, in sentiment if not in theme, in this music. It is moreover made, and very well made, for a pianist of broad conceptions and the powerful and expressive style of Mr. Rachmaninoff. Weaklings, or those incapable of the concentrated fury and the melting sentiment of this music, need not apply. Mr. Rachmaninoff loomed over the piano, and taking it and the orchestra, so to speak, in his teeth, overwhelmed the audience with the grip and virility of his performance.

Too Long Toward Close

It is unfortunate that the two last movements of the concerto are so inferior to the first. They are too long. One feels the composer saying something like this: "Let's see. My first movement is 34 pages. I must have at least 30 in the second movement and 35 or 38 in the last." There are good themes, such as the second theme of the last movement, first played, if memory serves, by the violas, and apotheosized at the end of the movement. There are pretty thoughts. There is also, in the slow movement, unblushing sentimentality of the most obvious kind, and the finale, barring the theme just mentioned, some instrumental effects and a passage of extended development of a fragment of a certain motive, is very scant in its material.

After four hearings of this concerto by the writer the first movement gains and the last two continue to lose substance or individuality. The wonder of it was that Mr. Rachmaninoff, who must doubtless know himself how unrepresentative this music is of the heights of his creative powers, should have believed in it again as he played and imposed irresistibly his belief on the audience. A big man must have so much heart that he will warm to what is sincere, whether it is sentimental or not, whether it is his own poor workmanship or another's. When Mr. Rachmaninoff wrote the concerto he was unquestionably sincere, as he was when he played it, and passages of the poorest twaddle were given renewed life and significance by him. A concerto which is one-third worth while was most convincingly and impressively played by a great creative musician.

Bruneau's entracte from "Messidor" opened the programme. It is richly colored and scored, and a simple theme is well handled. The music has little distinction, but it has this which German music, for instance, of an equal value and rank would not have, it has style, proportion and the good taste of a composer who knows what he wishes to say and when it is time to stop.

Mr. Rabaud was particularly fortunate in his interpretation of the slow movement of Brahms' 2d symphony.

The whole performance was sympathetic and brilliant, though we personally differ with Mr. Rabaud's treatment of certain details of the first and last movements. These differences concern matters of taste and individual conception, not of musical efficiency or the reverse. "A" feels a piece of music this way, "B" feels it a little differently. Provided both "A" and "B" are good musicians, the one conception is as legitimate and interesting as the other. Mr. Rabaud is never less than an admirable musician of the broadest appreciations and understanding. He gave an effective and highly artistic performance of a beautiful work.

RACHMANINOFF IN ^{Globe} Feb. 1. 1919 HIS OWN CONCERTO

Mr. Rachmaninoff played with the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon through the inability of the scheduled soloist to arrive from South America in time. The Russian pianist had played his second concerto in C minor when first heard in Boston with the orchestra, nine years ago last month. Mr. Gabrilowitsch has played it once since.

Yesterday Mr. Rabaud and the composer did much for it. There are superb passages which speak for themselves, passages which one other than a Russian hardly could have written, those which hardly could be considered indigenous to any other soil, for Mr. Rachmaninoff, as a composer, at times shows Germanic influences.

But the introduction to the first movement for piano alone, the expanding scheme of majestic chords with the descending bass dropping a plumb line into the cosmos, the sullen turbulence of the first theme following, as the piano supplements orchestra in a manner characteristic to itself, the poignant first theme of the second movement; the curious, rhythmic passage of detached chords with the suppressed but gorgeous color of brass and cymbals, a passage of smoldering, yet barbaric splendor; the sweeping dynamic energy liberated in the rhythmic introduction to the last movement, an idea which the hearer wishes were developed to greater length. These have unmistakably a Slavic character. Their rugged virility was sharply set off from the suave and urbane sonorities, for example, of the prelude to the fourth act of Bruneau's opera "Messidor," which preceded it, music in the ingratiating vein of Massenet, but with less character—music in which it apparently would be difficult to find more than sketches of the operatic personages.

Each of the three parts of Mr. Rachmaninoff's concerto begins with material which is commanding, distinctive. The impression is that other and greater thoughts are to follow. Is it because the composer grows fascinated by this, then that, derivative of his fundamental idea, or because he does not always

sense the extent or vim of appropriate development, that the work as a whole is episodic, that it asks the listener to understand in abbreviation thoughts which the author has dreamed in an expanded form?

The overwhelming force of Mr. Rachmaninoff's individuality, as creator and recreator of his own music, made measures significant and moving which might have passed by for less under the hand of another.

The burning brilliance of the final pages was of something more than the piano or virtuoso piano playing. A super-interpreter, Rachmaninoff thinks in long lines which are first built upon architectural principles of proportion. That is why the great mass of people, many of whom look upon the piano dispassionately, even with aversion, will yet hear him with an ear which grows fresh rather than jaded.

Mr. Rabaud, of a race known always, now above all, for its gallantry, will not be assailed for bias or national partisanship. If there were reason for the exclusion temporarily of Brahms, the armistice has been signed nearly these three months. It is idle to inquire if Brahms had been alive whether his name would have appeared upon an infamous document with those of Strauss, Humperdinck, Max Bruch, Nikisch and Weingartner. His four symphonies live and for some are the choicest wine of the orchestral vintage.

Not all may agree again with Mr. Weingartner when he subordinates the first, a noble score, to this second in D, with its slow movement more gray than a cloudy Winter's morning.

Mr. Rabaud dissected the score with fine accuracy and taste. He did more. He found new dramatic possibilities in the first movement, and led the last to a brilliant conclusion, which brought an outburst of applause. The orchestra played gloriously. Its part in the concerto made it and conductor artists sharing alike with the soloist, for Mr. Rachmaninoff, a conductor who happens to prefer to play the piano, has committed beauty in equal shares to the orchestra as to his instrument. It was understood yesterday, as in bits to be recalled from Mr. Laurent's flute, Mr. Jaenicke's horn, Mr. Longy and the whole choir of first violins. The concert will be repeated tonight.

Boston Notes Feb. 1. 1919

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The thirteenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given on the afternoon of Friday, Jan. 31, was one of great significance in the musical affairs of this city, for it introduced Mr. Rabaud as an interpreter of Brahms. Now many conductors essay Brahms, some regarding him metro-nomically, some sentimentally, some enveloping him in a chill atmosphere of austerity, some striving for a luxuriance of exotic warmth. A few there be who recognize Brahms for

the poet he was, and, appreciative themselves of noble sentiments and aspirations, grasp the grandeur of Brahms' poetry and sense the compelling beauty in which he expressed it. Such are the real conductors of Brahms, and among them is Mr. Rabaud. The importance to Boston in the discovery of Mr. Rabaud as a capable conductor of Brahms lies in the fact that it removes at once any lingering doubt as to whether or not he should be intrusted with the destinies of the orchestra after the year for which he was engaged is ended.

Accepted at first with a somewhat ungracious feeling of reserve by his public, unaccustomed possibly to real modesty in a leader of its orchestra, Mr. Rabaud has steadily grown in favor as respect for his musical attainments has succeeded doubt, and as the kindly self-effacing courtesy of the man has become recognized. Now, after the reading of the fifth Beethoven symphony of two weeks ago and the second Brahms symphony of yesterday, there can be no question of his ability to draw from the men under him the effects he seeks. This being so why should not an invitation be extended him to continue as Boston's conductor? Whether he would accept, is, of course, another matter. For him this is a year of exile; his none too pleasant reception in Boston and the apathy of his public toward him doubtless do not incline him to a markedly favorable opinion of the field of his labors. If, however, he should be willing and the announcement could be definitely made that he would remain for a term of years, there can be no doubt that with a feeling of permanence would come the fondness for the man that his abilities warrant. It is to be hoped that the trustees of the orchestra will give an inkling of their intentions soon.

The Brahms symphony was not the only achievement of Mr. Rabaud in this concert. The accompaniment he furnished Mr. Rachmaninoff, who played the piano part in his own second concerto in C minor, Op. 18, was an indication of a high order of leadership. The sudden and puzzling changes of tempo in the third movement were executed with exactness no matter how rapid the pace. Attention

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of the audience, of course, centered on Mr. Rachmaninoff, and both man and music justified the eager interest. The pianist subordinated himself, becoming one of the orchestra and keeping a watchful eye always on Mr. Rabaud's bâton. His amazing technical facility found opportunity for display, not for its own sake, but in the proper setting forth of arabesque and ornament. The orchestration was of particular interest because of the unusual, though not bizarre, effects obtained. The program also included the "Entr'acte Symphonique" from Bruneau's "Messidor."

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Braneau. — Feb. 1, 1919

BRAHMS AS A FRENCH CONDUCTOR

READS HIM

FOR the first time, yesterday afternoon, a Bostonian audience heard a symphony of Brahms led by a Parisian conductor while for the first time since antagonisms of warfare and discriminations between nationalities became a measure of orchestral programmes, music by Brahms was played in the Symphony Concerts. Since Brahms has been dead little more than twenty years, since he had many a German idiosyncrasy and point of view, he might easily have fallen into the numerous company of the "banned"; probably his established reputation as a "classic," his traditional place as continuator, after Beethoven, of the symphonic line, saved him. In any case, no one stalked from the hall, aggrieved and indignant when his symphony in D major was at hand; a cursory view of the audience, while the music was played, revealed it listening much as usual; yet, at the end, and after a performance both scrupulous and ingratiating, the applause seemed perceptibly less than it would have been in a near or a distant past. Possibly, the Brahmsian cult once flourishing hereabouts, declines with the years; possibly, for the time, not a few hear Brahms antipathetically and yesterday, perhaps, discovered that instinct or impulse—again for a first time. Yet, curiosity over Brahms à la Française in lieu of Brahms à l'Allemande may measurably have sustained the unalloyed devotees of symphonic music.

The truth, however, may be that in these days many of us are over-much occupied with nationalities, too prone to dandle on the laps of mind and tongue huge, vague entities like France, England, America, Germany. "You No Longer Count," as some one entitled his novel, is a pretty and fashionable blazonry of war time. Yet

somehow—perhaps by the mere insistence of perverse and stubborn human nature—the individual goes on counting, especially in that perpetual fountain of individuality the arts. It is easy to label the Brahms of Friday afternoon, Brahms à la Française, but in fact it was Brahms à la Rabaud, promising to be and actually proving a truthful, illusory, pleasure-giving Brahms. In the first place, Mr. Rabaud is a loyal and conscientious workman, slighting no music that falls to his hand. In the second place, he is a thoroughly objective conductor, seeking to apprehend each piece in characteristic voice and quality and so open it to the ears of his hearers. In the third place, by instinct, habit of mind and environment, Mr. Rabaud warms mentally and temperamentally—as his Beethoven has more than once suggested—to the symphony of classical form, substance, manner. Finally, Brahms set no pitfalls for him as Schubert did with his intrinsic sentiment or sentimentality, or Schumann with his vague romantic moods, sensations, visioning. Brahms invites in performance clarity, sobriety, probity, a golden mean—virtues inherent in Mr. Rabaud. Outcome fulfilled anticipation—the more since the orchestra was on mettle with the music. The hard-shelled champions of Brahms à l'Allemande will probably remark, with a touch of superiority, that they have heard this symphony in D major played with larger sonorities of tone, with sharper rhythms, ampler stride and richer harmonic and instrumental vesture—in a word on a wider spread canvas, in more emphatic design, in more energetic progress. Yet if they open the authorities out of which they like to take and buttress their opinions, they will discover them characterizing this music as a relatively light, lyric, serene and transparent symphony. If they scrutinize the engraved page, they will find—outside the slow movement—confirming testimony from Brahms himself. With reason Mr. Rabaud chose so to hear the music by the clear evidence it yielded to his lucid mind. Accordingly, in first movement, scherzo and finale, his pace was relatively brisk and elastic; his touch light upon phrase, modulation, progression; his rhythms running rather than emphatic; his coloring bright and warm rather than thick and deep; his mood serene and songful. There is just warrant in the symphony for such view and voice, as there is warrant for others according to a conductor's reaction and idiosyncrasy, since music and the playing of music can be no literal, even no traditional thing. So conceiving and so achieving, Mr. Rabaud and the orchestra played the scherzo with exceeding grace of line, brightness of rhythm, lightness of movement, gentle flash of contrast and color, touching the interrupting prestos with gleam of tone and fancy. May not Brahms charm, if the conductor so beguiles him?

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In turn, Mr. Rabaud was wary of too dusky a coloring, too billowy a motion for the first movement. He was content with it mellow, serene, unusually transparent, falling away into twilight close—a performance full of nice discriminations. The finale came lightly, clearly, unforcedly from his hands; for in this symphony he is not of those who, no matter how plainly the music denies them, will have Brahms turbid and tumultuous, or as they call it "dramatic." Again the conductor was all for mellowness, brightness, lightness. Through the dim recesses of the slow movement, Mr. Rabaud wandered dutifully like many a conductor before him, catching eagerly at any sign or stimulation, but not trying to hide by fuss and feathers the imaginative sterility of a labored music. Only a "genius" and he out of himself, may warm these neutral surfaces into glow. For the rest a Brahms light, lyric, lucid and fanciful was fresh and agreeable sensation. Taking the symphony so unaffectedly, without theory, tradition or parti pris, Mr. Rabaud persuaded his audience to hear with him.

The other purely orchestral number was of the music of the theatre that usually seems unsuited to a symphony concert, even when it is of more distinguished matter and method than this Introduction to the Fourth Act of Bruneau's opera, "Messidor." In the opera house, the hearer is presumably engrossed in the progress of the music-drama, illuded by personages, action, the emotions borne or germinated by the music. He hears this symphonic prelude against the illuminating background of three acts past, in animating anticipation of a final act to come. In the concert-hall, however, especially when such a piece begins the afternoon, as did this fragment of "Messidor," he comes coldly, detachedly to the music; the programme-book is often his only background and yesterday it was wrestling with one of those obscure, ill-shapen texts by Zola in which Bruneau, but none other, rejoices. So hampered, the hearer must be very imaginative if such prelude can work the desired illusion upon him. Try as he may, he can hear it as only a paragraph or two of "absolute" music—yesterday ascending in long and thickening curve, descending into silence, warmly colored, firmly knit, saying little to the imagination, nowhere touched with beauty or power of idea, sending the sophisticated ear back to Wagner or forward to Charpentier. From end to end, this fragment of "Messidor" was prose of the concert-hall, if not of the theatre—one more of the commonplaces, French, German, Italian, American, what you will, that by mistake, necessity or utility slip into orchestral repertoires. Mr. Gericke originally brought it to Symphony Hall, and he, unlike Mr. Rabaud, was under no obligation to be catholic with fellow Parisian composers.

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Between Bruneau and Brahms, Mr. Rakhmaninov played the piano part in his concerto in C minor, with Mr. Rabaud keeping the orchestra more elastic to music and "soloist" than has sometimes been his way with such pieces. As usual, the towering bulk, the grave and weighty presence, the quiet concentration of the Russian impressed his audience. As usual, he played with the propulsive power that sends the music in driving flood upon his hearers, that more than once in the progress of the concerto seemed to bear the whole orchestra upon its tide. There were chords in which Mr. Rakhmaninov seemed to match the piano against the band and by weight and splendor of tone bear off the victory. There were rhythms that he winged and intensified until they seemed to cut the air. He animated long progressions; he marshalled sweeping climaxes. He wrote occasional periods in great traceries upon the ear. He etched out the intricacies of the first movement in a precision that was almost austere. So using his abilities, doubtless with meditated and predetermined purpose, he was sparing of his usual play of color and of those incidental, individual, and most adroit shadings with which in recital he has glamored his own and other music. Yesterday he seemed bent not upon finesse, but upon power. He gained it; he communicated it to orchestra and conductor; his audience felt it and rejoiced.

Since Mr. Rakhmaninov was composer as well as pianist, for such performance he designed his concerto, imagining and writing it as music of sombre, brooding or darting power. With power the frenetic motive in the finale leaps out of the tonal mass, flares through it, whips it forward, like a Russian peasant, half-frenzied, springing from the crowd, beginning to exorcise it. The whole movement is Russian in rhythmic furles, in jagged contrasts, in excitements flaming or sombre. Russian again in it is the domination of the piano (when a Rakhmaninov plays it) from first measure to last. Yesterday he and it whipped the orchestra about and about this finale as a boy whirling the lash in fierce whim upon fierce caprice, might whip a top. Alternately, the fine frenzy, the bold bare sweep of this music carry all before it. Akin, though in tempered voice and mood, is the first movement, in spite of technical intricacy and somewhat mechanical figuration that here and there stood yesterday somewhat naked. The orchestral background is insistently dark and restless. The piano launches a motive at it, drives it for a moment, falls back into the brooding that declines once and again into the passage-work aforesaid. Gathering courage, it flings itself again upon the orchestra, prevails over it, loses its force of will, recedes, less discomfited than irresolute, into Slavic depression. Whatever the intrinsic quality of the motives, there is sombre im-

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imaginative power in the tonal adventures into which Mr. Rakhmaninov flings them. Even in the slow movement, the music is not warmly lyrical. Still grave and brooding, it lingers in a middle grayness— austere, restless, moody, seeking outlet in power rather than beauty. Little in the concerto is superficially, obviously, nationalistically Russian. Ardent partisans of "music of Muscovite soil" have called it German. Yet with Mr. Rakhmaninov to play it every implication of the music seemed Russian to the core. And usually concertos imply nothing but themselves.

H. T. P.

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Curves and the Concert-Master



GUYAS
WILKINS

Fredric Fradkin

First Violinist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918-19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

FOURTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, AT 8 P. M.

FRANCK,

ORCHESTRAL SUITE from the Symphonic Poem,
"Psyche"

I. Sommeil de Psyché: Lento (First time in Boston)
II. Psyché enlevée par les Zéphirs; Allegro vivo.
(First time in Boston)

III. Les Jardins d'Eros: Poco animato.
IV. Psyché et Eros. Allegretto modéré

MENDELSSOHN,

CONCERTO in E minor for Violin, op. 64.

I. Allegro molto appassionato.

II. Andante.

III. Allegretto non troppo; Allegro molto vivace.

CHABRIER,

PRELUDE to Act II. of the Opera "Gwendoline."

FAURÉ,

SUITE from the Stage Music to Haraucourt's Com-
edy, "Shylock."

I. Chanson: Allegro moderato.

II. Entr'acte: Andante moderato; Allegretto.

III. Madrigal; Allegretto.

IV. Epithalme; Adagio.

V. Nocturne, Andante molto moderato

VI. Final: Allegretto vivo.

(First time in Boston)

(Tenor Solo, ARTHUR HACKETT)

BERLIOZ,

OVERTURE, "Le Carnaval Romain," op. 9.

Soloist:

FREDRIC FRADKIN



(Photograph by Apeda of New York)

Fredric Fradkin

Of Russian Blood, American Birth, Parisian Training, Viennese Experience,
and Proved Worth in the First Orchestra of the
Russian Ballet in America

FRODKIN'S ART IS IN TECHNIQUE

Adv. & Ann. — Feb. 16, 1919
Symphony's New Concert
Master the Soloist at
the Concert

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

Symphony Program.

Franck, *Psyche Suite*.

Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto.

Soloist, Mr. Fredric Fradkin.

Chabrier, Prelude to Act II, "Gwendoline."

Faure, Suite from "Shylock."

Tenor soloist, Mr. Arthur Hackett.

Berlioz, Overture, "Carnaval Romaine."

The above program seemed tepid and at times even dull, although it was well played. The suite made from the symphonic poem for orchestra and chorus, entitled "Eros and Psyche," is not one of Franck's great works. He was about as fitted to describe this passionate love theme in music as to guide a balloon. Therefore he "idealizes and symbolizes" it, according to the French commentators. Fancy Wagner symbolizing and philosophizing in the prelude, or the love-death, in "Tristan and Isolde!" The first two movements were frankly dull, but in the last movement one found something of the great master and he made amends for preceding weakness.

Love à la Chabrier was much more intense and powerful and the prelude pictured something of the Viking's passion as well as the tender heroine who died with and for him.

MR. FRADKIN AS A SOLOIST.

Mr. Fradkin, although sterling in his quality of work cannot be ranked with his great predecessors, Kneisel or Wittek, nor is the Mendelssohn concerto anything to grow fiercely enthusiastic over. It displays technique in a gentlemanly manner and even in this display the composer was jealous enough of his interpreting

artist to put the cadenza display in the middle of the first movement, instead of at the end, so that the player should not excite the audience at the expense of the creator of the work.

It was played rather as a carefully prepared lesson than as an artistic revelation. One demanded a broader tone, but in freedom of bowing, in rapidity of execution, in work in high positions and in double stopping, Mr. Fradkin proved himself an adept, especially in cadenza work. The Finale was taken at a rattling pace, yet was clear and correct. The audience applauded on Friday afternoon, as if it were Ysaye and Kreisler and Heifetz done up in a single package, and Mr. Fradkin was recalled four times with an abundance of enthusiasm, wherefore he should be content—and the reviewer also.

AN UNEQUAL WORK.

Faure's Suite was an unequal work. Mr. Hackett had a self-abnegating task to perform, for the voice seems used here almost as an obligato instrument and the chief points are to be sought for in the orchestral work. But the singer acquitted himself excellently in the difficult task and certainly deserved the applause which he won.

Of special points in the new work we would note the harp effects against the voice, in the first movement; the fine processional effects and rhythmic touches of the second movement, the entracte, and the interweaving of voice and orchestra in the Madrigal. By the way, one might complain of the French misuse of this word. A Madrigal was properly a contrapuntal composition for several voices, without accompaniment, in which the melody was dispersed through all the parts. But there are many disputes about the meaning of the word. Not so about the "Epi-thalame" which followed. One might define that by the very intellectual Boston conundrum—why is a misogynist like an Epithallum? Because he is a verse to marriage. But the Epithalame was by no means as bright as the conundrum.

Here, then, is another of the numerous musical works inspired by our great poet, who has caused more music than any one else in the world, composer or not. But the "Merchant

of Venice" has not been so often set as his other plays, wherefore we welcome Faure's addition to the repertoire. "Romeo and Juliet" has been the favorite always, and has been tonalized all the way from Gounod's opera to "Rhum et Eau en Juliet," a parody.

BERLIOZ'S OVERTURE.

At the end of the program came Berlioz's overture and at once proved that the older Frenchman had very much more to say and was very much surer in saying it, than all his modern successors. Yet we were sorry that Franck, the great master, had for once strayed out of his true field.

14TH CONCERT OF SYMPHONY

Herald Feb. 15, 1919.
Franck, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Faure, Chabrier
on the Program

WILL BE REPEATED
IN HALL TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The 14th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Franck, Orchestral Suite from "Psyche," a symphonic poem; Mendelssohn, Concerto for violin; Chabrier, Prelude to Act II of "Gwendoline;" G. Faure, Suite from the Stage Music to Haraucourt's comedy "Shylock"—Chanson, Entr'acte, Madrigal, Epithalme, Nocturne, Final; Berlioz, Overture, "The Roman Carnival." Mr. Fradkin, concertmaster of the orchestra, played the concerto. Arthur Hackett, tenor, sang the Chanson and Madrigal in the "Shylock" suite.

Cesar Franck's Suite was played in Boston as a Suite for the first time. "Psyche's Sleep" and "Psyche Borne away by the Zephyrs" were played for the first time at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Would the four movements gain in effect if they were heard in their proper place in the whole work, with the choral contrasts? Detached and arranged as movements

of a symphony, they are beautiful, but there is hardly sufficient contrast between the first three to make each one of the movements stand out in bold relief. It is not necessary to follow closely the "explanation" of certain French commentators who insist that Franck's Psyche and Eros should not be regarded as the lovers in the old legend; that they were only symbols; that the whole work is "charged with the spirit of Christian mysticism." The music is sufficiently expressive, often enchanting, if the hearer has in mind only the familiar story told by Apuleius.

The Prelude to "Gwendoline" is also music that came from the heart. The love-music is more sensuous than that of Franck's, but not sensual after the manner of Massenet in his more pornographic operas, as "Esclarmonde," and "Thais." The death of Chabrier was a great loss to French art. Some of his successors have cunningly profited by his harmonic and orchestral audacity. What would they have done if Chabrier and Lalo had not blazed the way for them while they were thinking of following the beaten path? When this Prelude was played yesterday, the thought of the famous clarinet player that went down with the Bourgogne came to the mind. How eloquently he played the clarinet solo in this Prelude!

The stage music of Gabriel Faure is characteristic of that fastidious, ultra-refined composer. Especially noteworthy are the Entr'acte, Epithalme and Nocturne. The last suggests the moonlight scene in the fifth act of Shakespeare's comedy, but who knows what Haraucourt did to Shakespeare? "After Shakespeare," no doubt a long way after. And where are the songs, which are decidedly un-Shakespearian, inserted? In the scene of the caskets? or have they to do with Jessica? It is perhaps needless to say there is no music in the suite that can possibly be associated with Shylock. When Gabriel Faure wrote his Requiem, he omitted the Dies Irae, possibly from fear of shocking the sensibilities of the "petites dames" that frequent the Madeleine, probably because he knew that his musical strength did not lie in that direction. Mr. Hackett sang the two songs in a straightforward rather than subtle manner, and Faure's music demands subtlety, not merely honesty of purpose and frank expression; but the songs themselves are not among the best of the composer's melodies.

A brilliant performance of the "Roman Carnival" brought the curl of an unusually interesting concert, admirably interpreted by Mr. Rabaud and admirably played. Noteworthy in the overture was the playing of the English horn by Mr. Speyer.

Mr. Fradkin was loudly applauded for his performance of Mendelssohn's concerto. He took the first movement and

the Finale at a very rapid pace, so rapid that some questioned it; but his performance was so clear and so musical that swiftness was welcome. Furthermore, the composer gave the indication Allegro molto vivace for the Finale. He marked the first "with great passion," but Mendelssohn in a passionate mood was an inherently amiable person—amiable except when other living composers were concerned churning himself deliberately into frenzy. Taken at a conventionally allegro pace, the first movement soon becomes tiresome. In the second movement Mr. Fradkin happily avoided "sweetness" and sentimentalism. The music was sung, not sobbed. The hearty appreciation of the audience was justly deserved.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next Friday afternoon and Saturday night is as follows: Lalo, Overture to "Le Roi d'Ys" Gilbert, Symphonic Prologue to Synge's tragedy, "Riders to the Sea"; Gluck, "Diane Impitoyable," from "Iphigenie en Aulide"; Rameau, Ballet Airs from "Hippolyte and Aricie"; Massenet, "Promesse de mon Avenir," from "Le Roi de Lahore"; Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Scheherazade." Emilio de Gorza will be the singer.

NOVELTY MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Post Feb. 15, 1919.
Hackett, Tenor, and
Fradkin, Violinist,
the Soloists

BY OLIN DOWNES

A programme of modern music of uncommon interest was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. We say "modern."

There was a single exception, the Mendelssohn violin concerto, played by

Frederick Fradkin, concertmaster, who then made his first appearance as soloist in this series of concerts.

Admirers of no one but Stravinsky, Maurice Ravel, Scriabine, who listened to some charming music which Gabriel Faure composed to Haraucourt's drama after Shakspeare, "Shylock," might say that in this place also the term "modern" was a misnomer. Faure writes in the idiom of another period, furnishing, as it were, a musical frame to a dramatic picture.

WRITTEN TO TIME LIMIT

It is not easy to do this, particularly when the composer is given distinctly to understand that this piece must last exactly six minutes and 30 seconds, and be 84 measures long, and that one longer or shorter as the case may be. Such tasks have paralyzed many a composer of genius, but Faure, we think, has in this place been successful, as he was pre-eminently successful in the incidental music which he composed for Mrs. Patrick Campbell's performance of Maeterlinck's "Pelleas et Melisande."

The music for "Shylock" involves the services of a tenor in two numbers, the "Chanson" and the "Madrigal." These passages were sung by Arthur Hackett, tenor. Seldom has he displayed his beautiful voice and his admirable art to better advantage. Fortunately the conductor and the audience which can benefit by such talent. No wonder that Mr. Hackett was applauded.

Beauty of Nocturne

The other parts of the suite are the Entr'acte, Epithalme, Nocturne, Finale. The nocturne, for strings alone, has the peculiar and shadowy beauty, the beauty which seems equally a product of centuries of culture and an inherently poetic nature, which is so distinctive and pervasive a characteristic of Faure.

This movement, and the charming madrigal for tenor, were at first hearings the most salient features of the suite. Yet throughout there is the practiced hand of a master of his art, the fine perceptions of values, the inalienable instinct not to say too much by developing an idea academically or at unnecessary length. These pieces, heard on this occasion for the first time in Boston, are acceptable and atmospheric in the concert hall as well as the theatre.

Another composition of more substance and far too little known is the

symphonic poem, "Psyche," of Franck, of which four orchestral movements, "Sommell de Psyche," "Psyche enlevée par les zephyrs," "Les Jardins d'Eros" and "Psyche et Eros," were played. When shall we hear the entire work with the complete vocal parts. It is music of exquisite tenderness, innocent, sensuous, sublimation of spirit and sense, a secret and intimate confession of the loveliest things in the heart of a man who probably never saw these things realized in his life.

The writer heard the last three movements of the symphonic poem. "Les Jardins d'Eros" seems at first not of such sustained beauty and interwoven musical thought as the preceding movement, but "Psyche et Eros," with its glowing color, its sustained and rapturous mood, is impressive and beautiful. Mr. Rabaud's interpretation was remarkable for its sensitiveness and imagination.

Mr. Fradkin's Playing

Mr. Fradkin's performance was not, perhaps, devoid of the nervous strain of his initial appearance as soloist at these concerts. He faced a considerable test of his youth and his skill, and met it, on the whole, in a way which bore testimony to his talent and musical perception. The warmth of his tone and his technical resource did not lead him into sentimentality or exaggeration. He played the opening movement in a virtuosic spirit and his performance developed brilliancy and freedom as he progressed.

The concerto was played as it should be, without a pause between the first and second movements and with modest devotion to the aims of the composer. The exceptional beauty of Mr. Fradkin's tone has been noted long since, and it was particularly in place, of course, in the slow movement. The soloist was warmly recalled.

Chabrier's prelude to the second act of Gwendoline, while it has mood and atmosphere, is nevertheless to us inferior to the prelude to the first act. It is, of course, in total contrast to the first prelude, but its Wagnerism is too prevalent for one to feel the free rush, the headlong flight of genius, which occur with the very first measures of the orchestral introduction to an opera which should be known in this country. Berlioz's overture to "The Roman Carnival," a spirited performance, brought this concert to an end.

Music in Boston Feb. 15, 1919
Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—From the majestic melodies of César Franck to the tunefulness of Mendelssohn is a long way, and the contrast, especially noticeable in these days of much modern music on our programs, makes very plain the fact that Mendelssohn undeniably sounds old-fashioned, and not only that, but empty and futile sometimes as well. Mr. Fradkin, the concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, appears as the soloist at the fourteenth pair of concerts of Feb. 14-15, playing the Mendelssohn concerto in E minor op. 64, which he has played elsewhere and which has already been noticed in these columns. The ebullient Mr. Fradkin plunged less precipitately into his concerted passages than on the occasion of his first appearance with the orchestra, thereby achieving a much smoother and more interesting performance. It was an interesting program that Mr. Rabaud put together. Besides the Mendelssohn concerto it included the orchestral suite from César Franck's Symphonic Poem "Psyché," the Prelude to Act II of Chabrier's "Gwendoline," Berlioz's overture, "The Roman Carnival," op. 9 and the suite from the stage music to Haraucourt's comedy, "Shylock," by Fauré. The program stated that Haraucourt's comedy was after Shakespeare, but the titles of the various divisions showed small correspondence with "The Merchant of Venice." Arthur Hackett sang the tenor solos in the Fauré work in full, free fashion.

On the evening of Thursday, Feb. 13, the orchestra gave its regular concert in Sanders Theater, Cambridge, in which respects were paid to the classics through Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, after which more romantic paths were followed. A second hearing of Mr. Rabaud's "La Procession Nocturne" confirmed the impression produced on the presentation of the work in Boston that here is as fine, well knit, atmospheric, and effective a bit of program music as has appeared in recent years. Miss Ethel Frank, soprano, was the soloist. Her intonation was good, her voice fresh and pleasing but somewhat lacking in necessary volume.

ORCHESTRA PLAYS FRANCK'S "PSYCHE"

Until yesterday, Franck's suite from his symphonic poem, "Psyche," had not been played here in nearly 13 years. Mr. Rabaud does well to revive and to play it with the beauty, imagination and understanding which rewarded him and the orchestra.

The subject of Psyche and her mystic lover was a more inspirational subject for Franck than those of the materialistic "Le Chasseur Maudit," and "Les Djinns," which had preceded it. Neither the sardonic nor the malevolent spoke the same language with him. And it is possible to imagine the more erotic vein in which others would have treated the maid borne by the zephyrs for the wooing of Eros. Imagine the plangent colors of the young Richard Strauss, or the echoing tonalities of Debussy in his days of his "Pelleas and Melisande."

Franck's impersonal treatment, in which he does not portray a likeness as literally as Liszt, in his Faust symphony, characterized a Gretchen, but rather develops a mood, escapes the limiting boundaries of all program music and gives it the universality of sheer beauty. From the calm of Psyche's sleep, through her flight with the zephyrs to the gardens of Eros and the dawning passion there is increasing glow and feeling, but with the broadly humanizing sense of the Franck of the symphony, which was to follow this poem within a year, and which it foreshadows in thought, as it does at times almost in identity of expression. And there are quotations from his "Les Eolides."

One whose perception is less poetic than Mr. Rabaud's, one who becomes restive or embarrassed in the presence of tranquility or to whom the impassioned is turbulent or boisterous, would find little to reward in this music, for there is little here with which to exploit personality. It was received with marked appreciation.

Is it possible that an opera which interests by a detached excerpt as does the prelude to act 2 of Chabrier's "Gwendoline" is so lacking in dramatic verity, musical worth or other merit as to be passed by these 30 years. This prelude is one of bodeful, even ominous anticipation. The heroine passes before us and the hearer shares her dream, which was told to laughter and fulfilled in blood.

Mr. Fradkin, concert master of the orchestra, was soloist in various cities of last week's Southern trip. Yesterday he appeared as such for the first time at these concerts. His performance of Mendelssohn's concerto was followed by a reception of enthusiasm. He was recalled again and again. Mr. Fradkin plays with a tone fine spun and sweet in quality, and with an intonation which was commendable in such harrowing condition of the air for strings. He has facility, a youthful facility which later

may permit him to appear less flurried in style and sense of rhythmic proportion than in that of yesterday.

It is chiefly some incidental reason that would bring to concert performance Faure's suite from his stage music to Haraucourt's comedy, "Shylock," a French adaptation of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," which was produced in Paris 30 years ago. Accompanying or dividing their scenes in the comedy, these six numbers no doubt would well serve their purpose. Faure's gift was never more happily shown than in the charm, poetic beauty and wide emotional range of his songs. Arthur Hackett treated the incidental music for a tenor behind the scenes in 1. Chanson, and 3. Madrigal, with excellent taste, not making of it more than the fanciful sentiment of the texts warranted and giving voice with opulence where it was required, as in the one climax in the eighth line of the Chanson.

Followed a surpassingly brilliant performance of Berlioz' wildly fantastic "Roman Carnival" overture, built out of material from his opera "Benvenuto Cellini," a performance distinguished by Mr. Speyer's English horn in Benvenuto's song, by the verve and abandon of the ensemble, a performance which it is not easy to imagine any of the orchestras which have visited Boston doing in a manner to be compared with it.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Feb. 15, 1919.
A MANY-TONGUED MISCELLANY OF
MUSIC

From the Passionate Franck of "Psyche" to the Smooth Faure of Theatre Pieces — A Misty Fragment of Chabrier's Opera and a Blazing Overture of Berlioz — Mr. Fradkin Plays Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto

COMING expectant to Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, the audience for the Symphony Concert departed well entertained. Miscellaneous pieces, all but one French, filled the programme: Franck's suite, "Psyche"; Mendelssohn's concerto for violin; a suite drawn by Fauré from his incidental music to a Parisian version of Shakespeare's comedy, "The Merchant of Venice"; and, as heard at Cambridge the previous evening, the introduction to the second act of Chabrier's opera, "Gwendoline," and Berlioz's overture, "Roman Carnival." Only the concerto and the overture were familiar numbers; but the two suites and the operatic fragment were all music quickly pleasuring the ear, easy to comprehend and to feel; while the whole list

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offered a diversity of voice and mood agreeable to all but the narrow few who dislike too many shiftings of their point of view in the brief space of an hour and fifty minutes. For, like predecessors, Mr. Rabaud seems little by little to be lengthening his programmes. Four months ago he began to make them full, as were his forerunners, of good resolution to be brief. Gradually, however, and no earlier and no later than they, he has discovered that an interestingly coördinated and contrasted programme cannot always be compressed into an arbitrary ninety minutes. Pieces rating well together will stretch into a hundred or even a hundred and ten. The conductor, being an intelligent musician, bows accordingly to artistic self-respect and necessity—the more since the number of the departing dowagers is a relatively fixed quantity.

There was, moreover, plentiful applause to lengthen the concert of Friday—for Mr. Fradkin, leader of the strings, who played the solo part in the violin-concerto, and for Mr. Arthur Hackett, who provided the tenor voice, not off stage, as in the theatre, but visible and audible upon it, that carries two divisions of Fauré's suite. To both the audience was cordial; while, at the end of Franck's suite, its plaudits for both orchestra and conductor were uncommonly hearty. And with reason, since the band played it eloquently, emotionally; while more clearly and pervasively than hitherto Mr. Rabaud asserted his mettle as operatic conductor. The suavities of the orchestra with Fauré's music likewise deserved the plaudits received; while more than once, as at Cambridge, with Berlioz's overture, it struck running fire. Time and again, moreover, notably when Mr. Speyer played the air for English horn in this "Roman Carnival," individual distinctions flecked this supple and eager ensemble. No small betterment is he to the wood-wind choir, not only for his own tone, touch and taste, but also for his stimulating effect upon his fellows. Again the orchestra goes forward.

Mr. Rabaud seemed operatic conductor in Franck's "Psyche," because that music, as the suite of yesterday brings it occasionally back to the concert-hall, is really Franck's opera. His ostensible operas, "Hulda" and "Ghisèle," vanished long since from stage and memory. Le père Franck had scant sense of the theatre in the fashion in which Massenet exemplifies it. As one and another of his settings of The Beatitudes prove, there were limitations to his invention when he would deal dramatically in tones with evil-doers and their works; while even a mechanician of the Parisian opera houses, like the recently departed Monsieur Leroux, would have balked at the fable and texts of "Hulda" and "Ghisèle." In the orchestral parts of "Psyche," in which the original "symphonic poem" for instruments and

orchestra now survives, Franck was hampered by no text and need take no thought of necessary or assumed requirement of the theatre. The Grecian fable of the loves of Eros and Psyche was matter to stir his imagination, to set free his half-erotic, half-mystical vein. Evil-doers and evil-doing nowhere intruded. At his ease, as well as enkindled, Franck might write his music of passion, the so-called love-duet of the end of the suite; sound the preparatory voices in the episode of "The Garden of Eros," set down his music of the scene in the division, "Psyche Borne Away by the Zephyrs"; and around "The Slumber of Psyche" inscribe his prologue—and in all four attain a dramatic force, a pictorial illusion sure to evade him in the theatre. Over his shoulder, he could also see and hear "Lohengrin" flourishing there, and it was not desirable that "Lohengrin" should contribute too much, though it does a little, to the mystical union of Eros and Psyche, to her desire to question the mysterious lover.

Yet with due deference to d'Indy to Derépas, to the other commentators who exalt the mystical, the spiritual side of this music of Franck, not to such voice does the ear, hearing in the ways and with the lusts of the flesh, first respond. Franck wastes few measures upon sensuous and colorful tone-picturing of the garden of Eros where Psyche reposes. Clearly it little interested him. Eager was he to "get on" with the love-music that fills the larger part of the third episode and the whole of the fourth. It is a thrilling music, sustaining itself out of itself, warm, rich, incisive, rising and falling, advancing and receding with clear accent of erotic passion. Mystical, if the hearer prefers, but if he has ever happened to peruse some of the memoirs of mystical, visioning and generally overwrought nuns and monks—memoirs that lie thick in many a monastery or convent—he will discover how near akin in voice, be it of word or music, are ecstasies of the flesh and ecstasies of the spirit. True, Franck perceptibly over-writes his erotic music as he does his preluding in "The Slumbers of Psyche." True also, he uses too often what is now the familiar and nerve-stimulating procedure of the Wagnerian climax; but nowhere else, outside the more eloquent Beatitudes and his symphony, has he written music of such power and passion as these final movements of "Psyche."

By conscious or unconscious will, Franck, unwilling Franck, there writes music-drama. Of music-drama, too, is the brief, beautiful, delicately imagined and subtly accomplished music of the zephyrs. It is as though he here achieved the lightness and the alriness of motion, the gossamer texture, the iridescent glint and glow sought but not always gained in the earlier tone-poem, "The Daughters

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of Aeolus." Little music from any pen is so tenuous of fabric, yet so luminous of impression. The prologue, "The Slumber of Psyche," is of Franck more familiarly voiced. For, in it after necessary measures of preluding and exposition of motives, he soon strikes his own particular note, sounding again and again in his music, of wistful longing, rising from restless eagerness into sustained aspiration (as in the symphony) but here gentler and more melancholy. It is a note easy to prolong unduly, a note that quickly irritates certain listening temperaments. Yet in this prelude, over-written as it is, it remains a note to awaken responsive mood. Mr. Rabaud did well to reassemble and revive this suite of "Psyche"; next to Franck's symphony and his symphonic variations, as the Franckian repertory for orchestra goes, it is characteristically eloquent of the composer. And as it seemed yesterday to quasi-operatic music, Mr. Rabaud opened eager, operatic arms.

Whatever the intrinsic merit of Fauré's incidental music to Haraucourt's "Shylock," it was good to hear, because nowhere does it recall the Wagner who has so infected French music of the generation Mr. Rabaud seems to love best. (For with Wagner "banned," Wagnerian imitation is provocative.) Not that the suite is of Fauré's, when, as in some of his chamber music and songs, he is most delicate of invention and fancy, most subtle, felicitous and individual of workmanship. Rather the six brief numbers are a well made, well fitting music for the purpose in hand, often agreeable, occasionally charming, to hear—work of the day undertaken on commission and becomingly done. If the verses that furnish forth the "chanson" and the "madrigal" for tenor voice—both sung by Mr. Hackett somewhat wirily and with undistinguished French diction—exemplify Haraucourt's poetry, it may little have stimulated Fauré to music-making. It is thirty years since this "Shylock" lived brief life on the stage of the Odéon: it is now as dead, gone and irrecoverable as the other contents of the crowded limbo of "failures" in the theatre; but there is reason to believe that the play was as pale, trite and generally mediocre in itself as it is in the reflected lustres of "The Merchant of Venice."

Therefore it is possible only to surmise where in the course of Haraucourt's or Shakespeare's play, this incidental music sounded. Possibly the "chanson" and the "madrigal," each of which has pleasant archaic flavor, beguiled two choices of the caskets; possibly, the "Epithalme" or marriage song, crowned the third, though its velvety measures are far enough from Portia's.

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am:

or his

Only my blood speaks to you in my veins.

Pretty and pulsing, too, is the soft glow of the Nocturne, presumably for Lorenzo and Jessica capping verses and kisses in the moonlit, tremulous garden. There is pomp of masque or, may be, "Magnificoes" in the entr'acte; while the final number is gay, high-spirited, at moments almost starry, music-making. There is no reason at all why a composer, even a Fauré, should not occasionally fill a chocolate-box and let his hearers savor his confectionery.

On the way from Franck, via Chabrier, to Fauré, Mr. Fradkin played the violin part in Mendelssohn's fluent, animated, elegant and often artful concerto, played as became the virtuoso and the musician whose incidental solos in the orchestra of the Russian Ballet recalled and commended him to Bostonian ears when he first came to Symphony Hall last autumn. A little ill at ease at the beginning of the concerto, he seemed to play the superabundant passage-work of this Allegro "Appassionato" precisely, dryly. Once embarked, however, upon the plastic, sparkling, manifold cadenza, upon the suavities and the sentiment of the Andante, upon the flicking and the flashing play of the Rondo, he gave his hearers the pleasure of sure and pliant fingers, sensitive bowing; a tone that mingled fineness, sensibility and propulsive power; animation of rhythm and progress, adept and flowing modulation, bright and changeable color and just perception of Mendelssohnian artifice, elegance and charm. Out of these abilities and this outcome spoke not only the virtuoso of the violin, but a perceiving and transmitting musician, an artist of fine fibre and keen discernment, seeker and attainer of the just, the persuading mean.

H. T. P.

WILL DEPORT DR. MUCK

Jan. 14. 1919.
Dr. Ernest Kunald Also To Be Sent from This Country, According to Statement Made by Member of Pershing's Staff

Dr. Karl Muck, former conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Dr. Ernest Kunald, who formerly conducted the Symphony Orchestra in Cincinnati, are to be deported, according to a statement made by Lieutenant C. M. L. Royalmattice, a member of General Pershing's staff, who is now in Cincinnati. He made the announcement at a dinner of the Rotary Club and added that the Government secured much valuable information during a quarrel between the two musicians, who spoke in German. Both are confined at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Mr. FREDRIC FRADKIN was born of Russian parents in Troy, N.Y., on April 2, 1892. At the age of five he began the study of the violin with Henry Schradieck. His next teacher was Max Bendix. In 1905 Mr. Fradkin went to Paris, where his teachers at first were Guillaume Antoine Roemy, called Rémy, and José Silvestre de los Dolores White, commonly known as Joseph White. In 1907 he entered the Paris Conservatory as a pupil of Narcisse Augustin Lefort, and in 1909 he was awarded a first prize for violin-playing. First prizes were also awarded that year to Miss Roussel, Miss Fidide, Messrs. Astruc and Krettly. The jury in Mr. Fradkin's case was unanimous. His first engagement was as concert-master and soloist for the orchestra at Rovani led by J. Pennequin. In the following year he was engaged

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On the eve of his departure from Boston, Muck said he was not much interested in whether he ever saw this city again. He intimated strongly that if he should ever be given his liberty he would probably not stay in this country any longer than he could help. From his talk the officials inferred he meant to return to Germany as speedily as possible.

Spirited Controversy

Muck was the centre of much spirited controversy before he relinquished the leadership of the Symphony. He was not without friends here and they sup-

ported his claim that he was a citizen of Switzerland, not of Germany.

Under a Presidential warrant, Muck was taken from his home in the Fenway by federal officers and held in the jail at East Cambridge for two weeks before his trip to the South began.

Mrs. Muck has made frequent visits to her husband since his internment and is understood to be now at Chattanooga, Tenn., the nearest place of any account to Fort Oglethorpe.

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The dispatches also say Dr. Ernst Kunwald, intimate friend of the former Kaiser, and former conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra, will also be ousted from the country.

Lt.-Col. Royal Mattice, who, yesterday addressed the Cincinnati Rotary a quarrel in German between Muck and musicians are to be deported. He said that federal authorities recently, during a quarrel in German between Muck and Kunwald, gained much valuable information. The information was secured by a dictagraph planted in the room occupied by the musicians.

"There are hundreds of Austrians and Germans who are going to be deported, but don't know it," said Col. Mattice. "America is to be purified."

"We already have legal authority to expel many from this country, but we are going to get authority to send out of this country every enemy alien interned in prison camps in the United States."

NO WAGNER AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Mr. Rabaud Decides Against Present Restoration of the Composer's Pieces—His Own Words About His Point of View—American Composers as He Sees Them—A Notable Programme for Semi-Private Performance by the Cecilia—Mr. Gilbert's "Riders to the Sea" to Be Heard Here

When the Symphony Orchestra visited Philadelphia last week, Mr. Rabaud, who is as honest as the day is long, confided to a reporter of The Public Ledger his view of the reestablishment of Wagner's music in the active repertory of symphony concerts in America. The Ledger quotes him:

When I arrived in the United States I could see that the general sentiment, as in France, had accepted the tacit decision not to play Wagnerian music during the war, in spite of the unanimous admiration for this music in the two countries. This decision, in itself, may be subject to discussion. But, in my opinion, we should not blame those, who, having accepted the same, await the end of the war to change their attitude. Let us not forget that this enemy only obtained an armistice. Peace is not signed—the claims of the Allies will find, perhaps, in Germany resistance which could only be reasoned with by force. For my part, I desire to conform myself here to the sentiment of many Americans who agree with the French opinion. And, of course, if some day I should think it right to act against the public opinion of my country, I should do so in France, and not abroad.

Like Mr. Higginson before them, the trustees of the Symphony Orchestra wisely leave the conductor a free hand in the making of programmes. According, then, to these sayings of Mr. Rabaud, none of Wagner's preludes or overtures and no fragments of his music-dramas will be heard at the Symphony Concerts until the Peace of Paris has been signed and sealed. In all probability, also, none will be played there so long as Mr. Rabaud remains the conductor. Evidently, he is disposed to follow Parisian opinion in the matter, to take his cue from the Ministry of the Fine Arts, from his fellow-conductors, Messrs. Chevillard, Pierné, and Messager, from the whole official hierarchy of French music. In

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OF MID

A Duo of Peace Poets
American Writers

By W. S. B.

OF the many poems, signing of the armistice, the victory won by the Allied safety and security of these two by Mr. Bynner and Mr. Bynner have attained the highest altitudes. Mr. Bynner's chant of the canticle of the full metrical surcharged emotional hymn in terms of loveliness and significance of what the great mankind. What makes achieving the same ends, contrast, is the diverse and each poet approached the great event. There is in Muck a bit more of joyousness, in natural expression, Alsatian villagers greeting with flower and song and Muck's hymn has more of giving in it, as of a cathartic voice and organ to the All-throwing the enemy. Yet Muck is rich in an under-current of the forces of evil in the enemy's might, and gives justice and honor, by which worthy in the sight of the ideal. Both men are too poets to obtrude these upon the surface of their

the spirit of the poetry. Take the passage in the Second Cantor asks thanks for the lads who gate," and the First Cantor. And what were they fighting for? They were fighting for the without end—Not for the monster, the de But for everybody's homeland, the gate, Their home and your home.

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measure there is reason for such "solidarity" with them. While Mr. Rabaud happens to be conductor of an orchestra heard in American cities, ministering to an American public and maintained by American funds, he came to his present post—as credible report runs—through the good offices of the Ministry of the Fine Arts. For the trustees of the orchestra, in their wisdom and doubtless in part from necessity, often dealt with governments rather than individuals in their search for a conductor last summer. In a sense, therefore, Mr. Rabaud is semi-official apostle to the Bostonian Gentiles. He is conscientiously and often interestingly fulfilling that mission, and his loyalties to his sponsors and to public opinion at home in Paris do him credit.

On the other hand, here in America, Wagner's music to the active repertory—Mr. Damrosch's and Mr. Strinsky's in New York, Mr. Stokowski's in Philadelphia, Mr. Zach's in St. Louis and so onward. With like unanimity, audiences everywhere and of all degrees are hearing it gladly, heartily, even in that city of "one hundred per cent" and turbulent "Americanism" which is Baltimore. No where as yet has the voice of protest been raised publicly in print or speech and no where is it likely to be; while so far as amusing records go, few have stalked in dignant from the hall. By these signs, a considerable part of the public for symphonic music in the United States welcomes the return of Wagner to the concert-room. Another part of it, with which Mr. Rabaud comes most in contact and which naturally seems to him to represent "general sentiment," is contrary minded. To it, to the Parisian view and to his own promptings he defers. He is well within his rights to do so, even if he so deprives many in his audiences at home and abroad, of music that of old they heard eagerly. If it pleases Mr. Rabaud, as it does many others, to believe that the war still continues, he has, again, his right to his point of view. Yet, to many, it seems as strange as would to him and to the like-minded the notion that war or armistice or peace bears any relation to the beauty, the power, the passion or the splendor of Wagner's music, or the pleasure it has given the world these fifty years. It is the contemplation of these differences of opinion, usually called "general sentiment" on both sides, that helps to make life the amusing, ironic and generally delightful thing that it is. Meanwhile in Boston, and in Paris also, as letters say, Wagner will continue to be heard upon the

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Mr. FREDRIC FRADKIN was born of Russian parents in Troy, N. Y. on April 2, 1892. At the age of five he began the study of the piano with Henry Schradieck. His next teacher was Max Bendix. In 1907 Mr. Fradkin went to Paris, where his teachers at first were Guiseppe Antoine Roemy, called Rémy, and José Silvestre de los Dolores, commonly known as Joseph White. In 1907 he entered the Conservatory as a pupil of Narcisse Augustin Lefort, and in 1911 was awarded a first prize for violin-playing. First prizes were awarded that year to Miss Roussel, Miss Fidide, Messrs. Astruc and Krettly. The jury in Mr. Fradkin's case was unanimous. His engagement was as concert-master and soloist for the orchestra of the Rovani led by J. Pennequin. In the following year he was engaged

Report Dr. Muck Will Be Deported

Traveler Feb. 14, 1919
Dictagraph May Play
an Important
Role

Dispatches from Cincinnati that Dr. Karl Muck, former conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will be deported as an alien enemy recall to federal officials in Boston his resentful remarks concerning his treatment here at the time he left in the custody of a deputy United States marshal for the internment camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., where he is confined.

On the eve of his departure from Boston, Muck said he was not much interested in whether he ever saw this city again. He intimated strongly that if he should ever be given his liberty he would probably not stay in this country any longer than he could help. From his talk the officials inferred he meant to return to Germany as speedily as possible.

Spirited Controversy

Muck was the centre of much spirited controversy before he relinquished the leadership of the Symphony. He was not without friends here and they sup-

ported his claim that he was a citizen of Switzerland, not of Germany. Under a Presidential warrant, he was taken from his home in the city by federal officers and held in jail at East Cambridge for two weeks before his trip to the South began. Mrs. Muck has made frequent trips to her husband since his internment and is understood to be now at Chattanooga, Tenn., the nearest place of account to Fort Oglethorpe.

Kunwald May Also Go

The dispatches also say Dr. Kunwald, intimate friend of the former Kaiser, and former conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra, also be ousted from the country.

Lt.-Col. Royal Mattice, who yesterday addressed the Cincinnati Rotary club, said that a quarrel in German between Muck and Kunwald, gained much valuable information. The information was secured by a dictagraph planted in the room by the musicians.

"There are hundreds of Austrian Germans who are going to be deported but don't know it," said Col. Mattice. "America is to be purified."

"We already have legal authority to expel many from this country, but we are going to get authority to send out of this country every enemy alien interned in prison camps in the United States."

OF MID

A Duo of Peace Poems American War

By W. S.

Of the many poems signing of the day brate the victory won by the Allies safety and security of these two by Mr. Bynne. dorn have attained the height of the canticle n dorn with the full metre surcharged emotional hymn us in terms of loveliness. If the great mankind. What makes achieving the same ends contrast, is the diverse t each poet approached the great event. There is in the canticle a bit more of joyous tive, in natural expression. Alsatian villagers greetly with flower and song and dorn's hymn has more giving in it, as of a calling its praise in pensive voice and organ to the throwing the enemy. The early rich in an under- been paid by humanity of the forces of evil the enemy's might, and justice and honor, by worthy in the sight of investment of the ideal. Both men are poets to obtrude the upon the surface of the to the substance that of the spirit of the poetry.

Take the passage in the Second Cantor askit thanks for the lady's gate," and the First Cantor And what were they defend? They were fighting for without end— Not for the monster, th But for everybody's home the gate, Their home and your h

And one can see the which makes the pra sweet. There is another the First Cantor ends famous river, at which was stopped and then t And what would have becom Where would they be, by t Over them all a tide wou An ocean of iron, if the But these men of France the flood, They raised human dykes and blood, Building, ever building, w way, Another and another, t stay . . . And O the holy river Whose calm name shall ev Be a name—by which to Stand! Uncover! Stand, every lover Of France and of Britain And name that river, that Once for the first battle, Both of those battles w reckoned, Let high heaven hear The Marnel.

The canticle closes with t O arouse, ye sons of a w Go greet the day your glo warmer still over Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem, "La Bonne Chanson," when Mr. Montoux included it in a pair of concerts last November. Nor, if memory again serves, was either piece unkindly traversed by the newspapers in New York. As for Mr. Hadley's "Symphonic Fantasia" and Mr. Kelley's show-piece for a singer, "A California Idyl," which were not well received, few reviewers are likely to suffer many qualms of conscience over such intrinsically mediocre music. As Mr. Krehbiel truthfully and pointedly remarked last Sunday in The Tribune: "The American genius in music will come, but we are not likely to speed his coming by lying about mediocrity simply because it is American"—or for that matter because it is of any other race that breeds composers. Per contra, Mr. Rabaud is clear-minded when he hints that American composers need the "encouragement" of public performance of their orchestral music. He might better have said the "instruction" of it. For only by the hearing of their music in concert hall and opera house can many of them advance toward the command of the saliency, the projection, the effectiveness of musical speech which are essential to communication of their ideas and their workmanship.

To arms, ye sons of light From morn to the s March on, on, on, on Till all the world be free!

Mr. Hagedorn with the of Biblical phrasing in the spirit through a agony of darkness, d through which the wor quer the German brute. able for the faith it presses in the power of the mighty from the up the lowly and meek. He sings when the darkest:

God, in disaster Thou ha We cried, "We will str and sea; In the narrow by the str Where the black heart bla Camps and breaks bre black enemy.

piano, the phonographs—and in echo in the music of many a French or American composer.

The Conductor and Americans

In the same interview, according to The Ledger, Mr. Rabaud "spoke feelingly" of the music of American composers, of his own mood, the mood of audiences and the mood of reviewers toward it. He said:

American composers must be encouraged; that is the way to develop a distinctive American school of music. We have played this season pieces by Loeffler, Converse, Stillman-Kelly, Hadley and Gilbert. More; we are not through. There will be other American compositions given public hearings before the season has closed. I find much talent among American composers. I must like them, otherwise I would not play their pieces. Very frequently comes the call for the performance of American numbers. When you play them the critics—he brought one slim fist down on the other—smash the works on the head.

Are the reviewers in Boston at least so unkind to music from American pen as Mr. Rabaud would have his hearers believe? If memory does not slip, they agreed in welcoming praise for Mr. Converse's tone-poem, "The Mystic Trumpeter," when Mr. Rabaud restored it to the active repertory; while they were warmer still over Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem, "La Bonne Chanson," when Mr. Montoux included it in a pair of concerts last November. Nor, if memory again serves, was either piece unkindly traversed by the newspapers in New York. As for Mr. Hadley's "Symphonic Fantasia" and Mr. Kelley's show-piece for a singer, "A California Idyl," which were not well received, few reviewers are likely to suffer many qualms of conscience over such intrinsically mediocre music. As Mr. Krehbiel truthfully and pointedly remarked last Sunday in The Tribune: "The American genius in music will come, but we are not likely to speed his coming by lying about mediocrity simply because it is American"—or for that matter because it is of any other race that breeds composers. Per contra, Mr. Rabaud is clear-minded when he hints that American composers need the "encouragement" of public performance of their orchestral music. He might better have said the "instruction" of it. For only by the hearing of their music in concert hall and opera house can many of them advance toward the command of the saliency, the projection, the effectiveness of musical speech which are essential to communication of their ideas and their workmanship.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918-19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

FIFTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, AT 8 P. M.

LALO,

OVERTURE to "Le Roi d'Ys"

GILBERT,

SYMPHONIC PROLOGUE to J. M. Synge's Drama
"The Riders to the Sea"
(First time at these Concerts.)

GLUCK,

RECITATIVE and AIR, "Diane impitoyable," from
"Iphigénia in Aulis"

RAMEAU,

AIRS de BALLET from "Hippolyte et Aricie"
I. Air des matelots (1); Air des matelots (2)
II. Gavotte (1); Gavotte (2)
III. Air en Rondeau (pour les Amours)
IV. Rigaudon (1) en tambourin; Rigaudon (2)
(First time at these Concerts)

MASSENET,

RECITATIVE and AIR, "Promesse de mon avenir"
from "Le Roi de Lahore"

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF,

SYMPHONIC SUITE, "Scheherazade," (after the
"Thousand Nights and a Night," op. 35
I. The Sea and Sinbad's Ship.
II. The Story of the Kalandar-Prince.
III. The Young Prince and the Young Princess.
IV. Festival at Bagdad. The Sea. The Ship goes to pieces
on a Rock surmounted by a Bronze Warrior. Conclusion

Soloist:

EMILIO De GOGORZA.



Mr. EMILIO DE GOGORZA, baritone, was born in Brooklyn, New York, of a Spanish family. He was educated in England and France. In England he sang as a boy and youth in church choirs. On his return to New York in the early nineties he studied singing with Moderati and Agramonte. Later he went to Paris for further study with Emile Bourgeois. After singing in European cities he returned to New York.

He sang in Boston for the first time on November 23, 1897, associated in a concert with Mme. Sembrich, William Lavin, tenor, and an orchestra conducted by Mr. Bevnigani. Since then he has sung here frequently—in oratorio, miscellaneous concerts, recitals. His last appearance here was in concert with Miss Rosita Renard, pianist, on November 10, 1918.

Symphony Hall.

De Gogorza Is Soloist at Symphony

Adv. & Am. Feb. 23, 1919.
By LOUIS C. ELSON.

The Symphony Program.

Lalo, Overture to "Le Roi d'Ys."

Gilbert, Symphonic Poem, "The Riders to the Sea."

Gluck, Aria, "Diane Impitoyable."

Soloist, Emilio De Gogorza.

Rameau, Airs de Ballet.

Massenet, "Promesse de mon Avenir."

Mr. De Gogorza.

Rimski-Korsakoff, Suite, "Scheherazade."

THIS was varied and of more interest than its predecessor of the week before. We confess that a vocal soloist always breaks the continuity of a symphonic program for us, but the public differ from that opinion and such a baritone as M. De Gogorza ought always to be welcome. He sang his two numbers with noble voice and artistic phrasing and evoked, of course, the chief applause of the concert. The Gluck number had very much of the old recitative in declamatory style; the Massenet work was the more popular.

But the orchestral numbers were almost all of a melodic type and there were no musical problems to solve or puzzles to worry over.

Lalo's "Roi d'Ys" overture is by no means light or trivial music, but it is clear and logical as if Lalo followed out the dramatic vein of a Weber and was picturesque without becoming ponderous or ascetic. The work was read in a dramatic manner which made it very effective, and it won fervent applause. Rameau was directly melodic. Rameau was the gentleman who exclaimed in 1722

that Music was dead, that all possible combinations had been used and that in a short time only repetitions would be possible. Yet there were a few prominent composers after that time. But his daintiness in this suite from "Hyppolite et Aricie" can scarcely be overestimated. It had tunes enough to set up a dozen modern composers. Yet there were some pretty touches of counterpoint as well. The piccolo had brilliant work to do in the finale (as well as in the subsequent "Scheherazade") and there was good opportunity to display the excellence of our wood-wind, which department of our orchestra was never in better condition than at present.

Of Rimski-Korsakoff's dazzling Oriental tone-picture there is nothing new to say. It has been heard often and is deservedly a favorite. Its scintillating tone-colors do not become stale with repetition. Mr. Fradkin was the Scheherazade of the occasion, for the figure which represents the heroine is almost always given to the solo violin, and he gave the theme clearly and expressively. It is a good and legitimate use of a guiding melody. The Turkish march in the third movement was especially effective. It is decidedly more Oriental than Beethoven's attempts in this direction. The wildly fantastic finale, a perfect Midway Plaisance of music, was most showily interpreted. Altogether the orchestra conquered great difficulties in this work in a manner which showed that they are not retrogressing, and M. Rabaud read it with a brilliancy that fully deserved the enthusiasm it created.

But the interest centred chiefly on a new American work upon an Irish subject, Gilbert's "Riders to the Sea." We do not consider this quite as successful as his Place Congo Ballet, but it has some fine suggestions of the mighty sea and some of the crooning lament of those bereft by it. We should like to hear the work again to understand it better. It is strongly orchestrated, and in spite of coming after the very brilliant performance of the Lalo work it won so much applause that the composer was obliged to bow from his place in the audience again and again. Mr. Gilbert is one of the American composers who generally has something to say, and he is never too prolix in saying it.



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SYMPHONY'S 18TH CONCERT

Diversified and Interesting
Program—Brilliant
Performance

PROLOGUE TO "RIDERS OF THE SEA" GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE

The 15th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Lalo, overture to "Le Roi d'Ys"; Gilbert, Symphonic Prologue to Synge's drama "Riders to the Sea"; Gluck, "Diane impenetrable" from "Iphigenie en Aulide"; Rameau, Airs de Ballet from "Hippolyte et Aricie"; Massenet, "Promesse de mon avenir" from "Le Roi de Lahore"; Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Scheherazade," Emilio de Gogorza was the singer.

Another diversified and interesting program; another brilliant concert with two compositions unknown to Boston and an excellent and favorite singer.

About 15 years ago Mr. Gilbert wrote a little prelude for a performance of Synge's tragedy by amateurs in this city. That prelude may be considered as a sketch or a study for the prologue that was first performed at a MacDowell Festival in Peterborough, N. H., in 1914 and later (1917) in New York at a concert of the Philharmonic Society. Mr. Gilbert has succeeded in translating the mood of Synge's play into tones. Without any attempt at photographic realism in the portraiture of the sea that robbed Maurya of husband and sons, there is a powerful suggestion of its cruel might, its unconscious remorselessness. In the section that follows, the lamentation for the dead, the Celtic feeling colors the song that occurs again and again as a keen, growing in the intensity of grief and at last dying away as in exhaustion, the expression of Maurya's resignation, now that nothing more can be demanded of her. And there was the remembrance of her final speech: "Michael has a clean burial in the far north, by the grace of the Almighty God. Bartly will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely. What

more can we want than that? No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied."

This Prologue is impressive music. It owes nothing to Munich or Paris. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Gilbert's other compositions—and we remember with pleasure his Comedy Overture on Negro Themes that was played at a Symphony concert eight years ago—no one can deny his native, individual strength. He thinks for himself; he belongs to no school; he does not worship abjectly in any musical chapel. Even his crudities, showing a certain ruggedness that is not wholly displeasing, are those of a virile thinker. Much so-called American music might bear the stamp "made in Germany." Some of our younger composers, imperfectly taught, superficial, try laboriously to rank themselves with leaders of the French impressionistic school, whose idiom is, however, natural to them, who underwent the severest pedagogic training before they blazed new paths.

It took courage to write a prologue for Synge's great tragedy. That Mr. Gilbert reproduced so well the mood and suggested the scene and the characters tersely shows that his ambition was not presumptuous.

The ballet music from Rameau's first opera that was produced was played here for the first time. The spirited "Airs de Matelots," the charming air in rondo form for flutes and strings, and the jolly Rigaudon in tambourin form with its saucy flageolet music played by a piccolo (the music an octave lower), delighted the audience. It is a good thing to hear music of the 18th century, for orchestra, chamber or clavecin. There were brave men before Agamemnon. There were musicians with fine ears and graceful fancy before Ravel and Debussy.

Lalo's brilliant overture was performed so effectively that Mr. Rabaud was thrice called on for acknowledgment of the applause. The overture has other conspicuous qualities than brilliance; haunting melody, harmonies that were not common at the time they were written, true sentiment—even in the measures that interrupt the beautiful theme for violoncello—richly colored instrumentation. And this overture and Rimsky-Korsakoff's Suite gave full opportunity for solo players, as Messrs. Fradkin, Malkin, Laurent, Longy, Sand, Laus, Jaenicke to show their technical skill and musical intelligence. "Scheherazade" was again an epitome of "The Thousand Nights and a Night."

Mr. de Gogorza, who sang here for the first time at a concert of the Symphony Orchestra, gave a noble reading of Gluck's noble aria. The sugary tune of Massenet was evidently more to the taste of the audience, this tune sung by the villain Scindia as a "ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow." It is a pleasure to hear Mr. de Gogorza, whatever his selection, but we like to think of him

today as declaiming and singing in the pure and grand style the Sophoclean music of Gluck. That he sang Scindia's syrupy measures in the appropriately Massenetian manner, proved his versatility, if such evidence was needed at this late day.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening will be as follows: Franck, symphonic piece from "The Redemption"; Saint-Saens, "Le rouet d'Omphale"; Berlioz, Royal Hunt and Storm, descriptive symphony from "Les Troyens"; Schumann, Symphony No. 2.

GILBERT'S PROLOGUE PERFORMED

Surpassingly Brilliant
List Played by
Symphony

BY OLIN DOWNES

Henry F. Gilbert's symphonic prologue to Synge's drama, "Riders to the Sea," was performed for the first time in Boston at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

The soloist of the occasion was Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, who sang airs by Gluck and Massenet. The concert opened with Lalo's overture to the opera, "Le roi d'Ys," and came to an end with a surpassingly brilliant performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's symphonic suite, "Scheherazade."

GILBERT'S PROLOGUE

Lalo's overture is an extremely brilliant piece of music, and all that was dramatic in it was revealed by Mr. Rabaud. The effect of the music was surprising, for it is clearly music of another period, and a combination of excellent orchestration and the romanticism, translated in terms of the French theatre of Carl Maria von Weber.

Mr. Rabaud also devoted his best gifts as a musician and conductor to the remarkable music of Mr. Gilbert. The prologue to "Riders to the Sea" is an amplification and an extended development of material found in a very brief prelude which Mr. Gilbert wrote for an amateur performance of the play years ago in this city. The prelude was intended only to establish atmosphere for the raising of the curtain. The prologue is in a sense an orchestral unfoldment of the principal motives of the drama. There is tumultuous music of the sea. Against the background, as it were, of the storm, the instruments make lament. At last there is a mood of melancholy and resignation—the thought of the old mother, in Synge's drama, whose lost son has perished, and from whom the sea can take no more.

Measures of Titanic Quality

Very few modern composers of whom we know have succeeded in speaking in such an elemental and impressive manner as has Mr. Gilbert in the earlier pages of this prologue. And the music is far more than a sea-scape. It is fatalistic. Passages of haunting beauty and melancholy are born of the Celtic imagination from which Synge's drama sprang. Mr. Gilbert's belief in the value and the logic of the employment of folk-song by the individual composer is ideally justified in this work, since the thematic fragment of Irish folk-song which is the germinal motive of the composition is in itself eloquent of the essence of the drama; and this oneness of mood and musical material is never lost as the composition progresses.

The instrumentation, perhaps over-heavy in places, is nevertheless full of originality and dramatic and almost scenic suggestion. It is as the instrumentation of a tempest, dark, sombre, wild and eerie in its echo of sounds of the storm. There are measures of titanic quality, as for example, those in which mighty progressions of the brass choir are heard over the rolling and pounding of drums. Like most of Mr. Gilbert's composition, this one says its say in an unpolished, direct manner, which is not invariably, perhaps

the most transparent and advantageous expression of the thought; but it grips and thrills the hearer, because of the sincerity, the nature poetry, the rugged force and sweep of the music.

Mr. De Gogorzas Singing

This music was flanked on the one hand by Lalo's brilliant composition; on the other, by the excellent singing of Mr. De Gogorza. Mr. Gilbert's music stirred profoundly a minority and mystified a majority, more responsive to an amorous air of Massenet than to the work of a creative musician, comparatively little known and unsung in his own land. The minority applauded the prologue for many minutes, and heads were craned for the composer, who, however, kept himself in the background. Notwithstanding the technical brilliancy, color and high artistic value of other music on the programme; notwithstanding the novelty of Mr. Gilbert's musical speech and its disconcerting effect on many of the hearers, the prologue to "Riders to the Sea" stands out in retrospect as one of the most salient and impressive features of the concert.

Mr. De Gogorza is an exceptionally accomplished singer, who knows how to use his voice and how to treat a melodic line. He sang the recitative and air, "Diane impitoyable," from Gluck's "Iphigenie in Aulide," and the recitative and air, "Promesse de mon avenir," from Massenet's "Rol de Lahore." He was particularly fortunate in the music of Massenet, in which his admirable phrasing and vocal art and his feeling for this music fired the enthusiasm of his hearers.

"Scheherazade"

The culminating point of the concert was the memorable performance of the "Scheherazade" music. At last the Oriental extravagance, the scintillating colors, the barbaric fantasy of this work were fully revealed. Other conductors have given as effective a reading of the first movement, the most truly symphonic of the four, but none that we remember has given the other movement the splendor and excitement of yesterday's performance. Nor have they so successfully accentuated every fascinating detail of rhythm and instrumental effect, while holding consistently to the main ideas and outlines a composition bewildering in its constant and kaleidoscopic transformation.

Nor was there lacking the brutality and the unbridled sensuality of the East. From the preliminary exorcism of the brass to the last measure in which the sea heaves restlessly in the depths of the double basses, Mr. Rabaud held captive the attention and emotions of his hearers, slaves of the ring, enchanted by a masterpiece of Slavic art.

RABAUD'S REMARKABLE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Mr Rabaud continues to find new distinction in his programs, his interpretations, in his office in general as conductor. Although there were significant novelties yesterday afternoon, the supreme memory of many no doubt will be the overwhelmingly brilliant performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's sensuous suite "Scheherazade." No such performance of it is to be recalled among many in Boston within a decade, which had their merits, none which approached it in appreciation of the Slavic intensity of this music of exotic subject, or of its scintillant, dazzling wealth of color.

Mr Gogorza, singing a classic air of Gluck and a modern one from Massenet, was a moving interpreter and warmly applauded. The four airs and dances from the ballet music of Rameau's "Hippolyte and Aricie," chosen by Mr Rabaud and d'Indy's suites, and played for the first time in Boston, were of exceeding charm, gracious and refreshing in their archaic quality, especially in the final "Rigaudon en Tambourin" with its obsolete military drum and the piccolo, a substitute for the flageolet.

Henry F. Gilbert's Symphonic Prologue to Synge's grim folk drama, "Riders to the Sea," was played for the first time in Boston. Heard in Peterboro, N.H., at its first performance August, 1914, at the MacDowell festival, even as performed with an orchestra of 40 and necessarily with brief rehearsal, this score at once excited interest and admiration for its vitality, character and tragic force.

The two dominant ideas of the play are reflected in the prologue—the sacrificial fury of the sea and the spiritual calm which it may leave even to those bereaved of its victims. A father and five sons, fisher folk of the Aran Islands, have gone as prey to the inexorable, pitiless hunger of the sea. To the aged mother a sixth boy remains. He, too, is taken.

From the opening bodeful theme in deep strings there is the omen of tragedy. It is as though the great deep already had sealed the doom of its hapless humans. That which follows is worthy to rank with the great music, catching the note of thunder, terror and treachery of the sea, its implacable greed and elemental force. The answering apotheosis of resignation is a lofty and noble expression of grief. It ascends to spiritual heights.

The score as a whole, while involving some repetition of material in its present expanded form over the earlier version, is a far more mature expression of Mr Gilbert's talent and denotes a clearer individuality than his better known Comedy Overture or the ballet, "Dance in Place Congo." Like the sea and the simple fishermen it betrays, this music is elemental, even racial in its folk consciousness. Mr Gilbert acknowledged a cordial reception.

The concert began with a remarkably brilliant and dramatic performance of Lalo's overture to "The King of Is."

The orchestra, in virtuosity, euphony, plasticity and in a wealth of emotional ardor, was a glorious instrument upon which Mr Rabaud played at will, making it an equally appropriate mouth-piece for Rameau's quaint archaisms as for Rimsky-Korsakow's gorgeous, erotic, Oriental pageantry.

While this latter may ostensibly have been written around the tales of Sinbad, the Kalendar, the Prince and Princess, and of the ship which shivered in pieces upon the rock yesterday with unprecedented eloquence, the composer was not unmindful of the charms of the teller of them, nor of "Scheherazade's" beguilement of her lord for a thousand and one nights nor of the voluptuous setting of the harem.

The program will be repeated tonight. The concerts next Friday and Saturday respectively will be given as the season's second pair of concerts scheduled for October, but postponed through the closing of halls and theatres.

Gilbert and Synge

On Friday afternoon and Saturday evening next at the Symphony Concerts, Mr. Rabaud and the orchestra will play for the first times in Boston, Mr. Henry Gilbert's "Symphonic Prologue to Synge's Tragedy, 'Riders to the Sea,'" thus bringing back to Symphony Hall a composer whose music has gone unheard in it far too long. Synge's play is familiar to many on the printed page and in performance by the Irish company of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin during its visits, a few years ago to Boston and other cities of the United States. A paragraph will suffice to recall it.

The impact of "Riders to the Sea" is not the impact of a tragedy in little or the impact of what it is the patronizing custom to call a tragedy of the humble. Rather it is the impact of tragedy concentrated and distilled to its final essence. The great doom of the sea upon those that go down into it or even dwell beside it fills the play as Fate fills the old tragedies. Men and women palter with this doom as gods and heroes paltered with Fate, in fond belief that they may withstand or trick it. The sea swallows Maurya's five sons, even as Fate smote the seven that warred against Thebes. Maurya's daughters wail and will not be comforted, and so they who saw and loved and endured wailed in the old tragedy. But Maurya herself bows in resignation; for she has learned that the sea, which to her and hers is Fate, is the stronger. And in the learning she has seen portents in the air and listened to vain counsels and words of false comfort and seen futile ruses that were of none effect. Here is the whole substance of the ancient tragedy of Fate wrought into this stark tragedy of the sea and these Irish islanders beside it. From Mycenae and Thebes, Fate has come down into Galway. Like the pillar of fire, the imagination and the power of Synge have led it there.

So runs the play. In the autumn of 1917, the Philharmonic Society in New York played Mr. Gilbert's music of prologue and the reviewer for The Times then wrote of it.

The piece presents, according to the composer's programme-note, "the two dominant moods of Synge's Irish tragedy, 'Riders to the Sea.' There is the elemental mood of the impersonal, the irrevocable sea; and then the human emotion, the lament or song of grief." The music itself is of strong and vigorous imaginative power. There is the touch of Irish idiom in it that befits its reference to Synge's play. The mood is gloomy throughout; the mood of crushed grief, of resignation. The lack of contrast is necessary to the subject; but it puts a burden upon the music. Mr. Gilbert's orchestration finely heightens the expression of his musical ideas; it throws a sure touch, a confident application of means to the desired end. The piece made no ordinary impression, and Mr. Gilbert was called several times to bow his acknowledgments.

The reviewer for The Tribune was hardly less well-disposed, saying:

The composition is a well-written, melodious presentation of the moods evoked by the dramatist, and especially in the opening portion ideas are worked out in an interesting fashion. Later on there were moments of monotony, though this was perhaps excusable because of the sombreness of the subject. The piece is far from revolutionary in ideas or manner, but it is simple, and, what is rare with American composers, it is vigorous in spirit. Mr. Gilbert's is certainly one of the few genuine native musical talents existent today.

Music in Boston

Specialty for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—A miscellaneous program, all of interesting compositions, together with a soloist who caught the popular approval, made the Friday afternoon concert of the fifteenth pair in the Boston Symphony Orchestra's season one of great satisfaction. Musical amusement apparently was the chief aim of this program, and it fulfilled its mission. A first time in Boston performance of Henry Gilbert's "Symphonic Prologue to J. M. Synge's Play, 'Riders to the Sea,'" which was the third the work has received, indicated a praiseworthy attempt on the part of Mr. Rabaud to encourage American writers who are worth encouraging, and Mr. Gilbert is emphatically that. The part of the prologue descriptive of the sea is an uncommonly fine bit of writing, but that part which is meant to represent

human grief strikes the present reviewer as less sincerely felt and less effectively scored. The program began with Lalo's overture to "Le Roi d'Ys," and included also airs de ballet from Rameau's "Hippolyte et Aricie" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's symphonic suite, "Scheherazade." Emilio de Gogorza, the soloist, sang the recitative and air, "Diane Impitoyable," from Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide," and the recitative and air from Massenet's "Le Roi de Lahore," "Promesse de Mon Avenir." He was in good voice and was liberally applauded.

An interested visitor at the concert was Emil Oberhoffer, the excellent conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, who is on a visit to Eastern cities. Mr. Oberhoffer was emphatic in his approval of Mr. Rabaud as a conductor and the orchestra as a band.

On the evening of Thursday, Feb. 20, the Flonzaley Quartet gave the second of its Boston series of concerts, playing the new "Music for Four Stringed Instruments in E minor" by Charles Martin Loeffler, in particular, and incidentally Alberic Magnard's serenade from the string quartet op. 16 and the Schubert D minor quartet. Mention of the Loeffler music was made in these columns on Monday, Feb. 17, after its first presentation in New York, and the present reviewer feels constrained to agree with his New York colleague that Mr. Loeffler has written, especially in the second and third movements, music that is worthy its inspiration, and that represents the best the composer has yet done.

Symphony Exempt from Tax

One of President Wilson's first official duties after his landing will be to sign the new revenue law which contains a clause of special interest to patrons of Symphony concerts. The new law proposes to exempt symphony orchestras (which are considered neither luxuries nor financially profitable).

Last autumn, when the season tickets for the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts were placed on sale, the United States was straining every nerve to help win the war, and it was proposed at

that time to tax all concerts at the rate of 20 per cent. These things, with the epidemic which postponed the opening of the Symphony season, resulted in many former patrons of the orchestra relinquishing their seats in the interest of economy. The management made a departure from earlier seasons by continuing to offer tickets for the remainder of the season at a pro rata basis. This offer has been taken advantage of by a great many. It is now especially attractive because of the prospect of no further taxes on admission to these concerts, though the date of the application of the new law is not yet fixed.

Boston's musical season has usually opened with Symphony concerts the middle of October, and closed with the last pair of Symphony concerts the first week in May. The proximity of the close of the present season can best be realized by noting the fact that only ten pairs of Symphony concerts remain. The opportunity to subscribe at this time is made the more tempting by the special nature of the ten pairs of concerts to come.

For two programmes in the concerts to follow two interesting choral works are under preparation, Debussy's "Nocturnes," with a woman's chorus of "Sirens," and Saint-Saens' cantata, "The Lyre and the Harp," the parts of which have just arrived from France. In this latter work, besides a chorus of 150 voices, there will be a distinguished quartet, including Olive Kline, soprano; Merle Alcock, contralto; Arthur Hackett, tenor, and Reinald Werrenrath, baritone.

Soloists at other concerts will be Joseph Malkin, the first 'cellist of the orchestra; Harold Bauer, always a favorite in Boston; Jacques Thibaud, the foremost French violinist; Raoul Laparra, Spanish composer-pianist, who is to play in a new suite of his own, "A Basque Sunday"; Miss Sophie Braslau, the rich-voiced young contralto of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Also, from the purely orchestral point of view, these concerts should be the finest of the season. The gradual moulding of the orchestra under the alert and exacting ear of their leader, has been a matter of general comment. Furthermore (as indicated by the consensus of critical opinion in the various cities visited) appreciation is now no less established of Mr. Rabaud's success in the making of programmes, which are both interesting and beautiful.

Those who take advantage of this opportunity to become subscribers will be granted every privilege, including that of retaining their seats for next fall.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918--19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

TO BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SUBSCRIBERS SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The second pair of Symphony Concerts scheduled for October and postponed because of the closing of all Halls and Theatres will be given in Symphony Hall

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 28, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 1, at 8 o'clock

Ticket Information — Please Read Carefully

Tickets dated Friday Afternoon, October 18, 1918, to be used

Friday Afternoon, February 28

Tickets dated Saturday Evening, October 19, 1918, to be used

Saturday Evening, March 1

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Saturday Evening, March 1

BOSTONIAN WINS IN BIG MUSIC RACE

Gilbert's 'All Hail, America,' Takes 4th Prize
Among 20,000 Entries

CONTEST RUN BY
HEARST PAPERS

Internationally Famous as
Composer, First Fiddle
Made of Cigar Box

Adv. & Am. Apr. 27, 1919
Greater Boston furnishes one of the
prize-winners in the \$5,000 Patriotic
Song Contest conducted by the Hearst
newspapers.

The beautiful song, "All Hail,
America," composed by Henry F. Gil-
bert of Cambridge, wins fourth prize
out of the enormous field of 20,000
compositions submitted.

It is particularly interesting to
note that Mr. Gilbert, now a com-
poser of international fame, first
taught himself to play on an old
fiddle which his grandfather whittled
out of a cigar box.

Today his compositions move in the
very aristocracy of music, such as

HENRY F. GILBERT, Cam-
bridge composer, who won
the fourth prize in the Pa-
triotic song contest by the
Hearst newspapers.



Boston Symphony Orchestra pro-
grams and at the Metropolitan Opera
House in New York.

Mrs. Gilbert has an initial hand in
the musical honor which Mr. Gilbert
has just gained in the Patriotic Song
Contest. She brought the prize com-
petition to his attention by thrusting
a newspaper with the announcement
of it under the door of his musical
workroom, where he could not es-
cape seeing it.

20,000 WERE SUBMITTED

The 20,000 manuscripts submitted
in the contest were passed upon by
Josef Stransky, John McCormack,
John Philip Sousa, John L. Golden
and Irving Berlin. The fifteen
which they selected as best were
voted upon by the 4,000,000 readers
of the Hearst newspapers from the
Atlantic to the Pacific. When the
awards were made, the sealed envel-
opes containing the names of the
different composers were opened, and
it was found that Mr. Gilbert was
winner of the fourth prize. Mr. Gil-
bert said yesterday:

"In writing the verses of my 'All
Hail, America,' I desired to call again
to the minds of fellow Americans
those noble ideals of Liberty, Justice
and Brotherhood in which our coun-
try is founded; to stir them with
deep patriotism and a love for these
ideals which in these troublous times
run the risk of being lost sight of;
and in the music I have striven to
express the nobility and dignity
which I believe should never be ab-
sent from the national hymn of a
great people."

SIMPLE, NOBLE THEME.

Simple and noble in theme, and of
a sturdy rhythm, Mr. Gilbert's song
is sure to win instant favor. Com-
positions of his have recently been
produced with great success in Lon-
don, Paris and Rome, and two of his
works will also soon be produced in
Copenhagen. He is, in addition,
probably the American composer
best known in Russia.

His symphonic ballet, "The Dance
in Place Congo," was produced at
the Metropolitan Opera House, New
York, in March of last year, and was
later produced in Boston, being hailed
with wide acclaim.

M. Rabaud included Gilbert's Sym-
phonic Prologue to J. M. Synge's
drama, "Riders to the Sea," in the
program of the Boston Symphony
Orchestra of February 21 and 22, and
the number scored a great success.
It was the first time it had been

played at these concerts.

Mr. Gilbert's "Comedy Overture on
Negro Themes" was successfully ren-
dered at the Peace Festival held in
Mechanics Hall this Spring. It had
previously been played here as well
as elsewhere in America and Europe,
being always received with great
favor. When this number was per-
formed in Russia, at about the time
the war began, Reinhold Gliere, head
of the Russian-American Musical So-
ciety, and himself one of the foremost
contemporaneous musicians, said of
it: "It is melodious, pleasing and
well orchestrated. America should
be proud of a genius like Gilbert." The triumph Gilbert's music then
won has been repeated on many oc-
casions since, in Russia.

SELF-MADE MUSICIAN.

Picturesque and essentially Ameri-
can as his music is Gilbert himself.
He was born in Somerville in 1868.
After teaching himself to play on his
grandfather's cigar-box fiddle he
studied harmony with George Henry
Howard of Boston, and later was the
first American pupil of Edward Mac-
Dowell, upon the latter's return after
his European successes. Meantime,
his insatiable thirst for new experi-
ences led him to various places, and
took him into many picturesque call-
ings. He fiddled in theatres, jobbed
in restaurants, was a pie-cutter at an
eating place at the Chicago World's
Fair, worked his way to Paris on a
cattle boat, collected butterflies in
Florida, with an Arab for companion.
This rich experience forms a splendid
asset to the composer.

SOME OF HIS WORKS.

Among Gilbert's earlier composi-
tions were "A Negro Episode,"
"Legend," the famous "Pirate Song,"
—"Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's
Chest," from "Treasure Island,"
made popular by David Bispham;
"Croon of the Dew," "South American
Gypsy Songs," some Celtic folksongs,
including "Celtic Studies" and the
"Fairy Song," "Fish Wharf Rha-
pody." Then followed the more dis-
tinctly American compositions, in-
cluding besides those already men-
tioned, the massive orchestral
"Negro Rhapsody."

In addition to his many other not-
able compositions, including num-
bers based upon the Indian folk-
songs, Mr. Gilbert has written a num-
ber of brilliant essays on subjects
pertaining to music and musicians,
contributed to leading musical jour-
nals and he has been a lecturer at
Harvard and Columbia.

There will be no Rehearsal and Concert next week

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918--19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

SIXTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, AT 8 P. M.

FRANCK,

SYMPHONIC PIECE from the Symphonic Poem,
"La Rédemption"

SAINT-SAËNS

SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 1, "Le Rouet d'Omphale"
op. 31

BERLIOZ,

DESCRIPTIVE SYMPHONY, "Chasse et Orage,"
from "Les Troyens"
[First time at these Concerts]

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY No. 2, in C major, op. 61
I. Sostenuto assai; Allegro ma non troppo
II. Scherzo; Allegro vivace; Trio 1 Trio 2
III. Adagio espressivo
IV. Allegro molto vivace

SYMPHONY PLAYS WORK OF BERLIOZ

Post ———— Mch. 2/19
First Hearing of His
Music From "The
Trojans"

BY OLIN DOWNES

The symphonic piece from Franck's "Redemption," Saint-Saens' symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," the "descriptive symphony" from Berlioz's opera, "Les Troyens," played for the first time at these concerts, and Schumann's C major symphony made the programme of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

BERLIOZ AT HIS BEST

The music of Berlioz inevitably suggests the scenic pantomime—that of the hunt and the storm—which the composer intended the "symphony" to accompany when his opera, practically unknown in the United States, was performed. But Berlioz himself was by no means sure of its effect with the spectacle on the stage. He wondered whether the music would sound better in the concert room, without action and scenery, and many critics of his music support this view. There are scenes best imagined, just as a good musician may take up a score and, reading it, hear in his head a finer performance than ever mortal musicians gave. Papier-mache dramas are often disillusionizing. On the other hand, this composition heard yesterday combines imagination and realism in such a way that the music is superlatively stimulating to ear and fancy.

Those familiar with all the pages of Berlioz' operatic trilogy, one of the last and dearest children of his brain, say that nerve and brain fag is shown in the score of "The Trojans."

But the "descriptive symphony" of the hunt and the storm is the composer at his descriptive best—beautiful themes, such as the theme for solo horn heard as the orchestra subsides from the storm music, brilliant and distinguished instrumentation. When many instruments are used they make imposing effects. When all is said and done, there is a classic fineness in the thought. Berlioz knew Virgil from his early youth, knew him and loved him. Virgil taught him more when he composed "The Trojans" than his harmony textbooks ever taught him. The impress of the classical tale, the imprint of the dramatic and the noble antique is, we feel, in this music. It is a pity that it has waited so long for a hearing at the Symphony concerts.

Franck and Saint-Saens

The pieces by Franck and Saint-Saens are familiar. Perhaps the piece from "The Redemption," is not so representative of the greater Franck as "Le Rouet d'Omphale" is typical of Saint-Saens.

The Schumann symphony, too, is familiar, but it is familiarity which wears exceedingly well. Mr. Rabaud appeared to us to conduct this work with exceptional native sympathy for it. He made no attempt to touch up or soften down the short-comings of instrumentation easily to be observed. On the other hand, he made the most of every phrase and of each of the charming instrumental effects which are encountered in the introduction and the passage just preceding the reprise of the first movement—passages in which Schumann, free of the dictates of form, is most inimitably himself; of the second trio of the scherzo; the poetic and intrinsically Schumannish entrances of wind instruments in the slow movement. Above all, they had the youthful simplicity, the romantic tenderness and glow of the music at heart.

Faithful to Schumann

Schumann's thought did not change in fundamental character when he used many instruments instead of one. He is as naive, as confiding in the symphony as he is in the "Davidsbund-lertanze" for piano, though more stiffly so. It is not as a great symphony that this work should be played. Mr. Rabaud did not inflate the voice of the composer, to make it shout with the sound of many trumpets. Instead, he made the orchestra the instrument of the sly and intimate confessions of a romantic poet.

16TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Mr. Rabaud Gives Impres-
sive Reading of Fine
Program

BERLIOZ PIECES ARE RARE TREAT

Herald — *Mch. 2/19*
By PHILIP HALE

The 16th concert of the Boston Sym-
phony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conduct-
or, took place yesterday afternoon in
Symphony Hall. The program was as
follows: Franck, Symphonic Piece from
"The Redemption"; Saint-Saens, "Om-
phale's Spinning Wheel"; Berlioz, "Roy-
al Hunt and Tempest" from the opera
"The Trojans" (first time in Boston);
Schumann, Symphony No. 2, C major.

Some of the French evidently think
highly of the orchestral Intermezzo in
Franck's "Redemption." The orchestra
of the Paris Conservatory concerts gave
it a prominent place on its programs
when it visited this country. It is true
that the long continued melody at the
beginning is beautiful; there are pas-
sages also which have the spirituality
that characterizes the music of Franck
when he is in his loftiest mood, but the
composition is not a sustained flight.
The trombone phrase, which to M. De-
stranges is "the affirmation of a Credo,"
might easily have been invented by a
more earthly composer even by the late
M. Massenet—for so he liked to be known,
abhorring for some reason his honest
Christian name of Jules—or by some
other writer for the opera house. Yet
the intermezzo on the whole is a sonor-
ous, pleasing composition. M. Rabaud
certainly gave an impressive reading,
one that almost persuaded the hearer
that the music itself deserved the glow-
ing praise bestowed on it by M. d'Indy
and others.

On the other hand, "Omphale's
Spinning Wheel" is one of Saint-
Saens's most delightful works. Not
only is it conspicuous for exquisite
fancy and delicate treatment; it is en-
chanting by its irony. No doubt Saint-
Saens smiled when he wrote in the lit-
tle note on the fly-leaf: "Persons who
are interested in looking up details will
see on page 19 (letter J) Hercules
groaning in the bonds he cannot break,
and on page 32 (letter L) Omphale
mocking the vain efforts of the hero."

As we have said before, Saint-Saens,
unlike Liszt, does not take his sym-
phonic poems too seriously. He was
musically serious for when he wrote
them, he was fastidious as an artist;
but the program itself did not master
him. If Anatole France had been a
musician, he could have composed
"Omphale's Spinning Wheel." The
subject would have delighted him by
its irony—the hero, the strong man, a
victim of woman's wiles. Note Saint-
Saens unerring sense of proportion:
There is not too much realism in the
musical whirl of the wheel; nor does
the wheel revolve until it frets the
nerves of the hearer. Hercules groans
lustily and one can see him straining
to break the bonds; but to depict this
the composer did not call upon a thun-
derous orchestra. Hercules here is not
a Samson pulling down the temple.
How feminine the piping, mocking
music of Omphale! Mr. Longy played
these measures with delicious coquetry.
The whole performance was indeed,
admirable.

The music of Berlioz, heard here, to
the best of our knowledge, for the first
time, was composed for a ballet-pan-
tomime in his opera. This pantomime
was cut out after the first performance
in 1863, because the stage management
at the Theatre Lyrique was wretched,
so that the pantomime was a burlesque;
also because the shifting of scenery
necessitated a wait of 40 minutes. It is
not easy to say whether the music
would be more effective if it were to be
played as the expression of a theatrical
scene, with the break of day, sporting
Naiads, hunters, tempest (after the
manner of Mr. Belasco), satyrs flourish-
ing blazing branches and possibly the
sight of Dido and the pious Aeneas
making for the same cave. In the score
there are measures for a chorus, now
singing or shouting unmeaning syllables
or the word "Italy!" Heard yesterday
as absolute music, this descriptive sym-
phony was curious and interesting.
Berlioz was a passionate lover of Virgil
from his boyhood. He endeavored to
write his opera in the classic Virgilian
manner. This excerpt is not in the vein
of the Berlioz who was tearing his hair
and crying out "Milles tonnerres!" on
the slightest occasion. The calm open-
ing is effective by its simplicity; the
horn calls of the hunter are not con-
ventional; the tempest might even be
called Virgilian in its sobriety. Mr.
Rabaud is to be thanked for acquainting
the audience with this side of Berlioz's
genius.

If Schumann had been more skilful in
orchestration would his symphonies rank
higher today? There have been attempts
to re-orchestrate certain movements, it
is said, but the revised scoring played
havoc with the musical ideas. A con-
ductor is often blamed for an "ineffec-
tive interpretation" of a symphony by
Schumann, when the reproach should be
made against Schumann himself, for his

symphonic music is often lumbering and
tired. Mr. Rabaud was more fortunate
with the Symphony in C than many of
his colleagues have been. The Scherzo
was brilliantly played—and this Scherzo
is a test of an orchestra's proficiency.
The Adagio is to be ranked among Schu-
mann's most beautiful conceptions—and
yet one wishes that after the long sus-
tained song the composer had not intro-
duced his cut-and-dried contrapuntal
episode. Vincent d'Indy is too severe in
his judgment of Schumann as a sym-
phonist; but Schumann will live by his
songs and piano pieces rather than by
his works of more pretentious dimen-
sions.

The concert will be repeated tonight.
The program of the concerts on March
7 and 8 will be as follows: Beethoven,
overture to "Coriolanus"; Tchaikowsky,
Variations on a Rocco theme for vio-
lonecello with orchestra (Joseph Mal-
kin, violoncellist); Debussy, Nocturnes-
Nuages; Fetes; Sirenes (with female
chorus trained by Mr. Townsend); Men-
delssohn, Symphony in A major ("Ital-
ian").

Symphonic Day on Symphony Program

Adin & Am. — *Mch. 2/19*
By LOUIS C. ELSON.

Symphony Program.

Franck, Symphonic Piece from Symphonic
Poem, "The Redemption."
Saint-Saens, Symphonic Poem, "Le Rouet
d'Omphale."
Berlioz, Descriptive Symphony, "Chasse et
Orage."
Schumann, Symphony in C major, No. 2.

THIS was the program of Friday
and Saturday and to the unin-
tiated reader it would seem to
have been all symphonies. But the
word "Symphony" has different
meanings. Properly it is a sonata
for orchestra and Schumann's work
filled this description, although some-
what freely. Then it meant, in
France, simply an orchestral work,
and the two first numbers fitted this
description. It also meant a pre-
lude, interlude or postlude (instru-
mental) in some larger work, and
Berlioz's work was representative of

this meaning. The two concerts were
entirely orchestral, and they took the
place of the second ones in the regu-
lar series, postponed on account of
our pulmonary troubles, in October.

Cesar Franck's "Redemption" is
high as the heavens above Gounod's
cheap operatic treatment of the same
great subject. Yet Gounod looked
upon the greater composer as the
apotheosis of dulness. Unfortunatel-
ly, however, in the Franck piece, piety
and counterpoint go hand in hand,
and counterpoint is not always com-
prehensible to the general public.

There is great skill displayed in
the interweaving of many figures in
this piece, and M. Rabaud brought
them out as clearly as possible,
thanks to his instinctive balance of
tone, but Franck squeezes the very
last drop out of the polyphonic lemon
before he let's go of it, and the
work is too prolix for any but the
trained auditor. There is a grand
climax at the end, when trombones
are added to the tonal forces, and
this made at least a mighty culmi-
nation of the work.

Saint-Saens' "Rouet d'Omphale," pic-
tures Hercules entrapped by Omphale
into spinning wool (probably assist-
ing her in Red Cross work), which
gives the composer a good chance to
use a spinning-wheel figure, and
everybody knows that Mendelssohn,
Wagner, and many other composers
are apt to win a popular success with
this. It whirled itself into popular
favor and was shaded exquisitely,
down to the almost inaudible ending
in harmonics on solo violin. M.
Rabaud is making up for the neglect
of Saint-Saens by Dr. Muck. That di-
rector very seldom gave any orches-
tral work by this master, whom we
consider a very agreeable half-way
house between Cesar Franck and
Gounod, but the "Rouet d'Omphale"
is not the greatest of his symphonic
poems.

The Schumann symphony was
(among all these "symphonic"
pieces), the only actual symphony of
the concert, and it scarcely comes
into the symphonic fold if we adopt
the Beethoven measurements. Schu-
mann's orchestration sounds very
primitive and neutral-tinted in these
lays of regal tone-coloring. It has
been well said that one can get as
much enjoyment out of a four-hand
arrangement of a Schumann sym-
phony as by hearing it in its orches-
tral setting; but when it comes to
musical ideas that is quite another
matter, and he is always a master
of syncopation, in which the moderns
dabble very much without equalling
him.

We do not think that M. Rabaud

quite senses the dual character of Schumann's work. No other composer was so strongly contrasted. It is not a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde that we find here, but Florestan and Eusebius, the masculine and the feminine, and the triumphant and the tender ought not to be transformed into the vehement and the placid. But at least we must thank M. Rabaud for including Schumann in his programs, the composer whom D'Indy and Debussy belittle and sneer at.

In Berlioz' "descriptive symphony" Aeneas and Dido went hunting and were caught in a storm without an umbrella, wherefore they had to take refuge in a cave. The excerpt is from the opera of "The Trojans," which was crushed out by the interest in Wagner, which was just then increasing everywhere. Yet we cannot imagine Berlioz making a great success in the vocal parts of his operas. He was an instrumental composer "pur sang."

It is astonishing that this number has escaped Boston performance so long, for it is a remarkable work. There are many thunder storms in music. Berlioz himself has one in the Child Harold Symphony, and Wagner, Beethoven, Saint-Saens and many others have contributed to the musical bad weather, but this is as theatrical as any of them.

The picture of daybreak and the hunting scene made an excellent contrast to the heavier crashes, and the solo horn-playing in the hunting calls was commendable. The only fault in the picture is that it clears up rather suddenly. It was an exciting work and it was excitingly interpreted. M. Rabaud and the orchestra are to be complimented upon its success.

SIXTEENTH CONCERT GIVEN BY RABAUD

Majestic Performance of Franck's Music

Globe

After hearing Mr Rabaud and the orchestra in Berlioz' "Descriptive Symphony, Royal Hunt and Tempest," from his "The Trojans," it would be enlightening to hear it with the action, chorus, declamation, stage setting and mechanical effects which he designated, "acts which may have perplexed the

stage director and mechanician of the early '60s, but which, from his account of the first performance, it would seem should have been done better.

Played yesterday for the first time in Boston, this score appears not without a certain incongruity characteristic of Berlioz. It may be that in the theatre this music, as a commentary on pantomime, would appear less incongruous in the scene of the hunt, less boisterous and less a thing of patches. Its precise relation to the dancing satyrs, to the thunderbolt which fired the oak, to the moaning of the rain and the cries of the nymphs would then be clear and, it may be, more significant.

This section of the tempest reminds less of Virgil than of Byron, in whom Berlioz found repeated inspiration. It might have been a paraphrase of the page out of "The Corsair" wherein the flashing saber of the Dervise lays many cleft turbans about the floor, with never an arm upraised to defend.

The music of the awakening forest, introducing the affrightened Naiads with that of the return to the calm of nature at the close, sounds more modern in thought and expression than does Saint-Saens' sophisticated and polished symphonic poem, "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," which preceded it.

The performance of the latter was one of becoming elegance and finesse. Mr Rabaud started the spinning wheel with illusion of its gathering momentum, and the course of its journey, as a mere background for the chief figure of woman and her prey in the toils, was done with exquisite nicety. Grateful music, if a little faded, it was permitted its salon graces with a hint of tragedy and appropriately nothing more.

The feature of the concert was the majestic performance of the Symphonic Piece from Franck's "Redemption," heard not long ago by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra. Again an excerpt from a work claiming the aid of choral voices and a text. The heavenly serenity of the passage for strings was of a sheer beauty yesterday.

The growing clarity and radiance with warmth of the tone of the string choir is noticeable from week to week under present direction. The pontifical motif of the brasses, a solemn declaration of religious faith, but of a faith unshackled by centuries of form, was nobly proclaimed, a motif curiously forecasting the theme which Massenet about 10 years later was to give to his Deo Grioux in "Manon Lescaut."

Schumann's second symphony in D for the most part is moving as an argument for the composer's genius as a romanticist, but in shorter and more intimate forms—the songs, the music for the piano and the chamber. Mr Rabaud was tender, sympathetic, and virile with the symphony, according to the demands either of Eusebius or of Florestan, and with the result that there was dramatic force in the first movement, characteristic humor in the second and the poetic fancy of the dreamer in the slow song.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

AN AFTERNOON OF WELL ORDERED ROUTINE

Trans. — Feb. 1, 1919

Unhackneyed Pieces Yet None of Stimulating Interest — Franck Again and a Resurrection from Saint-Saens—A Novel Number from Berlioz's Music-Drama, "The Trojans"—The Inarticulate Schumann of the Second Symphony

THE Symphony Orchestra has given more interesting concerts than that of yesterday afternoon and assembled larger audiences than then awaited it. No familiar, anticipated, "brilliant" piece graced the programme, as did Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade" a week ago, as will Debussy's "Nocturnes" a week hence. No highly reputed and warmly expected singer or pianist, like Mr. de Gorza or Mr. Rakhmaninov appeared as "assisting artist." Conductor and orchestra had the day to themselves in a programme following Mr. Rabaud's appreciably overworked formula—the classic German symphony, this time Schumann's in C-major; the miscellany of French pieces of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, comprising the "symphonic fragment" from Franck's "poem" for orchestra and chorus, "The Redemption," Saint-Saens' symphonic poem, "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," and a "descriptive symphony"—The Hunt and the Storm—from the music-drama of Berlioz's old age, "The Trojans." The neat and fanciful parlor piece by Saint-Saens has not been played at the Symphony Concerts for many years; the fragment from "The Trojans in Carthage" was wholly new to them; even Schumann's symphony is not exactly of the active repertory. Yet not one or even all three of these numbers were likely to attract, or did attract, the curious over neglected music. Patches of vacant seats, usually tenanted, were plentiful; routine settled upon the concert from the first measures of Franck's long-drawn homily in tones and held firm to the last measures of Schumann's thick-voiced and muddy-hued symphony. Only after Saint-Saens' pretty pastiche was the applause the voice of pleasure and not of courteous reciprocation: while one cynic unkindly said that "The Star-Spangled Banner," played with an eloquence in which no conductor excels Mr. Rabaud, was the most stirring number of the day. Evidently, the "soloists" who have been exceptionally

well chosen and exceptionally interesting the season through, have counted not a little in the assembling of the audiences of the winter; while such "popular classics" as "Scheherazade" aforesaid or Beethoven's Fifth Symphony have materially aided. Not yet, by the signs of yesterday, can the reorganized orchestra, excellent as it is, and the present conductor hold their own with the public in the ordinary course, so to say, of symphonic business. In a word, the Symphony Concerts lack a puissant personality and personality is the magnet of magnets with even the hearers of symphonic music.

French and German conductors seem alike in esteem of the "symphonic fragment" from Franck's "Redemption." It was Dr. Muck who brought it into the repertory of the Symphony Orchestra; it was Mr. Rabaud who now continues it there; it was Mr. Messager who included it, as recently as last October, in an occasional concert. Most of the Franckian priests and prophets lavish upon it a praise easier to understand when it is bestowed upon the manifold and magnificent symphony, the fanciful and fascinating Symphonic Variations, the ecstatic "Psyche." Yet, after four hearings, in all of which performance seemed to reveal the music, this intermezzo from "The Redemption" remains a tedious, a pedestrian piece. Up and up go the ascendant motives in larger and larger augmentation, in brighter and brighter harmonic and instrumental dress. There is imposing climax. There is exalted close—or clear purpose to such ending. Fulfilled is the joy of the world in the Christ who has called it out of darkness into light. Franck obviously intended an ecstatic, a luminous, a largely and sweepingly unfolding music. Yet how far he is from the passion of such emotion and such illumination as his symphony outpours it, or even from the erotic ardors of "Psyche." Usually to hear Franck is to hear Franck only; but there are moments in this fragment of "The Redemption" when the late Monsieur Massenet seems to be meditating, Thais-wise, upon holy mysteries, and when a knight of the Grail, Lohengrin by name, has wandered across the Rhine. Franck, being human, must compose at moments by formula, in routine. By not a few signs this intermezzo was written in one of them. The slow solemnities of the dutiful Rabaud enhanced the tedium of the piece; the rich sonorities of the orchestra did not mitigate it.

In turn, the "descriptive symphony" from Berlioz's music-drama yielded similar impression. It occurs in the second act of the second part of "The Trojans." The "Royal Hunt," as the programme called it, is the chase of Dido and Aeneas, of her

Carthaginian, of his Trojan, train, what time the fugitives from Troy sojourned in her city. A storm sent by the gods, overtakes the hunters; Dido and Aeneas find refuge in a cave and there begin their fated loves. Vergil has written the lovers' tale and tragedy in the fourth book of the *Æneid*. Berlioz would clothe it with music as in the first part of his opera, he had clothed the fall of Troy, according to Vergilian record. In the "descriptive symphony," however, he is not concerned with the passion of the Trojan and the Queen. Rather, he is tone-picturing. The dawn stirs in the forest; the light touches the quivering leaves, the white flesh of nymphs flashes between them. The huntsmen disperse the solitude of the scene; the storm darkens the wood. There are cries of affrighted, fleeing sylvan creatures—cries bidding Aeneas to the Italy whence he is sworn to go, away from which he now dallies. The tempest passes. The forest brightens, calms. Again the nymphs play. The warnings and the will of the gods have thundered and stilled.

Now Berlioz writes this music, which is music of his old age, by the taking of thought, by the exercise of resolution and restraint. There are careful measures of the breaking dawn, the tremulous forest—measures that avoid the commonplaces of such tone-picturing and yet bring image, atmosphere. No ordinary horn-calls herald the hunt. They are thoughtful, almost recondite. The tempest repeats none of Berlioz's youthful thunders. It is a decorous, almost a meditative storm. In delicate glow of harmonic and instrumental color, quiet returns to the quivering woodland. Perhaps Berlioz sought to write in the restrained, the concentrated Vergilian manner, with continence of tone in lieu of the poet's continence of word, with each measure as reticent in suggestion, yet as beautiful in imagery, as the poet's line. Perhaps, too, the years, the unrewarding years, had touched him also with chilling fingers. Gone, in any case, are the splendor, the richness, the ardor, the eloquence, the excess of the earlier, the romantic Berlioz—the Berlioz who almost invented the modern orchestra as instrument of intensive tone-picturing. It is good to be informed of this later Berlioz; but a Berlioz producing a meditative, recondite, almost a finical music seems hardly a Berlioz at all. Better he when he makes commonplace flame than when he studiously, subtly avoids the hint of it.

It was possible also to find interest in the contrasts of Saint-Saëns's tone-poem and of Schumann's symphony. The Parisian recalled the queen of Greek legend who held Hercules, enchained, effeminate, in her woman's wiles. What a pretty rhythmic figure, repeated progressively, might be gotten out of the turning of this Omphale's spinning wheel! The "contrasting passage?" Of course Hercules grunting—politely—in his chains. The enchantress mocks him in the oboe—a happy touch of irony. The spinning-wheel whirrs fable and music away. Deftly, elegantly, fancifully, Saint-Saëns concocts his pretty, transparent, little parlor piece. The Symphony Orchestra and Mr. Rabaud polish the performance as prettily, dexterously. Chocolate-box music, if there ever was such a thing, nicely served with frilled paper and silvery tweezers; while an audience little accustomed to candy at a Symphony Concert sets its sweet tooth happily in the confection.

And over against this Saint-Saëns, confectioner of "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," the Schumann who would fain fill symphonies with his romantic visioning and romantic passioning in tones and who usually could not because the filling of a form constrained him, because the manipulation of a medium balked him. Out of a tiny little motive in a piano piece, Schumann could open long vistas; in a phrase, or at most a period, he could pierce others with his own emotions. The piano, with all its limitations, was to him a palette of many colors. Yet the formal prescriptions of the first movement and the finale of a symphony according to the rules of the forties and the fifties and the example of that perfect Mendelssohn over the way, left him dumb as in those two Allegros upon which Mr. Rabaud and his men labored so earnestly. The orchestra proffered him its inexhaustible palette and he could use it only thickly, monotonously, clumsily—until the opportunity comes to him to sing. He can, he does, in the Adagio of this symphony in C major, with the motive for the violins that wings upward and sunward, that the shadows catch and press to a melancholy earth again. Then, for once, the Schumann of another symphony than that of the spring (in which for longer he breaks the shackles) is Schumann. Haply, also, in the Trios of the Scherzo he can sing too and more brightly. But all Mr. Rabaud's pains and fidelities make not elsewhere the Schumann of the symphony in C major an interesting symphonist. Genius itself in a conductor would be baffled by a music in which for measure upon measure the listener sees the whole orchestra going, yet hears not one individual and characterizing voice.

H. T. P.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918-19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

SEVENTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 7, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, AT 8 P. M.

BEETHOVEN, OVERTURE to Collins' Tragedy, "Coriolanus, op. 62

TSCHAIKOWSKY, VARIATIONS on a ROCOCO THEME for Violoncello with Orchestral Accompaniment, op. 33

DEBUSSY, NOCTURNES
I. Nuages
II. Fêtes
III. Sirènes, (with chorus of women's voices trained by Stephen S. Townsend)

MENDELSSOHN, SYMPHONY in A major, "Italian," op. 90
I. Allegro vivace
II. Andante con moto
III. Con moto moderato
IV. Saltarello: Presto

Soloist:

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Carthaginian, of his Trojan, train, what time the fugitives from Troy sojourned in her city. A storm sent by the gods, overtakes the hunters; Dido and Æneas find refuge in a cave and there begin their fated loves. Vergil has written the lovers' tale and tragedy in the fourth book of the Æneid. Berlioz would clothe it with music as in the first part of his opera, he had clothed the fall of Troy, according to Vergilian record. In the "descriptive symphony," however, he is not concerned with the passion of the Trojan and the Queen. Rather, he is tone-picturing. The dawn stirs in the forest; the light touches the quivering leaves, the white flesh of nymphs flashes between them. The huntsmen disperse the solitude of the scene; the storm darkens the wood. There are cries of affrighted, fleeing sylvan creatures—cries bidding Æneas to the Italy whence he is sworn to go, away from which he now dallies. The tempest passes. The forest brightens, calms. Again the nymphs play. The warnings and the will of the gods have thundered and stilled.

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Soloist:

JOSEPH MALKIN



JOSEPH MALKIN

Mr. JOSEPH MALKIN was born at Odessa, Russia, on September 25, 1881. He first took lessons of Ladislav Alois on the violoncello. In 1895 he entered the Paris Conservatory, and in 1898 he was unanimously awarded, as a pupil of Hippolyte Rabaud, the first prize. Only one first prize was awarded that year. In 1899 Mr. Malkin made his debut in Berlin. On December 15, 1899, he gave a concert in Berlin with Mme. Ingeborg Magnus, violinist, and on November 11, 1900, a concert with Max Ulanowsky, baritone. In 1902 Mr. Malkin was appointed first violoncellist of the Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin. He remained in this position six years. During this time he was the violoncellist of the Witek Trio. Since 1908 he has devoted himself exclusively to concert work. He has made tours in Germany, Austria, England, Denmark, and Russia. His first appearance in the United States was on November 28, 1909, at a Popular Concert in the Manhattan Opera House, New York, when he played Haydn's concerto.

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On January 9, 1916, he played at a Sunday concert in Symphony Hall, with Miss Emmy Destinn, soprano, and an orchestra. He took part in a concert of the Russian Music Society in aid of the Russian Relief Fund, March 29, 1916. On November 29, 1917, he played at a concert in Symphony Hall associated with Mme. Melba and Arthur Hackett, tenor. He took part in the concerts of the Witek-Malkin Trio, February 28 and December 6, 1916.

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SYMPHONY GIVES 17TH CONCERT

Herald — *March 8, 1919*
Remarkable Interpretation
of Beethoven Overture
by Rabaud

PROGRAM INCLUDES DEBUSSY NOCTURNES

By PHILIP HALE

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud conductor, took place yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Coriolanus;" Tschalkowsky, Variations on a Rococo Theme for violoncello and orchestra; Joseph Malkin (violoncellist); Debussy, Three nocturnes; Mendelssohn, Symphony in A major, "Italian."

Mr. Rabaud gave a remarkable interpretation of Beethoven's overture. We do not recall a performance here or elsewhere that could be compared to it. It was dramatic, but not theatrical. Mr. Nikisch took liberties with the music in the hope of making it more impressive, but he sentimentalized the second and lyrical theme and dragged the final measures beyond endurance. Mr. Rabaud's interpretation was in the Plutarchian spirit. Some one said—was it A. W. Thayer?—of this overture, that he could not understand it—until he read Collin's tragedy; that he could not reconcile the music with Shakespeare's text. Pray, what would the gentleman have had? It is immaterial whether Beethoven had Collin or Shakespeare in mind. The name "Coriolanus" was enough, even if he knew it only from some schoolboy history of Rome; for in this music we hear the proud voice we see the haughty, inexorable bearing of the soldier-patrician. Nor does it matter whether the lyrical theme, as

some believe, is the entreating voice of wife or mother. Possibly if one should read Collin's play he would wonder that Beethoven should have thought of writing an overture for it. There it is; one of Beethoven's greatest workers. From his own disdain of the mob from his own contempt for what the public thought of his music, he recognizes in Coriolanus a kindred spirit. Mr. Rabaud comprehended the overture; its aristocratic sternness, austerity. Not for a moment did he allow a perfunctory interpretation because Beethoven died, shaking his fist at a thunder storm, nearly 100 years ago, and now sits enthroned among the immortals in the temple of art. Some conductors are careless of his reputation.

It appears that Debussy before his death made an important revision of his Nocturnes. This revision was heard yesterday for the first time in Boston. Whether it was due to the changes or due to Mr. Rabaud's imaginative interpretation, this is certain: the Nocturnes were more beautiful and haunting than ever before. Never before had the second one been played in riotously festive spirit. At last the music of the third did not apparently belie its title. The chorus had been admirably trained by Mr. Townsend. The last time this Nocturne was performed under the bolsterously enthusiastic Mr. Fiedler the hearer thought that Debussy had intended it for a chorus with orchestral accompaniment, nor would those sirens have drawn mariners to their island; they would have warned them of danger ahead and anticipated bell or foghorn. Yesterday the voices were a part of the orchestra, now relieving, now sustaining, now supplementing. The whole Nocturne was a song, a subtle and an alluring song. Sir Thomas Browne, borrowing the question from the Emperor Tiberius, asked, "What song the Sirens sang?" He admitted that the question was puzzling, but it was not beyond all conjecture. There has been a dispute as to whether their music was vocal, instrumental or a concert of voices, flutes and lyres. The questions were undecided until Claude Debussy wrote music for the tempters of Jason and Ulysses.

With what sensitive, exquisite feeling the first Nocturne was played! For a motto, the prose poem of Baudelaire about the clouds might be on the title page. How enchanting the phrases of the English born as played in these Nocturnes by Mr. Speyer! But he should not be singled out; the whole orchestra yesterday was a band of poetic virtuosi. Mendelssohn's cheerful, but "refined," symphony brought agreeably the close.



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The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud conductor, took place yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Coriolanus;" Tschalkowsky, Variations on a Rococo Theme for violoncello and orchestra Joseph Malkin (violoncellist); Debussy, Three nocturnes; Mendelssohn, Symphony in A major, "Italian."

Mr. Rabaud gave a remarkable interpretation of Beethoven's overture. We do not recall a performance here or elsewhere that could be compared to it. It was dramatic, but not theatrical. Mr. Nikisch took liberties with the music in the hope of making it more impressive, but he sentimentalized the second and lyrical theme and dragged the final measures beyond endurance. Mr. Rabaud's interpretation was in the Plutarchian spirit. Some one said—was it A. W. Thayer?—of this overture, that he could not understand it—until he read Collin's tragedy; that he could not reconcile the music with Shakespeare's text. Pray, what would the gentleman have had? It is immaterial whether Beethoven had Collin or Shakespeare in mind. The name "Coriolanus" was enough, even if he knew it only from some schoolboy history of Rome; for in this music we hear the proud voice we see the haughty, inexorable bearing of the soldier-patrician. Nor does it matter whether the lyrical theme, as

some believe, is the entreating voice of wife or mother. Possibly if one should read Collin's play he would wonder that Beethoven should have thought of writing an overture for it. There it is; one of Beethoven's greatest workers. From his own disdain of the mob from his own contempt for what the public thought of his music, he recognizes in Coriolanus a kindred spirit. Mr. Rabaud comprehended the overture; its aristocratic sternness, austerity. Not for a moment did he allow a perfunctory interpretation because Beethoven died, shaking his fist at a thunder storm, nearly 100 years ago, and now sits enthroned among the immortals in the temple of art. Some conductors are careless of his reputation.

It appears that Debussy before his death made an important revision of his Nocturnes. This revision was heard yesterday for the first time in Boston. Whether it was due to the changes or due to Mr. Rabaud's imaginative interpretation, this is certain: the Nocturnes were more beautiful and haunting than ever before. Never before had the second one been played in riotously festive spirit. At last the music of the third did not apparently belie its title. The chorus had been admirably trained by Mr. Townsend. The last time this Nocturne was performed under the boisterously enthusiastic Mr. Fiedler the hearer thought that Debussy had intended it for a chorus with orchestral accompaniment, nor would those sirens have drawn mariners to their island; they would have warned them of danger ahead and anticipated bell or foghorn. Yesterday the voices were a part of the orchestra, now relieving, now sustaining, now supplementing. The whole Nocturne was a song, a subtle and an alluring song. Sir Thomas Browne, borrowing the question from the Emperor Tiberius, asked, "What song the Sirens sang?" He admitted that the question was puzzling, but it was not beyond all conjecture. There has been a dispute as to whether their music was vocal, instrumental or a concert of voices, flutes and lyres. The questions were undecided until Claude Debussy wrote music for the tempters of Jason and Ulysses.

With what sensitive, exquisite feeling the first Nocturne was played! For a motto, the prose poem of Baudelaire about the clouds might be on the title page. How enchanting the phrases of the English born as played in these Nocturnes by Mr. Speyer! But he should not be singled out; the whole orchestra yesterday was a band of poetic virtuosi. Mendelssohn's cheerful, but "refined," symphony brought agreeably the close.

It may always be said of Mendelssohn, as of Haydn, that his music is well made. The "i's" are all dotted, the "t's" are all crossed, the handwriting is neat and legible; pleasant thoughts are pleasantly worded; we see the composer sitting with unruffled hair, no ink spots on his wristbands, no sweat upon his brow. He wears the large pin in his shirt front as in the favorite picture. And so the shock is the more severe when hearing the Finale of the symphony, the Saltarello inspired by the Carnival at Rome. We are informed that Mendelssohn, being pelted by "Miss T—, a delicate young Englishwoman"—so Mendelssohn described her, but she must have been a forward person, a bold, shameless hussy—"became quite desperate" and flung confetti back. Yes, the symphony is amiable music, good to hear once in a while as a contrast to much that is merely restlessly "symbolical" today, especially when the symphony is played so finely as it was yesterday.

Mr. Malkin was loudly applauded for his playing of Tchaikowsky's variations, but we have heard him when his performance was of more constant excellence. With these Variations he was not always up to his high standard, yet he often gave pleasure by his tone and his brilliance. As for the Variations, however grateful they may be to a violoncellist, they cannot be ranked among Tchaikowsky's better compositions.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff, Sadko; Saint-Saens, Symphony in A minor, No. 2; Bach, Concerto, No. 2, F major, for trumpet, flute, oboe, violin and accompaniment of strings and harpsichord; Florent Schmitt, Musiques de Plein Air; Chabrier, Espana.

Music in Boston *Mch. 8/19*

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—To ask an audience to turn from the delicate and evanescent beauty of Debussy's nocturnes, even with an intermission intervening, to the conventional, limited and solid tunefulness of Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony is to require more than an adjustment of national and racial interest, it calls for rearrangement of artistic and social standards, to say nothing of stepping into another era of civilization. Debussy's clouds, wandering idly, though clearly defined, through the sky, disappear below the horizon when the orderly Mendelssohnian chords sweep across the orchestra. And this must necessarily be so, for between the

Nipponese economy of line of Debussy and the Dutch opulence of description of Mendelssohn a great gulf is fixed and foolish and reactionary is he who would attempt to span it.

So Mr. Rabaud in the seventeenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra season set an unsolvable problem before his hearers, especially since the Debussy nocturnes were backed up by the rich harmonies of Tchaikowsky's variations on a "Rococo" theme for violoncello, and all this reenforced by the Beethoven "Coriolanus" overture.

The nocturnes were given for the first time in the United States in the revised version completed by Debussy. As memory serves from a former hearing, the orchestration has been tightened greatly, the outlines made clear and the women's voices in "Sirènes" treated more as a component part of the orchestra. The choir trained by Stephen S. Townsend, which has been used on former occasions, did excellent work, the effacement of the individuals in merely a choir of the orchestra being noticeable. Joseph Malkin, the first 'cellist of the orchestra, was the soloist.

DEBUSSY'S NOCTURNES PERFORMED

Mch. 8. 1909
Post Symphony Assisted
By Chorus—Malkin, Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme of the 17th concert this season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, consisted of Beethoven's

overture to Collin's tragedy, "Coriolanus," Tchaikowsky's variations on a rococo theme for solo violoncello, with orchestral accompaniment, Debussy's Nocturnes for orchestra, Mendelssohn's Italian symphony.

The soloist was Josef Malkin, first 'cellist of the orchestra. A chorus of female voices trained by Stephen Townsend, assisted the orchestra in the performance of the last of the three "Nocturnes."

DEBUSSY AT HIS ZENITH

These three pieces are as modern today as when they were first heard in Boston in 1904—and the art of music is developing so rapidly that a composition which retains its pristine modernity for the length of 15 years gives reasonable assurance of being a work of genius. There are those who rank these nocturnes as the very high water mark of Debussy's achievement. If all of his other orchestral works were destroyed, these pieces alone would give him the rank he now holds. The first one, "Nuages"—"the unchangeable appearance of the sky, with the slow and solemn march of clouds dissolving in a gray agony tinted with white"—this piece is indeed as a miraculous manifestation of creative power.

It matters little whether, as Mr. Calvocoressi claims, with considerable show of justice, Debussy obtained the suggestion of the harmonic scheme of "Nuages" from Moussorgsky of the later songs or not—Debussy uses the idea after a manner completely his own. He polishes the precious jewel and gives it an incomparable setting. It is the spirit and not the letter which counts in art. Moussorgsky's song—it is one of the cycle "Without Sunlight"—profoundly impressive in itself, is an inspiration native and authentic with the great Russian. Suppose Debussy did help himself to this treasure, as he may well have done? It will be found that his conception, coloring, technic are wholly at variance with like processes in the composition of Moussorgsky.

Not Astonishing in Harmony

The Second Nocturne is not so astonishing in harmony as it is pagan and antique in spirit. Think of anything you like of notes dancing in the sunbeams, of the joy of the forest on a marvellous, windy autumn day, or the wanton play of spirits of the air—it is music sprung from the elements, born of the earth from which the creative artist sprang. And the middle por-

tion of this piece of nature music is of a barbaric pomp and gorgeousness almost, as it seems today—this moment—without parallel. Perhaps the composer was thinking of the sunrise, the sun that rises like trumpets and thunder out of the East, prouder and greater than any ancient king.

There is that in the thrumming and plunking of strings and the splendid summons of the trumpets which causes the heart almost to stop beating in wonder at a phenomenon ever new, and older than humanity itself. How simply it is done, how much every note says, how surely the thought develops to its inevitable fulfilment.

As the 'Song of the Sea

The third Nocturne is as impressionistic, in another vein, as the first—the moonlit sea, the voices of sirens that float over the waters. The song should seem to come from nowhere and from everywhere. It is heard through the sighing of night winds, the grave, calm under-tone of great depths, the swish of spray. It is as the very song of the sea, and the harmonies of the music are as precious and as rare as the colors of mother-of-pearl. It seemed to us—it is a matter of individual impression and opinion, that at times the voices of the singers were too strong, too present, as one might say, not always mysterious and remote enough and not sufficiently homogenous with the orchestral tone. Be it as it may, the music wove its spell—music not heard before Debussy put pen to paper, music which will not be written again, by any composer to come. After the performance Mr. Rabaud brought Mr. Townsend on the stage to acknowledge the applause with him.

Mr. Malkin's Solo

Mr. Malkin, for reasons best known to himself, chose the somewhat lugubrious variations of Tchaikowsky for his display piece. That he played the music like a thorough musician, an experienced and accomplished virtuoso, is and was a foregone conclusion. But why this music? Admitted that good pieces for 'cello are rare, that the 'cello is not an ideal concert instrument—are there not more interesting 'cello suites, concertos, variations for a symphony concert? There is a certain charm in the "rococo" air, but the variations are slight, pretty rather than imaginative, ornamental in a superficial way. The one in dance rhythm, toward the end, is interesting and enlivening. In the cadenza the 'cellist may pluck, and trum, and buzz busily up and down his keyboard as he listeth. What avails it all?

The 'cellist was applauded and recalled. He could have chosen a more worthy vehicle of his skill.

'Coriolanus' a Feature at Symphony

Adm. + Inc. — Mel. 9. 1919.
By LOUIS C. ELSON.

SYMPHONY PROGRAM.

Beethoven—Coriolanus Overture.
Tchaikowsky—Variations for Cello and Orchestra.

Soloist, Mr. Joseph Malkin.

Debussy—Three Nocturnes.

Mendelssohn—Italian Symphony. A major.

THERE is no question but that Mr. Rabaud knows his Beethoven. His reading of the "Coriolanus" overture was a worthy successor to his great interpretation of that master's fifth symphony, recently given. Although it is not Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" that is here portrayed, one can, nevertheless, easily recognize the mighty general, his pleading family, his assassination and death. The three mighty chords which begin the work and come again in the development and coda were given with great majesty and the sweetly contrasted second theme (the feminine element) was most expressive. Altogether, it was one of Mr. Rabaud's marked successes.

Debussy's Nocturnes are somewhat unequal. The "Nuages" ("Clouds"), which begin the short suite, are not of a nature to suggest a waterproof or an umbrella, but they give the idea of fanciful Summer clouds with some success. Yet we think that this composer could have pictured such a subject better upon the piano than with orchestral forces. The second movement was entitled "Fetes." It did not give the hurly-burly of a festival such as Wagner portrayed in his "Mastersingers," but was none the less in a military mood, and it was read better and with more spirit than we have ever heard it in these concerts.

But the final movement—"Sirens"—was the gem of the work. Here Debussy uses a female chorus with his orchestral forces; not with words (possibly his feeling were too deep for words) but vocalizing on notes, as if the voices were an orchestral tone-color. Debussy was always a master in his employment of female chorus, as witness his setting of the

"Blessed Damosel," and as the chorus had been excellently trained by Mr. Stephen Townsend, the ensemble here was very effective. There is in this movement a delicacy and charm which makes it one of Debussy's great successes, and we do not always find him successful in marine pictures, being quite unable to reconcile ourselves to his "La Mer." We're glad to see Mr. Townsend associated with Mr. Rabaud in receiving the applause at the end of the work.

There are a few musicians who hold the A major symphony to be Mendelssohn's best. We cannot rank it with the "Scotch" symphony. There are, however, some excellent touches in the work. The slow movement is one of the good pieces for violas, and Mendelssohn manages to bring out just the brooding melancholy which

is the distinguishing characteristic of the instrument. The suavity of the counterpoint all through this delicious movement, which we hold to be the gem of the symphony, is remarkably attractive. Mendelssohn was able to be learned without becoming ascetic or abstruse, and this movement wins musician and laity alike, as it did on this occasion. It was finely read and played.

Spite of the excitement and dash of the Salterello which ends the work, we believe that many Kapellmeisters could have written a movement of this type. It has by no means the originality which is displayed in the A minor symphony finale, and we can add that Mendelssohn seems to have been the only German composer who attained the real Scottish flavor. The soloist of the concert was the excellent young violoncellist, Mr. Malkin. He has abundant technique and has poetry and temperament besides. Tchaikowsky's theme is a quaint, old-fashioned thing, in the formal "Two-period" shape with return of the first phrase at the close. Such a theme is easily followed through the various embroideries and changes, particularly when it has strong rhythmic effects and modulations as this melody has. It is true violoncello music besides, displaying many points of technique. There was some broad work on the C string, in which Mr. Malkin was especially effective; there were high positions and harmonics (always difficult on thick strings) which were pure and clear; there was double-stopping and pizzicato work, all of which was brilliantly executed. But such display takes a composition out of the really classical and places it in the virtuoso school, and we fear that we must

class these variations with the musical fireworks repertoire. But such a work wins the public all the more because of its pyrotechnical display, and the audience were most emphatic in response to Mr. Malkin's excellent work, recalling him twice most heartily.

On the whole, however, the program seemed somewhat tame, for, apart from the great Beethoven overture, there was nothing dramatic in its numbers. We cannot but recall such great occasions of recent seasons as the Liszt "Faust" symphony, "Till Eulenspiegel" or "Death and Transfiguration," and our present diet seems tepid in comparison. Sometimes it happens at a concert that there is electricity in the air, that conductor, soloists, chorus and orchestra are inspired to go beyond themselves with an abandon of enthusiasm that fires them all. Such was the case last Sunday, when the Handel and Haydn Society gave Verdi's Requiem. The auditors (and there was a tremendous house) may live many years and never hear such a glorious performance again. From the cries of despair and terror in "Dies Irae" to the broad soprano solo—"Libera Me"—everything was superb. The Handel and Haydn Society proved itself at once our greatest chorus, and may think of this performance at high-water mark.

The soloists were well-balanced and were as follows: Soprano, Marie Rappold; alto, Louise Homer; tenor, Morgan Kingston, and bass, Clarence Whitehill. It would be invidious to try to grade where all was so finely done, but we always welcome the great alto, Mme. Homer with especial enthusiasm, and it was pleasant to see that she is not passing the zenith of her powers. Mr. Mollenhauer may take pride in his direction of a performance which excited even the veteran critic.

Novel Pieces in Prospect Mch. 8. 1919

Mr. Rabaud's programme for the Symphony Concerts of next week, on Friday afternoon, March 14, and Saturday evening, March 15, is plentiful in novel and promising music—a suite, "Musiques de Plein Air," by Florent Schmitt, to be played for the first times in Boston; Saint-Saens's symphony in A minor, rarely heard in concerts in America; Rimsky-Korsakov's "Sadko," the earlier tone-picture whence sprang the later opera; and a concerto (No. 2 in F major) of Bach, for violin, oboe, flute and trumpet, with accompanying harpsichord. In this piece of eighteenth century chamber music, Mr. Fradkin, Mr. Longy, Mr. Laurent and Mr. Heim will play the solo instruments and Mr. C. W. Adams, the harpsichord. All

five, moreover, will follow the original score of Bach without later retouchings, since Mr. Adams is expert and inventive enough to supply the accompaniment when the engraved page only hints at it. Since the distant day in which Dr. Muck and the orchestra played the tone-poem, "The Tragedy of Salome," no music by Schmitt has been heard at the Symphony Concerts. To most hearers, likewise, Saint-Saens's symphony and Rimsky-Korsakov's tone-picture will be novel and interesting matter. Only Chabrier's "Espagne"—the final number on the programme, is a familiar repertory piece.

This concerto by Bach will be played also at the concert of the Symphony Orchestra in New York, on Saturday afternoon, March 22. For it also, Mr. Rabaud proposes Saint-Saens "organ symphony," played here in Boston early in the season and with no little eloquence. New York is also to hear Mr. Rabaud's and the orchestra version of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade" and of Debussy's two Nocturnes—"Clouds" and "Fetes."

BEETHOVEN OVERTURE FEATURE OF CONCERT

Mr Rabaud's performance yesterday afternoon of Beethoven's overture to Collin's play, "Coriolanus," was one of significant dramatic force. Some may be more familiar with the noble Roman of Shakespeare than with that of Collin. Nor need this overture seem the less opposite in the towering individuality it pictures. *George Mel. 8. 1919*
Hearing Mr Rabaud and the orchestra one sensed the solitary grandeur of the character, the fearlessness, the nobility of heart and speech, a nobility not unused to tenderness, and in that resembling Beethoven himself.

The performance of Debussy's "Nocturnes," consisting of the three numbers, "Clouds," "Festivals" and "Sirens," was the first in the United States with the revisions in the score made by the composer before his death. The chorus of women's voices used in the last movement, sat upon the stage in a semicircle below the conductor's desk. They had been trained by Mr Townsend.

These three exquisite numbers, characteristic of the genius later to be dulled by ill health, received sympathetic treatment at Mr Rabaud's hands as his first programmed music here of Debussy. There was much of beauty in the first. The hearer stood in the presence of nature, untroubled by the touch of humans. The second is Debussy with his incomparable fantasy, a tapestry of gorgeous colors, bizarre in the spirit of exquisite play. A very beautiful and delicately imaginative performance.

Literally and figuratively the sirens occupied stage center in the number bearing their name. Sirens are persons most illusive when seen and heard at a distance—at least at first, calling from an opposite shore, from some inviting grotto or from behind the organ. If memory serves rightly, their song had such illusion at other performances.

The first movement of Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony is typically sunny, blithesome, gay in themes and their expansion. The second interests by its hymn, whatever its origin, and the steady march of the double basses. The remainder is the smug Mendelssohn, who for the mad folly of the carnival in the last has only a well-greased facility to exploit fiddlers. The strings in particular played the whole symphony with great precision, unanimity and brilliance.

Mr Malkin was the soloist of the day in Tschaikowsky's variations on a Rococo theme in which the cello is made to ride bareback, jump through hoops and the like. Mr Malkin appears to find pleasure in the jugglery.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Mch. 8, 1919.

BEETHOVEN, DEBUSSY, CHAIKOVSKY, MENDELSSOHN

The Faded "Italian Symphony" and an Audience That Knew It—New Eloquence for the "Coriolanus" Overture—The Nocturnes of Clouds, Sirens and Fetes in Renewed Beauty — The Russian for a 'Cellist's Skill

THERE was a sign of the times at the end of the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon. The final piece was Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony," presumably played anew because conservative conductors, French or German, believe themselves under such obligation to his music and his memory. The applause was not hearty at any of the pauses, while after the final measures it was mere perfunctory courtesy to leader and band. Apparently the audience thrust off Mendelssohn as it drew on its coats; in fact cursory inspections of the hall during the playing of the symphony disclosed it less as an auditorium than as a reading-room for the ever-entertaining programme-book. Now, the performance of the symphony had neither signal merit nor signal demerit. Mr. Rabaud was literal and lucid, discreet and dutiful with the music; the orchestra played it precisely, euphoniously. It was possible to imagine the symphony in more elastic voice, with apter flow of light and shade, with more heed for Mendelssohn's little strokes of instrumental dexterity than for his polished

filling of orthodox patterns. Yet, it is doubtful whether the most animating and adroit performance conceivable would have stirred more interest, drawn more applause. The truth seems to be that the public of orchestral concerts in these days has plainly outgrown the symphonies of Mendelssohn—Italian, Scotch, Reformation, what not—and that conductors discharge only a "traditional" obligation, long since hollowed to emptiness by time and change, when they play them.

With reason audiences still hear gladly Mendelssohn's more fanciful, more light-handed symphonic music—the overture and the incidental pieces to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" compact of fantasy, humor, poetized artifice and pictorial illusion; the overtures of the "Prosperous Voyage" and "The Hebrides" for this dweller by choice in the inland cities of Berlin, London, Rome, was imaginative in his tone-picturing of the sea. In all four are measures inviting conductors and orchestras to little feats of rhythmic and colorful dexterity, to enhancing touches, to the play of discerning and embroidering fancies. The moribund symphonies are music of another sort—prosaic of motive, monotonous of progress, glossy of surface, but no more in substance or in whole impression than the faithful filling of prescribed moulds. Rarely in them does the Mendelssohn of fancy release himself for even a few measures; scant relatively is his play with happy dexterities. Beyond reanimation, the Mendelssohnian symphony has become withered and sapless. Only "the tradition" now brings it back at long intervals into the concert halls of the twentieth century—and then audiences are the perfunctory hearers of yesterday.

To write these things of Mendelssohn's sterile symphonies is not to write despitefully of the enduring classics that bloom above the years and through the fashions. One such stood on the programme of Friday—Beethoven's overture, "Coriolanus," music of the figure of Roman chronicle, of Plutarch, of Shakspeare and not of the stilted lifeless tragedy (by all accounts) that gave it birth. Eloquently, Mr. Rabaud and the orchestra played it, with the grave, stately, lofty speech in tones that French actors of the spoken word and "the classic tradition" bring to the high austerities of Corneille in his Roman tragedies of "Les Horaces" and of "Polyeucte." Time and change do not dull the imagery or lessen the power of the motive that less suggests than incarnates the unbending Roman. No more do they dim or thin the beauty of the contrasting motive of petition and of pity. Again, as in the "Leonora" overtures, Beethoven epitomizes, conducts a whole drama and in yet briefer, tenser measures. The audience hears, perceives, is stirred. If from the theatre we may no longer receive tragedy, the opera

house on occasion still yields it; while now and then the concert hall concentrates and distills it. To hear the overture, "Coriolanus," as it was played yesterday, is to hear in tones the exalted speech of ancient tragedy, to look upon its high-placed, far-falling figures, to know the voice, the tread of pride and pity and fate. The measures of the end are like the echo of this tragedy down the ages. Perhaps from the Parisian theatre where such plays still survive, Mr. Rabaud learned the eloquence with which he clothed Beethoven's music.

Incidentally, by right and title as the first violoncellist of the orchestra, Mr. Malkin played his annual solo piece. Where-soever the concerto abounds, as it has abounded these many days in the symphony concerts of America, the first violinist, the first violoncellist yearly plays the piece of his choice. The occasion, his occasion, is the regular thing in the regular way, "the tradition" too well established for anyone to question it. Yet, upon second thought, the concerto, except for the signally illustrious violinist or pianist—and not too often even for him—has been banished in recent years from the concert-halls of Paris. There are formulas, customs that we in America may not wisely copy; there are others, say concertos from the ranks of the orchestra, that—but who dare speak of such a thing? Moreover, Mr. Malkin did not play a concerto but the briefer and often more fanciful variations "upon a rococo theme," Chalkovsky's one piece for violoncello and orchestra. It is pleasant enough pastime to hear it—to note the graceful lines, the easy flow, the pretty caprice, the festooning ornament of the music, to listen to a Chalkovsky, playful, artificial and light-fingered at his sport. Light, too, were the fingers and the bow of Mr. Malkin and flowing and gracious in its turn was his tone. He is not of the violoncellists who over-stress the voice of their instrument till it smears and blurs. Rather he summons it in undulating fineness, in subdued lustres, in linked progress of phrase into phrase and measure into measure. Nor is he heavy-handed when Chalkovsky sets the violoncello to dancing paces and teases it into cadenzas that are very rococo indeed. Perhaps he smiled within as he wrote them; perhaps even the absorbed Mr. Malkin smiles at them in his moments of relaxation, but he was sufficiently serious yesterday to brighten and soften them with a becoming elegance. Those eighteenth-century connoisseurs of salon music would have admired Josef Malkin, violoncellist.

To say nothing of violoncellos and violon-

cellists, even the power of Beethoven's overture aforesaid barely withstood the beauty of Debussy's Nocturnes, strangely overlooked, except for a single playing of "Clouds," these seven years at the Symphony Concerts. Like the "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun," like the opera of Pelléas and Mélisande, they are music of the young prime of Debussy, when he spoke his mind and heart in tones without thought, as in later years, of his own formulas; when invention ran free and imagination beat high; when he was struggling composer, with a speech, a fantasy, courage and contempt that were all his own; when he was not rich, fat, a connoisseur in costly wines, if not in bourgeois wives, an established reputation, a convention, almost, of contemporary French music. To exalt those days is not to forget the days that he enriched with "The Sea-Sketches," with the ghostly music of "Gigues"; with the flash and fragrance of "Iberia," but those young years were the years of Debussy most Debussy and as such incomparable. Not afterwards did he match the fecundity and plasticity of invention that make motive spring from motive, that twine and part them endlessly through the three Nocturnes and yet sustain among them the recurring, binding, haunting measures of the English Horn. Only in "Pelléas" and in the prelude to Mallarmé's verses do his harmonies seem such flower of rare, spontaneous, instant imagery; do his sudden chords, his darting or lingering rhythms so play upon mind and fancy; do the voices of his instruments shimmer with such range of hue and suggestion. In these Nocturnes, as in the opera and the prelude, is music that bids the inner eye to changeful vision, that immerses the ear in a new, strange beauty, the like of which there was not and still is not; that tingles and glows upon well nigh every sensation in the hearer. A unique music, a music of individual genius, a music that is not as circles in the water.

The hearer may listen as he elects. If he choose to hear the Nocturnes as "absolute music," then will the motive of the English horn haunt him and other motives flash and flicker, caress, tease, entice. Then will he marvel at the delicacy or the force, the freedom and the plasticity of Debussy's rhythms, find phrase after phrase engrossing and stimulating his ear, follow long lines of tone till they coalesce and part anew, hear harmonies, see colors that are revelation. Such a hearer cannot miss the still beauty of the Nocturne of "Clouds," the sustained background against which the music moves in ever-changing shape and progress. No more can he escape the myriad tonal glints, the gleaming

thms, the endless luminosity, the sheer flame and light in tireless motion of the Nocturne of "Fetes." As clearly he will feel the vague and fitful beauty of the song of the sirens—the beauty that suggests and then in fascination lingers. (Was Mr. Townsend's choir yesterday with all its loveliness of tone and felicity of phrase and rhythm a shade too numerous for the floating measures?) He will hear this song as though it penetrated and haunted a music that already beats with the restlessness of the sea, that curls in the wave-like contours, that throws off the harmonic spray of the ocean pieces to come. (Did Mr. Rabaud quite interweave song and sea-music in the mingled illusion that Debussy sought?)

In better case, however, than this listener to the Nocturnes in the abstract, will be he who in Debussy's tones sees the cloud-shapes rise and traverse the still expanse of the outspread heaven, glow and fade in tones, vanish as softly as they have come. And in this concrete listener's fancy, the whirling sparks, the pulsing fires, the advances and recessions, the rising and the falling flames of the Nocturne of "Fetes" will be dream-pageant of all the colors and all the motions. Perhaps he will need to stretch his imagination a little to hear in the song of Debussy's sirens the magic and irresistible music for which Ulysses voyaging stopped his ears and lashed his seamen to their oars. Yet even in this song, he will hear wondrous echo of the voices of fantasy as in spray or wave the sea conjures them upon the attuned ear.

H. T. P.



Mrs. Joseph Malkin, rescued at the Huntington avenue fire, and the \$20,000 'cello, which was saved.

Waiting for the Coveted "Rush Seats" at Symphony

Herald Jan. 26, 1919.

Here are the Real Music Lovers of Boston! Their love of music is so deep and sincere that they are willing to stand in line for hours in any kind of weather in order to obtain the coveted "rush" seats at the Friday afternoon Boston Symphony concerts.

This is a musical club which has neither president or treasurer, with a membership strictly limited to 505 seats which, from time immemorial in the history of the Boston Symphony orchestra, have been reserved for them. When this number is sold no more are admitted from the waiting line. After that you could not buy your way into this select company at any price. The membership for the afternoon is complete.

There are all sorts and conditions of people to be found among the Real Music Lovers of Boston, who assemble on Symphony Hall steps. In age they range all the way from the young Conservatory student to the gray-haired man who remembers the orchestra before Symphony Hall was built. You will find men and women from almost every walk in life and even boys and girls waiting patiently in rain or sunshine—all animated by one desire—to hear good music. Nowadays every Friday sees quite a number of returned soldiers and sailors among the company.

The line begins to form as early as 11:30. Many bring their lunch, often their knitting; almost always something to read to while away the time. By 1 o'clock the steps of Symphony Hall are filled with the long line doubling back and forth. When all this space is taken the line extends along Huntington avenue to Gainsboro street. When it is long enough to reach around the corner into Gainsboro street experienced music lovers know that the number has been reached and that all pos-

sibility of securing a "rush seat" is over for that day.

It's an exceedingly interesting, as well as interested crowd, these Real Music Lovers of Boston. Every one is good natured, everyone waits patiently, everyone knows the "rules of the club" and the line forms and moves with quiet orderliness. Promptly at 1:30 the great doors are open and in 10 minutes more the long line has disappeared, filing slowly past a table where each one places his 28 cents (25 cents plus the war tax) and receives a card of admission. Every seat is filled and the Real Music Lovers of Boston settle down contentedly to another hour's wait before the concert begins.

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Symphony Hall.

Waiting for the Coveted

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REAL MUSIC LOVERS—RAIN OR SHINE

Symphony Hall.



IV. Allegro molto vivace

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918--19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

EIGHTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 14, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, AT 8 P. M.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, A TONE PICTURE, "Sadko," op. 5

SAINT-SAËNS

SYMPHONY in A minor, No. 2, op. 55

I. Allegro marcato: Allegro appassionato

II. Adagio

III. Scherzo, Presto; Un poco meno mosso

IV. Prestissimo

BACH,

CONCERTO No. 2, in F major, for Trumpet, Flute,
Oboe and Violin

I. Allegro moderato

II. Andante;

III. Allegro

(Messrs: HEIM, LAURENT, LONGY, FRADKIN)

(Harpsichord accompaniment by CHARLES W. ADAMS)

SCHMITT,

SUITE for ORCHESTRA. "Musiques de plein air"
op. 44

I. La Procession dans la montagne

II. Dans désuète

III. Accalmie

(First time in Boston)

CHABRIER,

RHAPSODY for Orchestra, "España"

There will be no Rehearsal and Concert next week



GEORGE LONGY OF BOSTON.

18TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald — *March 15/19*
Performance of Chabrier's
"España" Is Extraordi-
narily Brilliant

"MOMENTARY CALM" HEARD FIRST TIME

By PHILIP HALE

The eighteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Sadko"; Saint-Saens, Symphony No. 2, A minor; Bach, Concerto No. 2, F major, for trumpet, flute, oboe, violin (Messrs. Heim, Larrent, Longy, Fradkin) with accompaniment of strings and harpsichord (Charles W. Adams); Florent Schmitt; Out-Door Music: 1—The Mountain Procession. 2—A Dance out of Fashion. 3—Momentary Calm (first time in Boston); Chabrier, España.

The legend of Sadko appealed to Rimsky-Korsakoff, who wrote an opera with him for the hero. The symphonic poem heard yesterday for the first time at a Symphony concert since 1905 was used by the Ballet Russe for the ballet "Sadko," seen at the Boston Opera House. The story—or this particular legend, for there are several—was thus made familiar, although we did not see there the becalmed ship and Sadko, like Jonah, thrown overboard. Having sailed the seas, Rimsky-Korsakoff pictured in tones. The raging billows in "Scheherazade" and a calm; two widely different tonal seascapes, both eminently successful, far more so than Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony with all its movements now forgotten. The larger portion of "Sadko" is concerned with the wild dancing at the wedding of the sea-king's daughter. Sadko, an uninvited guest of sudden and surprising arrival, plays on his gusli for the dancers until the virtuoso breaks the strings and puts an end to the frenzy of the dancers and of the sympathetic ocean. The music fascinates by its changes of mood, the wildness of the dance, the oriental spirit, the brilliance of the instrumentation.

Saint-Saens' Symphony in A minor—it might be called a sinfonietta—was played in Paris nearly 60 years ago. It has not been heard here at a Symphony concert since 1892 when Mr. Nikisch waved his exquisitely manicured hand and turned the interesting pallor of his romantic face towards the enthralled audience. Saint-Saens has always been an expert assimilator. In this little work we hear at times the voices of Bach, Mozart and the early Beethoven, but with a Parisian accent. The first movement in spite of its fugal character is entertaining, exciting admiration for the workmanship. The second is charmingly simple. It has a Mozartian flavor. The trio of the Scherzo is peculiarly graceful and piquant, while in the rushing Finale there is towards the end a foretaste of 1919 modernism, an unexpected little episode, that might be compared to the mysterious measures in Weber's "Eury-anthe" overture. The Symphony contains many effects gained by the utmost economy of means. The music reminds one of Athenaeus's proposition. "Music should excite affability and a gentlemanly joy." Mr. Rabaud is to be thanked heartily for reviving the long-neglected work.

The concerto of Bach was first heard here Dec. 28, 1901. Mr. Gericke then used Felix Mottl's arrangement. Mottl transposed the trumpet part, written extremely high, and divided it between two trumpets. He added wood wind instruments and horns. Other arrangements, or disarrangements, of this concerto have been made.

Mr. Rabaud was anxious that the suite should be played as Bach wrote it. He therefore did away with Mottl's additional instruments, but retained his arrangement of the trumpet part. He also restored the harpsichord.

This reverence paid to Bach is praiseworthy. It is therefore the more surprising that Mr. Rabaud changed the title of the concerto in the program book. Bach wrote the title in Italian on the autograph score. In English it reads: "Second concerto for one trumpet, one flute, one hautbois, one violin."

This concerto has always been known as the trumpet concerto. The chief interest in it has been concerned with the ability of the trumpeter to play the music of his part as written. Neither Mottl, nor Kretzschmar, nor Wolfrum, nor Richard Strauss in their tinkering of the score thought of giving the violin, flute, or oboe priority over the trumpet in the title.

The performance was a spirited one, reflecting credit on all that took part. Boston may well be proud of Messrs. Heim, Laurent, Longy, Fradkin and other virtuosi in the orchestra. It is hardly necessary to speak of the music

There will be no Rehearsal and Concert next week

itself. The Andante is beautiful. The spirited other movements might have been lengthened by Bach, or shortened without essentially changing the character of the music or grieving the hearer.

Florent Schmitt's Suite was played here for the first time. He was born in Lorraine. The mountains of his childhood were the Vosges. Had he come from the south of France, one might think that "the mountain procession" was Biscayan, for the Basques are much given to pilgrimages to hill places, as Richard Ford noted over 70 years ago, but the character of the music forbids this thought, for at these pilgrimages "the chacoli (a poor wine) and shillelah are devoutly used." Schmitt's music suggests a religious procession to a mountain, or one winding its way through a forest at the base of one. This and the succeeding movements show little individuality and a paucity of ideas. The effects are chiefly those gained by instrumentation. The composer is seen groping after something definite. There is, especially at the beginning of the first movement and in certain pages of the third, "atmosphere," to borrow a word from current aesthetic jargon. The music as a whole is pleasantly futile.

The performance of "Espana" was extraordinarily brilliant. The conductors of this orchestra heretofore failed to catch the spirit, the swing of this gorgeously colored, irresistibly rhythmed entrancingly romantic Rhapsody. Beside it the quasi-Spanish music of Rimsky-Korsakoff, and even Ravel's and Debussy's seems northern and pale.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will make its final southern trip next week. The program of March 28, 29 is as follows: Gabriel Faure, Prelude to "Penelope;" Beethoven, Concerto No. 5 E flat major, for piano (Harold Bauer, pianist); Hill, "Stevensoniana," four pieces for orchestra after poems from Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse" (first time at these concerts); Berlioz, Grand Fete at Capulet's House from "Romeo and Juliet."

FROM J. S. BACH TO SCHMITT

Great Variety of Music at
Symphony Orchestra
Concert

ST. SAENS' SYMPHONY
A VERY TAME AFFAIR

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

THE SYMPHONY PROGRAM.

Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Sadko," Musical Picture.

St. Saens, Symphony No. 2, A minor.

Saint-Saens, Symphony No. 2, A minor.

Schmitt, Musiques de Plein air. Orchestral Suite.

Chabrier, Espana, Rhapsody.

Even the name of the first composer is debatable, for, while all the dictionaries accent it on the first syllable, a pupil of the master once told the present writer that he himself always accented the second, as "Kor-SA-koff."

Sadko is a Russian Jonah who is thrown overboard by his shipmates and, instead of sitting heavy on a whale's stomach, is made welcome by a Muscovite Neptune. His playing upon his lyre (the newspapers have been full of Russian lyres recently) causes more ships to sink than a German submarine. We do not think the composer as successful in his picture of a calm sea as Mendelssohn, but he is much more powerful in depicting turmoil and tempest. The great score was excitedly played and the good figure development and its melodic points made it a decided success.

Saint-Saens' second symphony is not comparable to his third, and we have been having a little overdose of Saint-Saens recently, although we reverence him as one of the best French composers. Yet there seemed to be

no earthly reason for resuscitating this particular work, which is about as near mere routine as any modern symphony that we can remember; it is ingenious, but not inspired. It was played in a somewhat perfunctory manner, as if the men themselves held the above opinion of it. Even its final Saltarello shriveled up, compared with Mendelssohn's which we heard at these concerts only a short time ago. But at least the work has the real symphonic shape, and its final touch of kettledrum is as brusque as if the composer himself was anxious to give the tedious symphony a parting kick.

BACH MOST WELCOME.

The Bach concerto was most welcome. We must remember that Bach did not write symphonic concertos with a thread of solo running through them, but united several instruments in this form, each with almost equal prominence. Therefore, this program was not without a soloist, but had five—Fradkiin, violin; Longy, oboe; Laurent, flute; Helm, trumpet, and Charles W. Adams at the harpsichord. One can imagine what such a combination meant. We all know what an artist M. Longy is upon the oboe—there is not his equal in the United States—but M. Laurent, the new flute player, showed himself as great a master upon his instrument on this occasion. The florid trumpet work of the finale also calls for enthusiastic praise. We must remember, however, that Bach's high trumpets had a shallower mouthpiece and a narrower tube than our modern instruments, and, therefore, a more incisive tone. We have heard such trumpets played in Brussels and in Paris, and the effect is notable. Mr. Fradkiin made a good impression in the violin work, especially in the beautiful second movement.

The harpsichord was deftly intertwined and played with skill by Mr. Adams. But such an instrument is rather faint-toned for the great auditorium. The whole concerto, in spite of its delightful counterpoint and its melodic appeal, was the right picture in the wrong frame. It should have been heard in Jordan or in Steinert Hall if all its beauties were to be revealed. Its antiphonal character, its dialogues between the string orchestra and the solo instruments were very well brought out, and the concerto was very heartily applauded.

After such clear and logical treatment the work of Schmitt (a Frenchman with a German name) was rather turgid. He calls it "music in the open air," but it might better be called

"music without any air," for Schmitt cares much more for tone-coloring and rhythmic ingenuity.

Its first movement had at least one fine climax, but might have been much more processional in character. Its second, "a dance that is no longer danced" (according to the program-book), had some quaint and effective rhythmic touches, but it seemed to end like a Ward 8 ball, in a free flight, wherefore we suppose that "it is no longer danced."

The third movement had some gentle touches of wood-wind harmony, and some of its modulations were attractive because of their unusual character, but this movement was too long for what it had to say.

ORCHESTRA A MIGHTY GUITAR.

Chabrier's "Espana" is good and interesting Spanish music. He handles the orchestra as if it were a mighty guitar, and combines harps and string pizzicato effects in a way that make the Jota and Fandango very realistic. The bassoons deserve mention for some difficult work, and the trombones and tuba were also prominent. And so this banquet which began with Russian Bortsch ended with Spanish Garlic. M. Rabaud's abandon in the first and last numbers was especially brilliant.

Last Sunday another was added to the young violinists Jaschas, Saschas and Mischas, in the shape of Toscha Seidel. The manner in which these young Russian violinists succeed each other leads one to suspect a violinist factory in that troubled country. We can say emphatically that Seidel is as great as his predecessors. He has a broad tone (a young Wieniawski), sure intonation, temperament and expression. His playing of Vitali's Chaconne and of Wieniawski's D minor concerto at once stamped his high rank. He belongs with the elect.

A bit of welcome news to earnest music students. The Boston Public Library has extended the influence of the Allen Brown Music Room by adding to that great collection a grand piano, which is placed in the lecture hall of the Library. The matter is tentative, but we do not doubt but that it will become permanent, for the books of the Allen Brown collection are not allowed to be taken from the building, and many are not able to understand music merely by examining the printed pages. To these the added piano will be a great help, for the noble music library has hitherto been a well without a bucket to some.

There will be no Rehearsal and Concert next week

SYMPHONY USES OWN SOLOISTS

Virtuoso Quartet
Heard in Bach—
Rimsky's "Antar"

Post ———— *Mich. 15/19*
BY OLIN DOWNES

Various instrumentalists of the Boston Symphony Orchestra — Messrs. Fradkin, concertmaster; Laurent, first flute; Longy, first oboe, and Heim, first trumpet—and not a highly advertised visiting virtuoso, were soloists at the concert given by that organization, conducted by Henri Rabaud, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

The compositions performed were Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar," Saint-Saens' symphony in A minor, Bach's concerto No. 2 in F major for violin, flute, oboe and trumpet, with accompaniment of strings and harpsichord, Florent Schmitt's "Musiques de plein-air" ("Outdoor Music"), and Chabrier's "Espana."

A TONAL PANORAMA

The performance of Rimsky's beautiful music was highly imaginative, and how imaginative is this composition itself! The ship of Sadko is sunk by the angry waves at the bidding of the sea-king. The minstrel sinks to the palace of the monster. There, a Russian Orpheus, he defends himself by playing on his ancient harp, or gusli, a wild strain, which causes the king and all his court to dance madly. Thanks to his magic, Sadko escapes, with the daughter of the sea-king for his bride. All this is broadly and poetically pic-

tured in the orchestra. A tonal panorama of rolling billows is as simple as it is suggestive; fantastical transformation passages, preluding on a harp, and then the exultant song of the minstrel are heard. There is a return of the sea music.

Rimsky-Korsakoff, the magician of the old legends, conjures for us in various works the desert and the fruition of all the desires of man; strange caverns of the sea, the incredible tales of Arabian lore. "Antar" is a comparatively early work, not as substantial in musical material, or at least as advanced and individual in the musical ideas, as more mature compositions by this Russian genius, yet it is music of unique richness of color and of an enchantment which the most sober-minded will hardly resist.

Used by Balakireff

Incidentally, "Sadko" contains measures to which Balakireff, apparently, helped himself bodily for his "Thamar," a work which presumably followed "Sadko," even in the compilation of the early sketches. There is a passage in the latter composition which is almost identical in figuration and harmony with Balakireff's masterpiece. It must be noticed too, that this symphonic poem of "Sadko" is the complete essence of the modern Russian style of orchestration, in which pulsatile instruments give not only rhythm but all sorts of tone-color, in which the old German formula of groups of instruments which hold chords with little significance in themselves for the sake of sheer body of tone is forsaken for an instrumental scheme a hundred times more picturesque, iridescent, pictorial in character.

The material in the tone poem of "Sadko" is identical with the principal thematic material of Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera on the same theme.

Saint-Saens' Symphony

Saint-Saens' early symphony, it was composed in 1859, though numbered the fourth in the composer's published works, thus coming next to the fifth symphony, composed in 1886, is remarkable not only for its clearness and economy of means, but for the modesty with which the composer writes, and the spirit and enthusiasm of the writing. Today it appears in large part a French Mendelssohn and Schumann affair, but even in this youthful composition the Gallic wit, sobriety, and love of clear outlines are convincingly shown. Nor does Saint-Saens content himself with filling a preordained symphonic mould. His slow movement is of as modest proportions and pretensions as he chose it to be. His scherzo has a virility in the first part and a folk-like character in the second which set each

other off in a finished and original manner.

Nor is the abrupt conclusion of this movement without individuality, while the finale is entertaining in a way of which Saint-Saens is peculiarly the master. Mr. Rabaud's revival of this symphony had thus much more than historical interest.

Bach's Concerto

Another revival of a sort, and thrilling in the extreme, was the Bach concerto, given as consistently with modern scoring as the mechanism of instruments manufactured today permits. The joy and vitality of this music, the ever-fruitful manner in which small rhythmic motives expand and develop themselves; the tender exfoliations of the song of the slow movement, supported by a substantial and unfailing bass, and the heel-tingling vivacity of the finale are the things of which we can remind ourselves in words. But these do not suffice to communicate the marvellous sensations that this music, perennially young, reborn, as it were, from instant to instant, excites in the hearer. Phrase expands into another phrase, and this into two more, just as the most cells of living organism grow out, one from the other, before the eyes of an observer. Nor does there seem any end to the process. When the final chord sounds one feels that it has merely punctuated a pause in this eternally recreative music, which is continuing its life as inevitably as the round of the seasons in sonorities, which have merely passed for a while from the ken of human ears.

The performance of the soloists was admirable in the extreme. Each member of the quartet was distinguishing himself and distracting the attention of the listener from one instrument to another of the group as the performance went on. The musicianly and finished playing of Charles Adams at the harpsichord, loaned for this occasion by Ernest B. Dane, added materially to the justness of the effect.

Suggests Midnight Oil

At a first hearing we can only honestly commend one movement of Schmitt's suite of "open-air music." "Open-air" it is precisely not, to our thinking. The simplicity is studied, calculated—a matter, it certainly appears, of midnight oil. The first and second movements are outrageously long—an unjustifiable stringing out of poor material. This was an early composition of Schmitt, one of the works he sent back to Paris while enjoying the privileges of his Prix de Rome. It is outrageously unyouthful. The primitive and grotesque in "A Dance Out of Fashion" is strongly accented, but no primitives could have made the awful noises Mr. Schmitt achieved with his immense and skilfully handled modern

orchestra. Little boys or young men who produce this sort of thing should be deprived of a pen while there is hope, and turned out to pasture.

A relief was the crackling music of Chabrier, music of indescribable wit and bonheur, of flashing genius, of the broadest and most absurd sallies, all couched in the electrical rhythms of the dancers of Spain.

SADKO AND ESPANA ^{Mel. 15/19} BRILLIANTLY PLAYED

In the scenario for his undersea ballet in the Russian legend of "Sadko," performed to Rimsky-Korsakoff's music at the Boston Opera House four years ago, Mr. Bolm, who impersonated the hero, caused him to cast such a spell over the undersea wedding festivities by his playing upon his gusli that he was able to carry off the King's daughter in a submarine of his own magic invention resembling a great sea shell.

Mr. Rabaud gave a glowing performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's gorgeous tone picture yesterday, one opulent in imagination and riot with color. The unlegendary but fantastic ending of Mr. Bolm's pantomime would have seemed an expected one, could the orgy induced by the less, then most fortunate musician's playing have been interpreted with such taste and ardor.

To make the concert truly symphonic, Mr. Rabaud returned to the chief theme of brilliance at the close and conducted Chabrier's "Espana" with an abandon, a sense of its characteristic verve and inspiring rhythm which made this performance, like so many others of his "first times," the superior of all which have preceded it.

Saint-Saens' second symphony, unheard at these concerts since the days of Nikisch, has at least a curious, if not an inherent interest in revival. A score now 63 years old, it shows the early Saint-Saens, by nature a cosmopolitan, a well-graced man of the world, yet steeped in classic models of form. It is often Haydnish in a mid-19th century guise, as its conservative instrumentation is almost that of the early Beethoven, with no trombone, but a pair of horns, two trumpets, a pair each of flutes, oboes, clarinets and bassoons. If the Conservatoire was shocked by Cesar Franck's English horn in his symphony in the year 1879, what of Saint-Saens' brief use of it here in 1856 in the quaint slow movement, beautifully played yesterday by conductor and men?

Bach's second concerto in F-major for violin, flute, oboe, trumpet with harpsichord (yesterday played by Charles W. Adams) and an orchestra—smaller far than that of yesterday—was another mark of passing time. Bach's parts for

trumpet are well-nigh impossible today of their original effect. That in this concerto is for F-trumpet, written very high, even to D above. The modern B in timbre, is out of character here, even in timber, is out of character here, even in the higher transposition necessary.

Mr Rabaud discarded Mottl's arrangement and gave some of Bach's trumpet part to a second player, Mr Mann. Mr Heim undertook the tremendously difficult solo part commendably. Unfortunately its severe demands induced him to use a cornet, more facile in execution than the trumpet, but out of place with its shallow tone. Could a capable player be found, it might be interesting to hear this music done with the now almost obsolete E flat cornet of the wind bands of a generation ago. Its voice might supply the clarion brilliance of Bach's smaller and higher trumpets.

The calm, lyrical spirit of the andante, in which the other three instruments weave garlands, is as modern as though written in this present year. Messrs Fradkin, Laurent, Longy and Heim were applauded.

Florent Schmitt's "Outdoor Music," op. 44, suite for orchestra, was played for the first time in Boston. It does not add any distinctive honor to the reputation of the admirable French composer of the Psalm of barbaric splendor, of the engaging quartets for four voices and eight hands piano, or of the fantastic and very stimulating "Salome." "The Mountain Procession," evidently to a Wagnerian shrine, would seem to contain Tristans and Parsifals. "The Obsolete Dance" is out of proportion dynamically. The "Momentary Calm" has tranquil moments when it permits the hearer to forget the sol-la-si-la-sol theme which is overdone.

Music in Boston *Feb. 15, 1919.*

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—Nationally speaking, the eighteenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's thirty-eighth season is made up of three French composers, one Russian, and one German. Musically speaking it will be found that it can be boiled down, as the newspaper phrase goes, to one Russian and one German, and two-thirds of the German's work can be eliminated. Starting with Rimsky-Korsakoff's tone picture "Sadko," Mr. Rabaud passed to Saint-Saëns second symphony in A minor, Op. 55, thence to Bach's concerto No. 2 in F major for violin, flute, oboe and trumpet, thence to Florent Schmitt's "Outdoor Music," a suite for orchestra Op. 44, which was heard for the first time in Boston, and concluded with Chabrier's rhapsody "España."

Interest naturally attached to the Schmitt music, which this reviewer found distinctly disappointing. The first part, though labeled "The Mountain Procession," seemed in its succession of peculiar harmonies and frank dissonances to picture neither procession nor mountains—in fact, it got nowhere. The second part was called "A Dance Out of Fashion," and nobody would shed tears of grief that it had been out-moded, nor could he be at all concerned if it never came "in" again. The third part, bearing the title "Momentary Calm," was like Mendelssohn's overture "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" rewritten in modern harmonies, but retaining its Victorian dullness and conventionality of sentiment. It is unfair to judge the Schmitt of the "Forty-Seventh Psalm" by this music.

Poor propaganda for French music is Saint-Saëns' second symphony. The gallic grace of the adagio fails to compensate for the emptiness of the other movements and the slimness of the ideas therein developed. Far better in this respect is the flashy but popular "España" rhapsody of Chabrier. The audience as a matter of course rose to it with much applause.

Remain now the Russian and the German. Some day we may hear this Bach concerto with an orchestra which does not smother the solo instruments and the harpsichord. Until that day comes, judgment on the first and third movements must be suspended. The andante, with its lovely harmonies and quiet beauty allows Mr. Fradkin, the violinist; Mr. Laurent, the flutist; Mr. Longy, the oboist, and Mr. Heim, the trumpeter, to shine in their stellar parts, individually and collectively. No number this season has been better played on this stage than the "Sadko" tone picture of Rimsky-Korsakoff. Conductor and orchestra gave an exhibition of musical tone painting and musical description both stimulating and satisfying. It is fortunate for modern music that Rimsky-Korsakoff happens to be one of the Russians whose influence is potent in these days of flux.

SYMPHONY CONCERT *Trans. — Feb. 15, 1919* ANOTHER PLEASING MISCELLANY FOR PROGRAMME

A Fable in Tones from Rimsky-Korsakov
and Chabrier's "España" Both Vividly
Played—A Neat Little Symphony from
Saint-Saëns's Youth — Schmitt's Stale
Music and the "Trumpet Concerto" of
Bach—Details of an Amusing Afternoon

WHATEVER the merits and demerits of Mr. Rabaud as conductor, of late he has made the Symphony Concerts capital entertainment. Nearly all his recent programmes have been agreeable miscellanies, divided between French, Russian, classic German and American numbers. Scarcely a piece has been over-long or over-intricate in kind; none has exacted too much of the casual hearer; nearly all have yielded general, immediate and easy pleasure. Out of many the new mettle of the orchestra has shone; not a few have asked and received the conductor's better powers. The programme of yesterday afternoon was excellent example of these pleasing lists, with a fantastic tone-picture, "Sadko," from Rimsky-Korsakov; a pretty little symphony from Saint-Saëns, youthful; a concerto from Bach, with four virtuosos of the orchestra displayed therein; novel, if none too interesting, pieces from the relatively little known Florent Schmitt; and for ending Chabrier's fiery and familiar rhapsody, "España." Not one of these items was so long as to irritate those who might dislike it; while the diversity of them brought in due turn satisfaction to many differing tastes.

Nearly all these pieces, moreover, lay within Mr. Rabaud's clear and tested abilities. The only music of pure line and stripped pattern, with which he is prone to be rigid and monotonous, was Bach's concerto, and for his shortcomings therewith, the prowess of Mr. Heim in the difficult and showy trumpet part, the skill and taste of Messrs. Fradkin, Laurent and Longy at violin, flute and oboe, were sufficient compensation. Once and again, as in the first movement Saint-Saëns's little workmanship and little else; but the finale leaps with the bright rhythms that Mr. Rabaud accents well, while the slow song and the half airy, half mellifluous scherzo are the pretty pastiches that the conductor polishes no less lightly and adroitly than the composer. Rhythm and color,

both at Mr. Rabaud's command, are the essentials to inspiring and graphic performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's tone-picture and of Chabrier's rhapsody. In "España," indeed, leader and orchestra excelled themselves in the bite of the rhythms, the free motion of the music, the glow of harmonic and instrumental color, the warmth of their phrases, the fire of their modulations. It is hard to remember when the music of Chabrier has so flamed upon the ear, so run exuberant yet sure-footed race.

It was the composer who defeated conductor and orchestra with Schmitt's "Musiques de Plein Air," as, in his fantastic fashion with titles, he names these "out-of-door" pieces. All performance might lend to them, they seemed to receive in distribution of color, play of rhythm, roundness of phrase and songful progress. Even so, they seemed a medlocre, a pointless music written with pains but written also without imagination. It is hard to descry Schmitt's purpose; it is harder still to be interested in his accomplishment of it. Presumably the first "Musique" is designed to image a solemn procession of the country-folk winding, as in pilgrimage, through the woods, at the foot of a mountain, gradually ascending the slopes. The second would seemingly recall and animate an ancient dance, forgotten, ignored, elsewhere than in the hill-country, known or imagined by Schmitt. The third apparently would summon the luminous calm upon a clear summer day in these lonely heights. Yet almost nowhere does the music bear graphic suggestion; while almost everywhere it lacks either light or heat. Faithfully, it plods along the course until the composer is ready to halt.

Schmitt's motives neither quicken the ear nor stir the fancy. They are mere matters of sterile tonal fact. They kindle him as little as they kindle his hearers, and he can only dress and re-dress them in various harmonic and instrumental vesture. Being a practised composer, he knows the routine of these things; being somewhat more, he occasionally brightens and animates the process with happily imagined or wrought detail. Quite as often he is merely mechanical. Once and again, tonal coloring weaves thin atmosphere about the third "Musique" but never come the spacious and luminous measures that the composer seemingly purposed. The dance lags, sags in dull rhythms, in lifeless modulation, sounding neither as melancholy and ancient rite nor as village play and pastime. The illusion of procession in grave and wending march scarcely rises from the "Musique" presumed to image it. In the music of Schmitt, hitherto heard in Boston—in the savage and reverberant Psalm, in the mordant and sinister

"Tragedy of Salome," in minor pieces of many moods—he was invariably interesting, individual. Yet in these "Musiques de Plein-Air," he is merely and steadily commonplace and footless.

At the least, Saint-Saëns is not dull in his pleasing exercise with artifice and fancy in the little symphony in A minor of his twenty-fifth year. The motives out of which he weaves it are as one listener called them—need the sex be specified?—"dear little themes." From them flowers first an allegro of skilful workmanship which is "appassionato" only in the studious pains obviously spent upon it. Saint-Saëns remembers Mozart, the youthful Beethoven, the methodical and polishing Mendelssohn—not to quote from them, but to hint, so to say, how well grounded he is in ancient and contemporary masters. He is resourceful, too, and economical; he has the wit and the courage to little strokes of his own; the allegro is well and fugally made. The ensuing "Romanza" drops from the tips of his adept fingers, is as prettily invented as it is fashioned. A touch of distinction in the handling saves it from place in the "Parlor Pianist." The scherzo flows gracefully until Saint-Saëns snaps it off at the very moment in which it should repeat itself—dauntless youth, ready to make the bourgeoisie of the sixties, if not "sit up," at least stir uneasily in their arm chairs. Last a genteel riot of rhythms, in the manner of Mendelssohn excited, and toward the end timely thought of Beethoven and a few measures, songful and mysterious, after the occasional custom in such place, of the master. Whether Saint-Saëns's saltarello betters that of Mendelssohn in the Italian symphony of last week, only the connoisseurs of Victorian musical gew-gaws may decide. In what for some are the bold and brazen twenties, Saint-Saëns was plainly mastering the theory and practice of "chocolate-box" music.

And it was a courtly Bach, as he could sometimes be, who wrote the "trumpet concerto" for His Royal Highness of Brandenburg. Possibly the Margrave possessed a trumpeter, who was as capable of high running passages, of long held quavers and semi-quavers as was Mr. Heim, yesterday. In and out of the first allegro flashes the trumpet in measures more grateful to the voice of the accompanying strings which it sometimes imitates; athwart the finale it is yet more flaring and florid. Possibly the eighteenth-century ear enjoyed these pastimes, these high and jerky tones, more than does the ear of the twentieth. At least it did not hear an accompanying music made stiff and sluggish, as it was on Friday, by the sheer weight of Mr. Rabaud's full string choir, nor a harpsichord that in so big a

hall could barely purr its gentle way through the intermediate slow division. It was all very well for the conductor to return, except incidentally, in the trumpet part, to Bach's original score. But if Bach is not Bach when Mottl discreetly "arranges him," no more is he Bach when Mr. Rabaud clogs his figures and thickens his lines with a mass of string tone. His Highness of Brandenburg did not count his violins in sixteens.

So ran the pieces that filled the hour between the end of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Sadko" and the beginning of Chabrier's "España." Yet through all the concert, the memory of the Russian "tone-picture" withstood the impression of the rest. Rimsky was no older than the Saint-Saëns of the little symphony, when he wrote this music of fantasy, imagery, humor and graphic illusion. He spreads his sea-picture of calm or storm, and the ear perceives it. Down goes Sadko the minstrel, to the chambers of the sea-king and touches the strings of his magic guzli. Measure by measure, the dance infects prince and people. The whole court of the sea-king dances and will not be stayed, the sea riots with it and will not be calmed—till Sadko breaks the strings and his music stills. Once upon a time, the Russian Ballet mimed this fable to this very music, in sight of Bostonian eyes, in sound of Bostonian ears. The music itself was yesterday as vivid with it, while it wove also a mist of romantic fantasy about the tale that dancers and mimes may not compass. What matter Rimsky's means? In the sixties, the purists may have questioned his dependence for suggestion upon rhythm, modulation, color. Perhaps the pedants still doubt today, though such means are the commonplace of music now written. It is the misfortune, however, of much of it that the composers do not mix the colors, deploy the rhythms, jewel the modulations with Rimsky's and with Russians' imagination. His fantasy, not his procedure, evades them. H. T. P.

THE UNFAMILIAR SCHMITT

AN OVERLOOKED COMPOSER TO BE HEARD

His "Open-Air Music" at the Next Symphony Concerts — His Place in France and in America — The Psalm and the Quintet That Established Him — His Range, Variety and Individuality

TOMORROW afternoon and Saturday evening, for the first times in five years, music by Florent Schmitt will be heard at the Symphony Concerts—his suite for orchestra, "Musiques de Plein Air" ("Open-Air Music") running in three divisions, "La Procession dans la Montagne" ("Mountain Procession"); "Danse Désuète" ("Obsolete Dance"), and "Accalmie" ("Lull"). One other piece by Schmitt, "The Tragedy of Salome," music of mimodrama drawn for Mr. Diaghilev's Russian Ballet from a like-named poem of Robert d'Humières, has been played at a single pair of Symphony Concerts in the autumn of 1913 under Dr. Muck. Here in Boston, The Cecilia has sung his setting for chorus and orchestra of a savage Psalm of the victorious Jews and, more recently, his "Songs for Four Voices." His Viennese and Polish Rhapsodies and a few of his chamber-pieces have also been played here publicly. Possibly songs of Schmitt have been sung in Boston: while the Hoffmann Quartet once meditated a performance of his noted quintet for piano and strings. Perhaps indeed they played it privately. Yet in comparison with other composers of the middle Parisian generation, with Ravel, for example, Schmitt is in America a relatively unknown figure. It is Schmitt's misfortune to adhere to none of the factions into which the little world of Parisian music is divided. Worse still, from a Gallic standpoint, even impartial observers fail to classify him. When he chooses, he can write "impressionistic" music, as fine and suggestive as any priest or acolyte of the "new school" could desire. When he chooses also, he can write in the orthodox forms, directly, vigorously, masterfully, as though he were willing heir to the classical tradition. Sometimes his music sounds more German than French. Sometimes it is remarkable; and sometimes it is commonplace. At its best it is always the music of a composer who has elected to go his individual way, following his own imagination and writing in the idiom that his purpose prompts. He has shunned notoriety, controversy, intrigue—and pays

the penalty. Nobody propagates his music ardently; nobody attacks it virulently or defends it hotly. It has been oftener heard than described.

Florent Schmitt is no longer a young man and he has written much music of many kinds. He is now in his forty-ninth year and the list of his "works" in a current handbook fills three closely printed pages. He has written many piano pieces and scored some of them for orchestra. His songs are many. He has tried interesting experiments with choral music. He has made his ventures into music for string quartets or for combinations of wind instruments. He has composed directly for orchestra as well as re-scored for it. He has accomplished one ballet-pantomime and designed another. Unlike most French composers, he has not otherwise written for the theatre, and, so far as the world knows, he does not yet purpose an opera. He began to compose when he was still a student at the Conservatory in Paris in the nineties, and he then wrote piano pieces and songs so originally and interestingly that he soon gained a considerable reputation as a promising man. Already he was accounted "different." He was not French by birth. His family was Alsatian; he himself was born in Lorraine. He spent his boyhood in Strasburg and in the valleys of the Vosges. He displayed

no precocious proclivities for music. He and his family were neither rich nor poor. He drifted into the Conservatory and dawdled there, going desultorily from the class of Dubois to the class of Lavignac, from the class of Massenet to the class of Fauré. Various "salons," where music was cultivated socially and playfully, various coteries where it was earnestly debated and occasionally written, knew him better and oftener than his teachers and his fellow students at the Conservatory. In all three he kept his reputation for singularity. He flung out what he believed, regardless of whom it might offend. His manner was aggressive; as some report, even formidable. He liked big things done in a big way. As the French say, he was a temperament.

Yet somehow Schmitt took prizes and finally the Prix de Rome itself. He went into residence at the Villa Medici and pursued the ordained studies. He sent the required compositions back to Paris and one of them, his setting of the Forty-seventh Psalm, was the piece that first gained him a place in concert-rooms. When he had completed his term at Rome, he defied custom once more. He did not return to Paris and a career, but made a long and lingering journey into Germany, Austria, the Balkans, Turkey and Africa. He wrote music meanwhile and he wrote still more when

he settled finally in Paris—to live much by himself and to work diligently. By the sheer merit of his music he found publishers and gained performances for it. Thus encouraged, he wrote sincerely and devotedly, and set his face resolutely against disputatious propaganda, selfish intrigue, factional affiliation and advertising zealotry.

Two pieces in particular have won Schmitt a distinctive place among the younger French composers—his setting of the Psalm aforesaid and a quintet for pianoforte and strings. This forty-seventh Psalm is the Psalm that in the Vulgate begins "Plaudite, Gentes." In it the voices of the nations sing the praise of Jehovah, their master and their lord. With shouts and frenzies they exalt his might and majesty. They see him choosing "the heritage of the beauty of Jacob for his possession." He ascends into high heaven, and they redouble their praises. The King James version of the Psalm is tamer than the Vulgate or the peculiar translation into French that Schmitt actually used. He set it for a soprano voice, a huge chorus, orchestra and organ, and he conceived it wholly in his own fashion. His Israelites are an oriental horde, returning from victorious warfare, clashing their swords upon their shields, shouting and shrieking their exultations and adorations. The music rings with wild cries or sways to delirious rhythms. Schmitt piles sonority upon sonority. From every corner of his frenzied host sounds the praises of the might of Jehovah. Sopranos, altos, tenors and basses shout them. Trumpets, trombones, drums, cymbals, every instrument that can be blown or smitten, swell the fierce acclaim. The music clamors and strides; mounts in great tonal masses; blazes with great flashes of color. Then suddenly it is stayed. "He hath chosen the heritage of the beauty of Jacob, whom He hath loved." A single soprano voice sings the words sensuously, a single violin accompanies it voluptuously. The impression is as oriental as that of the orgies of sonority. The shouts of praise swell and mount again, and the Psalm is done. The power of the music springs from its vehemence.

The quintet for pianoforte, two violins, viola and violoncello is music of another sort. In it Schmitt discloses no small mastery of form, no little ingenuity of workmanship, no scanty or halting invention. He fertilizes a pervading motive and gives to each development of it clear individuality. He is imaginative with harmonies and timbres, in the whole distribution of his five voices. The quintet is long, reflective, at moments abstruse, but everywhere it "sounds," and with a speech of its own. Throughout the rhythms beat

high; the harmony is rich; the melodic ideas are intensively and introspectively developed; and the whole piece bespeaks the serious artist who makes no concessions but imperiously demands that the hearer follow him into remote chambers of thought.

There is a lighter Schmitt as well who wrote in piano duets the eight little "reflections" of his journeyings in Germany and filled each of them with the spirit of place—Coblenz, Heidelberg, Dresden, Nuremberg—translated into graceful and fanciful tones. There is a whimsical Schmitt, who flings off little piano sketches of the puppets of pantomime, of clowns and elephants and the sideshows at a fair. There is an impressionistic Schmitt, who can write music of mood and suggestion as though it were acquired, if not exactly second nature to him. There is the Schmitt of the orchestral pieces, eclectic of means and procedure, fond of pictorial suggestion, gaining it by play of rhythm, harmony, color. There is also a Schmitt of much commonplace, routine and outgrown music. And there is, finally, a Schmitt who luxuriates in the Oriental rhythms and colors and in the vividness of direct imagination that he lavishes upon his ballet of "Salome." The songs and the chamber music that we have heard here in Boston attest so far as they go, the vigor of Schmitt's voice, the range of his imagination and the freedom of his hand.

Even on the edge of his fifties and with a pack so full of substantial and diversified music, Schmitt is not yet easy to classify or soundly to judge. As some say, he derives from Chabrier in the exuberance of his invention and expression, his passion for glowing instrumental colors, leaping rhythms, tonal sonorities and direct and vehement musical speech. As others agree, he can catch, when he chooses, the impressionistic manner and make it also a whimsical and evasive manner of his own. Those that dislike his music call it German and reproach it unjustly with length, breadth and thickness, because in the quintet, for example, it happens to be stout, earnest, ample and profound. The innovators call him a classicist because he uses orthodox forms and can be direct and insistent when his purpose demands such qualities. The apostles of continence reproach him with grandiloquence, superabundance and rhetoric for rhetoric's sake. Yet there is no doubting the range and the variety of his music, the energy that occasionally lifts it to power, the reflection that once and again enriches it, the fancy that now and then wings it. Schmitt's austere independence, his clear individuality, his sincerity in all things persuade even those who began in mistrust and continue in dislike.



Florent Schmitt

Rabaud Is Muck's Superior

Popularity of New Conductor Does Not Rest on Patriotic Prejudices Against German, Says Mr. Olin Downes—Opinion Based on Rabaud's Leadership

Post

Me. 16/19

It has been repeatedly stated in these columns and in other places, by the music reviewer of the Post, that Henri Rabaud, the present conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is proving himself in important respects the superior of the formerly lauded Dr. Karl Muck as an interpreter. Some readers, including both pro-German sympathizers and those who are as hot against Germany as any, but apparently unwilling or unable to listen and think for themselves independently of precedent and tradition, have ascribed these statements to anti-German "prejudice" unworthily brought into play in the domain of musical art, and a personal desire to wound a man now in a place where he cannot take up the cudgels in his own defence. This is quite not true. We have our opinions about Dr. Muck, both as man and musician. We have no hesitation in stating them when the occasion arises. But when we discuss Dr. Muck as a musician we discuss him as that and nothing else, and in remembering his performances many of them of great merit and brilliancy, we do so without artistic ingratitude for all that we learned from him, or a personal desire to forget what kind of a debt.

The surprise and pleasure we have had in the musical performances of Mr. Rabaud have been those which, we conceive, every student of music feels when he has been assisted in perceiving new beauties of his art, and surprise that it should have taken so many years and such an upheaval as the great war to make us aware of the existence of so talented a conductor. We now realize the provincialism, imposed from outside, which had persuaded Americans to act very honestly on the assumption that conductors were made only in Germany, and thus to deprive ourselves of great and lasting artistic profit of a kind which, apparently, conductors of Germany could not provide.

We find Mr. Rabaud to be a broader and a deeper musician than Dr. Muck. That is, Mr. Rabaud's conception of a

composition, whether of the classic of the modern school, seems to lie deeper. Dr. Muck was an amazing score-reader and an industrious student, though too frequently an officious one, as his ceaseless revisions of and additions to the scores of composers living and dead proved. But he was after all cerebral. He came to the music from the outside. Compared, for example, to Mr. Rabaud's fifth symphony of Beethoven, Dr. Muck's reading was admirable in its formal strength, its balance, its virility in the opening movement in which this conductor's feeling for rhythm was strikingly displayed, and its dramatic transition from the third movement to the finale. In the slow movement, requiring simple and lofty sentiment, and in the last movement, a finale of triumph and delirious joy, Dr. Muck undeniably fell short. It was a place where heart and inherent nobility of conception could not be replaced by the mere thinking or planning of effects.

Dr. Muck, we have long felt, was most often at his best in music in which the theatrical element was particularly strong—witness the performance of the "Faust" symphony of Liszt, a type of music in which this conductor excelled, and, as it happened, a work which bore for him certain profound associations which resulted in a state of mind almost of religious ceremonial when he directed its performance. The argument could be continued with many another illustration, as for example, the emotional poverty of Muck's Schumann, and his theatrical and showy conceptions of works like the "Tannhauser" overture or the "Meistersinger" prelude, which became in his later years in Boston show pieces of a brilliant conductor.

Mr. Rabaud's understanding of music of many different composers is more of the heart than Dr. Muck's, and not less of the head. Neither Dr. Muck nor any conductor who has appeared in Symphony Hall in the past 20 years had a profounder comprehension of the great classic spirit and classic grandeur and nobility of form than Mr. Rabaud. In addition to this, however, his Beethoven is greater because of its emotional stress and its spiritual exaltation than

the Beethoven of any conductor who has appeared at the head of the Boston Symphony during the period we mention. Nor is this tendency confined to classics, either in or out of France. Mr. Rabaud has given performances of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" and "Schererazade"; of works by Saint-Saens, Franck, Ravel, D'Indy and Debussy far more potent in atmosphere, impressionism and poetic quality than those of his predecessor of previous seasons.

The great qualities of Mr. Rabaud as a conductor are illustrated finally in the character of the orchestra's response to his wishes. Dr. Muck commanded that such and such be done, and obtained what he commanded to the breadth of a hair, for he was an admirable, if sometimes brutal, disciplinarian. Mr. Rabaud does not command the orchestra so evidently as he breathes with it, and this understanding on the part of a conductor of the respiration of an orchestra is one of the subtlest and most essential attributes of a really gifted leader. For an orchestra respire, like a singer. This is obviously particularly true of the different wind choirs, but the whole body obeys physical and rhythmical laws, on which musical interpretation is closely dependent. It is this instinct for the respiration of the instruments, as one may well call it, which, as it has always seemed to us, makes Arthur Nikisch so successful a conductor.

He feels the nerves and heartbeats of his men when he conducts, he knows how the music is affecting them, and has the mysterious faculty of marshaling the sub-conscious as well as the conscious forces of interpretation to do his bidding. His tempi are elastic and are partly influenced by the emotional state of his own players. He said once that he took the slow movement of the Tchaikowsky fifth symphony at a different pace on different occasions, this depending partly on the mood of his horn player. Some evenings the player was evidently feeling like a little faster tempo. On other evenings he was fatigued or nervous, and it was natural for him to play the beautiful melody more slowly. Within reasonable limits conformance to his mood meant a better and more eloquent performance of the symphony. We think that Mr. Rabaud has much of this sensitive quality in him, and that he thus acts, by persuasion and emotional telepathy more than by absolute command, on his men. It results in a warmer and more eloquent performance, a performance with broader sweep, with a warmer glow in the tone, with a deeper and more powerful pulse in the music. That Mr. Rabaud exerts authority as a man who knows why and how he wishes a piece of music to be presented is, of course, the companion fact, since without this quality in the leader an orchestra would fall to pieces instead of working together. As it is, the men

appear to play more voluntarily than of old, with more personal and musical impulse. And this is reflected in the atmosphere of the concerts. There is a more reciprocal attitude on the part of the audiences, more of what Robert Havens Schauflier once called "creative listening." In all respects the concerts are less formal, perfunctory and more contagiously musical in effect than they were, especially during Dr. Muck's last vexed seasons. In the course of those seasons he gave some very fine performances to which we can look back with much pleasure and profit. In the light of some of Mr. Rabaud's accomplishments, we now feel that we over-praised certain of Dr. Muck's interpretations, but others would doubtless stand as highly today as they did when he gave them. All in all, however, the present effect of Mr. Rabaud's ascendancy in Symphony Hall is that of a much needed musical reform, a much more vital and artistic presentation of the musical gospel. We are hearing music from another point of view than that entertained by Symphony conductors and audiences for 30 seasons and more, and a great majority of the listeners are finding the experience is enormously profitable.

The performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko" revives the old question of whether nationalism in music is a desirable thing. Ernest Newman, the great English critic, argues against it, saying, as most of the opponents of this principal, that what is in the heart of a composer does not rely for expression on nationally conventional formulas of musical speech; that a composer who relies on folk music, as Grieg did, for example, limits the range of his genius, instead of extending it; that music which is universal is for all peoples of the world, and is recognizable as having universal, instead of local characteristics. It seems to us that those who harbor this theory are about as logical as those who fear that a League of Nations will impair the validity of American citizenship. If America belongs to a league, how can she be a free nation, and preserve her own individuality? One could go still farther and say that a republican form of government makes individualism impossible. Whereas it actually promotes the development and the exercise of individualism, by setting individual potencies free and giving them such opportunities and play for development as is impossible under an autocratic form of government. Mutual obligations do not destroy individual initiative. They make individual initiative in all directions, which are constructive stronger than ever before by removing all sorts of arbitrary boundaries and limits to the exercise of that quality. By a similar paradox, we believe, the national element in music gives the composer whose talent is founded in his soil, and

who is consciously and convincingly a spokesman of his people, a stronger and cleaner cut individuality than he would otherwise have.

"Sadko" is a case in point. It is the work of Rimsky-Korsakoff, a leader of the Russian nationalistic school, a school which based all of its tenets on the fundamental conception of the genius of the Russian race and the Russian way for the individual composer to express that genius in his works. The result was memorable and an everlasting refutation against those who are afraid that if a composer quotes a folk-tune or writes in the folk-vein he loses his soul. The Russian composers found themselves through an exhaustive study of the song and legend of their land. As M. Calvocoressi notes in his work on Moussorgsky, the Russian composers who became great and world-figures in music were the composers who wrote in a manner based on the characteristics of Russian national art, and those Russian composers who failed to become great and impress their individuality on the world were the composers who remained content to copy the musical formulas of Europe instead of putting their ears to the ground and speaking for their own people. Democracy in music, as in politics, appears in the end to be a fundamental principle of art. The big statesmen, the big artists, are the ones who speak for their race, and in so doing voice the thoughts and feelings which make the world akin.

The expression of these thoughts and feelings in a manner natural and characteristic of the people does not minimize the individuality of the composer, but exalts it as no other force could do.

MR. RABAUD ON WAR AND COMPOSITION

March 15, 1919.

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts — Because he is a typical representative of the generation of writers of music who delight not only our own day, but whose works, according to our best judgment, will endure for the delight of other days to come, Mr. Henri Rabaud, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was asked by a representative of The Christian Science Monitor to express his opinions on what effect the war would have on modern composition.

Mr. Rabaud was perfectly willing to admit that the war would have an influence on the music to be written, but he intimated that his interviewer was probably several years too early in asking his question. It would take a long time for the reactions to the turmoil of the last four years to be set forth in musical terms, he felt, and meanwhile the composers had been grievously interrupted.

Deprecatingly citing his own case as an example—for Mr. Rabaud is an extremely modest man and hesitated about bringing himself into the discussion at all—he admitted that living in a country which had been fighting for its life and the ideals of the rest of the world, had totally interrupted his labors of composition. War work philanthropies, the overturning of the daily routine, all combined to throw a composer off the track. Then, too, the emotions that found expression formerly in composition now found outlet in patriotic ardor or in sympathy with the war sufferers. Thus the first and foremost effect of the war was almost to stop the writing of music.

Composition Delayed

Mr. Rabaud was careful to point out, however, that on the other hand the war of course had stimulated a certain type of patriotic music which was palpably ephemeral in character. So taking it all in all, the first effect of the war on music had been rather a negative one. It had set composition back for some years, he thought. It was impossible to conceive, however, he felt, that the struggle through which the world had passed, including the dethronement of false gods and the setting up of practicable ideals, should not give rise to a form of musical expression which might put forth new forms and harmonies.

Indirectly, of course, Mr. Rabaud felt that the war had been responsible for changing the source of influence on composers. He feels very strongly that the classics, Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Rameau, Palestrina—the foundation-builders, so to speak—would continue in the future as in the past to exert an influence, and for good, on the new music.

however, has removed any domination of the modern German school.

"Including Strauss?" asked the interviewer.

Here, however, Mr. Rabaud was careful to be just. He would pay proper tribute to the skill of the composer, but he drew the distinction that any influence Strauss might have as the mouthpiece or leading light in a modern German school was gone. In fact, when it came to influence, he thought that the modern Russians, including

of the present-day writers, there would be the indirect one brought about by the change in values placed on the writers of Russia and France.

American Composition

The subject of contemporary writers naturally brought out a query as to what opinion the conductor had formed on the American music he had read and heard. Was there any indication of a typical American school that he had observed? Were there cer-

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Drawn for The Christian Science Monitor

Henri Rabaud

Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918-19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

NINETEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 28, AT 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, AT 8 P.M.

FAURÉ,

PRELUDE to the Lyric Poem, "Pénélope"
(First time in Boston)

BEETHOVEN,

CONCERTO for Pianoforte, No. 5, in E flat major
op. 73
I. Allegro
II. Adagio un poco moto
III. Rondo; Allegro ma non troppo

HILL,

FOUR PIECES for ORCHESTRA, "Stephensonia"
(after Poems from R. L. Stephenson's "A Child's Garden of Verse")
I. March
II. Lullaby, "The Land of Nod"
III. Scherzo
IV. "The Unseen Playmate"
[First time at these Concerts]

BERLIOZ,

"GRAND FÊTE at Capulet's House," from the
Dramatic Symphony, "Romeo and Juliet," op. 17
Romeo seul—tristesse—bruits lointains de concert et de
bal—grande fête chez Capulet

Soloist:

HAROLD BAUER

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte

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"Including Strauss?" asked the interviewer.

Here, however, Mr. Rabaud was careful to be just. He would pay proper tribute to the skill of the composer, but he drew the distinction that any influence Strauss might have as the mouthpiece or leading light in a modern German school was gone. In fact, when it came to influence, he thought that the modern Russians, including

the war could be apparent in the music of the present-day writers, there would be the indirect one brought about by the change in values placed on the writers of Russia and France.

American Composition

The subject of contemporary writers naturally brought out a query as to what opinion the conductor had formed on the American music he had read and heard. Was there any indication of a typical American school that he had observed? Were there cer-

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Drawn for The Christian Science Monitor

Henri Rabaud

Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918-19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

NINETEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 28, AT 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, AT 8 P.M.

FAURÉ,

PRELUDE to the Lyric Poem, "Pénélope"
(First time in Boston)

BEETHOVEN,

CONCERTO for Pianoforte, No. 5, in E flat major
op. 73

I. Allegro
II. Adagio un poco moto
III. Rondo: Allegro ma non troppo

HILL,

FOUR PIECES for ORCHESTRA, "Stephensonia"
(after Poems from R. L. Stephenson's "A Child's Garden of Verse")

I. March
II. Lullaby, "The Land of Nod"
III. Scherzo
IV. "The Unseen Playmate"
[First time at these Concerts]

BERLIOZ,

"GRAND FÊTE at Capulet's House," from the
Dramatic Symphony, "Romeo and Juliet," op. 17
Romeo seul—tristesse—bruits lointains de concert et de
bal—grande fête chez Capulet

Soloist:

HAROLD BAUER

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"Including Strauss?" asked the interviewer.

Here, however, Mr. Rabaud was careful to be just. He would pay proper tribute to the skill of the composer, but he drew the distinction that any influence Strauss might have as the mouthpiece or leading light in a modern German school was gone. In fact, when it came to influence, he thought that the modern Russians, including Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Stravinsky—but not Tchaikowsky—were exerting more than any other group of writers. Mr. Rabaud does not seem to care over much for the work of Tchaikowsky. Possibly he feels, as do others, that this composer deliberately sacrificed his national feeling to obtain a veneer of German style.

The conductor could not deny, of course, and patriotically he did not try, that the modern Frenchmen have come to have much influence, and he paid heartfelt tribute to the work of César Franck. Now César Franck was more or less a pioneer, whose achievement is just beginning to obtain the recognition outside his own country that it deserves. César Franck never wrote a piece of cheap or uninteresting music, which makes him well worth the study that might before the war have gone in the direction of Munich or Berlin. Thus Mr. Rabaud brought out that before any direct result of

the war could be apparent in the music of the present-day writers, there would be the indirect one brought about by the change in values placed on the writers of Russia and France.

American Composition

The subject of contemporary writers naturally brought out a query as to what opinion the conductor had formed on the American music he had read and heard. Was there any indication of a typical American school that he had observed? Were there certain characteristics that he could call strictly American?

No, he could not say that there were. He mentioned the works that he had performed during his incumbency in Boston—an orchestral fantasy by Frederic S. Converse, a symphonic prologue by Henry Gilbert, a patriotic hymn by George W. Chadwick, a symphonic fantasy by Henry Hadley, and told of other works which he had read, by Arthur Foote, John Alden Carpenter, Charles Martin Loeffler, MacDowell, E. B. Hill. These, he said, he had found very good, but there was a diversity of influence observable, and taken together they could not be called typically American. The real American music, like that which would show the result of the war, he believed would be written, but when—he disclaimed any faculty or intention of playing the prophet.

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Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte



BAUER

19TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald

March 29, 1917.

Harold Bauer, Pianist, as
Soloist, Played with
Great Power

By PHILIP HALE

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Gabriel Faure, Prelude to "Penelope" (first time in Boston); Beethoven, Piano Concerto, No. 5, E flat major (Harold Bauer, pianist); Hill, "Stevensoniana," four pieces after poems from R. L. Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" (first time at these concerts); Berlioz, Grand Fete at Capulet's House from "Romeo and Juliet."

It is not easy to find the Gabriel Faure of the songs, the chamber music, the "Requiem" and the stage music for "Pelleas and Melisande" in this prelude. Does it foretell the prevailing mood of the opera? But Ulysses and Penelope are united at the end, after 20 years. Is it expressive of Ulysses's wanderings? But Circe and Calypso were more than kind to him, according to tradition he had sons by the two, and Nausicaa, one of the loveliest maidens in all literature, would gladly have wedded him. Does the prelude tell in tones of Penelope's anxious years, vexed by the suitors? Tradition has not spared her, she has not 'scaped calumny. Is the theme first given to the trumpet the theme of Ulysses? Or is the prelude simply a prelude without definite purpose or plan, only music before the curtain rises? However these questions may be answered, this one thing is certain: That the chief musical ideas are not emotional, the chief interest is in the workmanship, although the horn figure at the end, the phrase that apparently has much to say and yet for some reason is half reticent, may haunt the memory for a time. It seems that in this prelude fastidiousness has nearly run into dryness, but Faure was nearly seventy years old when the opera was produced and there has been only one astonishing composer of gray years, the Italian named Verdi, the Verdi of "Otello," "Falstaff" and the four sacred pieces.

Mr. Hill's suite is based on verses for children by Stevenson: Marching Song, The Land of Nod, Where go the Boats? and The Unseen Playmate. The question rises: Do children like this "Garden of Verse," or are the poems better appreciated by older persons? The Alice of the Wonderland, the Alice that went through the looking glass is undoubtedly dearer to men and women than to their children. Not long ago we heard a little girl declare as a matter of course that Lewis Carroll's books were "silly." Possibly she preferred the later novels of Henry James. In like manner music for children is relished only by thoughtful elders: witness some of Schumann's pages. Would a child, one that is not afraid of music, find much pleasure in Mr. Carpenter's Suite, "The Adventures of a Perambulator"? We doubt it; but she might prick up her ears when she heard the xylophones at work. Of course the answer is that Mr. Carpenter's Suite was not written for children. Mr. Hill, too, wrote for mature hearers, but we think that a normal child would like the March, and at the end shout: "Play it again."

This Suite shows fancy, delicate humor, true invention and no mean skill in the instrumentation. A full modern orchestra is employed, but not to stun and dismay. As is the case with Ravel, the modern orchestra is here used to obtain light, tricky, even gently emotional effects. The March is delightful throughout. In the Lullaby Mr. Hill shuns without too much effort the obvious; it is not an easy task to invent a new form of cradle songs. The Scherzo, without being too realistic suggests the spirit of "Where go the Boats?" and the rippling river; only in the finale do we find a little hesitation, a little vagueness, awakening the wish that this movement were more closely knit together, of more continuous flow. The audience was greatly pleased by the Suite and called on the composer more than once. Mr. Hill was fortunate in his interpreter and the players.

The performance of Beethoven's concerto was a remarkable one, one that may be justly described as noble. Unless there is nobility in the reading of this music the concerto is merely a vain thing. Mr. Bauer, who this season is in the height of his power, played with the finest understanding, with a bravura that was not merely pyrotechnical, with impressive authority and with the classic sentiment that is the poetry of romanticism. Nor can too much be said in praise of the orchestra performance inspired by Mr. Rabaud, a performance wonderful by reason of rhythmic intensity, which was never feverish, an infinite variety of tonal force and color, and a wholly

apathetic, supporting, and relieving. In his relationship with the pianist, Mr. Rabaud, with his admirable band and Mr. Bauer here vied, one with the other, in the glorification of the composer. Thus played, this concerto is justly called "The Emperor."

The music for Romeo, alone, sorrowing in the garden, is still beautiful. Mr. Lengy still plays the lament poetically. One wishes, however, that Berlioz had written more intoxicating or more sensuous music for Capulet's ball. So one lightly says; but stop; this music was first heard 80 years ago; marvellous music for that period.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Mozart, Symphony in D major (K. 504); Malipiero, "The Pauses of Silence"; Seven Symphonic Expressions (first time in the United States); Saint-Saens, Violin concerto, B minor, No. 3 (Jacques Thibaud, violinist); Liszt, Mazeppa, Symphonic poem No. 6 (after Victor Hugo's poem).

NOVELTIES PLAYED BY SYMPHONY

Post ———— Mon. 29. 1919.
Harold Bauer, Soloist,
Gives Beethoven's
5th Concerto

BY OLIN DOWNES

Two compositions were heard for the first time in Boston at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall: the orchestral prelude to Faure's opera, "Penelope," and Edward Burlingame Hill's "Stevensoniana," consisting of four pieces for orchestra after Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses."

Harold Bauer, pianist, played Beethoven's fifth concerto for piano and orchestra, and the movement known as "Grand Fete at Capulet's House" from Berlioz's dramatic symphony, "Romeo and Juliet," brought the concert to an end.

BAUER IN BEETHOVEN

The performances of Beethoven's music and the music of Berlioz were of memorable brilliancy and impressiveness. We find it hard to think so highly of Beethoven's fifth concerto as we do of his fourth, despite the evident grandeur of the thought and the heroic and beautiful quality of the music of the former work, heard yesterday. But Mr. Bauer brought home the essential character of the fifth concerto as very few pianists have who appeared at the Symphony concerts in recent years. In this he was admirably assisted by Mr. Rabaud. The romantic spirit in which the pianist interpreted the noble introduction would not have been felt as it was, had the orchestral rejoinders been less significant.

The towering structure of the opening movement has seemed overlong and overcrowded with detail in the hands of other conductors. Nor has there been, within memory, such a beautiful balance of piano and orchestra and so intimate an appreciation on the part of the pianist of the subtle colors with which Beethoven often enhances his music in this concerto. The concerto of Beethoven, which some had feared was aging, had again its mysterious potency, its Promethean fire. So, too, with the slow movement.

The finale is undoubtedly the weak movement of the work, as is also the case with the violin concerto. But it was superbly played and Mr. Bauer was recalled with great enthusiasm. He is indeed a consummate artist, one of the most individual and distinguished of pianistic interpreters.

Berlioz's Music

Still more astonishing, because the secrets of the music were known to fewer people, was the thrilling performance of the music of Berlioz. The love-music, for once, had all the sensuous and the poetic beauty which the composer intended—the longing of Romeo in the silence of the garden. The distant echo of the ball, the feverish brilliancy of the dance music as the desperate lover is supposed to enter the hall of his enemies, and the tragic instrumental commentary heard through the sounds of festival thrilled one as Ber-

lioz alone, among all the romanticists, seems capable of thrilling an audience today—provided you have so sympathetic and masterly an interpreter as Mr. Rabaud. If Berlioz had had no such exquisite ideas as the love-theme played at first by solo wind instruments, if his music had all and more than the defects attributed to it by the composer's detractors, he would live and grip his hearers as a Temperament—a temperament of such volcanic power and vitality that it would have made itself felt in any period, in any medium of expression. As author, artist, sculptor, dramatist, he would have become the torchlight of an epoch, a commanding figure among the bravest and strongest spirits of the human race. He impressed his image distinctly, gigantically, unforgettably on his art. And yesterday, thanks to the wonderful conducting of Mr. Rabaud, we heard Berlioz, his own compelling voice, and not a sandpapered echo of him.

Faure's prelude to Penelope, has, perhaps, classic feeling. In it the hearer might fancy the winds that took Ulysses on his way, and the longing of the faithful spouse for the return of her hero. For us the music is polished, but lifeless.

Mr. Hill's Pieces

Mr. Hill's music was received with great and evident enthusiasm. It is ingeniously scored, fanciful, and always in good taste, so far as harmony, tonal combination and workmanship are concerned. Regarding this music we are on the fence. At a first hearing we liked best the Scherzo and the final number, "The Unseen Playmate." The lullaby seems sophisticated. The march has humor, but it has this quality in common with other of the four pieces; it seems a very big affair for so modest a subject. In this age of gigantic occurrences the sounds of an enormous modern orchestra may be a composer's natural manner of speech, even when he is thinking of child fantasies, but it is hard to reconcile this with pre-conceived formulas for such a theme.

The music sounds so well from an orchestral standpoint, Mr. Hill has become so skillful a musician and his product is so beguiling to the ear that one is not always certain of the underlying value of the ideas. How would the same ideas sound with a clumsier author? This may be said: If other American composers had studied as broadly and as seriously, and attained the mastery of their medium shown by Mr. Hill, an American school of composition might not be as far off as it is today.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trane. ———— Mon. 29. 1919.
LIVELY INTEREST AND PLENTIFUL
PLEASURE

Faure's Dumb Prelude to His Opera, "Penelope"—Mr. Hill's Fanciful, Dexteros and Playful Suite of Childhood Music—Again the Thrilling Berlioz of "Romeo and Juliet," and the More Thrilling Beethoven of the "Emperor Concerto," with Mr. Bauer for Pianist

FAVORING circumstance swelled the audience, the applause and the interest of the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon. The "assisting artist" was Mr. Bauer, the pianist, by common consent and by common report, since his recent recital here, in the rich maturity of remarkable powers. The music of his and Mr. Rabaud's choice was the fifth concerto of Beethoven, "The Emperor," acknowledged masterpiece in kind, unheard here these many years in vitalizing and exalting performance. As when Mr. Heifetz came to the orchestra a few months ago, an eminent "soloist" in a concerto by Beethoven filled many a seat that might otherwise have stood empty. A few more, not always filled, were occupied by the friends of Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill, the Bostonian composer, whose suite, "Stevensoniana" was played "for the first time at these concerts," preceded, like Mr. Bauer, by warm and widespread report. To whet curiosity further a French piece probably played for the first time in the United States—Faure's prelude to his opera, "Penelope"—began the programme; while to end it and to promise high pleasure stood Berlioz's music for the fete at Capulet's house from his symphony, "Romeo and Juliet." At every turn, once orchestra and audience were clear of Faure's prelude, the concert fulfilled anticipation. Mr. Bauer and the band played Beethoven's concerto to a rapt audience that in applause found relaxation as well as gave reward. In turn, the plaudits for Mr. Hill's suite and for the composer himself, when at Mr. Rabaud's call, he rose in his place, were the clappings of general and genuine pleasure. Berlioz—in the Elysian Fields—was not overlooked, even if it were for Beethoven—and not, as often for him—to crown the afternoon. The year at Symphony Hall has brought few more interesting concerts.

For the one cloud upon the bright interest of the afternoon, it is probable that Fauré never contemplated performance of his prelude apart from the opera into which in the theatre it leads. By testimony of the programme-book, Mr. Rabaud added instruments to Fauré's choirs to make the music sound more richly—that "reprehensible" custom (as it has been called) of German conductors, never, never, never to be practised by a good Parisian. By gossip of the lobby, he also rounded the final measures, before the introduction merges into a scene of spinning women, into a closing period. No tinkering, however, much avails the music. It sounded dutiful and dull in the theatre in Paris, six years ago; it sounded no less perfunctory and mechanical yesterday in the concert-hall of Boston. Seemingly, there is a motive to personify the valorous Ulysses, heroic wanderer, to return in the final scene and slay the wasters of his substance, the suitors to his spouse. Seemingly, a second motive personifies the longing, the much-enduring Penelope unravelling by night the web that she wove by day in Ulysses's great hall, scanning the sea from the cliff at sunset (as in the second act) for glimpse of his returning sail. The hearer perceives these motives by exercise of the mind, not by stirring of the imagination. Like Penelope, Fauré weaves the motives into a polyphonic web and by a process as spiritless as hers. Again the mind perceives the music; but only the few strands that the horns color touch the fancy. There is sober progress, grave emphases, discreet climax. Even in the prelude, as through the whole opera, Fauré laboriously declaims. Soon the music wastes and wanes into the measures of Penelope's spinning maidens. Seemingly opera is to Fauré as the bow of Ulysses to the suitors—a weapon too stout to swing and bend. Hardly a suggestion, outside the measures for the horns, of the fine-fingered, fine-eared, finely fanciful composer colors the prelude. It is mere speechifying in tones, after the manner of French composers from Rameau onward when invention, imagination, passion will not stir for them in the theatre.

On the score of dramatizing and picturing eloquence, the Berlioz of 1839 shone beside the Fauré of 1913 and in a symphony ostensibly of the concert-room, but actually far more of the stage than Fauré's scant and static music-drama. Agreed that the purists and the pedants reproach Berlioz's melodies and still more his procedure with them. Yet in this fragment of his symphony to "Romeo and Juliet," one of these melodies evokes the Montague to the ear, summons and sustains his passion for the daughter of the Capulets, opens his tortured heart, serves every dramatic need when his music intrudes into that of the fête, woes there, is thrust away lamenting.

What melody so devised and conducted, could do more? The academic shortcomings rise up to bless, to heighten it. Nor have the modern artists in tone-picturing much excelled Berlioz in the illusion of the distant fête, of Romeo musing against its echoes and flares, of Romeo cast out and woful while to him it rings Juliet. Possibly, the music of the fête itself has worn a little thin after eighty years but there are still measures in it where the rhythm beats high, the color glows and pulses and the ear hears as the eye sees one of Veronese's canvases of Venetian feasting and revel. By sheer heat of will and imagination Berlioz living burned away a hundred handicaps. The like heat now keeps his music molten after nearly a hundred years. Writing a symphony, he is more truly musical dramatist than Fauré writing a whole opera. And it is in such high rhythmed, high colored, graphic music that Mr. Rabaud does well.

To these musics of attempted or accomplished eloquence, Mr. Hill's suite—all charm, fancy and light dexterity—was agreeable foil. Searching the rhymes of Stevenson in "A Child's Garden of Verses" for suggestion, the "Marching Song" of Jane and Peter, to the comb, with napkin for banner, but with the double-quick of "each a grenadier," gave him hint for a first division. In "The Land of Nod"

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day.
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

afforded text for a second division of vaporous, drowsily wandering music-making. Down the flowing river, brown and golden, go "boats of mine a-boating" to visioned landings, and Mr. Hill may write the undulating back-ground, the musing measures of contrast for his scherzo. And, when in "The Unseen Playmate" Stevenson rhymes:

'Tis he when at night you go off to your bed
Bids you go to your sleep and not trouble your head.

the composer receives his recalling and glamouring finale written in verse if not in tones. The song-writers have not turned to Stevenson, poet, in vain. Now a composer of symphonic music has sought him with equal profit.

In spite of the orthodox belief to the contrary, a well schooled "modernist" like Mr. Hill is loyal and logical with form. True, like his brethren, he lets his matter condition his manner, but once having chosen means and method, he is clear-minded and clean-handed with them. The march, with its trio, has unity and contrast; the slow movement of "The Land of Nod" is a close woven web of aerial voices fancifully summoned in harmonies and timbres, figure and modulation, from seemingly slend-

scholarship, coloring that at his will is bright or shadowy. The music to "The Land of Nod" is a misty web of finespun harmonies, of the lightest of modulations. The music of the finale wanders through as delicate and dreamy shadows. By these tokens and others as clear in the playful march and the flowing scherzo, Mr. Hill has composed his suite with the enkindled mood and fancy that stir his hearers to like feeling and imagining. He may or he may not have written a music of childhood play and notion as children know them. He has written a music, as Stevenson has written a verse, that poetizes the hint of them that elders sometimes receive or that their own lingering memories treasure out of younger days. Unlike many a piece by an American composer, Mr. Hill's suite foresees the end from the beginning and as clearly accomplishes it. Scarcely a note is wasted; scarcely a note could be spared, brief as is the suite. At every turn, the music is transparent, illusory, ingratiating, amusing. It deserves a place beside Mr. Carpenter's "Adventures in a Perambulator" in a pigeon-hole that conductors do not too often finger.

Yet when Hill had charmed and Berlioz thrilled, the glory of the afternoon remained firmly set about Beethoven's concerto. At every turn, Mr. Bauer was master of himself, the piano, the piece. He knew exactly what he would do with each measure of his part; he was as fully master of the means whereby he would work his will. The light precision of his rhythms were as silken whips upon the music; his runs sparkled upon the ear; the motives. The undulant scherzo mates sustained musical progress with sustained imagery of river and boats. The happy artifice of the finale, with the earlier motives recurring in the vague outline of dream, binds the whole suite together and then, as with a light wave of poet's and composer's wand, whisks fancies and music into empty air. Stevenson's child, Mr. Hill's child, sleeps fancy-fed as he has played fancy-free.

As adroit and imaginative is the workmanship. Mr. Hill knows the current idioms of Paris and of other seats of the new musical learning, but he writes in the suite in an idiom of his own—light, keen rhythms, delicate play of harmonies, modulations that are the fingers of fancy upon contours of his ornament curved in beauty; as with the flash of a final phrase, he bade the orchestra speed the course of the music; rich was his declamation in the first movement, just and warm his sentiment in the second; bright his play of hand and fancy in the finale. And over every measure he played was the exceeding beauty of his tone—limpid, edgeless, plastic, colorful, never forcing or distorting the voice

of the piano, responsive to every inflection of the music, adding thereto the shadings, the accent that Beethoven was kindling out of the pianist's imagination.

There are pianists who may or do excel Mr. Bauer in particular distinctions, but there is hardly one "now before this public" as the old reviewers used to say, who can so mingle in performance the penetrating, fusing, shaping mind, the mastery of expressive means, the glow of emotion, the illusion of poetry, the warm control of every intensifying and imparting faculty. If he erred at all yesterday, it was in zeal for a precision of accomplishment that for a passing moment hardened the contours, stayed the motion of the music. Time and again, the orchestra, especially in the wind choir, seemed to catch and echo his voice; while not since the day of Mr. Cortot has an "assisting artist" so stirred Mr. Rabaud out of dutiful and considerate into eloquent and vitalizing share in a concerto. Heard so, Beethoven's music strode with propulsive power, sang with the splendors of united or parted voices, ascended to exalted speech, melted into tenderness, danced light-footed upon the earth; possessed the minds and stirred the hearts of those that heard, manifold and masterful upon them. After a hundred years, "The Emperor" remains the one epical concerto.

H. T. P.

Music in Boston

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor
BOSTON, Massachusetts — Interest in the nineteenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was divided between a well-tried and well-liked artist of the occasion and an unheard and unknown new composition. The artist was Harold Bauer, a pianist admired both by casual and professional hearers, who played the Beethoven "Emperor" concerto. The new work, by Edward Burlingame Hill, of Boston, was entitled "Stevensoniana," a set of four pieces after poems in Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses"—march, lullaby "The Land of Nod," scherzo "Where Go the Boats," and "The Unseen Playmate."

Mr. Bauer, as is his wont, blended the piano part into the orchestra, becoming another member of the band. The customary fluidity and precision of his technique were in evidence; the usual impeccable and authoritative mastery of the music fulfilled expectation. Perhaps with all these things making for a satisfactory performance, it were captious to long for more verve and fire. Such a long-

ing, however, persisted in sneaking in.

Mr. Rabaud made Mr. Hill's music race and flow, soar and float, for like all else that he does he had given it thorough study, consequently the four pieces were pleasant to listen to. They are compactly written, touched with humor, and well suggest the child's point of view. Only a few incorrigibly adult touches jarred, such as the sentimentalism of "The Unseen Playmate," a bit of which also crept into the scherzo. A child is many things, but he is not sentimental. The lullaby is full of admirable childish fancies with no bogey of adult nightmare. The march also was pure childhood, although a suspicion persists that Mr. Hill owes a slight debt to Gabriel Pierné. All children are not gentle, but all Stevenson's are, and likewise so are Mr. Hill's. Good music this, worthy a place on any program.

Fauré's prelude to "Pénélope," large and serene in conception, was heard for the first time in Boston, and was apparently liked. The selection from Berlioz's dramatic symphony "Romeo and Juliet," opus 17, gave the impression of being far more theatrical than dramatic.

Bauer Soloist on Symphony Program

adv. 7 Am. — *Mich. 20, 1919.*

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

SYMPHONY PROGRAM.

Fauré—Prelude to "Penelope."

Beethoven—Piano Concerto No. 5.

Soloist, Mr. Harold Bauer.

Hill—"Stevensoniana." Four orchestra pieces

Berlioz—"The Fete at the Capulets," from
Romeo and Juliet Symphony.

CERTAINLY a well contrasted and rather exciting program. Of course, Mr. Bauer was the chief attraction, a great soloist, always is. Sometimes this is out of place, but not when a true symphonic work, such as the "Emperor Concerto" is given with a splendid interpreter.

There is only praise to be spoken of the performance, praise of the piano and of the orchestral work. The brilliant ending of the first movement, really a Cadenza with piano and orchestra combined, made a superb climax, while the slow movement had expression without sentimentality. Both of Beethoven's greatest concertos (this and the violin concerto) fall off somewhat in the final rondo, but even this had so much of spirit that the work ended in a blaze of enthusiasm, the audience recalling Mr. Bauer many times, and M. Rabaud should have been associated with him in this triumph. Mr. Bauer played the noble, masculine work in a fitting, straightforward, masculine manner. It was, of course, the star point of the concert.

The second movement of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony is not as great as the third, which contains the "Scene d'Amour" (the balcony scene), but it has some eloquent phrases nevertheless. There are some expressive passages for woodwind in the first portion, and flute, oboe and clarinet each deserve praise for delicate playing. The union of the themes of the Allegro and the Larghetto, in counterpoint, is an ingenious touch, and M. Rabaud balanced the two melodies excellently. The 'cello part also was important, for it must be remembered that Romeo is a melancholy violoncello, while Juliet is a violin through the greater part of this symphony. The fortississimo ending proved that they had rather a noisy time at that social function at the Capulets.

Fauré's prelude to "Penelope" was good music, if not extremely dramatic. Of course there were a pair of contrasted themes in it, as with Egmont and Claerchen, Florestan and Leonora, Tristan and Isolde, "et id genus omne." "Fauré is, thank Heaven, not a modern musical cubist, yet there is a sufficiency of excitement when Ulysses returns home and finds a lot of young gentlemen in white ties and lavender kids, each trying to outsit and outstay the other. Then there is something of rough house which is powerfully portrayed. The end of the prelude is most peculiar, a constant repetition of the tonic and mediant note and the final imperfect end is on the mediant.

Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill has no cause to complain of the manner in which his little Suite on Stevensonian themes was given. The opening march seemed too strongly modulatory and too intensely modern

in heavy scoring to be fitting to an infantile picture, but perhaps it was intended for the children of giants. It was, however, quite interesting and in this movement and in the finale Mr. Hill showed that he could ably handle the modern orchestra. There were some striking effects of tone-coloring.

The gentle Lullaby was rather too abstruse for any but the typical Boston intellectual child. The Scherzo had an interesting oboe melody and the string effects picturing the flowing river were poetic.

The finale gave reminiscences of the preceding movements and was worked up to effective climaxes. The work was logical and coherent, although we wished for more directness and simplicity of melody in such pictures, and Mr. Hill's composition was not crushed by being placed between Beethoven and Berlioz. At the close there was much applause and the composer was obliged to acknowledge this from his seat in the audience several times.

HILL'S MUSIC GRASPS SPIRIT OF CHILDHOOD

Mich. 29/19

Bauer Plays Brilliantly at Symphony Concert

Edward Burlingame Hill's "Stevensoniana," four pieces for orchestra after poems from Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses," played yesterday afternoon for the first time at the Symphony concerts, at last has something grateful to say as music inspired by childhood.

Mr Hill has been more fortunate than some of his fellows, for between certain adult minds and the child consciousness there is a great gulf, and the pretty prattle of babes falls ponderously out of a cobwebbed psychology which ought to know better.

Hearing this music of pure fancy and true charm, one is persuaded that the spirit of play which peoples the imaginative world of the child, which makes its sweet illusions more real than the sordid every day of its elders, need not be mocked by those who, striving to interpret the dreams of little brains, forget their spell if indeed they ever knew it.

Mr Hill has caught the spirit of Stevenson's verses with the skill of an ad-

mirable orchestral craftsman, serving gracefully an imagination which is unwearying, fresh and consistently akin to the realm of play.

There are some who apparently have believed that to record humor, to caper nimbly, is to reflect a mood of childhood. Mr Hill's score, admirable and engrossing as the work of a serious musician, is the more one of remarkable merit since.

This sophisticated equipment, speaking through a modern harmonic and orchestral idiom, overtakes and does not lose a spontaneity as grateful for its unconscious, artless simplicity, as for its happy surprises. The "Lullaby," a poem of wearing strands of far calling stringed instruments is an exquisite piece of writing. The composer, modestly acknowledged warm applause.

Harold Bauer gave a finely considered, and well executed performance of Beethoven's fifth concerto, one of dignity, poetic beauty, and in the last movement of brilliance. He was many times recalled.

Fauré's prelude to his lyric poem, "Penelope," played yesterday by Mr Rabaud for the first time in Boston, again shows a composer less happy in orchestral treatment of his subject than in the exquisite miniatures of many of his songs.

The plaint and frenzy of Berlioz' Romeo in his scene at the fete at Capulet's house, in his Dramatic Symphony, is largely autobiographical of the period of Harriet Smithson, the English Shaksperian actress, whom the composer married deliriously and lived with for a time wretchedly. The ballroom scene has brilliance and the bawling is appropriately noisy.

The love music for Romeo is more worthy of Berlioz and some of it again was ennobled by Mr Longy. In all, particularly in Mr Hill's pieces, Mr Rabaud conducted with imagination, taste and authority.

NEW MUSIC "AFTER" STEVENSON IN PROSPECT

Trans. — Mich. 24/19

Mr. Hill's Suite from "A Child's Garden of Verses" at the Symphony Concerts—The Boston Orchestra Takes Leave, for the Season, of New York—A New and an Old Entertainer—Mme. Frijsh to Return in May

FOUR pieces in Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses" suggested to Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill his suite for orchestra, "Stevensoniana," to be played for the first times at the Symphony Concerts on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening next viz:

"The Marching Song" in which

Mary Jane commands the party,
Peter leads the rear;
Feet in time, alert and hearty,
Each a Grenadier.

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"The Land of Nod," of the dreaming child:

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

a Scherzo from "Where Go the Boats?"

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam
Boats of mine a-boating
Where will all come home?

and for quiet Finale "The Unseen Playmate":

When children are playing alone on the green,
In comes the playmate that never was seen.
When children are happy and lonely and good,
The Friend of the Children comes out of the wood.

The suite—no more than fifteen minutes long, but using some of the more subtle resources of the orchestra and testing the skill of the players—was heard for the first time at any concert from Mr. Damrosch and his orchestra in New York in February of last year. With one accord, the reviewers wrote warmly of it. Said Mr. Henderson, for example in *The Sun*: "The Marching Song," brought to the composer's mind something of the pompous make-believe of humor of the juvenile soldiers, together with the humor of the martial strains of the paper folded over the comb. "The Land of Nod" gave the hint for the lovely slow movement, in which the composer is at his best, making music rich in tender feeling and at the same time creating the appropriate atmosphere of elusiveness. "Where Go the Boats?" makes a charming scherzo. The finale, "The Unseen Playmate," in which fragmentary references to the previous movements are made, is winning in style. The whole composition shows poetic fancy and a firm command of delicate and interesting methods of musical presentation. But what seemed to the present observer to be the most attractive trait of the composition was its clear publication of large human sentiment. Any little boy who listened attentively to the music would be likely to think that if he had not a good papa of his own he would not mind being Mr. Hill's little boy."

The *Tribune* added: "Mr. Hill writes quite frankly in the idiom of the modern Frenchmen; Debussy and Ravel are his masters. He does not, however, write as a mere copyist, but appears to express himself spontaneously in his chosen manner. The only adverse criticism which could be levelled at the suite is that Mr. Hill's idiom is rather too sophisticated for the interpretation of such simple sentiments as those expressed by the poems. Yet despite this there were many charming touches of childhood, especially in the 'Marching Song,' while throughout, the contrasts of color and rhythm were interesting and well handled. Mr. Hill, in his music, may not possess the heart of a child, but he is a man whose heart reacts to the emotion of childhood and reacts quite spontaneously."

Leave-Takings in New York

At a concert on Saturday afternoon last in Carnegie Hall, the Boston Orchestra took leave of its public in New York for the season. The band and Mr. Rabaud were heartily applauded, and there were many signs of general and particular pleasure. Mr. Huneker recounts the occasion in *The Times*: "It was an enjoyable musical function, though the playing of the famous organization was not on a par with its Thursday evening performance. The second movement of the Saint-Saëns C minor Symphony was massive in its tonal beauty and the climax stunning. Mr. Rabaud always waits for a kettledrum climacteric with interest, and the artist who handles the sticks went for his instrument with a demoniacal intensity that must have pleased the French conductor. Saint-Saëns, like Franck, narrowly escapes genius. His knowledge is enormous, his invention mediocre. When he drops the thread of his musical discourse he resorts to the deadly chorale, or he lightly trips the gay fugato too."

"An excerpt from Franck's 'Redemption' followed. In it the string choir has seldom sounded so rich and sonorous. Bach was represented by his second concerto in F for violin, flute, oboe, and trumpet, played by Messrs. Fradkin, Laurent, Longy and Helm, and barring a false entrance of the trumpet in the first allegro—which slip, oddly enough, did not dislocate the phrase—the entire composition proved delightful. What music is this that, like a pure mountain source, sparkles and upgushes! 'Sadko,' a tone picture of Rimsky-Korsakov, is not so eloquent as several of his other suites or poems, yet it is Rimsky, and that says everything. Today 'Sadko' is rather tame to ears attuned to Stravinsky. The music served as a vehicle for some esoteric capering of the Russian Ballet several seasons ago. It is marked by fancy and vivid colors. Mr. Rabaud's reading was drab rather than kaleidoscopic, though the finesse was admirable. The afternoon closed with a brilliant but not precisely traditional interpretation of the 'Freischütz' overture. There was an ovation to the conductor and plenty of applause for the orchestra. No official announcement for next season's plans has been made as to conductors, but it might be a good idea to let well enough alone."

19-6
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Tempest and Tranquillity



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Symphony Hall.

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SEASON 1918--19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

TWENTIETH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 4, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, AT 8 P. M.

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in D major, (Köchel 504)

I. Adagio: Allegro

II. Andante

III. Finale: Presto

MALIPIERO,

SEVEN SYMPHONIC EXPRESSIONS, "Le Pause
del Silenzio," ("The Pauses of Silence")
(First time in Boston)

SAINT-SAËNS,

CONCERTO in B minor, No. 3, for Violin and Or-
chestra, op. 61

I. Allegro non troppo

II. Andantino quasi allegretto

III. Molto moderato e maestoso; Allegro non troppo

LISZT,

SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 6, for full Orchestra,
"Mazeppa," (After Victor Hugo)

Soloist:

JACQUES THIBAUD

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JACQUES THIBAUD

The Brilliant French Violinist

SYMPHONY IN 20TH CONCERT

Malipiero's "The Pauses of
Silence" Given for First
Time in Boston

**JACQUES THIBAUD,
VIOLINIST, ASSISTS**

By PHILIP HALE

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Symphony in D major (K. 504); Malipiero, "The Pauses of Silence" (first time in Boston); Saint-Saens, Concerto in B minor No. 3 for violin (Jacques Thibaud, violinist); Liszt, "Mazeppa," Symphonic Poem No. 6 (after Victor Hugo's poem).

Malipiero, whose composition, "Pauses of Silence," was performed here yesterday probably for the first time in this country, belongs to a young Italian group that includes Tommasini, Respighi, Pizzetti, Casella and some others. Tommasini is known here by a string quartet played some years ago by the Kneisels. An orchestral piece by him was recently performed in Chicago; one by Respighi in New York. It is said that Malipiero has studied attentively the music of Moussorgsky, Stravinsky and young Hungarian composers. The orchestral piece heard yesterday reveals him as an original thinker, a man of pronounced individuality, not only a thinker but a doer.

"The Pauses of Silence." What does the title mean? The composer has sensibly offered no public explanation. Some one gave the sub-title: "Shudders, Songs, Cries, Laments," but we prefer the simpler "Seven Symphonic Expressions"; for these little pieces joined together by a motive, which, at once announced, calls attention, are evidently expressions of moods. If the hearer's moods happen to be in sympathy with the composer's, he may dilate with the fitting emotion. These short pieces suggest mental conditions, but fortunately there is no printed program or argument.

Mr. Philip Greeley Clapp in his interesting article about Malipiero and the "Pauses," published in the Evening Transcript of Thursday says: "Mr. Rabaud is reminded of the vast, hot, hazy and mysterious landscapes of the Campagna and Sicily, with their strange and vivid colors echoed in sound by snatches of tune from the pipes of unseen shepherds; though, of course, he absolves the composer of any intention specifically to paint these scenes." Certain pages of music lead one to think that this conjecture is not unreasonable, but other pages suggest the tonal portraiture of mental conditions, as we have said; or the music might borrow a title from Walt Whitman: "Sleep Chasings."

The seven "expressions" are interesting in many ways. Not only do they appeal to the student and the mature musician by the harmonic structure and the instrumentation, but they make a sensorial appeal to the unprofessional. The boldness of the man, a boldness that does not seem affected, but is natural to his speech; striking orchestral effects and equally striking contrasts in mood; passages of the utmost wildness following those of unconventional but genuine beauty—these impress, even at one hearing.

Mr. George Moore knew in his sojourn in Paris a strange musician, one Cabaner, poor but wearing silk shirts, generous, talking magnificently about his art. The music by Cabaner that we have seen is most commonplace, but he should be remembered by a remark to Mr. Moore: "To express silence in music, I should need at least three brass bands." This saying is not so paradoxical as it seems at first. There were moments yesterday when one might be pardoned for thinking that Malipiero had pondered Cabaner's theory.

Strange as the music is, it made its way, for it was applauded with greater fervor than is customary when a new composition, not by a local musician, is brought before the public. Mr. Rabaud is again to be thanked for acquainting us with contemporaneous works.

Mr. Thibaud first visited Boston in November, 1903, yet he played here with the orchestra yesterday for the first time. He was famous throughout Europe before he came to this city. The neglect of this thrice admirable violinist for so many years is unaccountable. We believe, however, that he was once engaged, five or six years ago, but he was obliged to return unexpectedly to Paris. Yesterday he played Saint-Saens' concerto with the elegance that characterizes the music itself; he played with the purity and finesse in the phrasing with the beauty of tone, with, in a word, the consummate art that long

ago put him in the very front rank of the world's violinists.

Mozart-Liszt-Malipiero. The stubborn reactionaries might insist that these three illustrate the gradual debasement of music. Nearly every composer is of his own period. In the 18th century there was little or no feverish emotional expression. Liszt was pre-eminently a man of his day and generation, but he foresaw much that is even now hailed as modern. For a time he was overshadowed by Wagner, who stole unblushingly from his scores. "Mazeppa" still quickens the blood. It is not without circus-pomp, but this is preferable to Liszt's occasional excursions in the field of childish, rank sentimentalism. The superb interpretation of "Mazeppa" by Mr. Rabaud and the orchestra should have convinced even the stubborn that Liszt has not been ejected by Time from the hall of the immortals.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Magnard, Hymn to Justice (first time in Boston); Beethoven, "Pastoral" Symphony; Foote, Four Characteristic Pieces; Dubois, overture "Frithiof."

RABAUD CONDUCTS UNUSUAL PROGRAM

Thibaud Justly Acclaimed in Saint-Saens Concerto

Mr Rabaud conducted another program of more than ordinary interest at the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon. Mozart's D major symphony was played with true distinction. It was followed by a new symphonic voice out of Italy which laid lurid emphasis upon the interval of a century and a third between the composers. Jacques Thibaud, playing for the first time at these concerts, ennobled Saint-Saens' third concerto with an art which holds something more than violinistic skill. Last of all, Liszt's sturdy old war horse, "Mazeppa," in which the galloping beast blazed a path for later symphonic poems.

Although in this symphony Mozart wrote no minuet, there is the courtly manner of the dance. A patrician elegance marks every bar; music which no plebeian soul could have made or played. And yet it is free from snobbery. Following the dignity of the introductory adagio the allegro is like a psalm of thanksgiving. All life is aglow, yet

without boisterousness, without the hint of excess. The beauty of the song, of the slow movement, with less of the melancholy of Mozart than some, was appropriately sung, and the last movement played with a spirit which, in attaining ardor, did not mar clearness or proportion.

Composer of New School

"The Pauses of Silence, Seven Symphonic Expressions," played for the first time in Boston, is by a young Italian, G. Francesco Malipiero, who is a member of a new school of composition demanding recognition in that country. The article reprinted in the program book from an address delivered in New York in February, by Ugo Ara, returning violist of the Flonzaley Quartet, is singularly interesting and informing.

In it he fixes the position of the group of young idealists of which Malipiero is a member as between the futuristic Bolsheviks, who enthrone violence and noise, and the conservatives, such as the established Sgambati, Martucci and Bossi, the last of whom was Malipiero's teacher.

Malipiero's score commands instant attention, at first perhaps by its fearless, daringly aggressive individuality, but it is an individuality which speaks for itself, as from a desire for bold expression, made in sincerity rather than merely with the intent of occasioning amazement or uplifted eyebrows. Whether or not the ascribed subtitle: "Shudders, songs, cries, laments," be accepted as a program, the insatiate, hectic unrest makes its effect. It plays about and returns to the first theme of mingled protest and questioning, and all ends with the question unanswered.

Work Well Worth Hearing

There are moments when the poignant outcry best betokens the anguish of silence in the soul which it may have broken. And there are moments, as in the piling of one tonality clashing in the brass upon another near the close, when the effect is more crass than stupendous, and the tragedy becomes pathos. All in all, a work well worth hearing.

Mr Thibaud's art is of a finer fiber than is to be associated ordinarily with the polished exterior of Saint-Saens' concerto. While he played it with something more than an urbane, well-bred elegance, he did not attempt to give its graceful contours or rhapsodical brilliance an emotional depth which would have been incongruous.

He is not a man for the multitude, but his skill is ever commanding—yesterday superb in strength and ardor—and his spirit is one which communes with the loftiest beauty.

In all Mr Rabaud conducted with the discrimination, the poetic insight and warmth which he has taught us to expect. Liszt's spavined old steed, with his luckless rider, raced head and tail in air down the course with a new gait.

MEMORABLE CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Thibaud's Playing, New Italian Piece, Liszt's Tone Poem

Post ——— Apr. 5/19
BY OLIN DOWNES

G. Francesco Malipiero's "The Pauses of Silence," "seven symphonic expressions," was played for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The composer is one of a group of young modern Italians who are not interested either in the vainglory of sensational operas or the traditional symphonic writing of the German school, but who are setting out boldly and seriously to attempt a new development of the musical art.

This was one of the striking features of the concert. Two others were Jacques Thibaud's performance of Saint-Saens' B minor violin concerto and Mr. Rabaud's superb interpretation of Liszt's tone-poem, "Mazeppa." Mozart's symphony in D major (Kochel 504) opened the programme.

STIRS THE IMAGINATION

Malipiero's music is by no means as discordant and as terrible as one had been led to believe by the now famous sub-title bestowed on the music by someone else than the composer: "Shudders, songs, cries, laments." We would that these words had been dis-

pensed with. The original title is sufficient to stir the imagination and to indicate ultra-modern, if not esoteric, character of the composition. There is a central theme, played by a solo wind instrument in the poetic opening section. This theme recurs, transformed, set off by complimentary phrases, and it holds together divergent moods. Divergent as these moods are, however, the transitions did not seem abrupt yesterday, but logical changes, and an impression of clarity and unity prevailed.

There are unusual orchestral combinations, there are curious rhythmical patterns, there is poetry and grotesquerie. In this latter direction, however, the composer is out-Schonberged by Arnold Schonberg. Other of his ideas show, as it seems to us, harmonic tendencies of the modern French character, and also, perhaps, of Stravinsky, who is reputed to have influenced Malipiero. And there was, as we thought, a passing glimpse of the cloven hoof of Giacomo Puccini.

Has Italian Sensibility

One can only speak now of passing impressions of a new and interesting piece of music. There is music that has only to be heard once for a hearer of any experience to know that it is bad. There is other music which immediately commands respect and deliberation, and when such music is heard it is not wise to venture snap judgments. This may be said: The music has refinement and Italian sensibility and clearness. It is also commendably brief and concentrated in character. Much is said in a short time. Or would it be better to say that unusual moods are quickly established and effectively linked together. The music is entirely free of classic principles of form, and it seems to us very well made. What was the composer's intention in this work? Was he thinking of the silence of which Maeterlinck speaks in "Wisdom and Destiny"—that silence in which may occur the most terrible or exalting of spiritual dramas? There is at least the effort, it appears, to portray psychical states and impressions of a kind not easily defined or portrayed. A listener could say that his ears has shown him vistas of a kind unknown to the physical eye. In some pages the sensitive hearer might recall the unreal yet intense sensations of a nightmare.

Made Great Concerto Greater

Mr. Thibaud, who played for the first time at these concerts, gave what was in the estimation of the writer by far the greatest performance of a solo violinist heard this season at these concerts. We

feel that Mr. Thibaud has yet to be fully appreciated by the great public. He has the purest emotional force, tempered by the high intellectuality of a great artist. Everything that was great in Saint-Saëns' concerto was made greater by the violinist, and everything that was mediocre in inspiration was given dignity and significance by him.

Mr. Thibaud's tone—he has now fully recovered from his experiences in the war—is not surpassed for warmth and nobility, nor do we know of a violinist, save, possibly Ysaye at his greatest, who seems to us to unite so impressively the fire of the virtuoso and an inalienable sense of esthetic values. It is not astonishing that the violinist was recalled times innumerable when he finished playing. He had given one of the memorable performances in the history of late seasons in Symphony Hall.

Liszt's Tone Poem

The playing of Liszt's tone poem was an astonishing piece of virtuosity on the part of conductor and orchestra. Other Symphony conductors had made a war-horse of this brilliant work. Mr. Rabaud kindled the music to a more fiery ardor, to a more convincing portrayal of the wild ride, than any of his predecessors of recent years. The rhythm was more headlong. This effect was gained in part by the well chosen tempo and in part by not over-accenting every heavy beat of a measure.

Mr. Rabaud is always broad in his musical conceptions. He brings home to the hearer in an inescapable manner the salient lines of a composition. And the good old conclusion, with its Hungarian pomp and extravagance, was played not politely, or academically, but with contagious gusto, and for every last ounce of tone in Liszt's splendiferous orchestra.

Music in Boston

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor
BOSTON, Massachusetts—On the twentieth Boston Symphony Orchestra program Mr. Rabaud produced, for the first time here, a work of the new Italian school, by G. Francesco Malipiero, entitled "Le Pause del Silenzio" ("The Pauses of Silence"). This is in "Seven Symphonic Expressions," so called, but the work is in one movement. In these movements or episodes, there is a motive, which is supposed to represent songs, shudders, cries and lamentations.

On a first hearing, it is next to impossible to view the composer from his own or, in fact, any especial stand-

point, or to say whether Malipiero is an innovator or an imitator; for his expression is strangely reminiscent of Debussy, Strauss, and many another of the latter day impressionists. He uses about every known instrument in the modern orchestra, and scores very cleverly. But does the composer say anything worth while? One hopes he does, but the answer is not favorable at the present moment. Possibly the piece suffered by following a wonderfully clear performance of the Mozart symphony in D, without minuet, which began the program.

Then there was the Liszt "Mazeppa" Symphonic Poem, the closing number of the concert. Once a puzzler to the wise ones, it is now well understood, although it is as blatant as ever, for the most part.

Jaques Thibaud was the soloist, and he played the now well-worn violin concerto in B minor of Saint Saëns, for the first time here, although he has been heard in the work with the orchestra in Cambridge, and elsewhere. Saint-Saëns wrote the concerto for Sarasate, and it could also well be said that it was written for Thibaud, for the performance showed a complete understanding between composer and interpreter. In clearness, finish, and general exposition, there was little left to be desired. Such a performance was memorable, a model of its kind.

On the evening of Wednesday, April 2, Sergei Adamsky, tenor, gave a concert, mostly of Russian music, though there were two Spanish songs by Osma, from the cycle "Cretares di mi Terre" with others by Italian and American writers. Mr. Adamsky showed pleasing voice in purely lyric numbers, but in such as the improviso from Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," an intensely dramatic piece, the singer was not so fortunate, for despite much tonal beauty, his vocal mechanism was hardly adequate. A group of Russian folk songs were sung in well nigh faultless vocal finish and authoritative interpretation. The singer was assisted by Arthur Hadley cellist, and Edna Sheppard, pianist, who played Chevillard's violoncello sonata, with fine ensemble, although the work was one so dry and without musical value, that one regrets that two such excellent artists should have

wasted their labor on such a work.

On the evening of Thursday, April 4, there was a concert by Rosa Raisa, soprano, and Giacomo Rimini, baritone, both members of the Chicago Opera Company, which brought to mind the old-fashioned opera "star" concert of long ago. The program included a great variety, from "Casta diva" and the "Largo al factotum" to things of the present moment, and the "extras" were nearly equal to the program itself. Miss Raisa again gave evidence that she has a wonderful voice, but it was also evident that her sphere is in opera, and not as an interpreter of lyric songs. Mr. Rimini sang the "Largo al factotum" in loud voice without a suggestion of dynamic variation, and that was the principal fault in the singing of his other numbers. There was no variety or contrast. The applause was often in inverse ratio to the interpretation.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its regular concert in Cambridge on the evening of Thursday, April 3, at which Joseph Malkin, the first cellist of the orchestra, was the soloist. The event of chief interest was the repetition of Edward Burlingame Hill's four pieces for orchestra, "Stevensoniana," heard the previous week in Boston. The impression of good writing obtained at the former hearing was strengthened. Cambridge residents have sometimes complained regarding the abilities of the soloists who "assist" the orchestra at these concerts. Such complaint might well be in order now. Mr. Malkin's wobbly intonation and scratchy tone marred an otherwise enjoyable concert.

New Music in Cambridge

That part of the Boston Symphony concert at Cambridge, last night, which followed the intermission was new to the season's concerts: Haydn's Violoncello Concerto, in D major, chosen and played by Mr. Joseph Malkin, the excellent virtuoso of the orchestra, a "Little Suite" by Roger-Ducasse in first performance at these concerts, and Beethoven's Overture to Egmont. The first section of the programme, comprised Saint-Saëns's Second Symphony in A minor, and Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill's "Stevensoniana," which sounded particularly well in Sanders Theatre, and which deservedly was the occasion of much applause and acknowledgment.

The diminutive suite of Roger-Ducasse stands in the memory vividly for its six minutes. It has the French aptitude of treating a light, almost a popular, theme in a delicately flavored manner to gratify a fastidious palette. Our native composers have sometimes written in this view, but they have tried to be important and have been lengthy instead. They have missed Roger-Ducasse's gusto of brevity—the fleeting tingle of the here and gone (from all accounts the "French Suite" by the same composer has not this virtue). But the "Petite Suite" is cleverly orchestrated and cleverly ordered. "Remembrance," with a song of strings and wood-winds, gives a foundation; "Smiling," which by theme is nothing more than the familiar parlor kind, adds sweetness, and "Trumpeting" ("Clannonneve"), using the full orchestra, of course, gives the piquant "kick." It is all over in a flip and a toss. For its neat serviceableness between two seniors numbers you could scarcely find a counterpart.

MORE GOSSIP ABOUT MR. RABAUD OR ANOTHER

Mr. Toscanini's Reported "Willingness" to Come to Boston—The Parisian's Position—Mr. Heifetz Discloses New Qualities and Heightens and Deepens the Old—A Remarkable Recital—Mr. Kreisler's Return Next October

Trans. — Apr. 4, 1919
THESE are the days in which it is possible to hear any thing and all things about the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra for next year. "Day unto to day uttereth speech," but it is hardly true that "night unto night showeth knowledge." Nevertheless it is time to record the saying in New York of a close friend of Mr. Toscanini, hitherto well informed about the conductor's intentions. According to him Mr. Toscanini "expressed his willingness to assume the leadership of the Boston orchestra after an urgent request had been transmitted to Italy by Senator Lodge." Whether these words refer to negotiations in progress last summer or to soundings and bargainings more recently undertaken does not appear. The mention of Senator Lodge tends to imply the earlier quest, since in it the trustees of the orchestra invoked the aid of eminent statesmen and preferred governmental rather than musical channels as a way to their goal.

In either alternative, a wide gap separates Mr. Toscanini, expressing a willingness to become the conductor of the Sym-

phony Orchestra from Mr. Toscanini visible and audible in Symphony Hall. It is not necessary to know him intimately to know also that he is a man of many minds and many moods over a proposal, gratifying indeed to many of his ambitions as a conductor, yet breaking for the time many of his cherished ties as a man. It was these ties that drew him back to Italy in the years of the war. Now, if he should come next autumn to Boston he must part them again. What his final decision may be, no man knoweth—or at least sayeth—but above and beyond any conductor in Europe, except Mr. Nikisch, whose German affiliations put him out of the question, Mr. Toscanini seems worthy of the new quality and the old prestige of the Symphony Orchestra.

It is even possible to hear in the gossip of the town, though it is impossible to say how truly, that Mr. Rabaud has himself signalled Mr. Toscanini—and Mr. Mengelberg—to the trustees as conductors of the first rank. More interesting, however, to the frequenters of the Symphony Concerts is Mr. Rabaud's own disposition toward another year in Boston. As some say, who profess to be more or less in his confidence, he prefers to return to Paris in the spring and busy himself anew with the writing of music since by profession and inclination, he is composer rather than conductor. Like report also asserts that he has found the hundred concerts that he must lead in a season, in Boston, in New York, in many another city, a severer strain upon his physical and nervous energies than he cares to endure for another year. On the other hand, equally plausible sayings run that he is an eminently reasonable man: that there are arrangements and arrangements afoot "of which we shall soon hear." Meanwhile, no one, apparently, can or will speak with knowledge and authority about the conductorship next year. None the less it is credibly reported that the trustees have several times discussed it. Certainly, also, at the concert of Saturday, Mr. Rabaud, earnest as was his effort, admirable sometimes, as was the outcome, seemed a tired man.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

FROM MOZART, THROUGH LISZT, TO MALIPIERO

Mr. Rabaud Freshens a Programme, and Does Both Well and Ill with It — His Eloquence with Liszt, His Stiff Prose with Mozart—Mr. Thibaud Shines with His Own Virtues, and Also Recalls Sarasate—The Italian's Novel and Penetrating Music

THE programme set for orchestra and audience at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon seemed like happy return to the more catholic and cosmopolitan days of the Symphony Concerts. Only one French piece, and that the "soloist's" concerto, stood upon it—as agreeable a sensation as a single German number used to be in the lists of other years. More than once in the past, the frequenter of the Symphony Concerts (unless he loves routine and has no curiosity about widely different musics) has been sated with German pieces. It is equally possible to be surfeited with French items and with them, as the musical year lengthens, some ears and minds are nearing the point of saturation which, in the concert-hall, is also the point of ennui and indifference. It was respite and pleasure, therefore, to hear an Italian symphonic piece—the first that Mr. Rabaud has put upon a programme in five months in Boston—and also a symphonic poem from Liszt, hitherto, like the other Czechs, an overlooked composer in the conductor's lists. The more widely these range, the better for the interest and the prestige of the concerts with open-minded hearers; while, of course, every one in the audiences of Friday and Saturday is, and has long been, such. By natural inclination and acquired habit, Mr. Fiedler and Dr. Muck tended, in the progress of a season, to choose over-much German music. By like impulses Mr. Rabaud has tended to an excess of French items. In all three instances it is hard to believe (as extremists say) in deliberate and calculated propaganda. Each conductor probably followed instinct and custom as missionary for the music of his country, for the music in which he had been bred, in which he believed and with which he made his reputation.

Yet, in an idealistic view—the mode of the moment, is it not?—the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra should be missionary for nothing but the most interesting music that he can assemble, played in the

ablest fashion that he can achieve. He should put by his own likings and dislikes; he should know no cults or exclusions or nationalities; he should do no favors, curb every prejudice, work with single mind and heart for the quality of his concerts alike in programme and performance. Then their prestige would be his prestige—a greater and more lasting glory than any other means and any other end might win. The repute of the Symphony Orchestra at home and abroad in these later years has been rooted in the catholicity of its programmes, in the cosmopolitan choice of its personnel according to ability and nothing else, in the breadth of view, actual or acquired, of its conductors. No doubt these are counsels of perfection, bearing hard upon many a human inclination and infirmity, but so far, in the long run, this living tradition, these enkindling standards, have prevailed.

A familiar piece, yet one heard not too often at these concerts—Mozart's symphony in D major, the symphony without a minuet—began the afternoon and another familiar piece—Liszt's tone-poem, "Mazeppa"—ended it. Mr. Rabaud was divining in the pace he chose for the ride of Byron's, Hugo's and Liszt's hero, in the fashion in which he rhythmized it. The orchestra answered him readily, and the measures kept the graphic quality, generated the excitement which is half the virtue nowadays of these "romantics" in the poetry, painting and music of the middle of the nineteenth century. Skilful, too, were conductor and orchestra with the suspensive, quasi-mysterious measures that link the Mazeppa whirled from woe to woe with the Mazeppa exalted to state and power. Presumably they hint the reawakening of a dauntless spirit; certainly they hint at sundry transitional passages in the music-dramas of Wagner. As fortunate were conductor and orchestra in the tonal pomps of the end. They were grandiose as the matter and the manner of the music bade—exuberantly rich of tone and not merely blatant as they were a few weeks ago in the much applauded climax of the overture to "The King of Ys." Yesterday the clapping was less in the auditorium; but the artistic consciences on the stage must have run truer. Once more, Mr. Rabaud characterized this highly colored, sharply rhythmized, emphatic and excited romantic music; again he gave it the vitality, the illusion hard to summon in these days of other moods and tempers in the arts. Such pieces, beyond any other that he has played this winter, are his trade. It is a pity that what seems to many a superfluous scruple, should deprive audiences of the pleasures of his Wagner.

On the other hand Mr. Rabaud has succeeded ill with the symphonies of Mozart and the other eighteenth-century music that he has thus far played. Manifestly, they have failed to interest audiences as of old; while relatively scanty, in comparison with the applause of the past, have been present plaudits for them. The reason seems not far to seek. The conductor is too stiff, too literal with this music of line, of patterns in sound, of flowing figure and airy arabesque. Such a music invites a grace and elegance of performance, an aristocratic voice that he and the orchestra may not give it. The symphony of yesterday constantly bids to light modulation of pace and accent, to delicate play of light and shade, to an airy elegance in the finale, a pensively songful melancholy in the slow movement, a plastic animation in the first allegro. Instead, Mr. Rabaud made his way through all three movements faithfully, lucidly and intelligently, and the orchestra dutifully followed the leader. So to play Mozart is to stiffen the agility of the music, to cloud its little upspringing graces, to strip away its glamour of tonal fancy, to miss its quality of air and fire, clear and softly glowing. Mozart's handiwork, as in some of the arabesques of the Andante and in the twists and the turns of the finale, is too fine, too supple for such playing. The elegant, the aristocratic note vanishes. Yesterday, Mozart's symphony in D major was little more than restated painstakingly as an item in the work of the composers, in the history of music.

It was even possible to wish the silly, futile wish that Mr. Thibaud might have played this symphony of Mozart as he has played within easy memory one or another of the composer's violin pieces, as he played, on Friday, the violin part in Saint-Saëns's concerto in B minor. It was music that betrayed none of his limitations as the big voice of Beethoven even in sonatas, occasionally does; it was music that he might merely have set forth to the audience with his usual beauty of flowing and shimmering tone, finesse of shading, inflection, transition, play of intelligence, fancy and elegance. So doing, he would hardly have reaped less applause than that which his hearers heaped upon him. Yet as it happened, he chose to reanimate, to transfigure the hackneyed concerto, stalking-horse and spoil of violinists of all degrees and of none.

Remembering them, it was like revelation to many a listener to hear the slow movement played with such curving and recurving loveliness of line, such grace of motion, such charm of melody

and melancholy, such insinuating and glamouring modulations as flowed from Mr. Thibaud's bow. Here, though Saint-Saëns wrote the concerto late in the seventies of the nineteenth century was the veritable music of softly glowing air and fire that Mozart's should have been. In the long first movement, came no thought of the composer's readiness and deftness, of the skillful weaving of the symphonic web, of the expertly drawn threads of the violin part. Rather, Mr. Thibaud touched all this pattern-weaving with the soft lustres of his tone; set figures in motion by its undulations; with its fineness, penetration and sensibility gave the music such voice as it has hardly known since Sarasate's time.

For the instant, the listener believed in the beauty of these measures, because he could not doubt the beauty with which Mr. Thibaud was clothing them. In the finale, this two-fold beauty of music and performance sounded richer, flowed more amply, stirring, quickening the ears that the slow division had caressed. Again under Mr. Thibaud's persuading, the listener was ready to believe that Saint-Saëns had written with imagination as well as with skill; that he also was striking fire. Deceitful is memory and comparisons are pitfalls, but there were those in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon who, listening to Mr. Thibaud in this concerto, heard also, as though it were upon the stage, the voice of Sarasate's violin. Mr. Thibaud is indeed himself; but he is like to the Spaniard, finest-textured of all the violinists of his day, as is no other fiddler of our immediate time.

Since Malipiero's novel piece—for "The Pauses of Silence," in spite of seven divisions, is a rounded whole—has been recently described in this place and since it will be repeated at Symphony Hall this evening, there is no need now to set down more than first and quick impressions. In ten minutes the music comes and goes; while from first measure to last it is written in an individual idiom, wrought in an individual design, fed by individual emotions. Even after a single hearing there is no questioning the clear impression, the lively interest of that idiom. Malipiero not only thinks in terms of the harmonies and the timbres of our time; he also imagines in them. He has not only imagined new musical sounds, impressive—sometimes beautiful—upon the ear; he has also devised his own means to produce them. Whatever his mysterious title may or may not imply, he has written music that has

not only a distinct voice and color, but also distinct moods and atmosphere of its own. The "motto motive," already cited in these columns, not only binds the seven divisions together, but impregnates and haunts them. If the imaginative hearer likes, it may imply the stream of life, the stream of time, the iterations that are the human lot. It hoops, as it were, a music embodying the sensations that are the variants, the ebullitions, the concentrations of such living. In one and another division Malipiero has written music of strenuous or fiery voice, of eager, restive longing, of hot, tense contemplation. Whatever the mood, there is no doubting that emotion has prompted and warmed it, that imagination has called it to life. Malipiero's brevity is the brevity not of the economy that considers, but of the intensity that burns away. As it was said in this place Thursday, the listener cannot choose but hear—and as it seemed on Friday, applaud as well.

H. T. P.

M. THIBAUD SCORES AT SYMPHONY

Music Rather Than Technique the Object Attained by Artist

"PAUSES OF SILENCE"
YELLS, SOBS, GROANS

Malipiero, New Italian
Composer, Out-Noises the
Dissonance-Mongers

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

The Symphony Program:
Mozart. Symphony in D major.
Malipiero. "The Pauses of Silence." Seven
Symphonic Expressions.
St. Saëns. Violin Concerto in B minor.
Soloist, M. Jaques Thibaud.
Liszt. "Mazeppa," Symphonic Poem.

The three-movement symphony written by Mozart to please the Prague taste of 135 years ago does not greatly excite the concert auditor of today. Of course there is suavity, graceful leading of the voices, all that gentility which we prize in Mozart, but not the dramatic force which the twentieth century musician craves. There is nothing in its pretty measures which is a task to our great orchestra and the performance was without flaw, and had some virility as well. It was roundly applauded and the performance deserved this tribute.

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For the instant, the listener believed in the beauty of these measures, because he could not doubt the beauty with which Mr. Thibaud was clothing them. In the finale, this two-fold beauty of music and performance sounded richer, flowed more amply, stirring, quickening the ears that the slow division had caressed. Again under Mr. Thibaud's persuading, the listener was ready to believe that Saint-Saëns had written with imagination as well as with skill; that he also was striking fire. Deceitful is memory and comparisons are pitfalls, but there were those in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon who, listening to Mr. Thibaud in this concerto, heard also, as though it were upon the stage, the voice of Sarasate's violin. Mr. Thibaud is indeed himself; but he is like to the Spaniard, finest-textured of all the violinists of his day, as is no other fiddler of our immediate time.

Since Malipiero's novel piece—for "The Pauses of Silence," in spite of seven divisions, is a rounded whole—has been recently described in this place and since it will be repeated at Symphony Hall this evening, there is no need now to set down more than first and quick impressions. In ten minutes the music comes and goes; while from first measure to last it is written in an individual idiom, wrought in an individual design, fed by individual emotions. Even after a single hearing there is no questioning the clear impression, the lively interest of that idiom. Malipiero not only thinks in terms of the harmonies and the timbres of our time; he also imagines in them. He has not only imagined new musical sounds, impressive—sometimes beautiful—upon the ear; he has also devised his own means to produce them. Whatever his mysterious title may or may not imply, he has written music that has

not only a distinct voice and color, but also distinct moods and atmosphere of its own. The "motto motive," already cited in these columns, not only binds the seven divisions together, but impregnates and haunts them. If the imaginative hearer likes, it may imply the stream of life, the stream of time, the iterations that are the human lot. It hoops, as it were, a music embodying the sensations that are the variants, the ebullitions, the concentrations of such living. In one and another division Malipiero has written music of strenuous or fiery voice, of eager, restless longing, of hot, tense contemplation. Whatever the mood, there is no doubting that emotion has prompted and warmed it, that imagination has called it to life. Malipiero's brevity is the brevity not of the economy that considers, but of the intensity that burns away. As it was said in this place Thursday, the listener cannot choose but hear—and as it seemed on Friday, applaud as well.

H. T. P.

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Now the pendulum swing to the other extreme. Some of the modern Italian composers seem in a great haste to make up for the past devotion to singable melody and are hurrying to join the procession of the resonance-mongers.

MAKING NEW EFFECTS.

Malipiero, a name not yet "arrived" in the musical dictionaries (he was in Venice in 1882), seems to go on and even Bossi, his teacher, in making new effects, and this search even with his title. "The Pauses of Silence!" It suggests the

"Silence like a poultice came To heal the wounds of Sound."

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M. THIBAUD SCORING SYMPHONY

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Soloist, M. J.
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it was a pleasure to welcome a full-grown artist again and to find that the boys have not utterly abolished the adults. This number was to us the chief point of the concert. Shapely, intelligible and melodious, utterly devoid of frantic straining for effects, the work might be a model to those moderns who seek to astonish at all hazards.

And M. Thibaud played it in just the right spirit. There was plenty of technique displayed, but music rather than exhibitions of technique seemed to be object of the artist. The ensemble was excellent throughout.

The melody of the second movement was especially charming and contrasted well with the fire of the finale. In this finale the demon of development seizes upon Saint-Saens, and it is carried to too great a length, but the brilliant playing carried the day, and M. Thibaud aroused the heartiest enthusiasm and certainly deserved it. He was recalled again and again.

And now we can exclaim, with the ghost in "Hamlet"—"Liszt, Liszt, oh Liszt!" And it was good to welcome this composer again after his long absence from the symphonic programs. There have been many horses in music, from Wagner's Walkure stable to Berlioz's black pair who gallop to Hades, but Liszt's Mazeppa steed may rank with any of them. M. Rabaud gave the great Mazeppa theme with barbaric splendor and the wild ride was made exciting enough. The changes of the theme aforesaid from sadness to triumph and the fiercely victorious march of the finale form a climax such as few modern composers attain in spite of all their efforts. M. Rabaud made the most of his opportunities, and so the "Tartar of the Ukraine breed" galloped to success and Malipiero's pauses and symphonic expressions (or rather depressions) were obliterated.

"Happy are those nations which have no histories," said an eminent Frenchman, and delightful are those concerts which require no reviews, adds the critic. Such are the concerts of Jascha Heifetz, for we have all learned now what to expect from him, which is nothing less than perfection. He crowded Symphony Hall last Sunday and gave a program full of dignity and beauty. Tartini's "Devil's Trill" and Wieniawski's "Souvenir de Moscow" stood out with especial splendor, in his work. Encores were added, of course, but not during the course of the program.



JOHN McCORMACK
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In his twelfth year Mr. Thibaud had played in public at Angers. In Paris he had become known by his brilliant solos at the Café Rouge in the rue de Tournon, frequented by Conservatory pupils, who were in the habit of playing there in ensemble and as soloists. He joined Colonne's orchestra in 1897 and in 1898 became the solo violinist of that orchestra. In 1899-1900 he appeared as a virtuoso in towns of France, and at Brussels, Mannheim, and Geneva; in 1901 at Berlin, Amsterdam, Lisbon; in 1902-03 in Russia, the Scandinavian countries, Roumania, Italy, Spain.

His first appearance in Boston was on November 7, 1903, when he played César Franck's sonata with André Benoist, and pieces by Bach, Saint-Saëns, Vieuxtemps, Marsick, and Wieniawski.

A second visit to this country was made in 1913-14 and on December 28, 1913, Mr. Thibaud gave a concert with Harold Bauer in Symphony Hall: Sonatas by Franck and Beethoven (the Kreutzer), Bach's Chaconne, and a Sarabande and Gigue by Bach. He gave a concert with Carlos Salzedo, harpist, in Jordan Hall, January 31, 1914: Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole; pieces by Beethoven, Bach, Desplanès-Nachez, Saint-Saëns, Fauré, Wieniawski.

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Out of "New Italy" Comes Novel Music

Trans. — Apr. 3, 1919
Background and Foreground to Malipiero's "Pauses of Silence," to Be Played for the First Time in America at the Symphony Concert Tomorrow

IN these days of government by slogan, it must be a sign of the eternal perversion of the artistic mind that many of the ill-considered commonplaces of musical criticism which have done duty—and more than duty!—for a generation or two are being dragged into daylight and there subjected to severe re-examination. Two or three years ago the man in the street who cared about musical matters at all would have no more thought of doubting the general notion that Italian musicians have no interest or talent for instrumental music than of doubting today that the earth is round, or five centuries ago that it was flat, or five years ago that the French cannot fight, or that Bostonians are all acute Anglomaniacs, or that the millennium is around the corner of the next decade, waiting in sorrowful patience, but ultimate confidence, for the enactment of certain critical legislation by the Congress. It is true that the symphonic talent of Sgambati has been recognized, probably quite as enthusiastically as it ever will deserve, and that a few Americans who have happened to be in the right place at the right time have realized that in the now elderly Scontrino there abide a wealth of ideas and the power to express them which merit still wider recognition. It has long been suspected, also, that the apparent instrumental silence of Italy might not be wholly independent of a publishing monopoly which has made its successes with operatic works of high rank the excuse for encouraging the composition of inferior operas by printing them and then foisting them upon a bored public as

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a contractual condition of releasing the superior pieces. That exemplary "house" has confined its orchestral activities chiefly to the publication of luxurious editions of Beethoven in which the viola parts are printed in the treble and bass clefs instead of the viola (alto) clef, so that they may be "easy to read." For two long the drift of American musical curiosity has been to the north-east, with Paris as a starting point; and it has required the happy conjunction of a world war and Mr. Hugo Ara to awaken our musical public to the notion that Italy has not exclusively confined itself, as Mark Twain once put it, to "the lighter arts of operatic singing, organ-grinding, and assassination."

"New Italy"

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There is an excellent reason why Americans are not informed of the national growth of Italy in general, and of its artistic expressions in particular—there has been no propaganda. A tradition of opera has existed since a day when Italy had less to be proud of in this field than it has now; Verdi, Puccini, and the more deserving of the lesser men had only to present their works before a fully prepared public which heard, enjoyed, was ready for more, and asked no questions. A waning musical faith in the infallibility and all-sufficiency of Germany was galvanized into a semblance of its old life by that educational, civic, and industrial propaganda which filled our universities with exchange professors, our journals with regretful and invidious comparisons between American and German efficiency in government and business, our legislatures with paternal socialism, and our metaphorical Little Marys with the east wind generally. England, with traditional ties of blood and real ties of language, has never been backward in advertising its genuine or fancied excellences. What home is complete without the Encyclopedia Britannica, and what more than locally informed person would take it without a considerable dash of salt? The French and the Russian composers, to say nothing of their literary leaders, have surely shown that they understand how little of what they lose by devotion to cliques is missed by the vast audiences that their aggressive actions and antics attract.

During all this period of our undoubted education by rival propaganda little has been heard of the "New Italy" movement outside of Italy itself, probably because it is wholly patriotic, wholly sincere, and rightly devoted to the upbuilding of a noble Italy by improvements at home, and not to the aggrandizement of a party in power by reckless exploitation and unscrupulous deception of outsiders. Beginning in

Malipiero's "Pauses of Silence" to be played

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Mr. JOSEPH JACQUES THIBAUD, violinist, was born at Bordeaux, France, on September 27, 1880. Until he was thirteen years of age he was taught by his father. Entering the Paris Conservatory he received lessons of Martin Marsick and in 1896 was awarded a first prize. Prizes were also awarded that year to Messrs. Sechiari and Monod, pupils of Berthelier, and Soudant, pupil of Lefort.) Thibaud's brother, Joseph Charles, born at Bordeaux on February 25, 1875, took a first prize at the Paris Conservatory for pianoforte-playing in 1892. Another brother, Henri Bernard, a violoncellist, and a student at the Conservatory, was born at Bordeaux on July 8, 1877.

In his twelfth year Mr. Thibaud had played in public at Angers. In Paris he had become known by his brilliant solos at the Café Roux, the rue de Tournon, frequented by Conservatory pupils, who were in the habit of playing there in ensemble and as soloists. He joined Colonne's orchestra in 1897 and in 1898 became the solo violinist of the orchestra. In 1899-1900 he appeared as a virtuoso in towns of France and at Brussels, Mannheim, and Geneva; in 1901 at Berlin, Amsterdam, Lisbon; in 1902-03 in Russia, the Scandinavian countries, Roumania, Italy, Spain.

His first appearance in Boston was on November 7, 1903, when he played César Franck's sonata with André Benoist, and pieces by Beethoven, Saint-Saëns, Vieuxtemps, Marsick, and Wieniawski.

A second visit to this country was made in 1913-14 and on December 28, 1913, Mr. Thibaud gave a concert with Harold Bauer in Symphony Hall: Sonatas by Franck and Beethoven (the Kreutzer), Bach's Sonatas, and a Sarabande and Gigue by Bach. He gave a concert with Carlos Salzedo, harpist, in Jordan Hall, January 31, 1914: Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole; pieces by Beethoven, Bach, Desplantes-Nacament, Saint-Saëns, Fauré, Wieniawski.

When the war broke out, he went into active service. Late in 1914 he was given leave of absence from the French Army on account of injuries received while on duty in the trenches.

He played in Boston with George Copeland in a concert at Symphony Hall, December 24, 1916: Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole, Chopin's Poème, and pieces by Saint-Saëns. Nicolai Schneer, accompanist.

On April 2, 1917, he gave a concert with Harold Bauer in Jordan Hall: Sonatas by Beethoven, Franck, Mozart.

January 12, 1918, recital in Jordan Hall: Lekeu's Sonata; Saint-Saëns's Concerto in B minor; Bach's Chaconne; pieces by Guiraud, Marsick, Saint-Saëns, Wieniawski. March 24, concert with Guion Novaes in Symphony Hall: Beethoven's Sonata, F major, Op. 10, No. 3; Mozart's Concerto in E-flat; Vieuxtemps's Ballade and Polonaise. October 27, concert with Harold Bauer in Symphony Hall: Grieg's Sonata, C minor; Franck's Sonata; pieces by Ysaye and Wieniawski.

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ADOPTS BAY STATE

Recreation Huts to Become

Centres for Ambitious Soldiers

to Better Themselves

Recreation huts for soldiers are to be turned into educational centres for the benefit of men who are "get ahead" upon their return. Plans now in effect, under the War Department is co-operation with the National War Work Council. Y. M. C. A., are described in a letter to students issued by the Department of University Extension. Massachusetts Board of Education newsletter states that when the first under consideration of the Department made an investigation of the courses of study while in the army and intensive and could be of advantage where soldiers are shifted from one post to another. Courses of the Massachusetts Extension Department were best adapted for the end. In February, after the call came, sheets covering one hundred were sent to France.

Applications for the courses are chiefly from soldiers who are returning to fit themselves for bettered when they get home than they have obtained before the war. Of these men, this new spirit is aroused by Army training discipline. The courses cover ranging from elementary foreign-speaking soldiers mechanical drawing and calculation are also provided for nurses to study along the lines of

OFFSET VOTERS' GENE

Watertown Selectmen Cut Off

Wages of Firemen, Policemen

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the early seventies, when the principal nations of continental Europe were forced to commence a great era of reconstruction, Italy set about the task of unifying a people separated by centuries of adherence to the system of government by small States, with all the evils which that system entails. As compared with Germany, which faced a like problem at the same time, Italy possessed an ignorant and undisciplined population and corruption and pauperism seemed almost too firmly rooted ever to disappear. Yet, thanks to the moral soundness of the doctrine which Italy's leaders managed presently to evolve, the southern country has for long been committed to a policy of national development as liberally humanitarian as that of its rival has been brutally destructive. Thus the present moment finds Italy with more than a beginning of the fulfilment of its aims realized, to its eternal credit, while a nation which in 1870 gave every promise of magnificent future has just had to be pushed to the verge of extermination in order to be tolerated at all.

Ideals and the Arts

What strikes the foreign visitor who stumbles upon the spirit back of the "New Italy" movement is the sterling loyalty of persons of high and low degree, the happy combination of an optimism which dares attempt anything with a level-headedness which forbids darting off at a tangent, and the astonishingly humanitarian quality of the aims sought and the methods used to attain them. Apparently all are sincere, and all energetic; nobody is lukewarm, and nobody has the spirit of the profiteer; everybody believes devoutly that there is no aim too high to be confidently striven for, yet nobody will listen to a quack; all agree to make Italy pre-eminent in the world, yet nobody covets another nation's good things, or desires to interfere in another nation's development or happiness.

Naturally so active and invigorating an idealism is bound to seek expression in the arts as surely as anything so flat and flabby as our "uplift" programme is bound to stifle even the first faint stirrings of artistic impulse. Thus there has appeared in Italy a group of artists, including a fair number of composers, who have ceased to cry for the moon but want the earth instead, and will probably in the end get their share of it. At present they are in the state "when a feller needs a friend," and such a friend they seem to have secured in Mr. Ara, not to mention certain critics in those countries which are shrewd enough to set the national energy to work hunting hidden talent instead of hidden sin. So much for background to the first music Boston is to hear from this "New Italy"—Malipiero's "Pauses of Silence" to be played

The Man and the Work

According to Mr. Jean-Aubry, Malipiero was born at Venice in 1882. He received much of his musical instruction from Enrico Bossi, not unknown here as a composer, and he studied modern French and Russian scores as well as "the researches of the young Hungarian musicians"—possibly Bela Bartok, or the group which recognize Schönberg as guide, philosopher and friend. In his early days he wrote compositions which he now prefers to disavow; Mr. Jean-Aubry does not describe the traits of these pieces, but leaves it to be inferred that they are conventionally modern. A "Sinfonia del Silenzio e della Morte" (1910) is recognized by Mr. Jean-Aubry as a work in which Malipiero's individuality begins to stand out; but even this is rejected as "youthful" by the composer. This critic refers in appreciative terms to the following "mature" or nearly mature works: "Poemetti Lunari" (1910); the aforementioned symphony; "Canossa," a one-act tragedy; "Sogno di un Tramonto di Autunno," a tragic poem founded on one of d'Annunzio's lyrics; a number of songs including "Sonnets des Feés" (d'Annunzio), "Cinq Melodies," and "Keepsake" (all recent, the last 1918); piano pieces, including "Preludi Autunnali," "Poemi Aslani" (1916), and "Barlumi" (recent); orchestral compositions, "Impressioni del Vero" (two orchestral suites—the adjectival noun "Vero" is translated "Nature" by Mr. Jean-Aubry), a suite, "Armenia," and two compositions, "Pause del Silenzio" and "Ditirambo Tragico," which Mr. Jean-Aubry, writing in January of this year, says have not been performed; and two mimodramatic works, "Sette Canzoni" and "Pantea," both of which evidently are accompanied not only by orchestra, but by singers with text appropriate to the action.

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Symphony Hall.

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LIP GREELEY CLAPP

The Man and the

According to Mr. was born at Venice much of his musical rico Bossi, not unk poser, and he studie Russian scores as w of the young Hung sibly Bela Bartok, or nize Schönberg as a friend. In his early positions which he n Mr. Jean-Aubry doe of these pieces, I inferred that they ar ern. A "Sinfonia Morte" (1910) is rec Aubry as a work in dividuality begins to this is rejected as " poser. This critic terms to the followi mature works: "Po the aforementioned a one-act tragedy; " di Autunno," a tra one of d'Annunzio's songs including "So nunzio), "Cinq Melo (all recent, the last cluding "Preludi Aslani" (1916), an orchestral composit "Vero" (two orchestr noun "Vero" is to Mr. Jean-Aubry), a two compositions, "Ditirambo Tragico, bry, writing in Jan have not been per dramatic works, "Pantea," both of v accompanied not only singers with text ap Boston is to hear zio" at the Sympl week; I am indebt the privilege of cor score. To one who edge of Italian, "P mean much or littl tionary meaning of in sound are silen

Analyses

The second, agitato, 3-4. A bassoon, the contrabassoon, and the contrabasses commence a running accompaniment figure; the horns enter with a counter-rhythm; then the violins are added to the rest. A snatch of dance music is tossed off by clarinet, English horn, and xylophone; the rest of the orchestra picks it up, and there is rough and savage treatment of this and other material. There is a return to the opening figures, and at the close the motto is again heard, this time in the oboes.

The third "expression" opens with repeated slow chords for strings and harp, in a steady, quiet pulsation. Again the woodwind instruments answer each other back and forth with short figures of a pastoral character. A broad melody is begun by the violins, and completed by other instruments: this is then developed and elaborated, with suggestions of changing keys. The quiet mood of the opening returns, but there is a more pronounced melancholy. The motto makes its reappearance at the end.

In sound are silence, pauses in silence

powder says that all the facts
subject are now to be a
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General. I have already not
Director General that I would
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qualified. It was of him and
I spoke when I said in my
Secretary of War, in November
the views of the Inspector
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med it advisable so to do.
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sible, speaks for itself.

all, however, it is my judgment that an adequate and helpful investigation of the existing system of military administration of it during the war is beyond your province. The attitude toward it, and the way to deal with it, are not, when faced with particular incidents to which the limited capacity of inquiry can be applied; they are extra-departmental questions involving fundamental and general considerations of law and justice, which cannot justly be confined to the War Department or any bureau or office which are entirely beyond your jurisdiction.

les, whatever of controversy upon these fundamental questions concerning which I have given to my views, directly involved the honor of the Government of War, whose subordination is even more; it directly involves the honor of the War Office as well. I beg to say that the record will show that this was a most noble and final endeavor, made near the close of the war, to subject the whole of the departmental supervision to the control of the Secretary of War, the Assistant Secretary of War, the

Symphony Hall.

sion
 o the poetic content of the work, it
 too close a verbal analysis, lying
 h of the most representative modern
 oes in the fertile middle region be-
 programme and abstract music. Mr.
 is reminded of the vast, hot, hazy,
 terious landscapes of the Campagna
 ily, with their strange and vivid
 choed in sound by snatches of tune
 the pipes of unseen shepherds:
 of course he absolves the composer
 intention specifically to paint these
 Whether the composer had such
 tion or not, no son of Italy can fail
 been influenced by these land-
 off the operatic stage at least.

live sympathy with Nature there are
in these little pieces, and along
the kind of more personal response
characterizes the introspective poets
such as Debussy and, to a less
Chopin, not to mention Sibelius in
his symphony, which has pleased a
few here in Boston. Malipiero,
is not exclusively personal, but
Italian as well, even to the ex-
aggerated, almost a swagger, which
we sympathize with or deplore, ac-
cording to our prejudices, in Verdi, Puc-
cini, Mascagni—but which kin-
dles the blood whether or no. Also, there
is the sparkle and self-confidence
in these little pieces. So we may
admire to delight many by their con-
fession, while they annoy some
who are old men in years and all
who are old men by temperament.
Young people are welcome to sniff
at them; I find these seven "expres-
sions" a remodiment in tones of the pas-
sion of an energetic and sanguine but
thoughtful and reflective young man, all of
which, even to his idle fancies, is
the pride, ambition, and spirit-

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FREELY CLAPP

at the Symphony Saturday.

The Man and the

In the London Mercury, 1919, Mr. G. Jefferies, in an article concerning the title, "A Great Art," apparently feels that the work needs explanation. He begins by recalling the several causes of Ravel, Sévécac, Rodin, and Stravinsky; and then asks: "Which were the causes or myself? Let us see."

According to Mr. Jefferies, Malipiero was born at Venice in 1876. He was a friend of the young Hungarians, notably Bela Bartok, and he studied the Russian scores as well as those of the young Hungarians. In his early positions which he held, he was not only a composer, but also a conductor. He has written a number of these pieces, but the most important are the "Sinfonia Mortale" (1910) and the "Sinfonia di Autunno," a tragedy in three acts, written in 1911. He has also written a number of songs, including "Sinfonia Mortale" (1910) and the "Sinfonia di Autunno," a tragedy in three acts, written in 1911. He has also written a number of songs, including "Sinfonia Mortale" (1910) and the "Sinfonia di Autunno," a tragedy in three acts, written in 1911.

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In sound are silence, pauses in sound

should be sound. Or, or local, "break silence" found ideas to the composers be denied Malipiero's titles are often even mystical; the merely a fanciful work he is about to break he thereby imbues with something of the magic as he may Lord Dunsany is not of this same trick. in the term, nor in the orchestral expression that Malipiero is a little series (I don't suite) "preludes." yet, "nocturnes!" A of the "expressions" the lie to the name. titles; the composer hearers' curiosity and leave the rest music to stimulate

Analyses

The first "expression" readily remembered in unison; this series for the series. Immense are spread soft chords and celesta, over which instruments answer figures of a pastoral a change of rhythm development, culminating in a chant-like movement. Then the little pastiche over again with new tation. At the close recalls the motto.

The second, agitated the contrabassoon, commence a running the horns enter with then the violins are snatch of dance music, English horn, rest of the orchestra is rough and savage other material. The opening figures, and is again heard, this

The third "expression" ed slow chords for steady, quiet pulsation instruments answer forth with short figures. A broad melody violins, and complete this is then ed, with suggestions quiet mood of the there is a more peaceful. The motto makes an end.

The fourth is again lively. Furious runs for strings and woodwind serve as background for a new dance figure, which is developed even more savagely than that of the second movement. After a greatly increased pace has led to a climax, the original tempo is restored; but this time heavily divided trills replace the furious runs of the opening. At the close a loud chord of brass is suddenly cut off, leaving a flute and an oboe, which have entered softly in a totally different key, to complete a reminiscence of the motto.

The fifth begins quietly with mysterious chords for low woodwind, five solo cellos, and a solo contrabass, recalling the manner of the chantlike passage for strings in the first movement. A slow rhythmic figure for horns is added, and there is a plaintive melody for oboe. In the middle portion there is more antiphonal calling back and forth among the various instruments; then the opening chords return. The usual reappearance of the motto is this time entrusted to three flutes.

The sixth opens with a martial tune for trumpets in G major, accompanied by a pair of horns in F sharp major; then the keys shift to A flat and G. New rhythmic elements are introduced, first by the trombones, then by the woodwind. Toward the end much is made of the alternation of soft brass chords with sforzando chords for strings and woodwind in altogether different keys. The motto is finally quoted by the trumpets.

The seventh "expression," which serves as emotional and formal climax of the set, opens with formidable crescendos of various sets of instruments, always so arranged that two unrelated chords are sounding simultaneously. An answer is afforded by modal progressions of chords for strings, harp and celesta, which are in keeping with two similar passages in previous movements, albeit not directly quoted from them. Two interruptions in the shape of upward rushes of the strings, the bass clarinet, and the harp lead to an "atmospheric" middle portion, after which the opening measures return and lead to a brilliant polyharmonic climax. The motto reappears in all four horns, as at the beginning of the set; the final chord is an unresolved suspension which melts into a silence the "pauses" of which are now over for the time being.

The foregoing is less an attempt at formal analysis than a bit of description to prepare the way for a hearing by pointing out how the composer presents his material. For formal analysis it is only necessary to take the wind out of the sails of the conservative by assuring them, upon honor, that the several movements are in three-part form. They are played without pause, so the unwary may find themselves in the position of the audience at Mr. Ornstein's concert a couple of seasons ago, when only the initiated knew at a certain

Symphony Hall.

moment whether the pianist had played all or only one of Schönberg's Six Short Pieces for Piano. As there are still people in the world, even in Boston, who ardently favor or oppose "generative" treatment in works of more than one movement, it may be bloodshed to point out that the motto is not only actually quoted in six of the seven movements, but that several motives are contrived so as to resemble others in harmony, rhythm, outline, or a combination of the three, and that this resemblance is manifestly intended by the composer.

Impression

As to the poetic content of the work, it eludes too close a verbal analysis, lying as much of the most representative modern music does in the fertile middle region between programme and abstract music. Mr. Rabaud is reminded of the vast, hot, hazy, and mysterious landscapes of the Campagna and Sicily, with their strange and vivid colors echoed in sound by snatches of tune from the pipes of unseen shepherds; though of course he absolves the composer of any intention specifically to paint these scenes. Whether the composer had such an intention or not, no son of Italy can fail to have been influenced by these landscapes, off the operatic stage at least. Imaginative sympathy with Nature there surely is in these little pieces, and along with it the kind of more personal response which characterizes the introspective poets of music, such as Debussy and, to a lesser degree, Chopin, not to mention Sibelius in his fourth symphony, which has pleased a fortunate few here in Boston. Malipiero, however, is not exclusively personal, but decidedly Italian as well, even to the expansive gesture, almost a swagger, which one is struck by we either sympathize with or deplore, according to our prejudices, in Verdi, Puccini, Sgambati, Mascagni—but which kindles our blood whether or no. Also, there is plenty of the sparkle and self-confidence of youth in these little pieces. So we may expect them to delight many by their contagious enthusiasm, while they annoy some of those who are old men in years and all of those who are old men by temperament. Matter-of-fact people are welcome to sniff as they will; I find these seven "expressions" the embodiment in tones of the passing moods of an energetic and sanguine but sensitive and reflective young man, all of whose thought, even to his idle fancies, is colored by the pride, ambition, and spirit-

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IP GREELEY CLAPP

at the Symphony Saturday.

The Man and the

In the London *Mail* of May, 1919, Mr. G. J. Aronson, in an article concerning the title, "A Great Art," apparently feels that the title needs explanation. He begins by recalling the several causes of the war: Ravel, Sévère, Ravel, and Stravinsky; and ends: "Which were or myself? Let us decide."

According to Mr. Aronson, Malipiero was born at Venice, and much of his musical training was at the hands of the Russian scores as well as the young Hungarian Bela Bartok, or, possibly, Schönberg as a friend. In his early positions which he held, Mr. Jean-Aubry does not infer that they are of these pieces, but that they are of the "Sinfonia Morte" (1910) is recalled as a work in which individuality begins to be rejected as a pose. This criticism leads to the following mature works: "Preludio" (the aforementioned one-act tragedy), "di Autunno," a tragedy of d'Annunzio's songs including "Sonetto," "Cinq Melodrami" (all recent, the last including "Preludio Asiani" (1916), an orchestral composition "Vero" (two orchestral movements), "Vero" is the title of two compositions, "Ditirambo Tragico" (1917), and "Pantea," both of which have not been performed. The dramatic works, "Pantea," both of which have not been performed, are accompanied not only by singers with text, but by a large orchestra.

Boston is to hear Malipiero at the Symphony Saturday; I am indebted to the privilege of conducting the score. To one who has heard the edge of Italian, "Pantea" means much or little. The motto makes a stationary meaning of end.

should be sound. Or, or local, "break silence" found ideas to the composers be denied Malipiero's titles are often even mystical; the merely a fanciful way he is about to break the thereby imbues with something of much the better for magic as he may complete a reminiscence of the motto. Lord Dunsany is not of this same trick. In the term, nor in orchestral expression that Malipiero is a little series (I don't suite) "preludes." yet, "nocturnes." A of the "expressions" the lie to the name. titles; the composer hears' curiosity and leave the rest music to stimulate

Analyses

The first "expression" readily remembered in unison; this serves for the series. Immense are spread soft chords and celesta, over which instruments answer figures of a pastor, a change of rhythm, development, culmination of chant-like movement, then the little pastiche over again with new tation. At the close recalls the motto.

The second, agitated, the contrabassoon, commence a running the horns enter with then the violins are snatch of dance music, clarinet, English horn, rest of the orchestra is rough and savage other material. The opening figures, and is again heard, this

The third "expression" ed slow chords for steady, quiet pulsation instruments answer forth with short figures. A broad melody violins, and complete: this is then ed, with suggestions quiet mood of the there is a more p. The motto makes end.

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The fourth is again lively. Furious runs for strings and woodwind serve as background for a new dance figure, which is developed even more savagely than that of the second movement. After a greatly increased pace has led to a climax, the original tempo is restored; but this time heavily divided trills replace the furious runs of the opening. At the close chord of brass is suddenly cut off, a flute and an oboe, which have softly in a totally different key, complete a reminiscence of the motto.

The fifth begins quietly with my chords for low woodwind, five solo and a solo contrabass, recalling the of the chantlike passage for strings, first movement. A slow rhythmic for horns is added, and there is a melody for oboe. In the middle there is more antiphonal calling forth among the various instruments the opening chords return. The appearance of the motto is this trusted to three flutes.

The sixth opens with a martial trumpets in G major, accompanied pair of horns in F sharp major; keys shift to A flat and G. New elements are introduced, first by the bones, then by the woodwind. To end much is made of the alternating soft brass chords with sforzando strings and woodwind in altogether different keys. The motto is finally of the trumpets.

The seventh "expression," which emotional and formal climax set, opens with formidable of various sets of instruments so arranged that two unrelated are sounding simultaneously. I answer is afforded by modal progression of chords for strings, harp and which are in keeping with the similar passages in previous movements, albeit not directly quoted from it. Two interruptions in the shape of rushes of the strings, the bass clarinet, the harp lead to an "atmospheric" portion, after which the opening return and lead to a brilliant polyphonic climax. The motto reappears in horns, as at the beginning of the final chord is an unresolved which melts into a silence the which are now over for the time

The foregoing is less an attempt at formal analysis than a bit of description prepare the way for a hearing as out how the composer presents material. For formal analysis necessary to take the wind out of the conservative by assuring honor, that the several movements three-part form. They are a pause, so the unwary may find in the position of the audience Ornstein's concert a couple of seasons ago, when only the initiated knew at a certain

Symphony Hall.

ual absorption of such an ideal as the "New Italy" programme.

Means and Methods

For the present, of course, the man in the street is liable to be more impressed with the strangeness of Malipiero's style than with the force or the charm of his ideas. There is no doubting that he uses some very startling dissonances with no more apparent concern for his hearers' tender ears or doubly tender harmonic prejudices than you or I have for the theology of the Mumbo-Jumbo worshippers. The harried concert-goer who has been dragged from Strauss to Ravel and then on to Schönberg and Stravinsky with perhaps a little Ornstein between may even be pardoned for timidly inquiring "What next?" As to this, all strangeness is subject to the cure of familiarity; no work stands or falls by it. Malipiero is in abundant company—we shall all be poly-harmonists in a little while, if only to be conventional. The test will be whether any particular writer has ideas, and expresses them tellingly. For the present I confess to liking many of Malipiero's dissonant effects without in the slightest desiring to listen to them all the time, or even every week.

Of late orchestration has been so successfully cultivated by the profession at large that we have been in danger of being overrun by more experts who can score as well as Wagner than the trade can support. It is therefore a pleasure to find a man who knows some new effects in this field, especially as the effects in question differ from their immediate predecessors in the direction of simplicity. Malipiero's score is plentifully active; yet one is struck by the extreme scarcity of notes on any given page. Probably each instrument has more measures silent than active, except possibly some of the strings. In spite of this extreme economy of forces, there seems not to be a thin-sounding passage in the whole seven movements. A very sure hand has penned these pages, and the results seem not only certain, but effortless.

Malipiero's melodic ideas never lack profile, either in shape or in rhythm. On the other hand, in "The Pauses of Silence" they are mostly motives rather than complete melodies. He surely does not lack the power or the willingness to develop his themes; if he errs in this respect at all it is in a tendency to over-

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be located, it must be the Secretary of War. I instructed me in November of particular importance concerning the policies of matters concerning the dealt with by me except of the Judge Advocate

"The difficulties of ac been due to the fact that fact responsible for the had no authority of dire help and means. That served for General C but little time and atten fice. He knew little or administration of this war and was entirely assumed in his other duties by the Secretary of War of this office, he was the provost marshal ge the War Council, and, in the department for a liaison officer. It was man to be both provost Judge Advocate General war councillor and do h place, and this I clearly

in November, 1917, I aske of an order under section me, the senior officer in charge of the policies of "It was a case in whic er desired, and the Secre mitted him, to assume m that were in no sense rel of greater capacity than could carry. This was b operated to the great h were' department. It proved arstic stacle

"General Crowder take existing Clemency Board, still held as the presiden by him upon his return though he discovered the in good faith, and were allay public apprehensi

"I organized tw this office, but the of the War Depart instructed the revind department themse clemency upon standing the facta of the War Depart was limited to adn question of legalle eration could be he tion, and applicatw six months.

To Prevent Investigation

"Shortly after he subn tion to the committee of occasion to address a le officer of the Judge Advoc department in France, in w reference to an admini which he had adopted as was necessary to do so off a threatened Congre

work little accented figures as "ostinato" material. Perhaps his motives have too strong a family resemblance; it is impossible to judge by a single work.

Most surprising trait of all is an extreme brevity; the entire set of "expressions" cannot take much over ten minutes to perform. Here Malipiero is keeping step with a number of the younger men; recall the brevity of Schönberg in his "later manner." of Stravinsky in his songs—to choose two examples at random. For better or for worse, we are about to see brevity as much overdone (or should I say underdone?) as length used to be; the coming men, instead of writing symphonies which take two or three evenings to perform, will prune and clip to the vanishing point. I still expect to see the day when the composer of a single sustained tone for, let us say, the French horn, beginning pianissimo, swelling out to forte (nothing so vulgar as fortissimo, of course), and dying away again to nothing, will be hailed by gushing audiences as the supreme master of the ages, only to sacrifice his championship in a brief space to a disciple with courage enough to compose an entire festival cycle consisting of a solitary double pianissimo tap on the snare drum. How the critics will praise his "reserve" and "economy of material!"

To Conclude

All this may seem a great deal of discussion upon and about a short piece of uncertain merits which is as likely as not destined to be forgotten by Sunday or next week at the latest. Very well; it is easy enough to grant that the "Le Pause del Silenzio" may not prove to be of any particular importance. On the other hand, Malipiero may, and the "New Italy" movement must. One can but wish well to any earnest attempt with so much enthusiasm and so many engaging qualities to commend it. Perhaps it will retain its present individuality and fulfil its high promise, perhaps it will only degenerate into stereotyped eccentricity—but it is only beginning; the end is not yet. The musical "New Italy" has paused in her silence; and, like the wedding guest who was stopped by the Ancient Mariner, we may beat our breasts, yet we cannot choose but hear.

PHILIP GREELEY CLAPP

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918-19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

TWENTY-FIRST PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 11, AT 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, AT 8 P.M.

MAGNARD,

HYMNE À LA JUSTICE, ("Hymn to Justice")
(First time in Boston)

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in F major, No. 6, "Pastoral," op. 68.

- I. Awakening of serene impressions on arriving in the country. Allegro, ma non troppo
- II. Scene by the Brook-side. Andante molto moto
- III. Jolly gathering of the Country Folk. Allegro; In tempo d'allegro
Thunderstorm; Tempest. Allegro.
- IV. Shepherd's song. Gladsome and thankful feelings after the storm. Allegretto.

FOOTE,

FOUR CHARACTER PIECES, (after the Rubaiyat of Khayyám)

- I. Andante comodo
- II. Allegro deciso
- III. Comodo
- IV. Andantino ben marcato; Molto allegro; Tempo primo

DUBOIS,

OVERTURE to "Frithiof"



Photo by Press Illustrating Service.

Reproduction of Bas-Relief of Arthur Foote Made by Bashka Paeva of Boston

BOSTON, Jan. 19.—It was due to the fact that her sister is a pupil of Arthur Foote that Bashka Paeva, a young Russian sculptress, recently made a bas-relief of the eminent composer, which is reproduced above. Miss Paeva, whose family came to this country but a few years ago, has studied at the Boston Art Museum with Bela Pratt, the noted sculptor, who is especially well known for his statues placed in front of the Boston Public Library.

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M. Rabaud Earnestly Trying to Acquaint Us With His Symphonies

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THE SYMPHONY PROGRAM.

Magnard—Hymn to Justice.

Beethoven—Pastoral Symphony.

Foote—Four character pieces from "Omar

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Dubois—Overture to "Frithjof."

There was no soloist and from an artistic standpoint the symphony concert needs none. From a box office point of view, however, the great prima donna, the celebrated pianist, the pyrotechnical violinist, is quite essential and there never is a long waiting line when they are absent.

Magnard's martyrdom in the war has caused his music to be played more frequently than it otherwise would have been. Intrinsically it is scarcely up to the level of Debussy, Ravel, Chabrier and other modern Frenchmen. But his "Hymn to Justice" is distinctly above his average work. It is well developed and logical as well as original. It has good contrasts and much use is made of a plaintive figure of three notes. But the work has not the serene majesty one would imagine in a portrayal of justice. It has passages which seem to speak of vengeance and the rather savage chorale towards its ending might suggest a Hymn of Hate. It ends seemingly with exhaustion. We were glad to see the composition heartily applauded. It was worthy of the tribute. All through this concert the enthusiasm was much above the average and recalls were astonishingly numerous.

THE PASTORAL, AGAIN.

M. Rabaud is devoting himself to the task of making Boston acquainted with a certain composer named Beethoven, but we can assure him that we have often heard this man's symphonies before and perfectly given, and we do not need them with such frequency. The first movement of the Pastoral symphony pictures joyous feelings on coming into the country, but whether it is the joy of the summer boarder or the joy of the farmer at seeing him is somewhat doubtful. As the advertisement said "fishing, bathing and picnic facilities," these are sketched in the subsequent movements. In the second movement the boarder is "by the brook." The stream has evidently been fished out judging by the length of time he stays without a single bite except that of a mosquito (oboe). He, however, solaces himself as best he can (two horns) in pre-prohibition times.

The third movement is devoted to picturing a picnic. The keen observer will notice the spread upon the grass, the driving away of the bugs, the ants that lodge themselves securely in the boarder's trousers, and finally the dance on the green. Of course, there is a heavy shower, and equally, of course, there is not an umbrella in the party. This is proved by there being nothing descriptive of an umbrella in the music, which pictures everything else. The boarder comes to a sudden resolution (shown by the resolution of the dominant into the tonic) and breathes a hymn of thanksgiving as he buys a ticket back to the city.

Of the performance of the work there is nothing new to say. No one can read anything new into the Pastoral symphony and no good conductor can fail to grasp its general effects and meaning. But M. Rabaud read the symphony very conscientiously, making every repeat, and won a triumph with it, recall following recall.

FOOTE'S MELODIC THOUGHTS.

Arthur Foote's four orchestral sketches inspired by the Rubaiyat are among the best American works which have been given at these concerts. Mr. Foote has as much contrapuntal learning as any of the natives, but he does not chase after complexities, he does not juggle with rhythms he does not strive for gigantic size nor does he make his score overwhelming to prove that he is "modern" in tone-coloring. Per contra, he leads his voices easily, he has melodic thoughts and he stops when he has delivered his message.



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No. 2 of the set seemed the most successful; in this harp and flute did excellent work and the form was of crystal clearness. Its fiery chief theme contrasted well with the gentle episode which followed it. It pictures departed glory in the Courts of Jamshyd. No. 3 was a more delicate picture, referring to the "Jug of Wine, loaf of Bread,—and Thou" which every reader recalls.

No. 4 had a beautiful horn melody, which was very well played and was very prominent in the first and last parts of the number. It was somewhat too homophonic for the excellent master of counterpoint whom we possess in Mr. Foote, but it was bound to make a success with any public and the work was applauded to the echo until the composer had risen from his seat in the audience and bowed many times.

VIKING IN KID GLOVES.

When it comes to the portrayal of the old viking, Frithjof, there is a composer named Bruch who has told his story in tones so eloquently that all other attempts seem weak beside his cantata. Dubois gives us a viking in kid gloves (No. 11s), who occasionally gets angry upon the trombones. It is a polite and gentlemanly sea-rover that we get here, in spite of the occasional explosions and the forcible chromatic ending. It is, however, good music, well-constructed even if it does not quite rise to its subject. This topic belongs to the northern composers by inheritance and we doubt whether any Gallic composer can handle it adequately.

Music in Boston

Special for The Christian Science Monitor
BOSTON, Massachusetts—After the performance of the twenty-first symphony concert, one is glad to commend Mr. Rabaud for several things in his conducting, and among these are:

For the first performance in Boston of the "Hymn to Justice" by Albéric Magnard, a composer little known in this country, but whose untimely passing, at the beginning of the war, has given a peculiar interest to him and his music. The work heard at this concert is lofty in spirit, well put together, and there is a most effective climax, in the shape of a chorale, at the end, prophetic, perhaps, of the time when "Justice the great peacemaker shall draw the hearts of men together." It was superbly played and should be heard again.

Also for the second performance of Arthur Foote's Four Character Pieces (after the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám), the first performance being some seven years ago. A second performance is always welcome of any work worth doing at all, and Mr. Foote's Character Pieces improve on further acquaintance. There is ingenuity, and imagination all through, with more than a trace of real orientalism. Mr. Foote received a double portion of enthusiastic appreciation, which he well deserved, for he has done yeoman service for the cause of musical righteousness in Boston for many years.

Then one must record one of the best performances of Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony heard here in many a season. It was pastoral in the best sense, unaffected, dignified; an ideal musical picture.

Dubois' "Frithjof" overture was revived after 15 years of rest, and it proved pleasing, giving a reminder that it was written just before the younger school of French composers began their experimental search for new things, of which some have proved the worth, while others might as well have been left unsaid.

AFTER-WAR MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

"Hymn to Justice" for
First Time

Here

Post

Apr. 12, 1919

BY OLIN DOWNES

Albéric Magnard's "Hymn to Justice" was performed for the first time here at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

The other compositions were Beethoven's sixth ("Pastoral") symphony; Four Character Pieces after the Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyám, and Dubois' overture to "Frithjof."

PUPIL OF D'INDY

There are different versions of the tragic story of Magnard's end. At the outbreak of the war he sent his wife and two daughters to Paris. He remained in his country home. It is said that, seeing a group of Uhlans, on Sept. 3, 1914, approaching his house he fired and killed two of the troopers. A volley was the answer and Magnard fell. Others tell it differently as regards details. Magnard was one of the most conscientious and independent of modern French composers, careless of public success, devoted to his art. Pierre de Breville said that d'Indy's two greatest works were his opera "Fervaal" and his pupil Magnard.

The "Hymn to Justice" was composed in 1902. Therefor it had nothing to do with the war. But it might have, because of its dramatic spirit and its singular significance at this time. No longer is Magnard disdainful of the people, as one might well infer from more recondite and complicated of his works. The writing is eminently direct. There is great rhythmical vigor. The themes are virile and well contrasted. The finale choral-like passage is simple and unlabored. The orchestration is not ultra refined, but it sounds. Most of the instruments are working most of the time, but they are employed with skill and without thickness or muddiness of the tone. The "Hymn to Justice" has the character of a brilliant composition for a public occasion very well done. "Magnard," said Henri Lichtenberger when this composition was first performed at Nancy in 1903, "evoked with great emotional intensity the impression of justice, the avenger and the peacemaker, warlike and formidable when arrayed against evil but redolent of peace and concord when in a final chorale she draws the hearts of men together." Nothing could have been a more fitting testimony to the composer than Mr. Rabaud's fiery performance of his work, which was received with great enthusiasm.

In the Pastorale Symphony, a work which ages, Mr. Rabaud surprised his hearers by calling attention now and again to a detail other conductors who have been heard in this city have missed, and in treating certain passages with unconventional tonal balances which were not only interesting but appeared as the intention of the composer. The reverence, enthusiasm and scholarship with which this conductor has interpreted Beethoven's music has been one of the great features of the Boston Symphony season.

It was a pleasure to hear again the music of Mr. Foote. It is simple, it is short, it says less rather than more, and all with excellent taste, with ideas developed logically and according to their deserts. Would that more composers wrote so simply, honestly and well. This entertaining music was applauded so long that the composer had several times to rise and bow his acknowledgments.

MAGNARD HYMN AT SYMPHONY

Boston Hears Impressive
Work of French Com-
poser for First Time

FOUR CHARACTER PIECES BY FOOTE

Herald Apr. 12, 1919
The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon.

The program was as follows: Magnard, "Hymn to Justice" (first time in Boston); Beethoven, "Pastorale" Symphony in F major, No. 6; Foote, four character pieces (after the Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyám); Dubois, Overture to "Frithjof."

"Hymn to Justice" Impressive

The "Pastorale" was the fifth of Beethoven's symphonies to be played this season. Mr. Rabaud brought forth two more French composers, and in the music of Arthur Foote completed the list of our local composers, to all of whom he has paid his impartial respects.

When the Flonzaleys played the serenade from Magnard's quartet this season it seemed as if the proud and terrible event of his death in defending his home against the Germans would make more of an impression upon the world than his music. Yesterday it seemed otherwise. The "Hymn to Justice" requires no outer tragedy to emphasize its nobility, and Magnard could scarcely have left a finer monument.

To his friends it must breathe to the life the nature of this austere idealist, but susceptible artist. Justice shows an alternately grim and merciful aspect.

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which finally ascends to the triumphant hymn. From the standpoint of style and workmanship it is sonorous, straightforward and conventional music. There is even a hint of galloping Valkyries in the strings. Common-place music has often taken similar lines. A hymn tune is only a hymn tune—unless there is a Bach or Beethoven or Franck to transfuse it with devout beauty. And Magnard may be added to the list. It is not hard to perceive in Magnard Franck via d'Indy. Not by skilful dispensation of brass did Magnard become impressive, but by the sheer force of passionate sincerity. To conceive the rugged theme which the basses give out was in itself a rare creative stroke, and in that phrase the work with three-quarters written, for songfully it unfolds of its own accord and carries all with it. Of the handful of French works which Mr. Rabaud may be eagerly thanked for acquainting us with, this is surely one, just as surely as Dubois's vapid overture to "Frithjof" is not one.

Mr. Foote's Four Pieces

Mr. Foote's four characteristic pieces are as pleasantly unpretentious as any one could wish. For the most part simple melody and accompaniment, with nice orchestral effects in plucked strings or piquant percussion, ever neat and lucid—never new. It is music that always gratefully takes the expected turn. It is neither distinctive on the one hand; nor "catchy" on the other, but keeps a fastidious middle ground. It only lightly touches orientalism now and then, but oriental or otherwise, it remains innocuous.

For some of us at least, and we may count ourselves fortunate, the Pastorale symphony is as fresh and lovely as ever, unantiquated by later effects in tempests simply because it is the marvelous and self-sufficient Pastorale symphony. Mr. Rabaud conducted it with an understanding born of his close and particular affection for the music of Beethoven. For serene music of even flow he has also an aptitude. What might have been a slight stiffness and lack of detailed clarity on some of the earlier pages rose to fine and lilting animation in the country dances and a warmly sympathetic reading in the music of the storm.

Next Week's Program

The program for next week is as follows: Cesar Franck, Symphony in D minor (repeated by request); Laparra, "A Basque Sunday poem for orchestra with pianoforte (first performance), soloist, Raoul Laparra; Glinka, "Kamarinskaya," fantasy for orchestra on two Russian folk songs; Weber, overture to "Der Freischutz."

MAGNARD'S NOBLE NEW "HYMN TO JUSTICE"

Rabaud and Orchestra Win
Long Applause

Arthur Foote Given Ovation After
His Omar Khayyam Music

Geobe

Apr. 12/19

Mr Rabaud is to be thanked for bringing to its first performance here yesterday afternoon Alberic Magnard's "Hymn to Justice," op 14. Compared with his music in smaller forms—songs, arias, pieces for piano and chamber music—it is more impressive, more individual.

This score is arresting, because of its well-defined ideas, the cohesion and balance in their development and because of the deep inspirational character of the lofty and noble sentiment it embodies. With what a sense of the dramatic irony of life does one hear this "Hymn of Justice"—not a Hymn of Hate—and recall the tragic manner of the composer's death 12 years after it was written, one of his country's first defenders against the Boche.

This is such a score as we should have expected a French patriot to write who was an accomplished musician, had he composed it after the war begun, a score representing a people whose place is not one primarily of vengeance, whose Premier—his name as his acts is synonymous with mercy—can repay his would-be assassin with life and a tempered term.

Two Fundamental Themes

Magnard uses two fundamental musical themes. Out of the first, short, aggressive, belligerent, snarling voices of discord are heard at the outset. The succeeding pages seethe with violence, incrimination, conflict. Out of this embroilment emerges the chorale-like theme which speaks of peace and humanity. One era has been to destroy, the other to build, conserve, forgive. The close is one of majestic beauty with the rapt note of ecstasy and of the triumph of the spirit.

Following it, Mr Rabaud gave a performance of Beethoven's sixth symphony, which matched those of the seventh, the third, the fifth, the "Coriolanus" overture. How modern this "program" music sounded, this forerunner in many a bar of the modern symphony poem. Here was Beethoven at ease among companions, telling the story of the country festival or partaking in it, in jovial mood, untroubled for the time by any tragic conflict, except that of the passing storm, its thunder and lightning.

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How euphonious, how clear and how delightful in the folk vein of it all. Here were the groups of merry-making, dancing peasants, German peasants, but given to innocent pastoral pleasures, and of a day long before. They were told their destiny was to be linked with the domination of the world.

The storm music as played in so dramatic a manner made one question if this actually were not music of the early 20th rather than early 19th century.

Recall Conductor Repeatedly

Mr Rabaud was recalled a number of times. When he had brought the orchestra to its feet, he was kept bowing upon the stand by the increasing applause of the audience, which spoke plainly enough the admiration in which it holds him.

Of Arthur Foote's expressive Four Character Pieces after quotations from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, the last is particularly happy in suggestion of Oriental sensuousness and imagery. The theme heard in first horn—beautifully played by Mr Jaenicke—and the first stand of cellos, is richly, hauntingly exotic, and the hearer awaits its return. Has Mr Foote transcribed it into a song? If not will he not consider so doing? He was given what is an unusual reception to local composers, being obliged four times to rise from his seat on the floor and bow.

A brilliant performance of Dubois' somewhat conventional overture to "Frithjof" brought the concert to a close. It will be repeated tonight. Both concerts week after next will occur on Saturday, April 26, on account of the parade.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

INTERESTING MUSIC, BECOMINGLY PLAYED

Mr. Rabaud Finds Fresh and True Voice for Beethoven, Pastoral—A Large and Eloquent Piece by Magnard—Mr. Foote's Pleasant Suite and Applauding Neighbors—Old Dubois Resuscitated for Ten Minutes

WHEN, toward the middle of May, Mr. Rabaud, returning from Boston through Bordeaux to Paris, alights in the Gare d'Orléans—or is it the Gare Montparnasse?—his fellow-composers are in gratitude bound to assemble in numbers on the arrival-platform to salute him. Scarcely one of them writing symphonic music—old, young or of the middle generation, academic or advanced, eminent or believing himself eminent—has he overlooked in the twenty-two programmes of the Boston orchestra under his leadership. The sallow

and chubby Saint-Saëns, yellow and smooth as a billiard ball should be there to greet him. Never before in a single season have so many of his pieces been played in a series of Symphony Concerts in America. Beside him may hobble the venerable Dubois now in his eighty-third year. Did he not have an inning yesterday, the first he has won in a decade or two at Symphony Hall, with his overture to the Scandinavian saga of "Frithjof"? Why should he not propose his songful motive in the clarinet for the yearning heroine, set another stalking through the violoncellos for the fated but valorous hero, and let a third thunder in two choirs for the wrath of the gods, pursuing our Frithjof? Old, safe formulas these, as safe the "working-out"—Allegro Appassionato ed Agitato—according to the good old rules applied by a skilful technician who has studied "the best models." As free from peril the measures of lamentation, the episodes of tumult. Cher Vieux! Who dares say "old hat"? Why should he not receive from his colleague of the Institute the privilege—if it is so to be named—of a hearing in Boston town? He should and he did, and for a dozen minutes an audience listened to this music by formula and process, gave it a polite round of applause—and departed.

To return to the arrival platform on that "May Night"—as composers like to entitle their pieces—of Mr. Rabaud's return to Paris. There also should be gathered the next younger generation of French music-makers—D'Indy, Fauré, Bruneau. Often has the repatriated conductor set their music in his lists. Modestly in the middle distance the eye of the imagination describes the youngest of the established composers—Ravel, Schmitt, Roger-Ducasse. Mr. Rabaud, catholically minded, has "recognized" them all. With courtesy, on the outskirts, might wait the representatives of the dead—of Debussy, Magnard, Lalo, of Franck, most of all, since our conductor has given him such place on the programmes of a season as in Boston, he never enjoyed before. And at the very door of the railway carriage—if Monsieur Ravel will let him pass and Monsieur d'Indy make a little room—should be at least an under-secretary from the Ministry of Fine Arts. Truly Mr. Rabaud has been loyal and efficient apostle with French music to the Bostonian Gentiles. There are poignées des mains, perhaps baisers according to masculine French custom. The Under-Secretary cries "Well done!" Detached voices are heard asking "How many performances?" Members of the Institute intone the melody of a new hymn to fraternity—but the eye and the ear of fancy can bear the spectacle no longer. An even-

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handed and discriminating man in the choice and the performance of the music of his Parisian brethren, Mr. Rabaud need dread no home-coming.

And Dubois was not the only "Vieux" of whom the conductor was considerate. Mr. Foote is no octogenarian to make a Bostonian third in a triad with Messieurs Saint-Saëns and Dubois. Indeed, he rose sprightly in his place to acknowledge the clapping of a whole audience of neighbors, bestowed not only upon the four Character-Pieces they had just heard but upon all his life and works these sixty-six years among us. The music, dating no more than twenty years back was as fresh-sounding to the ear as the composer was lively to the eye. Programmes at Symphony Hall are not over-blessed with such short, light, amusing numbers. Mr. Rabaud has diligently sought them. After seven years of silence, Mr. Foote's suite, which is of them, found voice again "at these concerts." Perhaps, it will not hereafter lie mute so long. Quatrains of Omar, as often as not celebrating the wine-cup—shameless Foote in these "dry" days!—suggested the music and more than once the composer tinges it with readily recognized but not too exotic Oriental color. Ingeniously, fancifully, he paints a tone-picture, suggests a mood by the working of melodic figures. Again a more sustained melody serves the design. In many a measure, these are the happy turns in modulation, transition, contrast, background of a well-practised composer, working *con amore* at a light task. Mr. Foote is as brief as though we were one of the "new men"—what an anticipating habit these old fellows have? in its modest kind his music charms, diverts; while orchestra and conductor played it as though they were sharing the pleasure of their hearers. Indeed, it was Mr. Rabaud's day for the lightly running touch and the band's day for clear, pliant, songful tone. Discerning was he in the swift, elastic pace at which he took all four movements—the episode of the storm necessarily excepted—of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; in the rhythmic verve and the light accent that he laid upon the music; in the easy flow that he lent to progression and climax; in the smoothness of phrasing and the limpidity of tone that he enjoined upon the orchestra and that it readily returned. Rarely did he fall into the "reverent" literalness that has been known to dull his versions of the classics; as seldom did the band fall into the raggedness of tone, the roughness of phrasing, known also to beset them in those pieces. And that, too, in a symphony in which Beethoven is prone by design or by idiosyncrasy to reiterated figures.

So played, the first division became anew fresh and sunny instrumental song, end- less in fancy; the slow division wrought afresh its charm of brookside solitude and

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revery, sentimental, as it should be but Gallically free from every dripping languor. The dexterous detailing of the scherzo enhanced the composer's playful fancy; the finale was not inflated into a species of congregational singing, but kept, like the rest of the symphony at Mr. Rabaud's hands, its intimacy, its lyric quality of sensation and expression.

The conductor not only perceived but felt; not only released the music to his hearers but clothed it with heightening fancy and brightening voice. It is not necessary to take the Pastoral Symphony too seriously; it is not even essential to believe that Beethoven wrote it to fulfill the theories and gratify the prejudices, ninety odd years later, of Monsieur d'Indy, sometimes reputed an opinionated man. Enough that it is hard to remember when the music has sounded with such voice of bright sunshine, fresh air, blue and white sky dappled woodland and flowing brook and with such illusion of the sensations these pleasures of the open breed in quickened man. Of nature and of man stirred by nature but inarticulate in his pleasure, Beethoven has made a tone-poetry, light, lyric, glowing. Down from its classic pedestal at last came the Pastoral Symphony, to sound as human as Beethoven's self when he wandered through the Vienna woods. Out of the "standard repertory," it slipped to charm afresh. Mr. Rabaud has seemed the last conductor from whom to expect this good deed. Yet he did it.

Benefactor was the leader likewise to Magnard, as yet a composer barely heard in Boston in symphonic pieces and even dreaded there by those who have made acquaintance with a fragment of his chamber music. When "The Flonzaleys" played two months ago that Serenade from a string quartet, a more meditated, a more desiccated music seemed seldom to have fallen in dry and flavorless powder from a composer's pen. Of another quality, however, was Magnard's "Hymn to Justice," as conductor and orchestra played it yesterday—the first of the composer's symphonic numbers to be heard here since the forgotten, but eloquent, "Dirge" of 1905 and Mr. d'Indy's visit. Magnard hymns the retributive power of justice in long and large measures of propulsive and pulsant energy. Magnard hymns the solace that justice may also bestow in briefer, gentler, softer colored, more songful measures. The two motives out of which, accordingly, he fertilizes the music, may not arrest the ear or wear too significant a profile. Seemingly there is Wagnerian process as well as Wagnerian color in the periods in which he develops, contrasts, enriches them. Little, however, does the hearer take thought of these shortcomings

—If shortcomings they be—before the fiery energy with which the music runs its course and the exalted voice in which it speaks Magnard's passion and imagery. As technician, as colorist, in this "Hymn to Justice," he may be this, that, or the other; but there is no hearing without clear impression that he could write nobly of the abstractions that take life in the souls and the speech of men—and music.

H. T. P.

A New Suite by Laparra, "A Basque Sunday," to Be Played at the Symphony Concerts Next Week—A Hint About the Piece—Covent Garden Becomes London's Opera House Again—Overlooked Russian Operas—Items and Opinions

AT the Symphony Concerts of next week, on Friday afternoon, April 18, and on Saturday evening, April 19, Mr. Rabaud and the orchestra will play for the first times anywhere a Suite, "A Basque Sunday," written by Raoul Laparra, the French composer, who cultivates a true music of Spain. The suite contains a significant piano-part, and here in Boston the composer will play it. How able and vivid a pianist he is, especially in this Spanish music, a little audience of Bostonians discovered last November, when, with Miss Stanley for singer, he played in Symphony Hall his cycle of Spanish songs and dances. There also they learned how interesting in itself and how graphic in impression is Mr. Laparra's music of Spain, especially of the Basque country that he knows better, deeper and more responsively than even the other Spanish provinces. Here was music that summoned atmosphere, compassed illusion, bore unmistakable mark of truthful and sympathetic imagery. For further quickening to the new Suite, a part of the Bostonian public may still recall Mr. Laparra's Spanish music-drama, "La Habanera," seen and heard at the Opera House in Russellian days, while a few may have sat before the companion-piece, "La Jota," represented some years ago at the Opéra-Comique in Paris. In brief outline of the new piece, the composer writes the following note:

The idea of the Suite is to express musically the principal episodes of a Basque holiday, viz: I. *Toward the Church*, which supplies a kind of aural prelude with the call of the organ and bells of the distant mass. II. *At the Pelota Game*, which is the national game of the Basques and takes place in the afternoon. It is expressed by a lively Scherzo. III. *Before a White House* gives the Andante. It relates to the rest-time which one enjoys in those ancestral but always smiling homes of the Basque country, about sunset. IV. *At the Festa* forms the Finale and was suggested by the dances and songs of the evening, out on the open square of the village.

As to the music, I have not aimed, in the present work, at any melodic or rhythmical use of the native folk-lore, though acquainted with it from childhood. It is rather a generalized impression received in the country. For the theme and main development were written there, while the definitive form was given to it only recently.

The other numbers upon Mr. Rabaud's programme for next week are Franck's Symphony; Glinka's Fantasia, "Korarin-skala," upon two Russian folk-songs; and Weber's overture to his opera, "Der Freischütz." With reason, Mr. Rabaud may desire to be heard in Franck's symphony with which he was eloquent last November in Cambridge and which he now "repeats by request." The Russian Fantasia, long unheard at the Symphony Concerts, will be virtually a new piece. But was it not one of the besetting sins of German conductors that they played these "hackneyed old" overtures of Weber?

SYMPHONY LOSES 35 TO LABOR UNION

Cannot Join Federation and Remain in Orchestra, Says Judge Cabot

Boston Symphony Orchestra players are at perfect liberty to join the American Federation of Musicians, but if they do they cannot remain members of Boston Symphony Orchestra, declared Judge Frederick Cabot, of the Symphony Corporation, last evening.

There is a serious difference of opinion between Judge Cabot, the American Federation of Musicians, and some of the Symphony players, since the Symphony players requested the American Federation of Musicians to come to Boston and unionize the musicians.

Speaking of the situation last night, A. E. Brenton, national organizer, said:

"There are two serious points of difference between Judge Cabot and the Federation of Musicians. The first

difference is that of nationality. The federation cannot take foreigners into its membership. It insists that all its members be citizens. With the authorities of the orchestra, however, a man is hardly eligible to play in the orchestra unless he comes from some country other than the United States.

MINOR DIFFERENCE.

"The second difference is theoretical, more than real. The Symphony management insists that the orchestra leader be the sole judge as to when a man is to be discharged. We cannot agree to that, for, if we did, it would apply to all bodies of musicians all over the country. But as no member of the orchestra in Boston is ever discharged before his contract has expired, that is a very minor difference.

"So the affair resolves itself into this; if members of the Boston Symphony join the American Federation, they automatically leave that organization, for by the rules our members must play in orchestras where there are only Americans playing. If they all join then Judge Cabot says the orchestra will disband.

35 IN UNION NOW.

"As a matter of fact, thirty-five orchestra members have joined the union already. Others may join at the expiration of their contracts. The Symphony management, last season, when there was prospect of their players joining, gave them a \$250 bonus and \$10 a week for the Summer months, to sign their contracts immediately. They did. But it was the agitation of the American Federation of Musicians that got them that bonus, whether they realize it or not. It is probable that some other cash inducement may be offered the members this season, so that they will refuse to join. It is even possible that the management might offer the players a salary for fifty-two weeks in the year, making them able to live on a self-respecting basis all Summer, which they cannot do at present.

"The whole cause of dissatisfaction among Symphony players, that induced them to call in the union mediation, is that members of the Symphony Orchestra are used not as human beings but as machines. They are not allowed to have a grievance committee. No one complaint is listened to. In every other orchestra all over the country there is a chance given for members to air their troubles with a view to remedy.

LOWEST SALARIES.

"Boston Symphony, thirteen years ago, was the best in the country. Now it is a poor third. Now, far from paying the best salaries, it pays the lowest in the country. Our salary schedule provides for a minimum of \$55 a week; the minimum in the Boston Symphony is \$40. The Boston organization is a large part foreign in its membership; the New York Symphony, the New York Philharmonic and the symphony orchestras of Philadelphia and Cincinnati, are all American.

"Yet Judge Cabot solemnly assured me that he would disband the Boston Symphony before he would allow it to be run as the New York Symphony is run. This, when the Boston organization is rapidly losing ground each season."

D PROGRAMME

18, AT 2.30 P. M.

IL 19, AT 8 P. M.

Y in D minor
tro non troppo
troppo
by request)

FOUR POPULAR VERSES for Orchestra
no forte, "Une Dimanche Basque," ("A Day")
("Towards the Church")
ote. ("The Pelote Game")
faison Blanche. ("In front of a White
At the Fair")
performance.)

or Orchestra on two Russian Folk-songs
aia"

to "Der Freischütz"

ist:

APARRA

in Pianoforte

The following compositions of Mr. Foote have been played at the subscription concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston:—
 1887, February 5, overture "In the Mountains," Op. 14 (first time).
 1888, April 14, overture "In the Mountains."
 1889, November 23, Suite for strings, D major, No. 2, Op. 21 (first time).
 1891, January 24, Symphonic Prologue to "Francesca da Rimini," Op. 24 (first time).
 1893, February 4, "The Skeleton in Armor," Ballad for chorus, quartet, and orchestra, Op. 28. Singers: Mrs. Marie Barnard Smith, Miss Lillian Carlsmith, George J. Parker, Clarence E. Hay (first time in Boston).
 1895, March 2, Prologue to "Francesca da Rimini."
 1896, March 7, Suite in D minor, Op. 36 (first time).
 1898, February 26, Songs with piano: Elaine's song, "Sweet is true love"; Irish Folk-song. Mrs. Henschel, soprano. The composer played the pianoforte accompaniments.
 1903, March 28, Suite in D minor, Op. 36.
 1909, April 17, Suite in E major, Op. 63, for string orchestra (first time).
 1912, April 20, Four Character Pieces, Op. 48 (first time in Boston).
 Mr. Foote's Suite for strings, Op. 12, was played in Boston at a "Popular Concert" of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, May 15, 1886.

PLEASE NOTE

The Twenty-third Matinee of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, scheduled for Friday, April 25, coincides with the time named for the Parade of the 26th Division. Therefore this concert has been postponed until Saturday, April 26, at 2.30 p.m.

Tickets dated Friday afternoon, April 25, should be used for the concert Saturday afternoon, April 26.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918--19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

TWENTY-SECOND PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 18, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, AT 8 P. M.

FRANCK,

SYMPHONY in D minor
 I. Lento; Allegro non troppo
 II. Allegretto
 III. Allegro non troppo
 (Repeated by request)

LAPARRA

POEM on FOUR POPULAR VERSES for Orchestra with Pianoforte, "Une Dimanche Basque," ("A Basque Sunday")
 I. Vers l'Eglise. ("Towards the Church")
 II. Au jeu de Pelote. ("The Pelote Game")
 III. Devant une Maison Blanche. ("In front of a White House")
 IV. A la Fête. ("At the Fair")
 (First performance.)

GLINKA,

FANTASY for Orchestra on two Russian Folk-songs
 "Komarinskaia"

WEBER,

OVERTURE to "Der Freischütz"

Soloist:

RAOUL LAPARRA

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte



Raoul Laparra

LAPARRA POEM AT SYMPHONY

Enthusiastic Audience Re-
calls Composer Sev-
eral Times

RABAUD SYMPHONY NEXT SATURDAY

Herald — *Apr. 19, 1919*
By PHILIP HALE

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Franck, Symphony in D minor (by request); Laparra, first performance of "A Basque Sunday"; poem on four folk songs for orchestra and piano (Mr. Laparra, pianist); Glinka, Kamarskaya; Weber, overture to "Der Frieschuetz."

Mr. Laparra is not unknown here. His opera "La Habanera," produced in December, 1910, at the Boston Opera House, won the admiration of a few. The grim story and the absence of any celebrated singers no doubt accounted for the apathy of the general public. On some the opera exerted a peculiar fascination, by reason of the originality and the individuality of the music. Although the composer was a prix de Rome, there was no evidence that he had worshipped in any Parisian chapel, whether it had been dedicated to Massenet, Franck, d'Indy or Debussy. The music was wedded to the text; it served as commentary; it emphasized situations and strengthened moods; it was now appropriately melodramatic; it was now intensely tragic; it was always dramatic. As the murderer in the play was haunted by the spectre of his victim, slain while the habanera was sounding in the square, so the hearer after the passing years still sees the awful apparition, remembers the silent group in the second act, hears again the habanera, also the music in the church yard. The opera brought a region of Spain and a phase of Spanish life and customs vividly before the spectators. They that had traveled in Spain recognized the realism of the composer, a realism still more vivified and heightened by the necessary imaginative, poetic touch.

Mr. Laparra was also known here before yesterday by some songs heard in concert halls, by piano pieces played by Mr. Bauer, and by the concert of last November in which his "Musical Journey Through Spain" was performed by him and the singer, Mme. Helen Stanley.

Familiar with Biscay and the Biscayans, Mr. Laparra in his "Basque Sunday" has not deliberately taken thematic material from folk-tunes, he has not slavishly followed Biscayan rhythms; but, as Grieg in Norway, he has written in music his impressions, shaped and colored by the region, its people, its life and customs. As depicted by him in tones the Biscayan village would not be a desirable resort for the nervous, nor would the Biscayan Sunday win the approval of any "League for Preserving the Sabbath." Not even the sound of the organ and the mention of church in the first movement would reconcile the members of this league to the yells accompanying the game of pelote in the Scherzo, and the drinking, bawling and delirious dancing in the finale. This disapproval should not keep one from enjoyment of the music itself.

Again we find the strong and pungent note of individuality. Again we find refreshing audacity in musical treatment. Again we find boldness in melody, in the harmonious scheme, in the employment of orchestral instruments. The first movement, "Towards the Church," is curiously fashioned, with its mixture of ecclesiastical feeling and rough joy in living. The tonal picture of the Game of Pelote, which may be taken as a scherzo, is singularly picturesque, with its mad theme for the bassoon, the exciting background for the violin solo and piano. The third movement, "Before a White House," the house where the Biscayan's forefathers' fathers were born and died, has a strange, romantic beauty; full of simple sentiment expressed by the solo string quartet, sentiment that is sincere, affecting. The Finale, "At the Feast," is a frenzied page of maddening dance rhythms.

The "Poem" met immediately with favor. The audience, evidently impressed deeply by the beauty of "Before a White House," recalled the composer at the end several times and heartily.

Franck's Symphony, heard at the first concert of this season, led by Mr. Monteux, was played yesterday by request. The performance was a most impressive one; not only with respect to the more salient and familiar features of the nobly spiritual composition, but by reason of beauties in the detail that had escaped the attention of previous conductors or had been ignored by them. Yet these points were made by Mr. Rabaud, not with the air of a discoverer, but as if they must have been recognized by any intelligent and sensitive musician. Mr. Rabaud was

as fortunate in entering into close communion with Franck as he has been with other composers of the French school, as he has been with Beethoven; for it is not too much to say that Beethoven at these concerts has been revealed in all his tenderness, his strength, his grandeur by Mr. Rabaud. Yesterday after the symphony he was thrice recalled, not in a perfunctory, or merely complimentary manner, but enthusiastically.

Hearing Glinka's fantasy on two Russian folk songs, one is amazed at the praise bestowed on it by Rubinstein and Tchaikowsky. No doubt Glinka himself would have rubbed his eyes if he could have read what his successors wrote about the fantasy; but let us not forget that "Kamarinskaya" was composed in 1848 and Glinka was more or less of an amateur.

Is the overture to "Der Freischuetz" aging fast? Yesterday the quartet for horns was none too well played. The once famous pizzicato for the appearance of Samiel no longer thrills me; Max playing on the clarinet does not move us. Would we be excited by the scene in the Wolf's Glen, even with the excellent pyrotechnical display at the Dresden Royal Opera House? Romanticism, though attacked at the time for its extravagance, has its day. When a romantic work is purest, it becomes classic. Witness Beethoven, Berlioz, Chopin, Schumann.

This concert will be repeated tonight. The concert of Friday next, on account of the parade, will take place on Saturday afternoon, April 26. The program of that concert and of the one in the evening of the 26th is as follows: Rabaud, Symphony No. 2, E minor (first time at these concerts); Mehul, "O des Amants, le plus fidele" (from "Ariodant") (Sophie Braslau); Bach, Polonaise, Ron-do and Badinerie from Suite in B minor, No. 2, for flute and strings (Mr. Laurent, flutist); Moussorgsky, Songs with orchestra: Death's Serenade, The Banks of the Don, On the River Dnyeper (Miss Braslau); Beethoven, overture to "Egmont."

Music in Boston ^{April 19, 1919}

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor
BOSTON, Massachusetts—The twenty-second program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra furnished much musical thought, about equally divided between the pleasurable and the profitable. There was another opportunity given to hear the D minor symphony of César Franck, which Mr. Rabaud gave so impressively at Cambridge earlier in the season. Once

again it showed its worth, if it needed to do so, and, from the manner in which it was received, there is no doubt that the symphony has come into its own. That is to say, it has a permanent niche in the standard orchestral repertory.

Then followed a work of the impressionist sort, entitled "A Basque Sunday," by Raoul Laparra. The performance was the first on any occasion. The work is for orchestra and piano, and on this occasion, the solo part was taken by the composer.

As one has often said, first impressions are not only uncertain, but as a rule unfair to the work itself. "A Basque Sunday" is in four short movements: "Toward the Church," "The Pelote Game," "In Front of a White House," and "At the Fair." The general idea of the work is to express musically the principal episodes of a Basque holiday.

To any not acquainted with the local color, the impressions must be on the musical side only. This is in no sense a piano concerto, but for the most part purely orchestral, with the piano in a very subordinate position. The orchestration is full, with addition of organ in the first movement suggestive of ecclesiastical atmosphere. One notes much noise in the first and last movements, with the third movement pleasing for its quiet mood, well contrasted. The composer knows his orchestra and the Basque idiom, but so far as the piano is concerned, it might as well have been left out, and the celesta or harp substituted. Mr. Laparra, on the creative side, shows imagination and ingenuity, with evidence of adequate training. As a pianist, he did not furnish himself with opportunity for display, but in the ensemble passages was most acceptable. Further than that one cannot judge, except to say that the performance was most brilliant.

Glinka's orchestral fantasy "Kamarinskaya," heard here several times in the early years of the symphony series, has not been heard, however, at these concerts for 25 years until the present. Probably it was new to almost every one that heard it, and proved a pleasing number. The ever-popular "Freischütz" overture made a happy ending.

SYMPHONY BY FRANCK WINS PRAISE

Elson Finds Much Merit
in Work of French
Composer

ONE OF BEST FROM
FRANCE, SAYS CRITIC

Efforts of Artists Samaroff
and De Gogorza Cause
Favorable Comment

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

THE PROGRAM.

Franck—Symphony in D minor.
Laparra—"A Basque Sunday," orchestral poem with piano.
Soloist—M. Raoul Laparra.
Glinka—"Kamarinskaya," Russian fantasy.
Weber—"Freischuetz Overture."

Passion week is not specially noted for musical activity except in the churches, nor did the Symphony program reflect the holy season in any of its selections. We cannot have Franck's symphony too often. It is one of the finest works that has come from modern France, and we are astonished that Gounod ever dared to speak slightly of its composer. Its first movement is largely developed from a figure of three notes, a figure that has been used by Beethoven in a sonata, and gloriously by Wagner as the "Fate motif" in the Trilogy, but Franck does not plagiarize and manages to glean new effects in spite of two great composers having been before him.

There is much of sadness in the work, yet not a trace of sentimentality, nor, on the other hand, of the morose ugliness which many moderns give when they wish to express dissatisfaction with the general state of the universe.

All is dignified and attractive in spite of the great amount of learning dis-

played. The omission of the regular Scherzo (the work is in three movements) adds to the earnest effect, and the second movement is a slow and brooding one, like the second movement of Beethoven's seventh symphony.

The instrument of melancholy, the English Horn, is prominently used here, and it was excellently played.

READING ELOQUENT.

The reiteration of the preceding matter in the Finale makes that movement a climax and summing up of the whole work. The reading of this was eloquent, and all the skillful contrapuntal touches were finely brought out.

This symphony does not grow tiresome by repetition but gains constantly by closer acquaintance. The first movement has never been so heroically read in Boston. The work created great enthusiasm, and M. Rabaud was recalled over and over again.

M. Laparra's work suffered somewhat by comparison. Our own opinion of the matter of Spanish music must be given modestly, for we confess but a slight acquaintance with its subtleties, but Spanish musicians whom we have interviewed on the subject, doubt whether this composer gives voice to the true national spirit. This refers chiefly to his recent Spanish concert, but it may be that the Basque type is different from the spirit of more southern parts of the nation.

Picturesque it all was, beyond a doubt, and the movements were well-contrasted. The first, "to the Church," had bells and organ and a hymn-like theme, which is much interwoven later on. M. Laparra is led astray by his own ingenuity, and he cares more for skilful combinations than for preserving the folk-song spirit. He is in strong contrast with Glinka in this.

In the second movement there is a portrayal of a popular game, Pelota, and there is much spirit. Again the skill of the composer is displayed, and even canonic treatment is present, the spirit of the symphonic suite is preserved and this may be called the Scherzo.

The next movement is the slow one, a siesta before a country home, with the piano rather prominent in some parts, while the finale has the usual brilliancy of this movement in symphony.

We do not find the atmosphere well preserved in this work, any more than in the composer's "Habanera" or in his Spanish entertainment. He lacks simplicity and directness. He treats folk-themes, or what should be folk-themes, as Richard Strauss

ats "Funicoli-Funicola" in his Italian symphony, so that they become artificial.

SPICY AND SHORT.

The trick of having a sudden ending is used constantly by the composer. But the whole is spicy and short. The piano is used sometimes as an orchestral color, an integral part of the score, and sometimes with solo effect. This last is especially the case in the third movement, the most poetic part of the work.

There are rhythmic juggleries in the finale, and sudden pauses in plenty of piccolo pepper, and the work is certainly exciting. M. Laparra's skill in the use of the modern orchestra was everywhere apparent.

What with the skill of the composition, and the brilliancy of his own piano playing, he certainly deserved the triple recall which came at the end of the work. With the reservations above made it certainly was worth hearing, and will probably hold its place in the modern repertoire.

After basking in the Basque music we made an excursion into Russia. Not to the Bolsheviks, but in the times when that country was somewhat happier than it is today. In the old days the moujiks (the male peasants) used to dance the Kamarinskaia by forming a large circle, hooking elbows all around and jumping, kicking and singing to a very emphatic rhythm.

Glinka, the very father of modern Russian music, has preserved this style and added another theme to it to give artistic contrast. He preserves the Russian spirit in all of its naive simplicity, which is better than M. Laparra's idealization.

The character of the work is bacchanalian, the words belonging to the dance are unquotable, and it is all a very good picture of a merry-making before vodka was abolished and the moujiks were obliged to take to drinking furniture polish.

It was given with the heartiest spirit, but can scarcely be fully appreciated by any one who is unfamiliar with the Russian peasantry and their potation capabilities. The work has a certain monotony of repetition which is not out of place in such a folkdance, but which might seem tame to those who do not understand this school.

After the Basque and the Russian folk-music, there came a touch of the German, for Weber's Freischuetz is absolutely founded on the folk-music of his native land. The

dramatic touches were well attended to. The horn quartette was smoothly played, the ominous pizzicato "A" upon the contrabasses which follows, was impressive, the trombone gave its touch of evil in the midst of rejoicing, and the triumphant coda brought the concert to a successful ending. How healthy all such folk-music is in these artificial days! It will be a great boon to music when the composers begin again to draw their inspiration from the people and give their message with more simplicity.

SYMPHONY PERFORMS NEW WORK

Laparra's Suite Given

First Public
Hearing

Post — Apr. 19/19
BY OLIN DOWNES

One of the most brilliant concerts of its season was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud conducting, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Rabaud outshone himself in familiar and less familiar music.

The first performance anywhere of a brilliant and fascinating suite, "A Basque Sunday," by Raoul Laparra, with the composer as pianist in the orchestra, gave additional distinction to the concert.

OFF BEATEN TRACK

Mr. Laparra is known here in Boston by his sombre and fantastical opera "La Habanera," produced at the Boston Opera House in 1911. He also gave a concert of songs and piano pieces suggested by scenes and melodies of Spain, last fall, in Symphony Hall,

when he was assisted by Miss Helen Stanley, soprano. Some liked his music. Some did not. All, however, were agreed that this music had uncommon virility, conviction, physiognomy. A composer to be reckoned with.

For Mr. Laparra has ideas and convictions of his own. He has not kept to the beaten track. He has not deliberately tried to be original. But he has expressed in his music, with remarkable directness and spontaneity, his hunger, as one might say, his passion, for life. He knows it in some of its most primitive aspects. A traveller in many lands, he has lived with the people, known them, heard their songs and learned their thoughts. Spain, and the Basque country, partly through heredity, partly through circumstances, have from his early boyhood been much in his thoughts.

In Four Parts

The opera "La Habanera" was strong, ultra-romantic, and very gloomy. It had a tragic mask, like some parts of Spain, especially Castile, where this music was composed. The Basque country, according to Mr. Laparra, is a wholly different land. The people are primitive in habits and thought, but the racial temper is happier as the environment is more ingratiating than in Castile.

These four symphonic pieces performed yesterday are entitled, respectively, "Towards the Church," "The Pelote Game," "In Front of a White House" and "At the Fair." The titles are generally indicative of the nature of the musical pictures. In the first the organ peals, bells clang in a characteristically dissonant and picturesque manner, there are rude fragments of happy songs, brilliantly developed, there is joyous tumult and processional, with, finally, the chorale of the organ for a background. The Pelote game is the national game of ball, which practically replaces the bull fight with the Basques as a national pastime. The girls look on. The men shout joyously. Here is a sentence or two from the native verse which Mr. Laparra has used: "Falta, by the devil . . . have you heard arrows whistling? They were not more rapid than the ball. Yo, yo, yo . . . Do you hear how one laughs, with rage or joy? See how the players bound beneath the regard of their sweethearts. . . . And may my throat tear, may my heart burst, if only my triumphant Iriztina (cry of joy) resounds from the plain to the mountain, from the mountain to Spain, from Spain to the sea, meowing the victory of those of Anoa!"

"Before a White House"

"Before a White House" refers to the houses which dot the smiling Basque landscape, ancestral dwellings inhabited by successive generations, "the house of

my father's forefathers," where the young husband parted from his parents in death, and brought his bride. "How many times," runs Mr. Laparra's epigraph, taken from a Basque poem, "how many times, like now, my little white house, has the gleam of the lamp illumined the windows since the lost epoch when the tender will of two lovers erected you on the green hill?" This is a movement of very simple, tender feeling, a nocturne of the most poetic beauty.

In this music Mr. Laparra has retained all the elemental force shown in his operas, but has struck a much more joyous note, and one certain to be popular in the best sense of the word. His pieces are short, concentrated, concise in form. They smell of the soil. They express virile, happy emotions. Not many composers of today are so capable of throwing themselves open to nature, to impressions, to human brotherhood as this one. The colors are crude and vivid; there are exuberant and fascinating rhythms, and an orchestral scheme original as it is true to the subject and individual with the composer.

Piano as Part of Orchestra

The piano is used as an orchestral instrument and not as a vehicle for soloistic display. The pungent dissonances employed on occasion, as in the second movement, suggest the wild cries of players. What is more wonderful is the manner in which the sense of actual physical movement is communicated. There is an incredible naturalness and distinctness and vitality in this music.

What it is that the composer sees or hears, or feels, that goes down on paper. There is no sense of a medium mastered, of a compromise effected between artistic formulas and truthful expression. This music is utterly original, alive, genuine, gripping. There is no room for argument.

Simple and Exquisite

Then consider the simplicity and effect with which by means of a few chords for strings, a solo violin, cello, oboe, flute, horn, piano, the exquisite eloquence of the third movement is achieved. What could be more beautiful, more homely, more of the heart? Everything is simple, fresh unsophisticated. How a composer who graduated from modern Paris contrived to remain so is a question which cannot possibly be answered. But the music is here, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Laparra will compose more orchestral works of similar quality. This element in art is a tonic needed today.

A word for the thrice admirable solo playing of Mr. Fradkin, concert master of Messrs. Malkin, Longy, Laurent and others.

The composer was recalled five times after this performance.

The Franck Symphony

Mr. Rabaud met with even a heartier reception after the performance of Franck's D Minor Symphony. Of all the performances of this work which we have heard in Boston this was at once the most noble and beautiful, because of the fineness and eloquence of the phrasing, the elasticity of pace, the rich instrumental colors, the inspired logic with which the music was set forth. Most of Franck's phrases are in themselves short-breathed, but thought was welded to thought so cunningly, instruments entered so exquisitely with their phrases—thanks to our superb solo players of the orchestra—everything had such tenderness, loftiness and grandeur of vision that the most indifferent hearer was caught up and carried away by Franck's celestial vision.

Then there was Glinka's masterpiece, the variations on the tune of the Russian dance, or wedding dance and song, "The Kamarinskaja." It is the work of a Russian Mozart and this composer in all his lifetime surely did nothing more perfect. In the fiery and romantic performance of Weber's overture to "Der Frieschutz," which brought the concert to an end; the triumphal song of Agatha did not for once sound like the noise of a circus band. The more's the pity that we have so few opportunities left of listening to Mr. Rabaud. The audience throughout the concert was quick and warm with applause of his efforts.

FIRST PERFORMANCE OF LAPARRA'S WORK

"A Basque Sunday" Proves Picturesque Score

It is difficult to say which the more compels admiration, Raoul Laparra's new score, "A Basque Sunday," played yesterday afternoon at the Symphony concert for the first time anywhere, or his own paraphrasing program for each of the four movements. This pungent, stimulating, keenly individual manner of employing as arbitrary a medium as language for an expression in a folk vein, teeming with character, reminds of Mr. Laparra's libretto for his grim and absorbing little opera, "The Habanera," heard in Boston nearly 10 years ago.

The composer, born a Frenchman, confesses to an indescribable fascination for Spain from his boyhood, a fascination which impelled repeated wanderings across the border and sojourns, living at times with the peasants and sharing their life, as during the two years he spent later in Bur-

gos, in the heart of the Castile, where he conceived and wrote the libretto and score of his "Habanera."

Others may have been enamored of curious, sequestered or exotic forms of life, but have been halting in their efforts to translate it for the senses of those by geography, experience or predisposition strange to it.

Discloses Unusual Gifts

Having heard Mr. Laparra's one opera known here, and certain of his songs, the hearer is not surprised in this score by the unusual gifts it discloses. None could have conceived or written it but an individualist of rare imagination, one who, out of a few bold strokes, could find red blood, flaming colors, life, stark and unadorned, vividly realistic, yet not by photographic methods; one who could make his heightened speech an idealization of theirs, could portray phases of their consciousness, could set up an illusion of their thoughts and customs, not yet sandpapered by cosmopolitanism, for the mountainous character of certain Spanish provinces, tends to isolate their people and distinctive customs are preserved.

This is a different music of Spain than that of Debussy's sensuous "Iberia," than the gorgeous, at moments voluptuous, scores of Chabrier and Rimsky-Korsakoff. In the lamented Granados' piano music, himself a Spaniard, he has transcribed rhythms from native dances. Laparra denies an attempt at such literal translation, and has made his purpose rather to reflect impressions gathered from the Basque folk.

Mr. Laparra has taken four mottoes from popular songs and from their varied moods evolved literary masterpieces in the nature of scenarios, as graphic and pictorial as the art of the Spanish Goya, each a phase of the Basque Sunday holiday. They are:

1—"Toward the Church," in which finally the participants enter the edifice and join in the service with the organ, leaving the door open behind us, so that our mingled songs may escape, awakening the dead and hastening the step of the living lingering on the road," this last a typical conceit, reflecting the rugged invention of this man's poetic mind.

"At the Game of Pelote"

2—Scherzo: "At the Game of Pelote"—the Basque popular pastime.

3—Andante: "Before the White House, relating to the time of rest that one enjoys in those ancestral, always smiling homes of the Basque country, about sunset."

4—"At the Feast—Oh then! What a Sabbath, Mme. Marie! Is it the tambourine of the fat chiripi that I hear or a hog's head that one smashes?"

The patrician, pastoral beauty of the song of the slow movement, sung by string quartet and all, and the staggering contrast of the final orgy, ribald and profane, superbly sensual yet never common, are recollections of what would seem to have been a sympathetic and brilliant performance.

Mr. Laparra, who played admirably the music he has given to the piano, purely as an ensemble instrument even as organ and celesta, was recalled again and again with enthusiasm.

Mr. Rabaud is said to have played Franck's symphony by request. The choice was a fortunate one. It only

proves its undying beauty by repetitions, and was befitting the day, as music symbolizing the spirit of life as perpetual, recreative, triumphant. Mr. Rabaud's performance was one of nobility and understanding.

The "Kamarinskaya" fantasy on the two Russian folk songs, the marriage song and the dance, by Glinka, who blazed a noble path for his disciples and Russian compatriots, deserves more than a passing word as a prophesying score.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

INTERESTING MUSIC; ELOQUENT PERFORMANCE

Forebodings Over Franck, Even with Mr. Rabaud at His Warmest—Weber in Romantic Voice — Glinka Piquant and Amusing—Mr. Laparra's Novel, Graphic and Imaginative Suite, "A Basque Sunday"

ONCE upon a time the fourth, fifth and sixth symphonies of Chaikovsky, his fantasias, "Romeo and Juliet" and "Francesca da Rimini," one and another of his suites and concertos were played often at Symphony Hall. Mr. Paur, Mr. Gericke and in measure Mr. Fiedler lavished their abilities as conductors upon this music; year after year audiences heard it gladly; symphonies, fantasias, suites were all frequent "repertory pieces." Yet nowadays Chaikovsky's name appears seldom upon the programmes of the Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck occasionally inscribed it there—from a sense of duty; Mr. Rabaud has written it on none of his lists. By common and seemingly justifiable report, both the German and the French conductor thought poorly of the Russian's pieces; while the common presumption went that "nobody but a few old ladies" cared to hear them. By many a sign the presumption was and is unwarranted; perhaps Mr. Monteux, next season, will courageously brush it away. None the less, it is easy to discover the source of a mistaken belief. Chaikovsky's music had become stale; it had indeed been played so often at the Symphony Concerts that discerning and exacting listeners heard only its shortcomings and conventions, were deaf to its merits and individualities. A Chaikovsky, morbid of mood, neurotic of feeling, obscured the Chaikovsky of sensibility, imagination and vision. A Chaikovsky of dripping and repetitious melodies, of boisterous contrasts and climaxes, of rhythmic furies, over-shadowed the Chaikovsky of passion in song, of power in the manipulation of orchestral masses and instrumental color. And so his music descended to its present low and

neglected estate, because too frequent performance had stripped it of glamour and illusion.

Thought of Chaikovsky's undeserved fate recurred yesterday afternoon when for a second time within one season Franck's symphony led the programme. In recent years and as modern symphonies go, it has been played at Symphony Hall oftener than any other. Dr. Muck admired it warmly, was eloquent with it. Mr. Monteux chose it last autumn for his first pair of concerts. Mr. Rabaud essayed it last autumn in Cambridge, repeated it in other cities, chose it for the concerts of yesterday and today. In recent years again, Franck's symphonic music, in proportion to its extent, has had large and recurring place in the active repertory of the orchestra. Whatever the piece, whatever the occasion, audiences have heard it intently, applaudively, especially when the chosen number happened to be this symphony in D minor. There was not a sign on Friday that it was stalling upon ears thrice and four times familiar with the substance, the course, the manner of the music.

Yet the foreboding would come that the fate of Chaikovsky overdone might sooner or later be the fate—for a while—of Franck over-repeated at the Symphony Concerts. He is no Bach, no Beethoven to withstand any and all vicissitudes. Superior he is to the Russian in the quality of his musical thought, the scope of his musical imagination, the depths and the heights of his feeling, the texture of his workmanship. Yet in this symphony Franck has his clear idiosyncrasies of procedure—the full-throated climax, for example, falling abruptly away into the voice of a single piercing melody; modulations, progressions, colorings that under much repetition tend to become mannerisms. Again the Franckian passion that pervades the music—the insistent aspiration, the reiterated ascents from tonal shadow into tonal radiance—is as distinctive and dominant as many a mood that possesses Chaikovsky and permeates one and another of his symphonies. Not always is it possible for the listener to respond to the relatively narrow, the highly intensified, the frequently pletistic cast of Franck's spirit. Human nature is prone to search out the shortcomings of that with which it is intimate, and Franck's symphony in D minor is now more familiar than any other in the modern repertory of the Symphony Orchestra.

To write these things is not to take away one jot from the eloquence of the performance that Mr. Rabaud and the orchestra achieved. In only one other symphony of the season, the fifth of Beethoven, has he attained to such boldness of outline, sweep of progress, power of cumulation, largeness of phrase and might of period. Once more he led as with a personal passion for the music, a passion he would have his hearers share. Like Mr. Monteux last autumn

he took the music at a quicker pace than is German wont with it; but less than Mr. Monteux he dwelt upon chiselled details. Rather, Mr. Rabaud was all for the propulsive power, the ardent ascent, the deep glow of the music. Widely he stretched Franck's canvas; largely and lucidly he laid upon it Franck's design; richly he colored it; magnificently he marshalled its progress; cleanly and sharply, he sounded its contrasts. It is hard to remember when the recurring and dominant motive of the symphony has so penetrated the ear and touched the heart; when the first movement has risen so passionately and powerfully from darkness into light; when the finale has sung with such tonal might and radiance. The tenderer, the more fanciful beauty of the middle divisions did not evade Mr. Rabaud, since, when he is stirred, he commands the gentleness as well as the strength of power; but it was the exaltation of the music that he most unfolded, that he best sustained. The orchestra, the audience felt the heat of the conductor's will with the symphony. It made the music molten; it burned away, for the instant, every sensation but that of Franck's beauty, power and passion. With many a music Mr. Rabaud is slow to kindle or kindles not at all. Once fired, however, he has been conductor in two symphonies, of no mean eloquence.

In the vein, moreover, was Mr. Rabaud through one of the most interesting and stimulating concerts of the year. As Shylock noted three centuries ago, there is no accounting for the aversions of men, and some there are who in these days of grace cannot abide the three overtures of Weber. The celebrated chord in the overture to "Oberon" only rasps their nerves; there is no magic for them in the vaporous measures wrought into the overture to "Euryanthe"; the horns—and they were indifferently played yesterday—at the beginning of the overture to "Der Freischütz," weave no spell of romance to call them; and charm as did Mr. Sand on Friday, they hear unmoved the clarinet invoking the dreamy Agatha. For them the Weberian flourish at the end of all three overtures is no unfurling of the many-colored banner of romance, no sounding of its trumpets, but only a contrived excitement of the theatre. There is no disputing over tastes, especially when those tastes have become aversions; but to the minority—or maybe the majority—to whom these overtures of a Weber remain an ever-renewed pageant of music and pageant of romance, there was delight in Mr. Rabaud's version of the prelude to "Der Freischütz." He was eloquent with Weber yesterday; he was eloquent with Liszt a week ago. Both are quasi-Wagnerian voices; yet a scruple that it is easy both to regret and respect keeps him from music in which he would surely shine.

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Then the sports of the day. First the game of pelota, with the ball flying back and forth along the wall of the court, with the spectators crying encouragement or derision upon the players. What suggestion for a scherzo and Mr. Laparra has not missed his chance! The music races and slithers along its course, parting and meeting, twisting, turning, inverting itself, quivering with the excitements of the game, crackling with the voices of the spectators. The tassel quirs; the first violin runs in and out; the piano keeps it brilliant company. Rhythm and motion, color and tumult animate the tone-picturing. Louder, sharper beats the music of the final division, the festa of the evening in the village square. A primitive folk are these Basque villagers and roughly rhythmized is the motif of their revels. There is wine in their heads now; their bodies begin to tingle; in a second motif is hint of that devil's dance, the fandango. But Mr. Laparra would not be French composer and French composer of the new generation did he not have logic in his frenzies. What is the music running in the head of the quieter bystanders? No other than that which took them to mass in the morning, sounding against the riotous merry-making, rounding, unifying the whole, renewing at the end the atmosphere of the beginning.

Here Mr. Laparra writes with imagination as well as with ingenuity. Imagination serves him again and sentiment colors it when he writes his songful "poem" of the Basque love of home—of "the white houses," their own, their forefathers', their children's and their children's children's. The measured, musing, simple-hearted music charms. The strings shimmer it duskily; the piano seems to silver it. There is poetic impulse, poetic impression in the low-voiced "poem." . . . So runs in Mr. Laparra's graphic or glamouring tones a Basque Sunday. "How different," observed the British matron as she emerged from the Russian Ballet's "Cleopatra"—"how different from the home life of our dear Queen!" How different likewise the Sunday of the Basques from that quasi-penal institution, the New England Sabbath—as different as is Mr. Laparra's suite from an evangelical psalm-tune.

H. T. P. to

Soloist

SOPHIE BR

SEE CHANGE OF DAY FOR AFTERNOON CONCERT

Hall.

Picasso's researches have much to say in the end the atmosphere of the beginning. Lartionov decomposes his animals into shapes of an almost geometrical simplicity, and then recomposes those shapes so that they become not only the animal, but the animal as expressive of the human passions which Jules Renard's sympathetic imagination read into their behavior. Take as an example the Peacock. Here is Jules Renard:

Il va sûrement se marier aujourd'hui.
Ce devait être pour hier. En habit de gala, il était prêt. Il n'attendait que sa fiancée. Elle n'est pas venue. Elle ne peut tarder.
Glorieux, il se promène avec une allure de prince indien et porte sur lui

the present examples of their art ve carried their ideas a stage further in "Children's Tales" the general of each scene is admirably varied. scene of the witch, Kikimora, there almost crude vehemence of color sets just the right key by niscence of Russian peasant art and i's toys. The color here is treated ly and, as it were, half ironically. scene of the Swan Princess all is l to an almost monochrome scheme ve greys, pale dull blues and ochres a greenish light. And here as so

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From the Celebrated Portrait by Repin

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Into Boston Newly Troop The Basques

Inans. — Apr. 17, 1917.
Music of Racial Setting and Suggestion in Laparra's Suite, "A Basque Sunday," Novel Piece at the Symphony Concert

Tomorrow

IN the heart of the Pyrenees, between France and Spain proper, there lies a district known as the Basque country, comprising three provinces with six hundred thousand inhabitants. Politically the Basques belong to Spain, though not too whole-heartedly; spiritually they belong to the Jesuits; socially they belong to themselves, and indomitably so; historically they belong to whatever man can write their history; but this man's name has not yet been published to the world. The Basques themselves believe that they are the only pure-blooded descendants of those primitive Iberians from whom all Spain claims a more or less interrupted pedigree; and there is less definite evidence to assail this belief than one can muster, say, to prove that the moon is not made of green cheese.

Of Science and Skulls

Modern science is a marvellous thing. Since the invention of accuracy in the late seventies by the Germans, conjecture has disappeared from scientific investigation—at least, so we are told—and every scientist worthy the name confines himself to demonstrable truth. The result of this adoption of infallibility by science just as religion had dropped it, is that a mere layman, with no laboratory to support his mere reason, almost feels it his duty to believe all that the scientists tell him, even when they contradict themselves and one another, as they usually do. It appears so nearly hopeless to question any scientist, unless one is another bigger, better, and busier scientist. The Basque problems, however, are still among the few open questions that the experts have left us.

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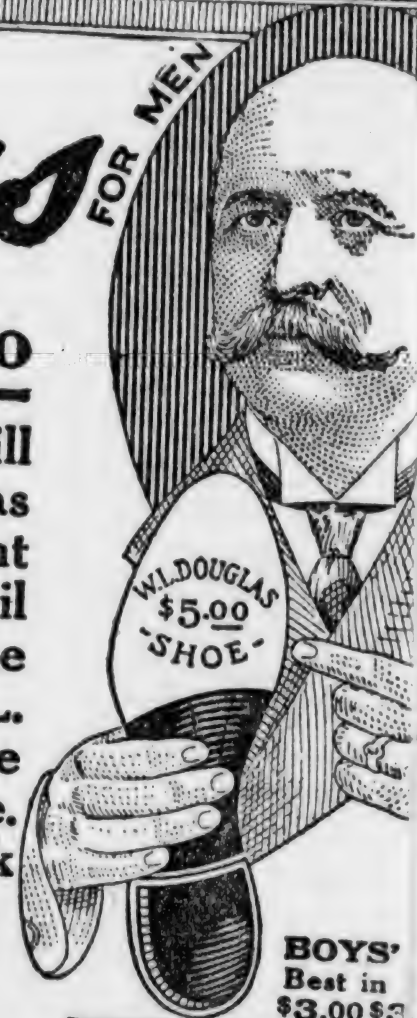
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We used to believe that language, customs and long-continued nationality were signs of race, until the wise men assured us that the shape of the skull is all-important, and these other attributes merely accidental. We are assured that "unit traits" of character go with certain physical peculiarities, among which the shape of the skull is the most significant, and that, since these "unit traits" do not blend, but eliminate each other, usually in favor of the less civilized type, we should jealously guard the purity of our race from that "mixed blood" which is no mixture but a descent into Avernus. At the same time we are assured that all the important nations are hopelessly mixed as to race, besides being left to judge for ourselves how, if at all, humanity has been able to emerge from savagery without the aid of a Eugenics Committee.

Now, the Basques are remarkably true to type, as might be expected from their habit of intermarrying and remaining at home; at first sight they are excellent material for the anthropologist, for they have even a typical skull-shape. Unfortunately the expert finds himself in the position of the countryman who, on seeing a camel for the first time, had 'to soothe his outraged sense of perception by protesting, "Ther' ain't no sech animal." Well-ordered white men's skulls are long and narrow with faces to match, or broad and square with faces to match. The Basque skull, on the other hand, is broad and square at the top, with a narrow face and chin. According to rule, nobody has any right to such a skull, but here it is, and thus it persists. As the broad part is 'broader than the neighboring Béarnaise "all-broad" skull, and as the narrow type of face with delicate features does not belong with the broad skull at all, one is about equally at a loss to explain the type as a mixture or as a pure race. There is a very old race, the "Cro-Magnon," to be found here and there in France, which has the opposite traits from the Basque—a skull narrow on top and broad at the cheek-bones; but the Cro-Magnon has left prehistoric relics of himself, as the Basque has not.

Basques and Backgrounds

When we reluctantly quit soliloquizing, like Hamlet, over the Basque skull, we are but little helped by studying the Basque language. There is a tradition that the Basque language is that spoken by all mankind before the confusion of tongues at Babel; and if that is the case, the rise of man to civilization is not so difficult to account for, but must be understood to date from that hitherto maligned event. It is said that the Basques all go to heaven, since the devil once hid behind a door for eight years trying to learn their language, but without success. The language is very short of verbs and almost totally

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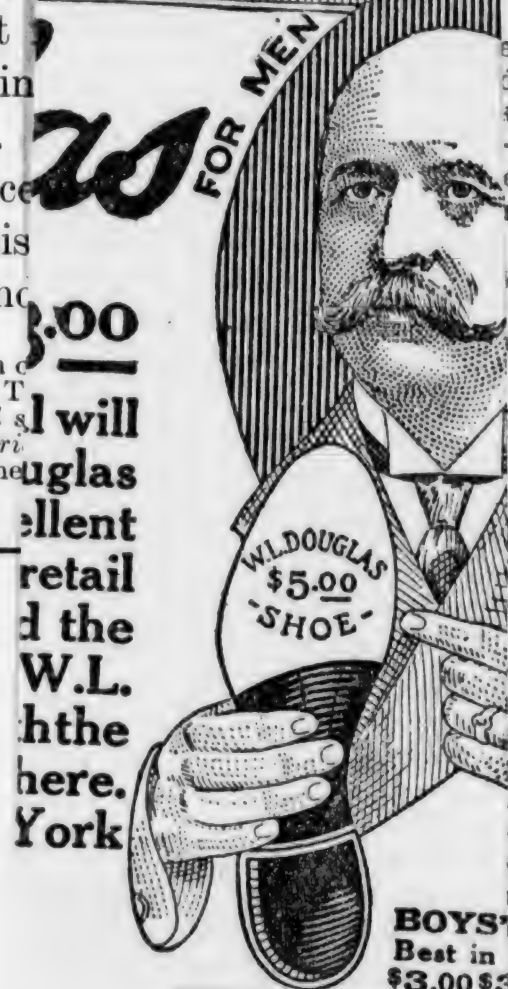
range that the wild-advanced to account that they are the primitive Iberians is are these Iberians? were African Ber will have them Tar-ids." Some author- and wander with face of the globe. ferent accounts as the Lapps, the Rus- the North American Egyptians of old, cient and now long- few survivors of the lost tribes of mentions several of le them, derives the ad-headed Béarnais Mediterraneans by poses of their claim he fails to explain their heads to those w a type "mixed" r mix can become comparatively recent me possessed of a othing in common bors, but much in nitive languages of tribes; and he ends usiasm which leads acquired traits can ality.

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Raoul Louis Felix Emile Mary Laparra showed musical instinct at an early age, so that his family was alarmed by his precociousness. He took pianoforte lessons when he was six years old; at the age of eight he entered the Paris Conservatory, where his teachers were Lavignac, Massenet, Gedalge. In 1900, on account of his health he was sent to Spain, after he had taken several prizes. He made his home and there composed his "Habanera." Two years after he returned to the Conservatory. In 1903, a pupil of Gabriel Fauré, he was awarded the first grand *prix de Rome*. He not only won the *prix de Rome*; he travelled in Greece, Turkey, Armenia. In 1906 he married Miss Mary Sharafelt of Omaha, Neb. Mr. Laparra came to the United States under the auspices of the French Government to study the landmarks of the early Spanish on the Pacific Coast. He sojourned in California, Arizona, and

* "The Basque dances were Salic and singular; the *Zortico*, *Zortizo*, or 'evolution' consists of two parts, *la danza real*, the opening, and the *arrin arrin*, or the conclusion. The *Carri* capered at Azpeitia to the sounds of rude fifes, tambourines, and a sort of flageolet, *el al* resembles those of the Pifferari at Rome; and is probably equally antique. The *Carri* performed in the streets; the *Espata danza* is a remnant of the primitive Tripudium of the Romans."—Richard Ford in "Handbook for Travellers in Spain" (2d Ed., London, 1847).—P. H.

Easter Styles



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YALE BOOMS

Will Be Only University
Mechanical Branches

Special to the Transcript
New Haven, Conn., April 10.—Yale University has decided to install the mechanical chemistry offer can university. It will fall and soon a large to its needs will be ere given in the Sheffield Sc be four years in leng more will be given in work.

Professor John Johns for the chair.

DR. MEIKLEJOHN TO
President of Amherst
Kappa Orator

The annual address b Kappa Society of the Arts of Boston Univers on Friday evening, May Alexander Meiklejohn o- gr Professor George H. yesterday his program on "Conscience." The by ered under the auspices of philosophy of the Coll

Professor Harold W been educational directo hospital for blinded sol an has returned and resum da College of Business A.

I. Roy Hanna, for selo tary of the School of LaMa at the school yesterday. A ational director at the the Philadelphia M. pei

Boston Univer. s

tional Business S for week from 6.30 to 3 thai use of the stage, and slides showing the xte of the university bndin

Next Tuesday at 4.15 I Holt Hughes will give Theology an address c ences. The address will ordination of students opia

PLANS FOR JAC

Many New Features at
annual Celebratio

Inga Little, '19, chas Day, has appointed th take charge of the pr occasion. Jackson Day

lacking in general terms, but on the other hand its nouns can be inflected to an extraordinary degree, even to the point of special plural case-endings to indicate relations between the persons or things referred to, for which we should use whole descriptive clauses. All these traits are characteristic only of very primitive languages, but even here we are no nearer to placing the origin of the Basques; their lack of general names has much in common with certain African tribes; their descriptive case-endings recall the language of the Finns, and their compound words are said to resemble those of the North American Indians!

It is therefore not strange that the wildest theories have been advanced to account for the Basques. That they are the descendants of the primitive Iberians is claimed; but who were these Iberians? According to some they were African Berbers or Arabs; others will have them Tartars or other "Mongoloids." Some authorities ignore the Iberians and wander with the Basques over the face of the globe. Thus they figure in different accounts as a bunch of the Finns, the Lapps, the Russians, the Chinese, the North American Indians, the Picts, the Egyptians of old, the Phoenicians, the ancient and now long-extinct Etruscans, the few survivors of engulfed Atlantis and the lost tribes of Israel. Ripley, who mentions several of these theories to ridicule them, derives the Basques from the broad-headed Béarnais and the long-headed Mediterraneans by cross, and thereby disposes of their claim to antiquity, though he fails to explain the superior breadth of their heads to those of the Béarnais, or how a type "mixed" from traits that never mix can become constant, or how a comparatively recent people can have become possessed of a language which has nothing in common with any of its neighbors, but much in common with the primitive languages of geographically remote tribes; and he ends in transport of enthusiasm which leads to postulate that acquired traits can be transmitted by heredity.

ainers and Music

All this is by way of showing what a fascinating Gordian knot the Basques have been to the scientific gentry. Apparently they are no less fascinating to travellers, for everyone who has experienced them writes of their personal charm in glowing terms. They are evidently hospitable to guests, but hostile to immigrants and impervious to outside influences. Their community life is of a tribal sort; they are happy and contented; they have many old customs which they refuse to relinquish, but which seem not to reveal that origin which so fashions the heads of the ethnologists. In character they are sturdy, self-

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reliant, independent, freedom-loving, conservative and proud, like other mountaineers at home and abroad. They are amusingly aware of a sort of condescension on their own part in their political allegiance to Spain—a counterpart of the "I'm as good as you be, and a little better" of the rustic New England "hired man." Although they rarely bear arms for Spain, they have successfully held their provinces against invasion for centuries at a time.

The Basques have an interesting folk-music, which, like everything else connected with them, is highly distinctive, and very tantalizing to the ethnologist in its few points of contact with the rest of the world. For one thing, in the face of many learned assertions to the effect that folk-music invariably follows the "natural" rhythms of two, three, four or six beats, the Basques evolved a dance, the Zortzico, in $\frac{5}{8}$ time, long before the art of notation was at all widely disseminated. Isolated examples of this rhythm in naive music have been found here and there among the Indians and the negroes of this continent; possibly the Basques are transplanted Aztecs or Incas! There is a collection of Basque folk-music in existence, assembled by one Sallaberry and published at Bayonne (France, not New Jersey), in which not a single song appears, but this proves little, as the notation of an unusual rhythm by an amateur often produces results startling to a well-trained musician, and the redoubtable Sallaberry confesses himself to be a lawyer. I have heard and seen several Zortzicos, and there can be no doubt as to the authenticity and spontaneity of their $\frac{5}{8}$ rhythm. One very interesting feature of the Sallaberry collection is the presence of a fair number of songs decidedly Russian in character, and a few which are unmistakably Scandinavian. If the Basques are wanderers from Asia, these songs may well be unconscious souvenirs of various resting places; but what if they are Africans, Atlantists, Madagascarans or emigrants from the South Pole? Joking aside, William Wallace has pointed out the value to ethnologists of an analytical study of folk-music, and such a study might eventually solve the Basque riddle; but let no one be sure of this until it is accomplished beyond a doubt!

Laparra and His Suite

On Friday and Saturday of this week, Bostonians are to hear a Suite entitled "A Basque Sunday," by a composer, Raoul Laparra, who was born within the range of Basque influence and has lived among the Basque people. Mr. Laparra was born in 1876 at Bordeaux, of a Spanish father and an Italian mother. (Inasmuch as the profile portrait which accompanies most

"Portrait of Abraham Lincoln and Child in Snow" and the other panel showing gifts have been received from Mrs. Hiram Hall; and very ushabti figures, from Wheelwright.

ent of prints has been purchased of sixteen prints of Lord Northwick by Jacobus.

All Fine Arts

now open:

—Loan Exhibition of French Arts—Crowninshield's Works. Arts—Etchings by Lepère. Arts—Wood-cuts by Lepère. —Works of American Masters. —Mr. Borein's Etchings. —Miss Gardiner's Wood-cuts. —Mr. Ranken's Interiors. —Members' Exhibition. —Women Painters and Sculptors. —Artists—Mr. Sharman's Pictures. —Architectural Exhibition. —Mr. Wood's Watercolors. —Mr. Smith's Watercolors.

NCH PAINTINGS

Works of Masters in the Loan Exhibition at the Fogg Art Museum

masterpieces of painting effective loan exhibition at the Fogg Art Museum; but not all the masterpieces. Early work by the diptych by Simon, across the large, bar, Lyon, an anonymous altar, the museum, and figures are standing, the School of the, ch is in a half-ruined, one of the windows in Marmion was a fifteenth

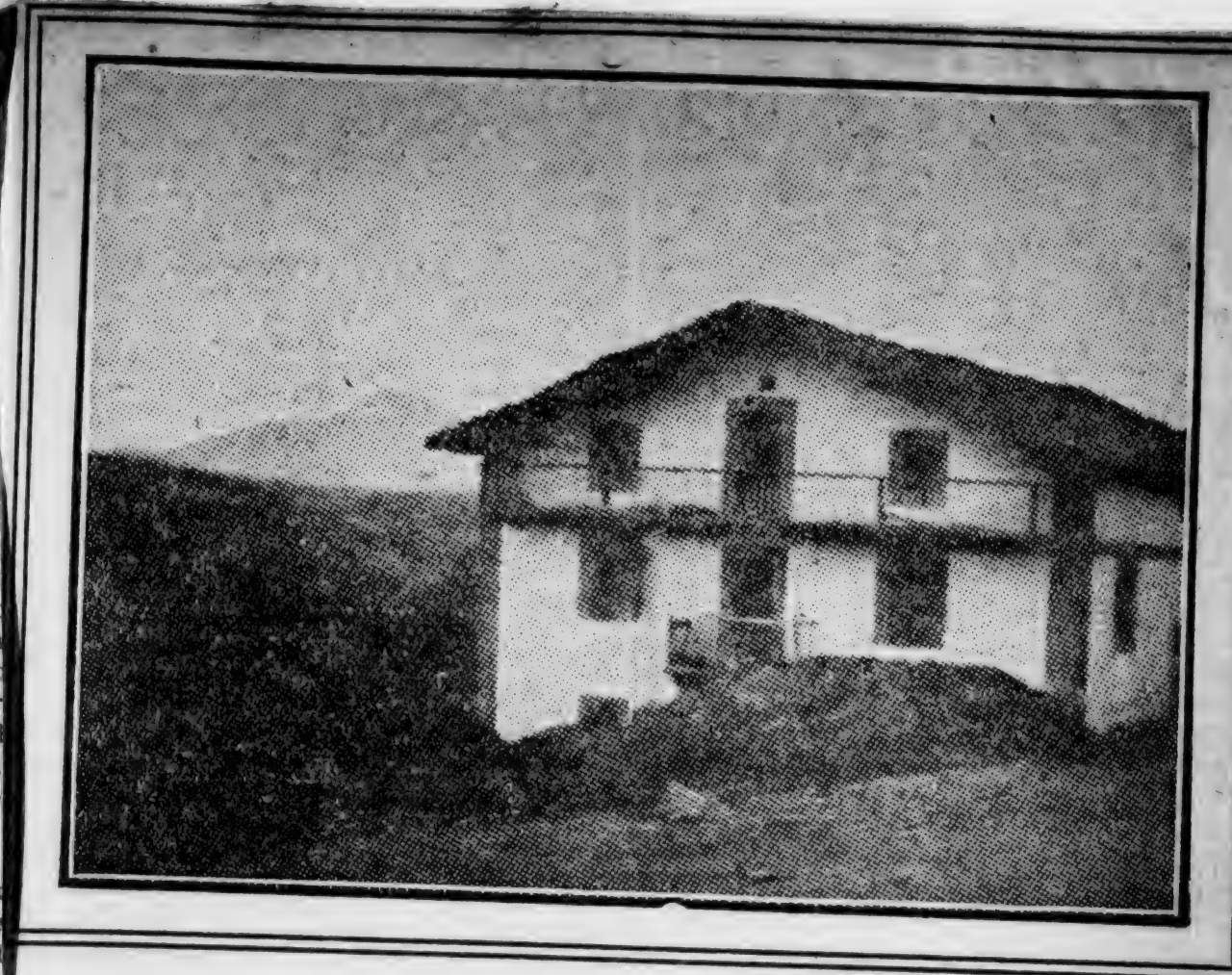
ter, a native of Amlens, volume to do justice, especially edifying, of primitive art. Of the room; the martyrdom of a meere spaces which play about to have his feet in Degas's interiors, and his chest or abdomen perfectly balanced, hammer while a group

ed horsemen look of the ladder leading to speak to t. At the left an angel before a person elaborately figured holding a Bible in his several other figures

small portraits by Co great artistic merit as memorable is the likeness a cap and a close. The portrait immediately foregoing work observation, modelling a personality. One of the upper one at the resemblance to Francis has a rather more. Claude Cornelli, sixteenth century, and François I. attribute

Paintings, those which consideration are the ex. Manet, Corot, Renoir, Courbet, David, Natard and André. For modern men, although how remote eighteenth

represented in the show of recent date, the Degas loan exhibition here on the activity never slackens the end of the game, though its intensity rises and falls with the excitement the watchers, whose cheers are suggested by occasional outbursts. In one there is a witty double presentation theme in canon, which those familiar with the game of pelota may be able to perform the same actions not in time with each other are clearly suggested. At the close the of the winning side threaten to the throat and burst the heart."



A Basque "White House"

(From "Springtime in the Basque Mountains" by Arthur Lasenby Liberty. London, 1901)

and viola, with a constant thrum-pizzicato for the rest of the strings. The most remarkable Degas is that depicting professional dancers. It hangs just in front of him, and the head of a woman, four or five of the legs elevated to across the large, bar, out upon a garden, he top of the green hill? A young runs by its side, and three ancient o'ershadow it. It is here that I each St. John's Day a new coat me clothes it as in a young girl's day dress. And yet—Etche gal- (poor house)—how the lines of of dance, how its walls lean, so For it is there, behold, that opened to the light and closed in the eyes of my forefathers' has the sun descended behind it,

ore a White House (III)

Han bizi naiz ni bakean' Han bizi naiz ni bakean' SARRE) you see that little white house, he top of the green hill? A young runs by its side, and three ancient o'ershadow it. It is here that I

off beyond the mountains? How many times, like now, my little white house, has the gleam of the lamp illumined the windows since the lost epoch when the tender will of two lovers erected you on the green hill?

(Mr. Laparra, who is not to be blamed for often thinking in French even when he is writing in English, may be interested to know that in Anglo-Saxon countries brooks run and fountains play. We gladly give him his choice as to which are active at the side of his white house.)

Tres calme, G major, 6 c 8.—After a couple of measures of introduction, a string quartet sings a little four-part song whose naive pathos ought to be that of folk-music, though I do not find its counterpart in the collection of the legalistic Sallaberry. This is simply accompanied by the rest of the strings muted, with harp here and there. The piano has a contrasting theme, and a few woodwind instruments find their way into the score before the ending, in which the English horn is prominent.

At the Feast (IV)

"Alta gaiztoa Tabernandago Picaro jocala ria!

On then! What a Sabbath, Madame Marie! Is it the tambourine of the fat chirip! that I hear, or a hogs-head that one smashes? It is a battle to the death between Cider and Wine! They are nothing to mature folks, these

reliant, independent, servative and proud at home and abroad aware of a sort of own part in the to Spain—a country good as you be, a rustic New England they rarely bear a successfully held invasion for centuries.

The Basques have music, which, like ed with them, is very tantalizing few points of contact world. For one thing learned assertions music invariably rhythms of two, the Basques evolved in 3/4 time, long but was at all widely examples of this Adventure Pittoresque have been found Indians and the students of Spanish possibly the Basque awailed his "Popular publication of which Basque folk-music during the war. He by one Sallaberry is to play the piano (France, not New the coming performance single song appears he is living in New York, as the notation by an amateur Basque folk-music in startling to a we study of the score brings the redoubtable S melodies which are either self to be a lawyer ought to be; perhaps several Zortzicos, Laparra is so imbued doubt as to the a of his neighborhood the ely of their 3/4. After folk-tunes than the esting feature of it may be said in passing is the presence of lamented Granados. decidedly Russian-ized impression re few which are untried," and follows the If the Basques a decades ago but cor these songs may using little semi-realistic souvenirs of vari for reflective treatment what if they are A forwarded poetic analysis I qu Pole? Joking as cal analysis I have n has pointed out the score. am unable to of an analytical s parra's Basque quotation does so for me; the Basque riddle; b ethnologist may make of this until it or will. a doubt!

Laparra and His S

On Friday and Bostonians are to Basque Sunday," Laparra, who was of Basque influence the Basque people. in 1876 at Bordeaux and an Italian motif profile portrait with

of the foreign reviews shows several Basque able to confirm or refute of Basque origins by Laparra's head is brought top when he bows to Symphony Hall; at duct in attending his markedly dolichocephalic of the most varied list of his teachers in

Massenet, Fauré, Lav tant organ and bells announce a theme of ard, and Gedalge—a hymnlike character which is undoubtedly tinction. A precocious the one of which the composer said, in an tunate in his parents, interview, that he conceived and wrote the to force or exploit a "main theme" in the Basque country.

ceived the Prix de Rome After a few measures, the first bassoon ried an American lad presents this theme in diminution; a viola duced an opera, "La answers, and the rest of the instruments which later received enter one by one or in groups, as the people Boston; and he follow of the countryside wake and set out for "La Jota." He has mass. The organ ceases for the time being; the theme in its new treatment acquires a dance-like character, as if to express the joy of life which one feels when out of doors at dawn. There is a modulation to C major, and the dance-like treatment of the theme is continued in 6-8 time by orchestra and piano. D flat major, 4-4-12-8; broad melodies and counter-melodies derived from the theme are played by strings and brass, while the woodwind and the piano continue the dance-like figures by way of decoration. The organ and bells reappear as before, and all the foregoing treatment is recapitulated, but in different keys. At the final broad climax in F minor, not only are the several variants of the theme combined as before, but the organ presents the theme itself in its original hymn-like form as a huge cantus firmus.

Mr. Laparra disclaims Basque folk-music in study of the score brings the redoubtable S melodies which are either self to be a lawyer ought to be; perhaps several Zortzicos, Laparra is so imbued doubt as to the a of his neighborhood the ely of their 3/4. After folk-tunes than the esting feature of it may be said in passing is the presence of lamented Granados. decidedly Russian-ized impression re few which are untried," and follows the If the Basques a decades ago but cor these songs may using little semi-realistic souvenirs of vari for reflective treatment what if they are A forwarded poetic analysis I qu Pole? Joking as cal analysis I have n has pointed out the score. am unable to of an analytical s parra's Basque quotation does so for me; the Basque riddle; b ethnologist may make of this until it or will. a doubt!

At the Game of Pelota (II)
"Carlos quintoren baratan
"Muthilak pilota' danzan.
Hogoi! Falta! (the words in Basque are the numbers)—By the devil! Have you heard arrows whistling? They were not more rapid than that ball—Yo! yo! yo! Do you hear how one laughs, with rage or joy? See how the players bound beneath the regards of their sweet-hearts. They will not be handsomer at the dance, tonight. Berrogoi eta borts! Hey, more lungs, crier! Those of the Guipuzcoa weaken. Berrogoi eta hamar. Victory! Yo! yo! yo! yooooo! Let me laugh. Bierretch! And may my throat tear, may my heart burst, but that my triumphant Irrintzinta (call of joy) resound from the plain to the mountain, from the mountain to Spain, from Spain to the sea, meowing the victory of those of Anoa! Allegretto vivo, G minor, 5-8—Over a dominant pedal of the relative major there are lively runs as the crowd gathers and the merrymaking begins; then the game commences with a skipping figure for bassoon, accompanied by a counter-melody for solo

Toward the Church

"Truskia yalgul baino
"Sabalsen hastendu
Awaken, to list, song! It is the one w ever since the birth which repeats to us and the bells of Ihol And after all, w getting up with the ing, on a beautiful S order, the cares u For it is a The great s

yet arisen; but in the sky which is over the mountains one feels him coming to the fields.

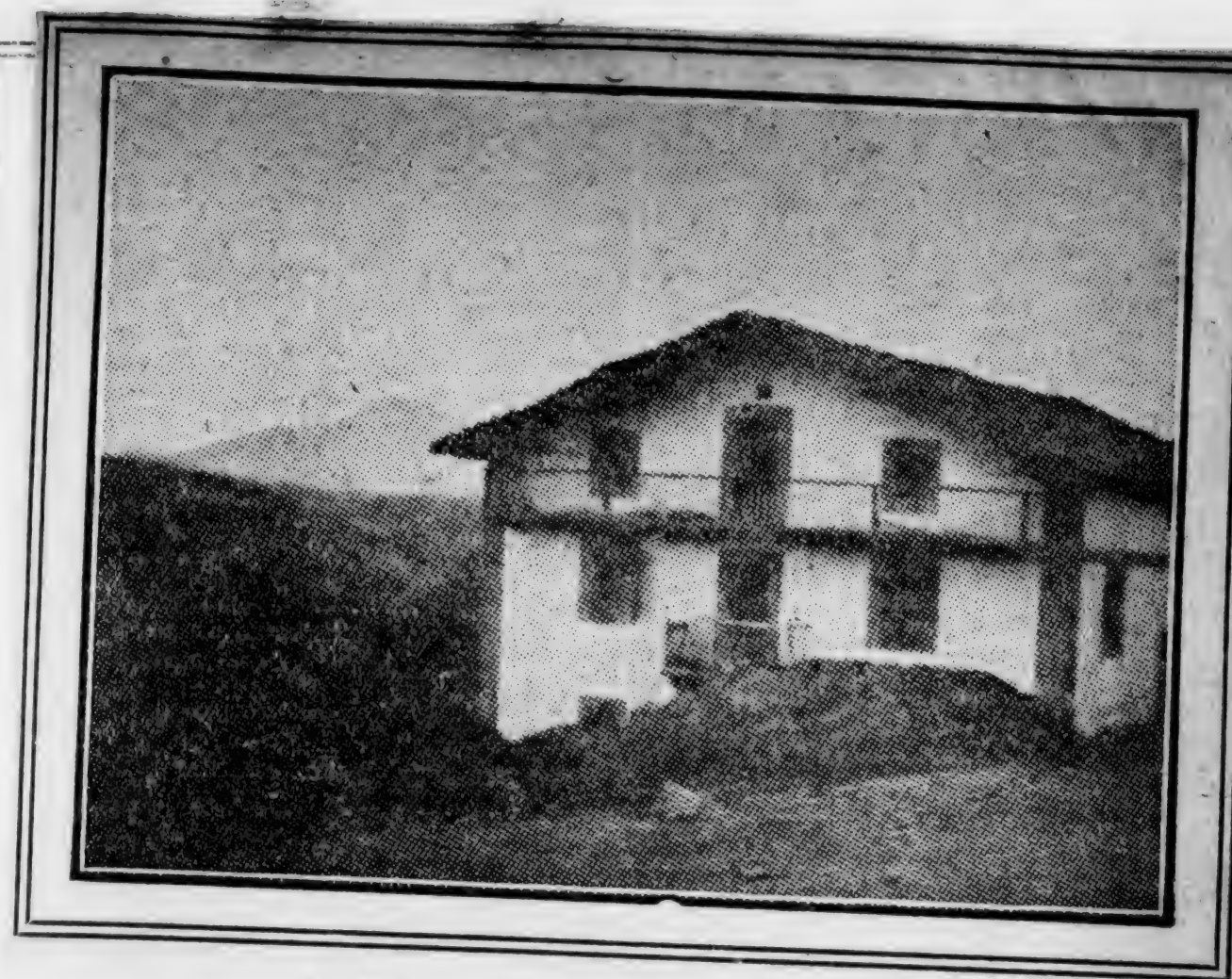
Come then, away! Let us sing, let us dance already; and once in a while shall we stop a little to hearken to the voice of God rising from the villages. And then let us enter the church, eaving the door open behind us, so that our mingled songs may escape, awakening the dead and hastening the step of the living lingering on the road.

Lento ma non troppo, F minor, 4-4. Dis-Massenet, Fauré, Lav tant organ and bells announce a theme of ard, and Gedalge—a hymnlike character which is undoubtedly tinction. A precocious the one of which the composer said, in an tunate in his parents, interview, that he conceived and wrote the to force or exploit a "main theme" in the Basque country. ceived the Prix de Rome After a few measures, the first bassoon ried an American lad presents this theme in diminution; a viola duced an opera, "La answers, and the rest of the instruments which later received enter one by one or in groups, as the people Boston; and he follow of the countryside wake and set out for "La Jota." He has mass. The organ ceases for the time being; the theme in its new treatment acquires a dance-like character, as if to express the joy of life which one feels when out of doors at dawn. There is a modulation to C major, and the dance-like treatment of the theme is continued in 6-8 time by orchestra and piano. D flat major, 4-4-12-8; broad melodies and counter-melodies derived from the theme are played by strings and brass, while the woodwind and the piano continue the dance-like figures by way of decoration. The organ and bells reappear as before, and all the foregoing treatment is recapitulated, but in different keys. At the final broad climax in F minor, not only are the several variants of the theme combined as before, but the organ presents the theme itself in its original hymn-like form as a huge cantus firmus.

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A Basque "White House"

(From "Springtime in the Basque Mountains" by Arthur Lasenby Liberty. London, 1901)

violin and viola, with a constant thrumming pizzicato for the rest of the strings. From here on the activity never slackens until the end of the game, though its intensity rises and falls with the excitement of the watchers, whose cheers are suggested by occasional outbursts. In one place there is a witty double presentation of the theme in canon, which those familiar with the game of pelota may be able to explain; at all events, two groups of players performing the same actions not quite in time with each other are clearly enough suggested. At the close the cheers of the winning side threaten to "tear the throat and burst the heart."

Before a White House (III)

"Han bizi naiz ni bakean"
"(Ellsambuzu; 'Haitz mendia,' SARRE)
Do you see that little white house, on the top of the green hill? A mountain runs by its side, and three ancient oaks o'ershadow it. It is here that I live in peace.

At each St. John's Day a new coat of lime clothes it as in a young girl's Sunday dress. And yet—Etche galchoa! (poor house)—how the lines of its roof dance, how its walls lean, so wearily! For it is there, behold, that were opened to the light and closed in death the eyes of my forefathers' fathers.

Thus, how many times, at this same hour, has the sun descended behind it,

off beyond the mountains? How many times, like now, my little white house, has the gleam of the lamp illumined the windows since the lost epoch when the tender will of two lovers erected you on the green hill?

(Mr. Laparra, who is not to be blamed for often thinking in French even when he is writing in English, may be interested to know that in Anglo-Saxon countries brooks run and fountains play. We gladly give him his choice as to which are active at the side of his white house.)

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At the Feast (IV)

"Alta gaiztoa Tabernandago
"Pleace jocal-ria!

On then! What a Sabbath, Madame Marie! Is it the tambourine of the fat chirip! that I hear, or a hogs-head that one smashes? It is a battle to the death between Cider and Wine! They are nothing to mature folks, these

larks. Yet, nevertheless, it is good to hear the laughter of the young people and to chant again in the evening the songs of the dawn!

The girls dance, the boys sneer, the drinkers bawl their songs of labor. And into all this hubbub I mingle prudently the holy chant of the morning, even though the wine of Irrougeli dulls my memory. For the Cascarotes intrude now; and among these bohemians of bewitched glances, who knows where this dance might lead us, which sweeps everything, this frenzied arin-arin where the buck-footed Mr. Debroua (the devil) is sure to sneak in.

Allegro energico, F minor, 6-8—Horns and kettledrums commence a persistent accompaniment figure of marked rhythm, with trills in the woodwind; all the strings present a rude dance-tune, and the brass instruments follow suit. There are plentiful modulations, with a lot of orchestral ventriloquizing, and clever shifts of rhythm from 6-8 to 9-8 and back again; then the oboe introduces a second theme in C minor. Both themes are treated anew, exchanging keys. In the final climax the organ combines the hymn-like principal theme of the first movement with the dance-tunes of this, and there is a riotous climax.

In Survey

There is nothing radical in the material or the treatment of this little suite, nor is it consciously conservative. It seems to be quite spontaneous, and proportionally pleasing; in spite of a very direct appeal, I should expect it to wear well. There is much in the external impression of the work which recalls Bizet without the reproach of imitation—not the Bizet of "Carmen," but rather the Bizet of "L'Arlésienne" and still more of "Roma." The work will not only please, it will refresh.

Formally the suite presents a rather complicated and exceedingly well executed example of "generative treatment" in the first movement, after which it drops learning overboard. The man in the street need not be in the slightest degree repelled by the "generative" episode, which is artfully concealed as it should be, instead of thrust forward like a sore thumb or a new pair of gloves, as dutiful young composers sometimes thrust it. To say, however, that the suite is simple of effect does not in the slightest degree imply poverty of resource on the part of the composer, who is, on the contrary, exceedingly fluent in the unpopular arts of counterpoint and thematic variation.

To the present reviewer, the absence of the Zortzico rhythm and character from any and all parts of the suite is in the nature of a distinct lack, because the Zortzico is the exclusive artistic property of the Basque, as well as pleasing on its own merits. Probably the composer could answer quite properly that he has not aimed to exhaust the interest of Basque music in a single suite, or even that one who knows the Basques intimately attaches less importance to the Zortzico than such a total stranger as the present reviewer. At all events, the present suite seems to bear out the theory that the Basques are a cross between the Béarnais and the Mediterraneans!

PHILIP GREELEY CLAPP

enrolment of the University of Illinois steadily increasing from year to year shown by the fact that 3465 undergraduates and 174 graduates were registered at the colleges at Urbana at the end of fourth day of registration for the quarter. The number registered for corresponding day of the second quarter of the present year was 3562. The number for the corresponding day of the second semester last year was 3460.

MORE FRENCH STUDENTS COMING

American Colleges Offer Eighty Additional Scholarships for Next Year

Chicago, April 17—Dr. Robert L. Kelly, executive secretary of the Association of American Colleges, announces that he has cabled to the French Government eighty additional scholarships for French girls for the academic year of 1919-20. These have been offered by American institutions. Already 114 girls and 34 disabled French soldiers have been placed. Dr. Kelly states that French schools have offered openings to American soldiers and 5800 of them have been filled.

Kappa Sigma's Fiftieth Anniversary

Washington, April 17—Announcement made that the fiftieth anniversary of founding of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity will be celebrated at a meeting here April 22-25, which will be attended by delegates from seventy-eight colleges and chapters throughout the country. The delegates will visit the University of Virginia where the first chapter of the fraternity was organized. Among the speakers will be former Secretary McAdoo and Admiral Cary Gravson.

Laparra's Startling Music

Post

Apr. 13, 1919.

"Brutally Direct, Not Kid-Gloved," Says Olin Downes of Spanish Genius Who Will Play His Own Compositions Here Next Week

An uncommon work, by a composer of uncommonly individual and picturesque tendencies, will be heard at the Boston Symphony concerts of next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. This is the suite for orchestra and piano, "A Basque Sunday," in the performance of which the composer will play the solo instrument.

The music of Laparra is known and admired by those who believe that neither life nor art is a kid-glove affair. His opera, "La Habanera," given at the Boston Opera House in 1912, startled the conservatives and made an indelible impression on the receptive, because of its enormous virility and its combination of realism and the extravagant romanticism at which most modern composers of today sniff superciliously. The country portrayed was Castile, a tremendous and gloomy land, the ghost of Spain's mighty past, and a thousand years removed from the brilliancy and gaiety of the Seville of which Bizet wrote in "Carmen." Another opera was "The Jota," the principal musical and dramatic theme founded, as in the case of the "Habanera," on the rhythm of the Spanish dance. Last October Mr. Laparra and Mme. Helen Stanley gave a concert of compositions strongly Spanish in character in Symphony Hall. It will be seen that Spain has obsessed the imagination of this composer.

Mr. Laparra himself claims that this is a result of atavism. He was born in Bordeaux, near the Spanish border. His parentage is part French and part Spanish. Even as a small boy he often galloped over to "the other side" and found himself in a country which appealed to him more than his own home. Look at the man and you see a Latin, not a Gaul. He has the dark olive complexion of a Spaniard, black hair and black eyes of almost feverish brilliancy. He is rather small in stature. The physique is not powerful, but one

has the impression of an exceptionally virile and sensitive temperament.

Laparra has wandered far and wide over the earth. He knows the Orient and the Occident. He is acquainted with the primitive music of Turkey and of the North American Indian, and the more primitive the music, one is inclined to think, the more interesting to him. But Spain remains his spiritual if not his actual birthplace. The genius of this strange land possesses him.

Excels in Color

Laparra's music is the most brutally direct, the most crudely and vigorously colored, perhaps, of an opera composer of the day. He is not, perhaps, a lover of art for art's sake. He has always

observed life at first hand, lived with the simple people, recorded his impressions, musically, in his own way. He is no follower of the schools or of any artistic clique or group of theorists. The heart, not the head, must lead the way. Laparra has gone his own way with a naive enthusiasm and an unconscious courage, and his artistic end appears to make him oblivious of obstacles.

Not that he lacked schooling in his art. His precocity as a child alarmed his parents. Fortunately it was balanced from the beginning by his almost primitive love and craving for nature. He studied the piano at six and entered the Paris Conservatoire at 11. In 1900 a violent illness sent him to Spain to recuperate for two years. It was at this time, and in this place, that "La Habanera" was conceived. Paris forgets quickly. When Laparra returned he found the conservatory had as good as forgotten him. Nevertheless, he set to work with characteristic energy and in 1903 took the Prix de Rome.

Laparra is interested in several other arts than his own. He loves architecture, poetry, painting. A series of lively sketches made by himself recall his days in the Eternal City.

There are also drawings by fellow students, and a few of them are signed by Andre Caplet, who was French conductor at the Boston Opera House for several seasons. In the second year of his scholarship Laparra visited Greece.

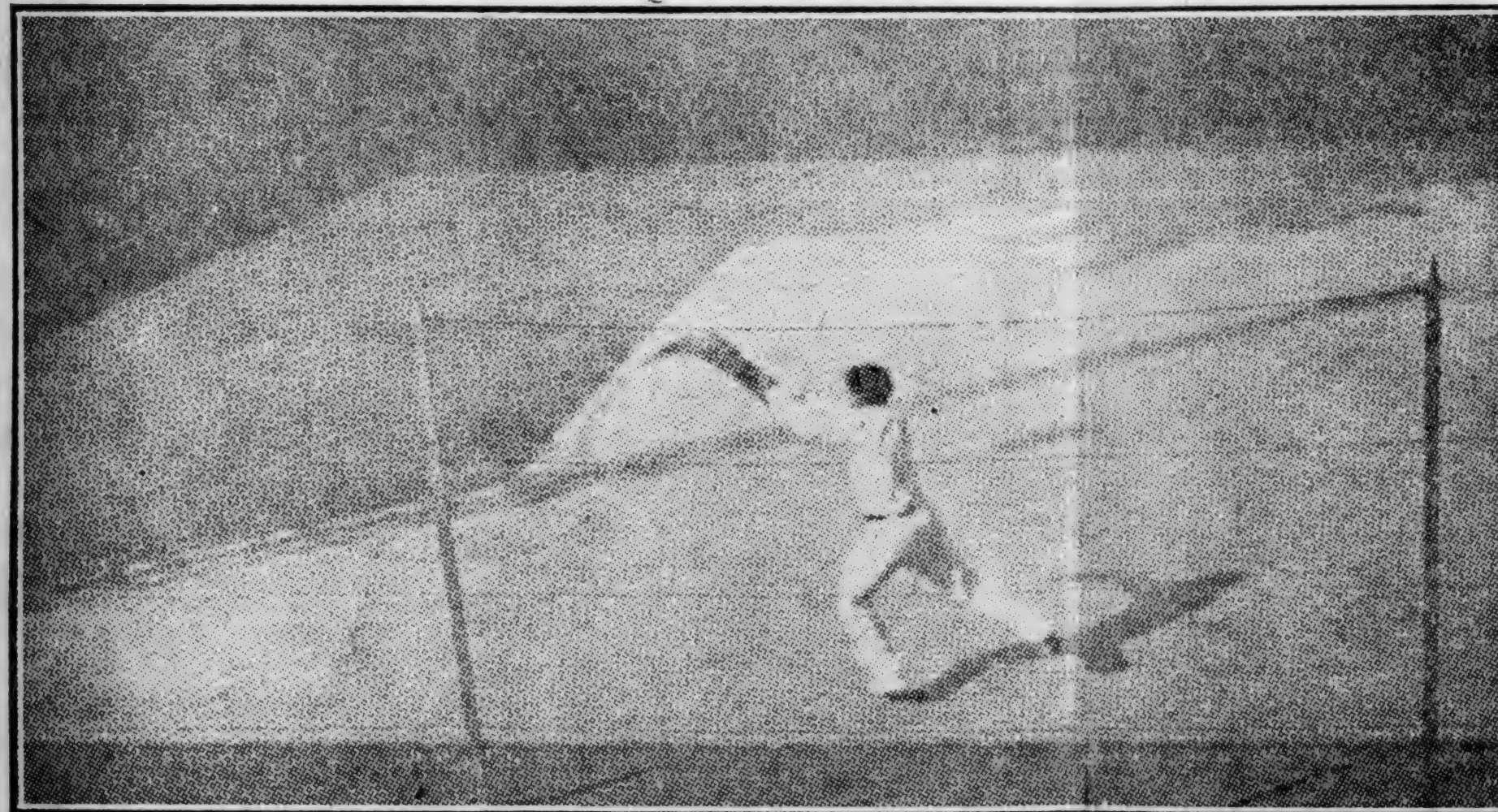
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The girls dance, the boys sneer, the drinkers bawl their songs of labor. And into all this hubbub I mingle prudently the holy chant of the morning, even though the wine of Irrougeli dulls my memory. For the Cascarotes intrude now; and among these bohemians of bewitched glances, who knows where this dance might lead us, which sweeps everything, this frenzied arin-arin where the buck-footed Mr. Debroua (the devil) is sure to sneak in.

Allegro energico, F minor, 6-8—Horns and kettledrums commence a persistent accompaniment figure of marked rhythm, with trills in the woodwind; all the strings present a rude dance-tune, and the brass instruments follow suit.

To the present reviewer, the absence of the Zortzico rhythm and character from any and all parts of the suite is in the nature of a distinct lack, because the Zortzico is the exclusive artistic property of the Basque, as well as pleasing on its own merits. Probably the composer could answer quite properly that he has not aimed to exhaust the interest of Basque music in a single suite, or even that one who knows the Basques intimately attaches less importance to the Zortzico than such a total stranger as the present reviewer. At all events, the present suite seems to bear out the theory that the Basques are a cross between the Béarnais and the Mediterraneans!

PHILIP GREELEY CLAPP



A Player at Pelota Placing the Ball

Pelota—A Spanish Game, Not Unlike Hand-Ball. It is Played in a Court With a Small Rubber Ball, and a Long Curved Gauntlet or Cestus, Fitted to the Right Hand

pealed to him more than his own home. Look at the man and you see a Latin, not a Gaul. He has the dark olive complexion of a Spaniard, black hair and black eyes of almost feverish brilliancy. He is rather small in stature. The physique is not powerful, but one

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(From the Encyclopædia of Sport his

Turkey and Armenia gathering material for the score of an opera, "Amphytrion," which has not been performed.

He went to Bayreuth in 1906, and lived not with the tourists, but with a peasant's family in Dusseldorf. "La Habanera" was produced in Paris in 1908. It frightened many of the critics, and drew attention to a rising talent. A second opera, "La Jota," was given in 1911. In 1912 Laparra came to America under the auspices of the French government to study the landmarks of the early Spanish settlers on the Pacific coast. He went first to Mexico, then to Arizona and California, where he spent much time about the old missions which dot that State. An opera on a Mexican theme has been sketched. Mr. Laparra also studied, very curiously, the music of the American Indians. In 1913, he married the former Miss Mary Shara-felt of Omaha, Neb.

Composes Wherever Mood Moves Him

Laparra has noted down his musical ideas in cabs, on trains, on shipboard, and muleback. As may be seen, he is temperamentally a nomad. Money to him means opportunity to travel. He has also the literary temperament, and his libretti and manifestos remind one strongly of the pronouncements of the romantic composers like Berlioz, with whom Mr. Laparra has not a little in common. ("Un romantique retarde"—"a belated romanticist," said Mr. Caplet). He writes himself into his music. "It seems to me that from my earliest days," he once said, "I knew that I would find my true inspiration in Spain."

The suite "A Basque Sunday" was composed in the country of which the music speaks. It is thus described, for the Post, by Mr. Laparra:

On the two western slopes of the Pyrenees Mountains, part in France, part in Spain, lives a mysterious race whose origin has never been established. It is the Basque people.

Its language has nothing in common with any other idiom in the world. Its customs are strongly different from those of its French and Spanish neighbors. It resisted the Arabs and the Romans, and though now divided between two of the European powers, has never been absorbed by them and has remained a people, in spite of the conventional limitations.

It has been a frequent mistake to confound the Basques with the Spaniards, from whom in all regards they are as remote as the Yankees from the Patagonians. The bull fights, though practised, are as foreign there as they are in the south of France. So are the "flamenco" songs and dances.

The people are deeply religious, but without the passionate expressions of the Spanish Catholicism. It is a calm

faith, robust like those chants of the Basque church, which the ox-drivers sing again on the road while leading their heavy beasts hitched to the full wheeled carts, which resemble the chariots of the early migrations.

The national game is athletic and full of wild excitement, but without the red drama of the Spanish bull fight. One village sends its three best players against the three best ones of another town. They meet on a rectangle before a high wall, against which the ball is thrown with strength by the batter, to rebound to a point where he hopes that the adversary will not be at hand to the high wall, against which the ball is augmented by the special glove they use, or "chisters," a long, cone-shaped crescent basket, which is used to catch as well as to throw the ball. A crier calls the points in long modulations, which are real songs in themselves. The girls, in the graded stone seats, wear the color of their favorite teams, and when the points are hotly disputed one hears the ancestral calls, in which are expressed either the furor or the joy. This game, called "Pilota," has spread all over Spain and South America.

The dances are also typical of the country. Among them shines particularly the energetic "zortzico," with a splendid rhythm in 5-8 time.

Composed in Tower

The houses, whitewashed anew every year on St. John's Day, seem, in spite of their old age, eternally young, and sprinkle the landscape with their clear spots on top of the green hills against the higher Pyrenees. For, in contrast again with Spain, the country is a laughing one, traversed by so many brooks running down from the mountains to the sea.

One of the points from which the Basque land might be embraced in one of its broadest and most inspiring aspects is the hill of Bordegaine, above the little port of Ciboure in France. From there, beyond a succession of valleys, an extraordinary development of mountains is perceived from the "Rhune" in France to the colossally proportioned "Three Crowns" in Spain, while the sea flees from cape to cape to the fading distances of the Cantabric coast. And before these immensities you are, on the top of Bordegaine, in the most intimate and romantic corner—a church, ruined by the quasi-forgotten battle of Napoleonic times.

Against it a rustic shed has been erected by the peasants with blocks of granite and gigantic beams to protect a shrine where the miraculously preserved virgin of the ruined church has been placed. A few steps away stands a cross of the 14th century and a strange building without age, color of rain, a sort of tower overtopping still higher this commanding place. It was between these three things, the tower, the cross and the church, that much of



Raoul Laparra, composer of "A Basque Sunday," to be performed at the Symphony concerts of next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Where "A Basque Sunday" was composed. The church of Bordegaine, destroyed in a battle between Wellington and Soult, a relic of the 14th century, and the old Spanish tower which Mr. Laparra made his workroom.

the "Basque Sunday" was written. The supreme peace of that spot, as though against the sky, was necessary to express with a freer and clearer mind the intense joy of the valley. Only on rainy days shelter had to be sought in the deserted tower, and it was not without a certain thrill that one could enter that dwelling, in remembering the dark story which developed there some years before.

An old bachelor, an "American," as they call in that country the Basques who have returned from the new continent, retired there with a coffer containing the fortune amassed overseas, a gay fellow, a good singer and a hearty drinker. No one, however, had any access to his tower, until one day there came another "American" unknown in the country, and whom the people of Ciboure nicknamed "Don Carlos."

From that time the life of the solitary tower became particularly animated. Echoes of songs and of laughter used to escape from it until a late hour. But on a certain night of violent tempest, the joyous noise, which had been more boisterous than ever, was succeeded by a shrill scream, so long and so terrible that the owner of the next farm, awakened in spite of the distance and the gale, did not dare to open his window.

But in the morning he said to his wife, "Woman, something queer happened last night toward the tower. Let us go and see." They went. Around the tower everything was silent. They knocked; no answer. They entered the little kitchen, always silence, the shutters closed. They climbed the stairs to the landing where the "American" always slept. No one there, and such darkness everywhere! They went to the third and last floor, but before reaching it the man was arrested by two feet upon his head, while the woman behind him exclaimed, "Andre Maria! There he hangs!" They roused up the town, and amidst the exclamations of amazement, the prayers and the imprecations, it was found that the famous coffer had disappeared. So had "Don Carlos," and never to return.

Since then the old tower had remained closed until a musician, to the astonishment of the town, asked the key, to make of it his working retreat. Thus, stories which become legends, legends which are believed to be stories, the whole Basque country is full of them, with the added charm of its own mystery, that never to be found origin, which enhances the poetry of its landscapes and the haughty beauty of its humanity.

The idea of "a Basque Sunday" is to

express musically the principal episodes of a Basque holiday:

1. Toward the church, which supplies a kind of auroral prelude with the call of the organ and bells of the distant mass.

2. At the Pelote game, which is the national game of the Basques, and takes place in the afternoon. It is expressed by a lively scherzo.

3. Before a white house gives the Andante. It relates to the rest time which one enjoys in those ancestral but always smiling homes of the Basque country, about sunset.

4. At the feast forms the finale and was suggested by the dances and songs of the evening, out on the open square of the village.

There follow the English translations of the four popular poems, which I use as epigraphs for the different movements. They are the very subjects of the corresponding parts.

As to the music, I have not aimed in the present work to any melodic or rhythmical use of the native folk-lore, though acquainted with it from childhood. It is rather a generalized impression received in the country. For the theme and main development were written there, while the definitive form was given to it only recently.

No. 1—Toward the Church—

"Iruskia yalgui bainolchen

"Sabalsen hastendu argia canta berrien."

Awaken, to listen to this "new" song! It is the one which has been sung ever since the birth of the Master and which repeats to us, there, the organ and the bells of Iholdy.

And after all, what is better than getting up with the birds in the morning, on a beautiful Sunday, the farm in order, the cares under the sandals? For it is a beautiful Sunday! The great sower, he has not yet arisen; but in the sky which is over the mountains one feels him coming to the fields.

Come then away! Let us sing, let us dance already; and once in a while shall we stop a little to hearken to the voice of God rising from the villages. And then let us enter the church, leaving the door open behind us, so that our mingled songs may escape, awakening the dead and hastening the step of the living lingering on the road.

No. 2—At the game of Pelote—

Carlos quintoren baratzan

"Muthilak pilota" dansan.

Hogoi! Falta, by the devil! Have you heard arrows whistling? They were not more rapid than the ball—Yo!

Yo! Yo! Do you hear how one laughs, with rage or joy? See how the players bound 'neath the regard of their sweet-hearts. They will not be handsomer at the dance tonight. Berrogoi eta bortzi! Hey, more lungs, Crier! Those of the Guipuzcoa weaken. Berrogoi eta hamar. Victory! Yo! Yo! Yo! Yooooo! Let me laugh, Pierretch! And may my throat tear, may my heart burst, but that my triumphant Irrintzina resound from the plain to the mountain, from the mountain to Spain, from Spain to the sea, meowing the victory of those of Anoa!

No. 3—Before a White House—"Han bizi naiz ni bakean" (Elisambuzu; "Haitz mendia," Sarre).

Do you see that little white house, on the top of the green hill? A fountain runs by its side, and three ancient oaks o'ershadow it. It is here that I live in peace.

At each St. John's day a new coat of lime clothes it in a Sunday dress of young girl. And however—Etche gai-choa! ("poor house")—how the lines of its roof dances, how its walls lean, so wearily! For it is there, behold, that were opened to the light and closed in death the eyes of my forefather's fathers.

Thus, how many times, at this same hour, has the sun descended behind it, off beyond the mountains? How many times, like now, my little white house, has the gleam of the lamp illumined the window since the lost epoch when the tender will of two lovers erected you on the green hill?

No. 4—At the Feast Aita Gaiztoa Tabernandago Picaro Jocalaria!

On then! What a Sabbath, Madame Marie! Is it the tamborine of the fat chiripi that I hear, or a hogshead that one smashes? It is the battle to the death of the cider and the wine! They are worth nothing to mature folks, these larks. Yet, nevertheless, it is so good to hear the laugh of the young and to reintonate in the evening the songs of the dawn!

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RABAUD.

SYMPHONY in E minor, No. 2

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Andante
- III. Allegro vivace
- IV. Allegro; Andante

(First time at these Concerts)

MÉHUL,

AIR, "O des amants le plus fidèle," from 'Ariodant' Act II., Scene II.

BACH,

MOVEMENTS from the SUITE in B minor No. 2, for Flute and Strings

- I. Polonaise with Double: Moderato
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SONGS with Orchestra

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- II. "On the Banks of the Don"
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OVERTURE to Goethe's "Egmont," op. 84

Soloist:

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express musically the principal episodes of a Basque holiday:

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SOPHIE BRASLAU



Sophie Braslau

(Photograph by Mishkin)

Ablest of the Younger Altos of the Metropolitan Opera House and Assisting
Singer at the Symphony Concerts of Saturday

SYMPHONY GIVES ITS 23D CONCERT

Herald — *Apr. 27/19*
Audience Pays Impressive
Tribute to Con-
ductor Rabaud

RECALLS HIM TWICE TO GIVE OVATIONS

By PHILIP HALE

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Rabaud conductor, announced for Friday afternoon, was postponed until yesterday afternoon on account of the parade. The concert was repeated last night. The program was as follows: Rabaud, Symphony, No. 2, E minor (first time at these concerts); Mehul, Recitative, "Que dis-je?" and Aria "O des Amants, le plus fidele" from "Ariodant" (Sophie Braslau of the Metropolitan Opera Company); Bach, Polonaise, Rondo and Badinerie from Suite No. 2, B minor, for flute and strings (George Laurent, flute); Moussorgsky, Three Songs with orchestral accompaniment; Death's Serenade, the Banks of the Don, On the River Dnieper (Miss Braslau); Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont."

Mr. Rabaud's symphony was first played in Paris in 1899, when he was 23 years old. It was played under his direction. For this work he was awarded the Monbinne prize of 3000 francs. The symphony was heard in Boston 11 years ago at one of Mrs. R. J. Hall's concerts, conducted by Mr. Longy. There have been four double performances in Philadelphia. The symphony has been played by the New York Symphony orchestra, the Chicago Symphony orchestra, the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra, and it was performed at the Worcester Festival of 1917.

A prize composition is often and justly looked on with suspicion. To satisfy the average judges, the work must be strictly orthodox; all the conventions must be observed; above all, there must be no trace of originality.

Mr. Rabaud's Symphony is a brilliant exception to the rule. While the workmanship displayed must have satisfied

the most critical, the music is far from being pedantic. There is no counterpoint merely for counterpoint's sake. The fresh, vigorous, beautiful themes are developed in an interesting and often dramatic manner. While the different movements are well contrasted, there is a unity of the whole by reason of the ingenious and at times unexpected use in the later movements of preceding themes. The announcement of the virile motif at the beginning at once arouses attention. This and the next theme are followed by a pleasing song for the oboe. This thematic material is worked out in masterly fashion. The whole movement is strongly dramatic, but not theatrical. Here, as in the movements that follow, the hearer recognizes a composer of a sensitive, poetic nature, whose innate virility is controlled by a fine, not finical taste.

This first movement, energetic, now melancholy, wistful, now exultant, is on the whole the expression of a perturbed soul. The slow movement and the Scherzo are in a different vein. The former has for its chief subject an impressive Chorale of quiet, solemn melody. This theme is used in the following movements with marked effect. It is introduced in the Scherzo, after a light and tripping first subject, introduced with great cunning; witness the violent of it skillfully orchestrated. And in this Scherzo, as in the other movements, Mr. Rabaud has shown that he knows when to stop. He does not insist too strongly on an idea though it may please him; he is not enamored of his own thoughts; he does not repeat, dilute, weary. In some respects the Finale is the most striking movement of the four. The opening, whirling measures, the mysterious mutterings, the voices hinting, prophesying, stir the imagination of the hearer. And in the Finale as in the Scherzo, the mood is suddenly changed, by the introduction of quieter, contemplative measures. Nor is the apotheosis a blatant appeal, a trap set for the applause of the unthinking.

The production of this symphony is one of the leading features of a season that has been remarkable for the excellence of the programs and for the bringing out of many unfamiliar works that richly deserved a hearing. The reception given to this symphony yesterday afternoon was much more than a compliment to a departing and honored guest. The music itself made an immediate and deep impression. At the end, when Mr. Rabaud was recalled the second time, not only the orchestra, but the audience rose spontaneously and paid a tribute long to be remembered.

Mr. Rabaud sensibly gave only three of the seven movements in Bach's

Suite. These afforded Mr. Laurent, the solo flutist, opportunity to show his skill and taste, as he had already done in the Scherzo of the symphony, as he had already done at concerts in the past.

Miss Braslau, who sang here at a subscription concert for the first time, brought out an air in the grand style from Mehul's forgotten opera. The aria is interesting, and not only as an example of the heroic French manner of 120 years ago. There is a dignity, a nobility in this air, so that one can understand the enthusiasm of Berlioz. Miss Braslau, whose voice is a rich one, of liberal compass, also of true contralto quality, sang the old music dramatically and with full appreciation of the varied emotional contents. It was a pleasure to hear Moussorgsky's songs, which she sang in Russian. Here, again, she sang dramatically, but she did not overstep the line that separates the concert from the opera. And how the three songs differed! Death serenading the maiden who at last is his; the charming song of the garden by the Don, with Masha coming from the well; and then the savage cry of the Cossack to the river Dnieper, foretelling the triumph of Ukraina; singularly effective, the three, as Miss Braslau sang them.

RABAUD CHARMS IN 2 CONCERTS

Adv. + Am. Apr. 27, 1919.
Second Symphony a Worthy Work; Composers Prefer Not to Conduct

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

PROGRAM.

Rabaud. Symphony in E major.
Mehul. Air from "Aroldant."
Soloist, Miss Sophie Braslau.
Bach. Three movements from B minor suite.
Moussorgsky. Three songs with orchestra.
Miss Braslau.
Beethoven. "Egmont" overture.

At this concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon and repeated in the evening, we find revealed the true reason why M. Rabaud goes back to Paris: A little fatigue, a good deal of home sickness, but chiefly the desire to get back to composition. A man who can write so clear and symmetrical a symphony does not care greatly for conducting.

Spite of Berlioz and Wagner, of Richard Strauss and Mendelssohn, the average composer does not long for conducting, while the thorough conductor had better give up composi-

tion. When Hans Richter took up conducting as his life work he put all his compositions in the stove, lit them, and made a cup of coffee over the flames. After that cup of coffee he became one of the greatest of conductors.

The Rabaud symphony explains also why we have had little of the extreme modern French school in our programs, for it moves along the regular path which St. Saens and Franck trod, and it does not indulge in eccentricities or vagaries. There is good counterpoint, fine interweaving of themes, and these themes are intelligible if somewhat sombre at times. The first movement is tragic, just as Franck's D minor symphony is mournful.

A STRIKING COMBINATION.

The slow movement also has some sorrowful touches, but there is a tranquil, chorale-like theme in contrast. Only in the third movement does a lighter mood set in, and here, against the dance-like theme, comes the chorale-like melody of the second movement, a striking combination. The working up of this theme, both in the second and third movements is masterly and again reminds strongly of the style of Cesar Franck, although more dramatic than that master.

There is more thematic transference in the finale, both from the second and the first movement, combined with new subject matter. It is again plaintive and sorrowful. Although there are major effects at the final climax and a return of chorale treatment, chief emotion of the work is struggle rather than triumph. We long for a bit of Schumann's broad virility at the close. The third movement seemed to receive the most appreciation, but we found the turbulence of the first movement and the skilful combinations of the finale the most masterly portions of the work. At the end of it (in the afternoon) the orchestra and the audience rose and gave M. Rabaud a triumph such as is accorded to few composers in Boston.

The three movements from Bach's Suite for flute and strings require no new analysis. They showed that Bach is by no means the "dry-as-dust" composer that the uneducated imagine him to be. But they were almost new in the beauty of the flute-playing, especially in the coquettish "Badinerie." Our orchestra is to be congratulated on having two such artists as M. Georges Laurent and M. Georges Longy in its woodwind department. M. Laurent was vociferously applauded.

THE SCREAM OF VICTORY.

If the note of triumph was somewhat lacking in the opening work of

this program, it was made up by the screams of Victory in the last number. We are told that "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell" (he may have fallen on her toes) but she fairly yelled, according to Beethoven, after Egmont lost his head. Beethoven was always frenzied when he had Liberty for a subject, and the work was given with all the spirit which it demanded, the piccolo fully earning its salary, and the violins scaling the heights bravely, in the coda.

Miss Braslau won success in some entirely unfamiliar numbers. Mehul's music is seldom heard nowadays outside of France. We only remember him as the composer who once wrote an opera without any violins, at the request of Napoleon Bonaparte. Yet the air from "Aroldant" was very attractive and melodic, although the progressions in these old French operas are somewhat too obvious. Even Miss Braslau's noble alto could not make this number a thriller. But there was plenty of dramatic force in the first and last of her three songs by Moussorg.

The last song, "On the Dnieper," fairly waded in Bolsheviki style, in Polish and Jewish blood, and the music was exciting as the words. Miss Braslau sang it superbly, and in Russian, which is a sufficiently musical tongue to be called the Italian of the North.

The artist was recalled over and over again with great enthusiasm. The originality of the songs and the work of the singer deserved the tribute.

Mr. Rabaud's Symphony

Specialty for The Christian Science Monitor
BOSTON, Massachusetts—At one of Mrs. R. J. Hall's orchestral concerts given in this city more than 11 years ago, among the numbers heard was a symphony by Henri Rabaud. Both the composer and his works were unknown here except to a very few, and none among those who heard the work had the least idea that in the years to come the composer would be the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and that his symphony would be heard at one of the regular concerts under the composer's direction. But it was just this that happened at the twenty-third symphony concert on April 26, the last but one in the present series.

While Mr. Rabaud's symphony (his second in E minor, op. 5) has been given several times during the past few years, the performance at this concert was the first in Boston, also believed to be the first in the country under the composer's direction. And so this last performance must have been the most authoritative of any given previously.

Mr. Rabaud won the Monbinne prize of 3000 francs with this second symphony, in 1899. And for once here is a work which proves to be a notable exception to the usual rule that a prize composition is seldom worth a hearing after the first one.

This symphony is neither an example of the ultra-modern French school of D'Indy and later writers, nor modeled on the conservative ideas of the older composers as represented by Saint-Saens. At times there is a suggestion of Franck, and here and there a faint reminiscence of Wagner, but all in all it is something more than pedantic or classically academic, for the themes are vigorous, and highly pleasing, worked out in a most interesting manner. The first movement is highly original and of many moods, from grave to gay, which suggest a little uncertainty as to just what the composer had in mind. The slow movement is distinguished by an impressive chorale, and this as a subject is heard as well in the scherzo which follows. This scherzo, by the way, is in Mr. Rabaud's happiest vein. The finale is many-sided in its thought, and there are many who will consider this movement the best of the four. Be this as it may, the symphony impressed greatly on the first hearing after many years. Its reception was far more than a farewell compliment to Mr. Rabaud, and it is pleasant to say that at the conclusion, both in the afternoon and in the evening, not only was the composer recalled several times, but that both orchestra and audience rose in their seats: a tribute as deserving as it was spontaneous.

Mr. Rabaud also gave three movements of the Bach B minor suite for flute and strings, and Mr. Laurent again showed his virtuosity in unmistakable manner. There was also an admirable performance of Beethoven's "Egmont" overture.

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Between these numbers, Sophie Braslau, contralto of the Metropolitan Opera House, sang in admirable voice an unfamiliar aria from "Ariodant," one of Méhul's forgotten operas, also three songs of Moussorgsky. Most of the texts were gloomy in spirit, but the music was varied and interesting.

RABAUD'S RENDITION BRILLIANT

Post — Nov. 27/19
Beethoven's Overture

Features Next to Last Concert

BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme of the last Boston Symphony concert, but one, of the season, given yesterday afternoon, Henri Rabaud conducting, was as follows: Symphony No. 2 in E minor, op. 5, Rabaud; recitative and aria, "Odes Amants," from Méhul's "Ariodant"; Polonaise, Rondo and Baderie, from Bach's suite in B minor for flute and strings; three songs by Moussorgsky, with orchestral accompaniment, "Death's Serenade," "The Banks of the Don" and "On the River Dnieper"; overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Beethoven. Miss Sophie Braslau, contralto, of the Metropolitan Opera company, was soloist.

OUTSTANDING FEATURE

The overwhelming feature of a brilliant concert was the performance of Beethoven's overture. In at least 20 years it has not been so impressively interpreted in Boston, nor is it easy to conceive of a nobler, more dramatic conception than Mr. Rabaud's. It is astonishing, indeed almost incredible, but the

fact not to be fairly or logically denied is that in the passage of years mentioned no German conductor has so thrilled and at least momentarily ennobled his hearers in performing the works of the great master. Beethoven, too, was a man who loved freedom. There has never been in the experience of the writer such an opening of this overture, so moving a treatment of the second theme, such a grim and heroic overshadowing of fate through the allegro, so exultant and uplifting a conclusion. Nor is it the least praise of the conductor that during the performance one forgot him and felt the beat of the wings of a mighty spirit above the gathering.

Music Utterly Sincere

Mr. Rabaud's symphony was written by a youth of 25 or thereabouts in 1898 or 1899. It is not the symphony of an innovator. The structure, firm, logical, well-knit, is on conventional symphonic lines. There is felt the Mendelssohn-Schumann romanticism of years gone by in the first and second movements. The wonder is that after these years the music is so pleasing. The scherzo, with its passing reminiscences of themes from other moments, and its captivating touches of orchestral color, such as the episode for harp and certain wind instruments, appears to owe something to Saint-Saëns. And it is more Gallic than the preceding two movements in idiom. Themes of the earlier movements again recur in the finale.

The music is utterly sincere, poetic, retrospective in character. We personally find too much of the string choir and not enough variety of combination of wood and brass in the instrumental scheme. Nevertheless, because of the sincerity and fineness of feeling, the well-contrasted themes, of lyrical or dramatic character, and the substantial structure, this symphony gave much pleasure. The audience, which was very enthusiastic, stood at the end of its performance, to honor the composer-conductor whom it has come to so greatly admire and esteem in the course of the season. It was the least demonstration which could fitly be made to one who has rendered such distinguished service as the leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Choice Is Excellent One

Miss Braslau is to be congratulated on choosing songs and an aria of worth and not fatiguingly familiar to concert-goers. The aria of Méhul is old-fashioned but dramatic, demanding both technical brilliancy and control and high interpretive ability of the singer. Miss Braslau made an excellent impression both in the recitative and in the aria which followed. She has a superb voice, which has filled out and developed greatly in its different registers and in its capacity for color and

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for the flexible expression of feeling. This was shown not only in the aria but also in the songs of a composer incomparable among all his colleagues—modest Moussorgsky.

The wild song of the Cossacks' battle with the Polish and Jewish hosts on the banks of the Dnieper is peculiarly suited to the noble quality of this voice and the breadth of style which Miss Braslau can obtain. "The Banks of the Don" is as charming as it is inimitable, Russian, idyllic in its spirit. "Death's Serenade," one of the series of "Songs and Dances of Death," which Moussorgsky composed under the inspiration of the verse of his friend and close companion of the early '70s, Count Golitscheff-Koutousoff, is a song to freeze the blood, a song in the macabre mood, all too representative of one of the phases of Moussorgsky's genius. The dying maiden, in the night sweet-scented with the odors of June, hears the voice of the gallant, Death, who plunks his guitar, comes nearer, and at last triumphantly enfolds her in his arms.

Next Concert the Last

These are not songs for every singer. Miss Braslau, singing them in the original Russian, interpreted them very intelligently, with vocal resource which at times, and rightly, sacrificed sheer tonal loveliness to rhetorical and dramatic intent. She was warmly applauded and recalled. An admirable foil to this music were the charming movements from Bach's suite, in which Mr. Laurent, first flutist, excelled.

The concerts on next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening will be the final ones of the present Boston Symphony season, and the "Pops" season will open one week from tomorrow.

RABAUD'S SYMPHONY AND SONGS FROM MUSORGSKY

Trans. — Nov. 28, 1919
An Interesting and Grateful Music Characteristic of the Composer and Conductor
—Miss Braslau's Vivid Russian Excursion—Intermezzi of a Double Day—Sabbath Entertainments—Mr. Monteux Goes to Paris

THE memory of man runneth not to a day wherein the Symphony Orchestra has undertaken two concerts—one in the afternoon, another in the evening. Yet this thing befell on Saturday—last probably, of the perturbations of routine, of the departures from habit, that two years of war and an autumn of influenza have enforced upon band and audiences. The parade of returned troops on Friday, preoccupying the town and actually passing Symphony

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Hall, put out of the question the usual afternoon concert. It befell accordingly on Saturday; while four hours later followed the usual repetition of the evening. Possibly the audience at either was smaller than is customary; but otherwise there was no observable consequence. No doubt the players, being musicians in an orchestra "did their bit" in grumbling, since it is the nature of their kind so to do. No doubt, Mr. Rabaud, already fatigued by a long and laborious season and naturally spending himself to the utmost upon his own symphony, felt the strain of a double occasion. Yet doubled only the more gratefully and immediately, was the return. For in the evening as in the afternoon the audience not only received the piece with eager interest and hearty applause, but rose in its places, along with the orchestra, in tribute to the just deserts of the Parisian composer and conductor who has dwelt and worked for a space in this town. Nor were both companies lacking in warmth towards Miss Braslau, the singer of the day from the "jeune troupe" of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Though Mr. Rabaud's symphony—number two in E minor opus five—has entered concert-halls in the United States only in recent years, it is relatively youthful work, written and played for the first time in Paris in 1899. By date of original performance at least, no more than a month separates it from the tone-poem, "La Procession Nocturne"; yet it hardly attains the finesse of handling, the adroitness of imagination, distinguishing that piece and still more the opera of "Marouf" and the incidental music to Mr. Firmin-Gémier's version of "The Merchant of Venice"—all three heard in Boston or in New York during the current season. On the other hand, the symphony bears few marks of the direct influence of illustrious elders. There are obvious kinships between the temperament of Mr. Rabaud, as man and composer in youth or in middle age, and the temperament of Franck. The music of the symphony more than once reflects these affinities. Nor is it without mark of the formal procedures that twenty years ago who pant for "reminiscences," no doubt become part of the common and accepted heritage of contemporary music. Those who pant for "reminiscences," no doubt heard in Mr. Rabaud's measures occasional hint of Wagnerian harmonies, progressions, tonal coloring; but where in the music of the middle and conservative generation of European and American composers are they not to be spied out by superfluously searching eyes?

So far as affinities are concerned, it seems fairest and truest to say that Mr. Rabaud's symphony is in the direct line of the symphonic tradition as it descends into our day from Beethoven through

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Brahms and also through Franck. The large manipulation of tonal masses through the first movement foreshadows in a way the Mahler who ran to excess with them. It was possible in the ascent and amplification of the choral theme of the second movement to hear a faint hint of Bruckner. But no Mahler and (outside Vienna) no Bruckner existed musically in 1899, least of all in Mr. Rabaud's Parisian world. Rather, all these incidental kinships lie within the circle of the classical symphonic tradition continued. By the same token, except in unclouded lucidity and in unflagging logic of design, Mr. Rabaud's symphony bears no distinctively Gallic ear-marks. Within those traits, it is a French music. Otherwise, in 1899, any heir to the symphonic ages, having also the composer's mind, heart and hand, might have written it anywhere.

To hear the music, however, is to take little thought of these coordinations. Rather, Mr. Rabaud's symphony interests the ear, quickens the mind, stirs responsive emotion and generally pleases the hearer by intrinsic virtue. The motives out of which he builds it and which he intertwines in the successive movements, are as clear as the day and as plainly characterized. In development and progress with them, in contrast and cumulation, Mr. Rabaud discloses no little technical resource and invention. The lay ear follows with unconscious satisfaction in such unified and rounded work, the course of the symphony; the expert listener finds many a detail interesting and piquant. The music, however, is no mere music of an expert craftsman. Throughout it is animated with clear depth and range of mood, with communicating warmth of feeling, with grateful play of imagination. Grave power and large emotion sway and swing the tonal masses, the advances and the recessions of the first movement. The second, with its choral motive, works the illusion of deep and ascetic aspiration—an aspiration characteristically Rabaudian in freedom from the occasional sentimentality of Franck and the frequent sentimentality of Bruckner, in a recurring beauty also, to which the mind rather than the heart answers the quicker.

Out of both divisions shines a clear candor, a warm insistence of melody; for Mr. Rabaud is not of those composers who stifle instrumental song in workmanship or strangle it after a few measures lest they seem too simple in a sophisticated time. The scherzo renews this melodic frankness, touches it with fancy, suggests through all its freedom of form and lightness of pace the fine masculine quality of Beethoven's scherzi. Beethoven-like, again, are the iterated rhythms of the finale; but more Franckian are the mounting brightness and the final advance into large, swelling, choral-like close. A reflective, a

logical symphony, if the hearer chooses to exalt these qualities in the music; a symphony warm and even rich with grateful melody; a symphony of exemplary and painstaking workmanship; but also a symphony animate with the directness of feeling, the fine imagination, the justice in all things that underlie the grave, the ascetic, the sincere and the scrupulous Henri Rabaud.

There was intermezzo in the concert when Mr. Laurent, the first flute of the orchestra, played with the string choir three of the seven divisions of Bach's familiar suite in B minor; while for finale stood Beethoven's overture to Goethe's play of "Egmont." Beyond peradventure it is a noble and eloquent music, a large and heroic tapestry in tones. Beyond questioning Mr. Rabaud and the orchestra played it, as they usually play romantic pieces, with light and heat. And yet, and yet, how many times has it been heard at the Symphony Concerts; while other overtures, even some of Beethoven's own, repose year in and year out upon the shelves of the neighboring library! No doubt the late Professor Norton read in "Hamlet" daily with pleasure; but not all of us at the Symphony Concerts are Nortons with Beethoven. There can be too much of him in a season; the standard repertory is indeed a convenient thing; but it has been known to turn classics hackneyed. Fortunately, there was Mr. Laurent to freshen Bach's suite and a Rabaud leading it whose ear at last had compassed the true balance in such pieces between the solo instrument and the accompanying choir. For the first time this season Mr. Rabaud's Bach was plastic; for the first time, the interwoven voices sounded in light and just proportion. Mr. Laurent, in turn, was fated to those imitative measures in which Bach writes for a flute as though he were composing for strings. Yet the little master played them as though they were native and grateful to his instrument; while in them and in the rest the rare brightness, fluidity, and transparency of his edgeless tone no less praised him.

Yet, next to Mr. Rabaud's symphony, the interest, the excitement, of the concert sprang from Miss Braslau's singing of three songs out of Musorgsky as scored for orchestra by various hands. First she made her way through an air from Méhul's opera, "Ariodant," in the semi-classic French manner of the end of the eighteenth century—music in which she proved her command of broad and marching declamatory measures, of the grave and stately phrases marshalled by the composer into large, expansive and ornate line, music, indeed, for the richness of Miss Braslau's alto tones, her measured dramatic energy, her amplitudes of style. Then ensued the three

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songs of Musorgsky. In one, Death as ironic lover serenades the wasted maiden he is about to snatch from the joy of light and life—music that now caressed with its sensuous voice and again pierced with boding and bitter interval or harmony. Another song glowed warm and still with amorous longing for the maid who passed—and glanced—along the flowery path beside the river—a music quivering with the fragrance of the scene, the leap of the impulse, a music of distilled beauty. The third, of the Dnieper when the waiting waters run red with the blood of Jew and Pole slain by savage Cossack hands, burnt into the imagination with fierce and leaping fires, a superb chant of vindictive and rejoicing massacre, an infuriate, pounding, tribal music.

And out of all three and out, as well, of Miss Braslau's imparting song, various as the three pieces and in full accord with each, rose the wondrous quality that sets Musorgsky apart from other composers. He who writes longs for those rare moments when the word becomes animate with the thing it should bear. He who composes must long equally for the moments—as rare also in kind—when the tone is as this thing alive. Such moments Musorgsky knew oftener than most composers. For him there was but one impulse, one goal—this living directness, this transmuting of the sensation, white-hot and naked, into the expression. There are many such moments in his music-drama of "Boris"; of them, no less, and the more for Miss Braslau's singing, were the three songs of Saturday.

Miss Braslau and Her Songs

Miss Braslau's pieces at the Symphony Concerts of Saturday promise to be as interesting as her rich and colorful voice, as the warmth of her ripening talents. Seldom has Méhul's name stood upon a programme at Symphony Hall, where Cherubini has too long represented the Parisian composers of the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. Possibly some of Méhul's overtures to operas would prove quite as interesting as the two or three from Cherubini that still keep place in the repertory of twentieth-century orchestras. At the least the air from Méhul's "Ariodant" that Miss Braslau will sing should whet curiosity. The opera, produced in Paris in 1799 to no small favor, was built upon an episode in Ariosto's poem, "Orlando Furioso"; the particular air of Miss Braslau's choice is a monologue of a longing and anxious woman over a lover gone to fight for her against a "traitorous" rival. The singer's other numbers are three songs of Musorgsky, a rarer name even than Méhul's on

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the programmes of the Symphony Concerts, but with better reason. For Musorgsky wrote few orchestral pieces, while "symphonic fragments" are not easily detachable from his music-dramas. The first of the chosen songs, "On the Banks of the Don," runs in playfully sentimental vein. The second, "Death's Serenade," is more characteristic in the fashion in which the composer adapts lightness of form and manner to the ironic voice and mood of the sinister serenader. When death sings the beauty of the maiden whom he covets, Musorgsky, according to his wont, is bitterly sensuous. The third song, "On the Dnieper," is a savage and equally characteristic piece, exulting in Cossack victory over Poles and Jews. Upon their blood the great river feasts.

A Warm Leave-Taking for Mr. Rabaud in Cambridge—Girl-Waiters at The Pops—The New Boston Quintet—Items and Incidents June 25, 1919.

OF all the publics to which the Symphony Orchestra plays none, unless it is that of Providence, has been so warm to Mr. Rabaud as the audience in Cambridge. Last evening it heard him lead the band for the last time and it signaled the occasion by unusually long, warm and sincere applause. At the end of the concert it held him on the stage for three or four minutes while the orchestra stood around him. For the most part the programme was one from which Mr. Rabaud's more interesting qualities as conductor shone. Besides fragments from a suite of Bach to be repeated at Symphony Hall tomorrow, it comprised Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony in fresh, plastic, and animating voice; Saint-Saëns's tone-poem, "The Youth of Hercules," as polished as leader and orchestra could make it; and Weber's overture to his opera, "Der Freischütz," romantic and ardent music of the sort in which Mr. Rabaud excels. At every turn of the concert the band seconded the conductor, while the eager and warm-hearted audience stimulated both.

Items and Announcements

Mr. Monteux, the new conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, paid a brief visit to Boston on Saturday to adjust various arrangements for the Symphony Concerts next year before he departs for Paris. He will sail from New York next Thursday, returning to Boston to take up his work at the beginning of September—two or three weeks earlier than has been the custom of his predecessors. In Paris he expects to pick up more than one new and interesting piece, French, Russian, Italian.

Miss SOPHIE BRASLAU, the daughter of a Russian physician, was born in New York on August 16, 1892. Beginning at the age of six to study the pianoforte, she looked forward to the career of a concert pianist; but she sang as an amateur until she was advised to study seriously for opera. She made her first appearance in public at the Metropolitan Opera House, as the little Prince in "Boris Godunoff." She has taken these parts at the Metropolitan: Maddalena in "Rigoletto"; The Sandman in "Hänsel u. Gretel"; Hua Quee in "L'Oracolo"; Comare in "Crispino e la Comare"; Azucena (fourth act) in "Il Trovatore"; the Innkeeper in "Boris Godunoff"; Mercedes in "Carmen"; Shanewis in Cadman's opera of the same name. She has sung with leading orchestras in various cities at music festivals, and in concert. She is now engaged to take the part of Amneris with Rosa Raisa as Aïda on the October tour of the Chicago Opera Company.

She sang in Symphony Hall, Boston, on November 4, 1917, as a member of a quartet from the Metropolitan Opera Company (Mabel Garrison, Giovanni Martinelli, Arthur Middleton): "O mio Fernando" from "La Favorita"; songs by Tschaikowsky, Arensky, Manney, Huerter and di Nogeno; quartet from "Rigoletto." On April 14, 1918, she took part with Mr. Gabrilowitsch in a Pension Fund Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra: "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix" from "Samson et Dalila"; songs by Rachmaninoff ("Do not sing, oh Maiden"), Moussorgsky ("The Classicist"), and Scholitt ("Eili, Eili").

CONCERT-CHRONICLE

Indiscipline in the Symphony Orchestra—

A Subscriber's Complaint—Miss Braslau's Novel Pieces *Trans. Op. 24. 1919.*

THE following letter bears witness to the fact that frequenters of the Symphony Concerts are beginning to note an obvious disregard of discipline in the orchestra and to chafe under it. The note comes from a subscriber of many years' standing at Symphony Hall and says:

That the Symphony Orchestra, as at present constituted, is in need of stricter discipline and of a more serious spirit was exemplified at the concert of last Friday afternoon. In the overture to "Der Freischütz" the quartet for horns at the beginning was played so ill as to attract the attention of the most inexperienced listener. The four players seemed vastly amused by their own poor doings. The chief offender was wreathed in smiles for a considerable period, while two of the others, giving evidence of equal amusement, indulged in a lengthy conversation, possibly on the subject. And all this while the rest of the orchestra was making its way through the overture. A little Prussian discipline might well be exercised.

The fashion in which, last Friday, the four horn-players "dealt with" the introduction to Weber's overture was evident to every ear—no less than, on other occasions, the seemingly wilful blaring of the trum-

pets or the careless raggedness of the string choir. Whispered conversation while the performance is proceeding and the smile that mocks may also be observed from time to time in the orchestra as they were of old in Mr. Fiedler's final years. The truth is that like any other body of a hundred men, variously tempered and minded, the Symphony Orchestra requires a severer discipline than the kindly and conscientious conductor of the present season has sometimes laid upon it. If Mr. Rabaud were conducting an orchestra of Rabauds, all would have gone well, but not every player sitting under him has his fine sense of obligation and conduct. Possibly the incoming Monteux will maintain a more rigid rule and hold the orchestra individually and collectively more strictly to it.

In any case it is high time to have done with the pretty notion fostered of late in some quarters that the Symphony Concerts are "gatherings of friends and lovers of music to try over interesting pieces," or, as one voice put it, that they were becoming "homey" again. Somehow it is hard to believe that to be "homey" is exactly a desirable quality in public and costly concerts undertaken by a celebrated orchestra, presumably cultivating the highest standards of performance. The atmosphere of the music-room or the studio is pleasant enough, but it is hardly the atmosphere that rewards and stimulates in the concert hall.

The Little Master From Paris



Georges Laurent

(Photograph by Horner)

First Flute-Player of the Symphony Orchestra and the Ablest It Has Known for Long. To Be Heard Tomorrow in a Conspicuous So'o-Part

Miss SOPHIE BRASLAU, the daughter of a Russian physician, was born in New York on August 16, 1892. Beginning at the age of six to study the pianoforte, she looked forward to the career of a concert pianist; but she sang as an amateur until she was advised to study seriously for opera. She made her first appearance in public at the Metropolitan Opera House, as the little Prince in "Boris Godunoff." She has taken these parts at the Metropolitan: Maddalena in "Rigoletto"; The Sandman in "Hänsel u. Gretel"; Hua Queen in "L'Oracolo"; Comare in "Crispino e la Comare"; Azucena (fourth act) in "Il Trovatore"; the Innkeeper in "Boris Godunoff"; Mercedes in "Carmen"; Shanewis in Cadman's opera of the same name. She has sung with leading orchestras in various cities at music festivals, and in concert. She is now engaged to take the part of Amneris with Rosa Raisa as Aïda on the October tour of the Chicago Opera Company.

She sang in Symphony Hall, Boston, on November 4, 1917, as a member of a quartet from the Metropolitan Opera Company (Mabel Garrison, Giovanni Martinelli, Arthur Middleton): "O mio Fernando" from "La Favorita"; songs by Tschalkowsky, Arensky, Manney, Huerter and di Nogeno; quartet from "Rigoletto." On April 14, 1918, she took part with Mr. Gabrilowitsch in a Pension Fund Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra: "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix" from "Samson et Dalila"; songs by Rachmaninoff ("Do not sing, oh Maiden"), Moussorgsky ("The Classicist"), and Scholitt ("Eili, Eili").

CONCERT-CHRONICLE

Indiscipline in the Symphony Orchestra—

A Subscriber's Complaint—Miss Braslau:
Novel Pieces *Trans. Apr. 24, 1919.*

THE following letter bears witness to the fact that frequenters of the Symphony Concerts are beginning to note an obvious disregard of discipline in the orchestra and to chafe under it. The note comes from a subscriber of many years' standing at Symphony Hall and says:

That the Symphony Orchestra, as at present constituted, is in need of stricter discipline and of a more serious spirit was exemplified at the concert of last Friday afternoon. In the overture to "Der Freischütz" the quartet for horns at the beginning was played so ill as to attract the attention of the most inexperienced listener. The four players seemed vastly amused by their own poor doings. The chief offender was wreathed in smiles for a considerable period, while two of the others, giving evidence of equal amusement, indulged in a lengthy conversation, possibly on the subject. And all this while the rest of the orchestra was making its way through the overture. A little Prussian discipline might well be exercised.

The fashion in which, last Friday, the four horn-players "dealt with" the introduction to Weber's overture was evident to every ear—no less than, on other occasions, the seemingly wilful blaring of the trum-

pets or the careless raggedness of the string choir. Whispered conversation while the performance is proceeding and the smile that mocks may also be observed from time to time in the orchestra as they were of old in Mr. Fiedler's final years. The truth is that like any other body of a hundred men, variously tempered and minded, the Symphony Orchestra requires a severer discipline than the kindly and conscientious conductor of the present season has sometimes laid upon it. If Mr. Rabaud were conducting an orchestra of Rabauds, all would have gone well, but not every player sitting under him has his fine sense of obligation and conduct. Possibly the incoming Monteux will maintain a more rigid rule and hold the orchestra individually and collectively more strictly to it.

In any case it is high time to have done with the pretty notion fostered of late in some quarters that the Symphony Concerts are "gatherings of friends and lovers of music to try over interesting pieces," or, as one voice put it, that they were becoming "homey" again. Somehow it is hard to believe that to be "homey" is exactly a desirable quality in public and costly concerts undertaken by a celebrated orchestra, presumably cultivating the highest standards of performance. The atmosphere of the music-room or the studio is pleasant enough, but it is hardly the atmosphere that rewards and stimulates in the concert hall.

The Little Master From Paris



Georges Laurent

(Photograph by Horner)

First Flute-Player of the Symphony Orchestra and the Ablest It Has Known for Long. To Be Heard Tomorrow in a Conspicuous Solo-Part.

Rabaud's Farewell Work

Boston Symphony Conductor, on Eve of Returning to France, Will Conduct Orchestra in His Own Composition This Week—Olin Downes Discusses Precedents

The performance of Mr. Henri Rabaud's E minor symphony, which will be played by the Boston Symphony under his direction this week, will have more than ordinary interest, partly because of the fact that this will be one of the signs of Dr. Rabaud's leaving—he sails for France immediately after the final Symphony concerts of next week—and more for the reason that we shall hear a man who is an important figure both as a composer and a conductor interpret his own work.

Composers have conducted and conductors have composed their own works many times ere this in Boston. What makes Mr. Rabaud's position unique is the soundness of his accomplishment in both fields. As a rule a man either conducts well or composes well, but seldom makes significant contributions in the two capacities. The composer who has appeared most impressively as composer-conductor in Boston in the last 20 years is undoubtedly Richard Strauss. He conducted unforgettable performances of his "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Tod und Verklärung" with the Philadelphia orchestra, and his "Don Juan" and "Don Quixote" at a pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony. Vincent d'Indy was guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for a brief tour. He was a composer rather than a brilliant conductor.

Before his coming, Pietro Mascagni, who, it seems, will be known by one

work, "Cavalleria Rusticana," electrified small Boston audiences by his interpretation of his own work. Gustav Mahler's symphonies have been played, but not by him, in Boston. Mahler has conducted here in opera and in concert, and in the belief of a majority in America he is greater as a conductor, as an inspired and lofty-spirited interpreter of the music of great masters, than as a personal creator of music.

This is still truer of Felix Weingartner, who is also well known as a conductor of opera and symphony in this city. Arturo Toscanini, possibly the greatest operatic conductor in the world today, whose performances of "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger," will live forever in the memories of Bostonians who heard them, does not compose.

If you should ask Mr. Rabaud what he thought of himself as a composer, he would be very modest indeed about it. Yet his "Procession Nocturne" is practically a part of the modern standard orchestral repertoire in France and is fast assuming the same position in orchestral music here. Rabaud's second symphony was played at Worcester two years ago. It is not as modern as the "Procession Nocturne," nor perhaps as mature in conception, but it is a beautiful and romantic work, possibly tinged with Schumanish sentiment, and bespeaking Mr. Rabaud's fine balance and self-possession as a composer. As a composer he has been well content to write down to the very best of his ability what is in him, without imitating or following any particular fad of the time. No one, probably, is better acquainted with the works of all modern composers than Mr. Rabaud. He, as well as many others who are far more vocal, can also discourse from Ravel and Stravinsky, and quote them on the keyboard. But he has neither intentionally nor unintentionally emulated them. He has been neither doctrinaire nor propagandist for his ideas about music of the present or future. He has not been discontented to stand on one side and commune with himself in his scores. Composing is a passion with him—not a protestation. A man of means, he works in music absolutely for music's sake, and always sanely, al-

ways nobly, always for a high ideal.

To some men it is given to be sweepingly individualistic, to ride over everybody and everything because of the relentless purpose of the genius within. Intent on accomplishing objects so particularly their own that they have no room in their minds or time for anything else, these men go on their way, either fail utterly or succeed in changing the musical map. In the latter case they stand out, lonely, isolated, torch-bearers of an epoch ahead of that in which they live. Others drone on in the way appointed and paved out for them, well content to tread lightly in other men's footsteps, suspicious of innovation, fearful and indignant at these wild fellows who no sooner see something solidly established than they wish to knock it over and invite the chaos from which man and the whole solid world have emerged.

There are still others, and their value to their art and their public is incommensurable, who see ahead and behind, who, standing in the present, foretell the future by the shadow thrown forward from the past. They cherish everything that is great in their sympathize with all true expressions of the spirit of the race. They are in and they are outside of their epoch. The very breadth of their appreciation and the keenness of their critical faculty may make impossible the driving energy, the consuming concentration on a single point, which is the strength and the weakness of many men of creative genius. But this light of the broad mind and the big soul shines everywhere, illuminates and kindles whatever it falls on, and this breadth, this fineness this nobility of spirit, seem to us the dominating and invaluable characteristics of Mr. Rabaud as a musician, as a composer, as an orchestral interpreter.

Nothing that he has done in a whole season has been, musically speaking, small, sensational or merely effective. It would be disillusioning in the extreme for those who do not follow constantly musical performances to realize of how very few conductors this could be said. Mascagni, Muck, Weingartner, Mahler—this gate would be too small for one of them to pass through.

We hasten to add that each and everyone of these men have done great things, musically in this city. But it does not reduce them to the level of ordinary leaders to say that not one of them has been wholly guiltless of emphasizing the outside instead of the inside of music, on occasion. It might be rejoined that all men are human. Mr. Rabaud, too, is human. It is human to fall short, to err. But in this particular direction it is to the lasting glory of this noble-minded musician

that he has never for an instant deflected from the line of absolute sincerity, self-effacement, purity of purpose. There is only one other musician of international fame of whom we would feel confident to say the same thing. That is Mr. Vincent d'Indy.

The astonishing thing is the manner in which this unalterable spirit on the part of the most kindly and modest conductor in the world has made itself felt in the Boston orchestra and on the part of the audience. Mr. Rabaud is anything but a martinet, in rehearsal. Other conductors have drawn the reins much tighter, and in some respects this is advisable. Like other mortals, orchestra players are human, which means childish at times, conceited, petty. They need a firm hand and an ungentle reminder when necessary, and even the orchestra of this saintly city is no exception to the rule. But in this same orchestra, where there is bound to be a certain percentage inclined to obstinacy and self-opinion, the enthusiasm and the profound knowledge of Mr. Rabaud have made their way. The dullest player has responded to his enthusiasm. Most orchestras have dead spots in them, because of the routine and lifeless attitude of certain players. The Boston Orchestra has not only been improved in its personnel since last season, it has felt new life circulating through it. The tone is getting back some of the glow and the vitality which it had years ago and then lost to a certain extent more lately. The players may not jump and tremble under the eye and the tongue of an notable slave-driver, but they respond voluntarily, in performance, to the spirit of the music.

Those who play under Mr. Rabaud speak constantly of the inspiration in his face and eyes. The audience does not see this, but the atmosphere in the hall is unmistakable. It is the atmosphere of those who play and those who listen, thrilled by the presence of art.

To enumerate composition by composition the admirable accomplishments of Mr. Rabaud in the course of the season would be tedious and unnecessary. It may be said briefly that he has won in greater and greater degree as the season progressed the confidence, enthusiasm and personal friendship of his audiences. He and Mr. Monteux have done much to illumine the darkness of those who held to the old and provincial notion that only conductors are made in Germany and only Germans can conduct German music. Mr. Rabaud's interpretations of Beethoven, for one example, are too recent and too impressive to need recapitulation at this time. His revelations (constituting in Boston tardy justice to the composers concerned) in interpreting modern

French and Russian music have been equally notable, if more expected, than his masterly treatment of music of the German school. His programmes have been carefully and wisely selected from a repertoire already, in greater part, familiar to him. Modern English composers, Scandinavian composers, the Russian Tchaikowsky have been conspicuous by absence. Mr. Rabaud would probably reply that he had but 24 programmes for one season as leader of the Boston Symphony, that in such a space of time, consistent with reasonable variety and balance of content, he wished to give his audience the best possible results of his musical knowledge and experience. As it is, with the exceptions noted, the programmes have been broad and catholic as the anti-German sentiment engendered by the war made possible, and even with the enforced restrictions far more interesting, varied and vital and colorful in performance than the programmes of Mr. Rabaud's predecessor of former years.

Mr. Rabaud will take with him to France not only the kindly sentiments of his audiences, but their keen appreciation of all he has done for them musically, in vitalizing and refining the quality of the orchestral performances, in giving the Boston public the benefit of the feeling and artistic traditions of the French people, an element which has not been sufficiently strong in the past in orchestral music in America.

MR. RABAUD AND HIS BOSTONIAN PUBLIC

Transl. Apr. 14, 1919.
The Timely Word That the Trustees of the Symphony Orchestra Owe to Him and to It, Yet Still Overlook—Mr. de Gogorza and Mme. Samaroff in Wide Range of Their Distinctive Abilities—Programmes and Plans in Prospect

IF Mr. Rabaud, having completed the term for which he was engaged as conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, is quitting the post at the end of the present season, it seems only fair to him and to the public of the Symphony Concerts, that the Trustees should make announcement accordingly, however uncertain yet may be their choice of a new leader, by three pairs of concerts in the current

schedule remain. In the past, when a conductor was about to leave the orchestra, after able and familiar service, it has been the custom of the audiences to make these final concerts the occasion of signal evidence of good will; while at the last concerts of all, there have usually been some special rites. Opinions may and do differ as to Mr. Rabaud's abilities as a conductor; but there is none to question the disinterestedness and the devotion with which he has served the orchestra and its public in a difficult hour. Many admire him warmly as a musician; not a few are kindly disposed to him as a man; all agree that to the utmost of his powers and with no thought of himself he has filled the post to which he came reluctantly, which he has found taxing beyond expectation.

If Mr. Rabaud is about to leave the orchestra, he deserves every sign in appreciation of this virtue that the public of Fridays and Saturdays may give in these final concerts; while as certainly those audiences would welcome the opportunity to testify to the esteem in which they hold him. As circumstances now are, they know not what to believe. From week to week, Mr. Rabaud continues as conductor; the trustees let fall no word as to the future; and the inference is that the leader will remain in his present post. From week to week the air buzzes with gossip about Mr. Rabaud's intention to return permanently to Paris and to the composing he prefers to conducting; and the inference is that in the remaining concerts of the year he is leading the orchestra for the last times. From week to week a like gossip names this, that, the other conductor as his successor, and present and future become yet more clouded. It is quite true that the Trustees of the orchestra and sundry guarantors of their deficit dwell on Olympian heights: Where no frost nor storm is, in clear blue windless abysses, High in the home of the summer, the seats of the happy immortals, Shrouded in keen deep blaze, unapproachable . . .

Yet from those august silences, they might let down upon the waiting ears and the petitioning eyes of the mere terrestrial mortals of Fridays and Saturdays at Symphony Hall a word as to Mr. Rabaud's fate or Mr. Rabaud's decision. His hearers, his orchestra, his audiences, above all he himself, deserve as much. Thereafter, if he is departing, the summer, the indispensable, the saving summer stretches before the Olympians for new choice.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1918--19.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRI RABAUD, Conductor.

TWENTY-FOURTH PROGRAMME

[Last of the Season]

FRIDAY, MAY 2, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, AT 8 P. M.

MACDOWELL

SUITE in A minor, op. 42

- I. In a beautiful Forest
- II. Summer Idyl
- III. In October
- IV. The Shepherdess' Song
- V. Forest Spirits

SAINT-SAËNS

ODE IN TWO PARTS on the Poem of Victor Hugo
 "La Lyre et la Harpe," ("The Lyre and the Harp")
 for Soli, Chorus, and Orchestra
 (First time in Boston)

The Chorus has been trained by STEPHEN S. TOWNSEND

Soloists:

Soprano: OLIVE KLINE,

Contralto: MERLE ALCOCK,

Tenor: ARTHUR HACKETT,

Baritone: REINALD WERRENATH

LEADER RABAUD SAYS FAREWELL

Conducts Superbly Last
Symphony Concert of
the Season

ADMIRERS GIVE HIM LOVING CUP

Ronald May 2, 1919.

By PHILIP HALE

The 24th and last concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra's 38th season, Mr. Rabaud conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: MacDowell, Suite in A minor, op. 42; Saint-Saens, "The Lyre and the Harp," Ode for solo voices, chorus and orchestra (poem by Victor Hugo). The solo singers were Olive Kline, Merle Alcock, Arthur Hackett and Reinald Werrenrath.

While MacDowell's Suite in A minor is a less important work than his "Indian" suite, it is delightful by reason of its freshness, its youthful vitality, its lyric grace, its out-of-door spirit, the poetic fancy shown in the movements, "In a Haunted Forest" and "Forest Spirits." This music is by MacDowell, the lover of Nature, happy in his home at Peterboro; the MacDowell that was not without a dash of Gaelic mysticism in his composition. To him the forest was haunted by strange woodland creatures. To him the trees of years were sentient, companionable.

Saint-Saens's Ode was performed in Boston for the first time. We know of only one performance in the United States before that of yesterday—the one at Providence, R. I., by the Arion Society, conducted by Jules Jordan, in 1882. The neglect of this work is easily explained. The English translation of Hugo's poem is a wretched one, pedestrian and clumsy. The music, written for a Birmingham (Eng.) festival, is almost wholly without inspiration. That

it is "well made" may be taken for granted. Saint-Saens is not in the habit of writing carelessly. The orchestral score is often interesting in itself; but there are few expressive or effective vocal pages; nowhere are there measures that move or thrill the hearer. The nearest approach to any marked effect is in the closing section of the first part in which a tenor solo is followed by the chorus. The soprano solo that opens the second part suffered yesterday, no doubt, from the inadequacy of the singer. The baritone solo, "Be Glad! the Stream Her Channel Scouring," almost of an operetta character in bolero rhythm, will always be applauded when it is sung with the spirit and the admirable diction displayed by Mr. Werrenrath. Another reason why it should be applauded is that it awakens an audience overcome by the paleness of the music that precedes it.

It is not necessary to speak of Hugo's Ode, contrasting Christian sobriety with pagan sensualism. The text should have inspired highly colored music. Alas, Saint-Saens expression of pagan sensualism is as a rule sobriety itself.

The chorus, which had been prepared by Stephen S. Townsend, was worthy of a more impressive composition. Its attack, variety of tonal graduations, prevailing euphony, deserved all praise. Mr. Rabaud conducted in a masterly manner playing upon chorus and orchestra as upon a responsive, eloquent instrument. The concert will be repeated tonight.

An audience that completely filled the hall applauded heartily the movements of the suite, and recalled Mr. Rabaud many times. At the end of the concert the applause for him was enthusiastic and prolonged. It seemed as if the audience was loath to lose him from its sight. No conductor for the past 30 years has received so great an honor; no conductor has so richly deserved it.

For the past season has in certain respects been the most brilliant during the last 30 years. The programs have been of engrossing interest; the performances have often been revelations—revelations of how music by Frenchmen should be played; revelations of the tenderness, the beauty, the profound emotion, the grandeur in the symphonies and overtures of Beethoven. There are some unfortunate persons in Boston who still maintain that only a German can "understand" Beethoven. There are some equally unfortunate in the audience that like to characterize Mr. Rabaud as "academic." They have ears and hear not.

German propagandism is persistent and insidious. There are some in Boston that are uneasy at the thought of any one but a German serving as conductor of this orchestra. Those that do not attend

the concerts, some that are in the audience, lose no opportunity of carping, sneering, making false statements concerning the "deterioration" of this superb orchestra; the "inferior" character of the programs and the interpretations.

Mr. Rabaud has not been chauvenistic. Some German-Austrian composers have been represented with 27 performances in all; six Russians, nine Americans, two Italians, one Scandinavian. Beethoven led with 10 performances. The other German-Austrian composers were Bach, Brahms, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Weber. The Americans were Chadwick, Converse, Foote, Gilbert, Hadley, Hill, Kelley, Loeffler, MacDowell. The Russians were Borodin, Glinka, Moussorgsky, Rachmaninoff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Tschalkowsky. The Italians were represented by Verdi and by Malipiero.

The list of works performed for the first time in Boston or at these concerts is an imposing one. Equally noteworthy is the list of soloists that appeared at these concerts for the first time. Among them were Meses. Easton and Braslau, Messrs. Gogorza, Werrenrath, Cortot, Laparra, Levitzski, Fradkin, Helfetz, Thibaud, Bonnet.

Mr. Rabaud's departure is mourned not only by the audience but by the men of the orchestra, who respect and admire his ability, who have found in him a considerate, sympathetic friend. The affectionate regard of the chorus was shown yesterday afternoon after the concert, when the members presented him with a handsome loving cup and sent to Mme. Rabaud a copy of the Paul Revere pitcher. Judge Cabot of the board of trustees presented these gifts with a few well-chosen words. Mr. Rabaud, touched by these tokens of the esteem in which he is held, expressed his gratitude in French and in English.

He bears with him the good-will and best wishes of his hearers. He will not soon be forgotten. His work and his influence will long outlive this season. As a conductor and a composer he has made for musical righteousness in this city. As a man, he has won all hearts by his sincerity, his modesty, his simplicity, his personal charm. The gallant nation of France, the nation of the finest arts, could not have sent to us a more accomplished and gallant gentleman.

May 3, 1919.
Mr. Rabaud Ends His Season

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The Friday afternoon concert of the concluding pair of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's season was made memorable by the warmth of the greeting accorded Mr. Rabaud, both before and after the program, and by the presentation to him of a cup by the chorus which has assisted at two concerts.

The presentation took place at a reception with Major Higginson, the founder of the orchestra; Judge Cabot, the president of the board of trustees; Mr. Rabaud, and Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Townsend receiving. Judge Cabot made the presentation speech, voicing the appreciation of the conductor's efforts with orchestra and chorus, and Mr. Rabaud responded feelingly. There was also a gift for Mrs. Rabaud which consisted of a duplicate of a Paul Revere pitcher in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

The feature of the final concert of the thirty-eighth symphony season was the performance for the first time in Boston of Saint-Saëns' "The Lyre and the Harp," a setting of Victor Hugo's ode for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra. This is an "order work" written for the Birmingham Festival of 1879. Nearly 37 years ago, Jules Jordan produced the work in Providence, Rhode Island, for the first time in the country, and shortly after there was a performance in the old Chickering Hall, New York. Since then, for some reason, "The Lyre and the Harp" has not been heard until the present.

On a first hearing, the general impression is, that it is better than the usual "order" composition, but as a whole, not in Saint-Saëns' greatest manner. The work is divided into a dozen sections, or stanzas, with an orchestral prologue, and choral epilogue. Some of the sections are full choral, others, for solo voices, and one for vocal quartet. The scoring is full, including two harps, and also with a large use of the organ, as might be expected, for was not Saint-Saëns one of the greatest organists of his time, and was not the work written for an occasion where the organ is much in evidence?

The prologue, or as stated, prelude, opens mainly with organ solo, with the gradual addition of the orchestra. The first chorus is contrapuntal in character and well worked out. Some of the succeeding solo numbers are without especial distinction, but the tenor solo, with chorus, "God, the monarch of all creation," proved especially interesting. Undoubtedly, the gem of the whole work is the baritone solo "Be glad! The stream her channel scouring," a sort of vocal minuet, with dainty orchestration. The epilogue for chorus makes a quiet ending.

The soloists were Olive Kline, soprano, Merle Alcock, contralto, Arthur Hackett, tenor, and Reinald Werrenrath, baritone. They did well, individually and collectively, although some of the solo numbers were not interesting from a melodic standpoint. The chorus trained by Stephen Townsend was admirable as to voice and volume. And whether or not one would enjoy a second hearing, it can be said that the performance as a whole was superb at all points.

The other part of the program included the Suite in A minor by MacDowell. The five little movements are gems in their way, and the performance was in a truly ideal manner. And so Mr. Rabaud leaves Boston with the best wishes of all for a happy life in his own land as a composer-conductor.

RABAUD'S FAREWELL TO BOSTON

Symphony Conductor Given Parting Gift of Silver

Post May 3/19
BY OLIN DOWNES

The final Friday afternoon concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra of the present season took place yesterday in Symphony Hall. The last concert of the season which Mr. Rabaud has conducted with such admirable results will take place this evening. The concert yesterday afternoon was in the nature of a leave taking between the conductor and his Friday afternoon audience, and the demonstration made by that audience showed how deeply

it has come to appreciate, in the course of a season, the accomplishments of this gifted and brilliant leader. At the beginning of the concert "The Star Spangled Banner" was not only played by the orchestra, but sung by a large chorus.

GIFT IN SILVER

On every possible occasion—when Mr. Rabaud entered, after the opening performance of MacDowell's suite, in A minor, and the conclusion of Saint-Saëns' work for chorus, soloists and orchestra, after Victor Hugo's ode, "The Lyre and the Harp"—the quality and the duration of the applause evidently sought to speak in the characteristically undemonstrative fashion of New England audiences—of the esteem which it feels for this conductor and his work. Mr. Rabaud appeared to be much moved by this, acknowledging his greeting with characteristic modesty and indicating to the members of the orchestra his indebtedness to them for the achievements of a season.

Following the concert an informal reception for the conductor was held by Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Townsend and the chorus, whom Mr. Townsend has coached so effectively for the work with the orchestra during the past season. At this time Judge Cabot, president of the board of directors, presented Mr. Rabaud with silver tokens for himself and Mrs. Rabaud, who has remained in Paris. Mr. Townsend made a short speech and Major Higginson, founder and maintainer for so many years of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, wrung Mr. Rabaud's hand in appreciation of the conductor's accomplishments.

Has Won Artistic Triumph

Mr. Rabaud has won an exceptional artistic triumph in this city. He came unheralded. He was not known to the American public at all as a conductor. He was and is a very self-less man, not giving to practices and devices conceived to gain public attention. Mr. Rabaud had also to contend against a prejudice more or less unconscious yet deep-seated in a number of members of an eminently patriotic community: that great conductors are born only in Germany. Confronted with these conditions, and perhaps offending some by refusing in any way to work for their support or favor, Mr. Rabaud devoted himself to his task with an enthusiasm as effective as it was lacking in ostentation. He will be included in the list of the greatest conductors the Boston orchestra has known. Not the disciplinarian that his predecessor was, Mr. Rabaud has at least as profound a knowledge of his art, as broad a scholarship and deeper

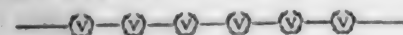
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feeling, a keener ear and finer artistic sensibilities. No other Symphony conductor has shown so fine a sense of tonal values as Mr. Rabaud, save Wilhelm Gericke, who was inclined to be pedantic. There was a day when Mr. Nikisch, a virtuoso conductor of genius, led the Boston Symphony.

These are the three most salient figures in the list of Boston Symphony conductors of years past. Mr. Rabaud, who has without doubt his special limitations, and who has possibility not attempted to be the rigid drillmaster inaugurating a new regime, as might have been the case had he engaged for several seasons instead of for one, appears, on the whole, as the best balanced artist of them all. Mr. Monteux comes to Boston next season. It has been and it will be of great benefit to this city to listen to some fine French musicians at the head of the Boston Symphony.

Effective Solo Singers

The performances of yesterday do not call for extended comment, save that one marvelled again at the broad understanding and the quick sympathies of this conductor when he interpreted the charming pieces of the most poetic musical genius that America has yet known—Edward MacDowell. Saint-Saens' music was on the whole excellently sung by the chorus and by a capable and well prepared quartet of soloists, consisting of Miss Olive Klein, Mrs. Merle Alcock, Arthur Hackett and Reinold Werrenrath. But with due respect to the occasion and to the taste of Mr. Rabaud, we must confess that we found this composition deadly dull. As an impressive marshalling of choral and orchestral hosts, with effective solo singers, it is without doubt a valuable piece for an occasion. As such, let it be blessed and forgotten.

The dominating thought of the afternoon was regret at the departure of so remarkable a musician, so estimable a man as Mr. Rabaud, and gratitude for his invaluable services to this community. Long may he live and continue in the service and glorification of the art he loves!



M. RABAUD IN FAREWELL APPEARANCE

Adm. to Comm. May 19
**Melodious Symphony Con-
cert His Last Offer-
ing to Boston**

CONDUCTOR GIVEN OVATION AT CLOSE

**Works of MacDowell and
St. Saens Ably
Presented**

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

PROGRAM.

MacDowell—Sylvan suite for orchestra.
St. Saens—"The Lyre and the Harp." Ode
for solo voices, chorus and orchestra.

Everything was tuneful, popular and comprehensible in this last concert, at Symphony Hall, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, with which M. Rabaud took his farewell from Boston.

MacDowell's Suite in A minor is not his greatest orchestral work and it sometimes reflects the influence of his friend Raff, but it is tuneful and poetic, a graceful, unstrained work. First it pictures the "Haunted Forest" in which there is evidently the ghost of a piccolo player in the woods.

Very delightful is the third movement, "October," which is brief enough to be February, a brevity which we wish some of our over-swollen ones would imitate. It had just the glorious atmosphere of a New England Autumn, and the horns and woodwind are beautifully present in its measures.

"The Shepherdess" is chiefly flute supported by muted strings and horns instead of the oboe, which one would naturally expect in a picture of rustic innocence. The Finale is "Forest Spirits" (not moonshine whiskey, or Southron), and gives ghostly revelry of a sparkling, fairy-like, rather than of a morbid order. The whole work is one of the pleasant, enjoyable compositions of the native repertoire, full of poetic themes, well harmonized, well developed, well scored, and no attempt is made to astonish or to overwhelm anybody. Wherefore there was much applause.

SPICY INSTRUMENTATION.

St. Saens' "Lyre and Harp" is a comparatively early work, written for a Birmingham festival in England, and the composer is evidently careful not to become too abstruse for the audience he expected. There is fugal work, but never involved, and there are two guiding motives which even the youngest amateur can follow, and there are tunes and spicy instrumentation.

It is Victor Hugo's ode, representing Christianity and Paganism, upset into English by a translator who certainly deserves the booby prize. It is the weakest translation that we have seen in a long time. The Harp (Christianity) represents austerity and stern morality, while the Lyre (Paganism) is entirely given over to unseemly pleasure and frivolity, but the harp is copiously used in the passages representing the lyre. The subject is not a dramatic one, and becomes a trifle tedious.

There was a chorus of about 160, which had been finely trained by Stephen Townsend, who has done much good work on the choral side of these concerts. The soloists—Miss Olive Kline, soprano; Mrs. Merle Alcock, alto; Arthur Hackett, tenor, and Reinold Werrenrath, bass—were well balanced and generally good.

After a soft passage upon the organ, unison, and a contrasted theme which suggests that St. Saens had heard "Tannhaeuser," we get these two themes treated in alternation, giving the effect of a diluted Wagner. The Pagans go first to the bat with a chorus, "Sleep, Apollo's Fairest Son," after which the Christians get their innings with an alto solo, "Awake, Child of Poverty," excellently sung by Mrs. Alcock.

The club sandwich style of alternation is continued by a Pagan chorus and a Christian alto and bass solo, after which comes a more lengthy and important chorus, "Sing on, Jupiter Reigns," which makes the first score on the Pagan side. Jupiter reigns in a mildly contrapuntal manner and dabbles a little in fugue, as

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if Handel had replaced Wagner on the Pagan batting list.

This chorus, very well given, was the first important number, the accompaniment being finely developed and the whole being a good combination of classical and popular. Christianity now tries to even the score with a tenor solo and chorus, but in spite of the excellence of Mr. Hackett and the power of the chorus, the preceding number was the more worthy.

TWO POPULAR DUETS.

Part II. begins with a soprano solo, one of the large numbers of the work, and broadly and expressively given by Miss Kline. It pictures "The Eagle and the Dove," but here some partiality was shown, for while the eagle was not discernible the dove kept steadily cooing in the accompaniment, on the flute. That dove afterwards made her nest in "Samson and Delilah," for the downward chromatic sextolets of the flute were afterwards used to much better advantage in the great love song of that opera.

Two popular duets are in Part II., one for soprano and alto, and one for alto and tenor. Both were clearly tuneful and directly popular music. But the most popular solo number of the entire work is given to the baritone, another hit on the pagan side. It is rather Omar Khayyam-ish, and is entitled "Be Glad." It is intentionally a trifle superficial or vulgar, with drums, cymbals and triangle in the accompaniment to add to its spice. Of course it praises pleasure and does so in a bright three-eight rhythm, with a syncopation frequent on the second beat—a species of waltz with hiccoughs.

Sung by Mr. Werrenrath, which means that it was very well sung, this won a decided success and always will with the general public, although it is a little beneath even a Birmingham Festival work. Although applauded by the audience, it was at once rebuked by the Christian side who now came up for the final innings. A severe and stern quartet in which the theme of the harp (religion) was heard reproved this melodic frivolity, and then came an epilogue, short and indecisive, which did not inform us as to which side had won. It ended pianissimo and was excellently shaded.

This is a work which has direct melodies, clear treatment throughout, a sort of halfway house between scientific and popular music. But we scarcely found it the best number for our great symphony concerts. Altogether, then, the last concert of the season and M. Rabaud's conductorship was a refreshingly easy one, just a species of "omelette scuffle" dessert to the heavier musical banquet that had gone before.

RABAUD GIVEN OVATION.

At its close M. Rabaud had an ovation of which any conductor might be proud. He was recalled over and again and shouts and hurrahs rang through Symphony Hall, an affectionate farewell to a conductor who has conquered his way here.

But there was a little coda after all this. As soon as the public had departed on Friday afternoon, the chorus gathered in the foyer and had M. Rabaud brought before them. They then and there took revenge upon him for his use of the baton over them by presenting him with a silver loving cup. There was sly malice in this, for if he should stay in America he can only drink lemonade, ginger ale or milk out of it after July 1. But he evades this by immediately going abroad.

A large number of musical notabilities were present at this function, but it was best of all to see Major Henry L. Higginson recovered from his recent illness and gracing the farewell of the popular conductor.

SYMPHONY AUDIENCE FAREWELL TO RABAUD

Unprecedented Ovation for Retiring Leader

Yale — *May 3, 1919*
MacDowell Suite and "Lyre and Harp" of Saint-Saens Last Program

With the concert tonight, the 38th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will have ended and with it the single year's conductorship of Henri Rabaud, who, by his own choice, will return to Paris, his home, there to find greater leisure for composition, and, it is said, to succeed M. Messager as conductor of the Conservatoire Orchestra.

There have been ample signs during the year of the deepening esteem and affection in which these audiences held Mr Rabaud. Again and again one might hear the remark, as one of the Symphony Orchestra's oldest subscribers said yesterday: "Mr Rabaud is a gentleman and he is a musician. We shall miss him." After his successor's name was announced in the newspapers several weeks ago, with the statement that Mr Rabaud preferred to decline the invitation of the directors to extend his contract, the audience on Friday after-

noons, as presumably that on Saturday evenings, has been eager to show by fervor and duration of applause its regret and warm regard.

Yesterday afternoon, curiously discouraged rather than provoked by any momentary occasion to fan the higher personal enthusiasm or sentiment, there yet was a tribute given Mr Rabaud which cannot be recalled as offered to any other musician concerned with these concerts. Recalled three times alone at the end of the program, after he had brought out the four solo singers in Saint-Saens' cantata, the conductor was bidden farewell by hand-clapping succeeded by shouts and the pounding of feet, when not of canes, upon the floor. Obviously touched the conductor could only pantomime the sincerity of his appreciation to both orchestra and audience.

Insight and Scholarship

From week to week in recording impressions from Mr Rabaud's conducting, it has become singular to note how insistent was the recurring conclusion of a superlative beauty. The spirit of work after work was revealed, recreated, with more that was characteristic or poetic than had been recalled in previous performances. Consider his versatility in varying schools. In them it will not be easy to forget the distinction of his Schubert, Mozart, above all—Beethoven of his Franck and Debussy, Borodin and Rimsky-Korsakoff. He brought the same insight and scholarship to the American scores which he chose, and in his choosing he did not betray those for whom a "hearing" is more unkind than kind to the men who wrote them.

Of Mr Rabaud's program yesterday—what shall be said? Perhaps that it is most characteristic of the modesty of the man: Behold some laborers in the musical vineyard who court applause, who run to meet it, untroubled by perceptions or tact, to bask in its glow. But the retiring conductor appears to shun public adulation, as he would the plague. He would flee from it, go where it never more could overtake him, and if dragged back into its din, would plead for mercy. His manner is that of one there to aid in recreating the thoughts of the masters. With that done, he seems to say: "Ladies and gentlemen, I would much prefer you to applaud the composer, but if you insist, I must ask you to honor the orchestra also."

Another might have reserved for his last composition to conduct before this public some brilliant piece for orchestra alone, leaving such an effort as Berlioz' Roman Carnival overture or Chabrier's "Espana," something to play him off the platform in a spontaneous burst of applause, as a good starter to the farewell recalls and bows ad infinitum, etc., etc.

What happens? Either Mr Rabaud's good record as a program maker gets a fearful jolt, or else he shows symptoms of being a strategist. It may be that he is giving further proof of a personal admiration for the talents of the venerable Saint-Saens. Whether for these or other reasons he chose that composer's setting of Victor Hugo's ode, "The Lyre and the Harp," let some one else say. But this is clear, no score of the season has been so potent to combat insomnia or to allay excitement in an audience.

Artful Saint-Saens

Saint-Saens, urbane and a caricaturist among his many talents, may have said: "I am bidden to write a piece for Englishmen of this period (1879) to be performed at the Birmingham Festival. It must engage four solo voices, chorus and orchestra and, of course, organ. Remembering that the English revere Mendelssohn and worship Sir Arthur Sullivan, I shall beat them at their own game of sound, orthodox conventionality."

He did. The musical doctors of the cathedrals should have been delighted with it. There are a few enlivening reminiscences of "Samson and Delilah," which Liszt had brought out at Weimar only two years before, and Queen Victoria banned until years after. There are also tributes to Venus in "Tannhauser." But one gropes about for the Saint-Saens even of the second symphony.

The English translation is abominably adapted for the voices, for which the more credit to the four soloists—Merle Alcock, alto; Arthur Hackett, tenor; Reinald Werrenrath, baritone, and Olive Kline, a new lyric soprano who is worth a hearing in something better. Mr Werrenrath, in his banal but rhythmical number, reminding of the dance in Dagon's temple in Samson, had the only chance to stir the audience and used it.

There are sonorous chorus passages, others as in the epilogue of softly sustained harmony, which gave opportunity to the fine chorus superbly trained by Stephen Townsend.

MacDowell's suite in A minor of 42 began the program, music of an impassioned romanticist, whose Celtic imagination leaped to learn the secrets, the fantastic mysteries that peopled the fastnesses of nature. Music still fresh and vital today, nourishing the heart and purging the ear.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Yale — *May 3, 1919*
WARM FAREWELLS FOR MR. RABAUD
DEPARTING

Public and Semi-Private Tokens of Large
Good-Will and High Appreciation—An
Inauspicious and Slender Programme
Divided Between MacDowell's Woodland
Suite and Saint-Saens's Boresome Ode,
"The Lyre and the Harp"—Musically, a
Thin Afternoon

OF all conductors of his time Mr. Rabaud is surely the most modest, the most self-effacing. Yesterday, leading for the last time at an afternoon concert of the Symphony Orchestra, he took leave of one-half of his Bostonian public. This evening he will similarly farewell the other half. Now, Mr. Rabaud excels with the romantic music of French composers of the nineteenth cen-

tury—of Berlioz, of Franck, of Lalo or Chabrier, of d'Indy in his earlier manner. Yet no such piece stood upon his programme for this final pair of concerts. Mr. Rabaud succeeds well with the highly colored, sharply rhythmized music of the Russians, like Rimsky-Korsakov; but he found no room for them in his list. Mr. Rabaud has read one or two symphonies of Beethoven—the fifth, say, or the sixth—penetratingly, warmly and has projected it largely, eloquently upon his hearers; yet no such number rounded out his year with the Boston Orchestra. It has been the nearly unvarying custom of his predecessor to signalize in some fashion the final concerts of a season. Yet as Mr. Rabaud assembled the programme and as conductor, orchestra, chorus and solo-singers accomplished it, yesterday afternoon ran in a routine that most of the preceding Fridays from November unto this May have escaped.

MacDowell's Suite in A minor—the music of woodland imagery—began the concert. It is a pretty, fanciful, tuneful piece that is thinning fast under the wear of time and change. It taxed neither conductor nor orchestra; the audience listened with easy pleasure to measures that might have come from Mendelssohn, less Mendelssohn's skill and imagination with instrumental color as such color went in his day. The rest of the concert fell to Saint-Saens's setting of Hugo's Ode, "The Lyre and the Harp," the dullest music that has been heard at the Symphony Concerts in all Mr. Rabaud's year. Again conductor, orchestra, chorus and solo quartet acquitted themselves ably, but they could not galvanize into semblance of life a mechanical and withered music. Parquet and balconies did their best to listen with interest, but before the Ode was half done, they yawned over this sandpapered Mendelssohn à la Française, A. D. 1879. Mr. Rabaud might becomingly have arranged these final concerts as epitome of his own abilities shining through French and German classics or semi-classics. Instead, he seemingly "consecrated" them to the greater glory of the dead-and-gone Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, disguised in the one instance as Edward MacDowell, American of Wiesbaden, and in the other as Camille Saint-Saens, Frenchman of Paris. It has been occasional reproach to some of Mr. Rabaud's programmes that he pretty-fied them with trivial, scrappy pieces, as though he, a conductor somewhat elderly in mind, though not in body, were providing "restful" entertainment for the elderly companies that hear and especially admire him. Trivial certainly were the two numbers of yesterday, but for the first time in all the year's experience of Mr. Rabaud, one and the longer, was downright dull. Yet manifestly the concert of Friday and the concert of today made double occasion for one of his usually stimulating lists.

Truly, the departing conductor is a self-abnegating man.

Yet with reason, the audience was not to be balked in its desire to testify its regard for Mr. Rabaud and its appreciation of the difficult work in a troubled time that he has accomplished, loyally, ably, without thought of self. It hailed him warmly when he came first to his place. At the end of MacDowell's Suite, it applauded conductor and orchestra as though they had just brought a masterpiece to revealing and enhancing voice. It did its best to clap the numbers in Saint-Saëns's Ode and fairly seized such occasion for plaudits as Mr. Werrenrath's orotund singing, for example, yielded. At the end of the concert, it repeatedly recalled Mr. Rabaud, while players, singers and hearers stood and some, even, shouted their farewells. Finally, after the audience had departed, a semi-private ceremony crowned the afternoon. Marshalled by Mr. and Mrs. Townsend and by Judge Cabot, chairman of the trustees of the orchestra, the Symphony Chorus gathered in the foyer behind the lower balcony and, with the judge for spokesman, gave Mr. Rabaud a silver cup, adding thereto a silver pitcher for Mme. Rabaud in distant Paris. The little ceremony was simple, sincere and deftly ordered. The more for this happy circumstance was the conductor plainly touched. What other tokens await him of the regard of his coworkers and his hearers, later incident may disclose and later record may tell.

Mr. Rabaud—a man of fine feeling in all things, except possibly his shadings of the German classics—paid his Bostonian public an agreeable and unobtrusive compliment when he divided his final programme between an American and a French composer. He was as happily prompted when he chose for the one our semi-classic MacDowell and for the other his own canonized Saint-Saëns. With one exception, however, MacDowell's orchestral pieces do not shine beside his "masterworks"—the more eloquent pianoforte Sonatas, for example. That exception is his "Indian Suite"—music that every European conductor at work in America has warmly and justly admired for richness of invention, energy of progress, largeness of mood, warmth of imagery, pictorial and poetic quality. In it and it only of MacDowell's orchestral pieces does the execution match the unfolding design, the prompting impulses. It is also music in which Mr. Rabaud, by many a token, would have been stirring to hear.

Instead the conductor chose the earlier Suite of forest scene and fairy suggestion. Throughout, it is mellifluous music that sometimes barely escapes naïveté of tune and that once and again courts a transparent prettiness perilously near to that of operetta. If these melodies run brief and thin they also run gracefully fancifully, while here and there a gentle wistfulness, a mystical mood, a glimpse of woodland

vision agreeably colors or infects them. Indeed in the Finale of the revel of the Forest Spirits, MacDowell is close to light brilliance. Even in the days in which the Suite was new—the musically easy-going eighties that seemed to haunt Mr. Rabaud in this final programme—the harmonic and instrumental coloring ran none too rich. Now, to ears accustomed in such things to sensuous opulence or to the bite that is bitter-sweet, it sounds thin, pindling, as though the composer were painting in water-color and occasionally letting the white paper show. Yet by these shortcomings, this woodland music is more characteristic of the usual MacDowell—say of the songs and the lesser of piano-pieces than of the composer who was above his normal self in the finer Sonatas and who wrought his one tour de force in the "Indian Suite." Pretty pastime to hear remain these forest scenes, and a pretty shimmer of tone, polish of phrase, and lightness of accent did orchestra and conductor bring to them.

At the least MacDowell in his Suite was mildly amusing; while Saint-Saëns in his Ode was neither more nor less than bore-some. Pleasantly anticipating "The Lyre and the Harp," curious listeners wondered why, at home in Paris and abroad in both Europe and America, the music had been heard so seldom in the forty years of nominal existence. It had not proceeded for many measures before they discovered too plainly the grounds for this seeming neglect. Thereafter, theirs not to reason why it was resurrected at the Symphony Concerts; theirs but to do—if not to die—as courteous listeners upon an otherwise benignant occasion. To the technician, of course, Saint-Saëns is always interesting. Not a composer of his time has every working means of music so readily at his fingers' ends, uses them so expertly, gains his effects so precisely, lays on so neatly and variously his tonal brush-work, letting artifice glamor lack of animation, while polished surfaces hide inner hollows. Apt indeed in "The Lyre and the Harp" is Saint-Saëns's weaving of the choral parts, round run the phrases, smooth are the accents, clear the rhythms. A measurably exacting yet steadily grateful music to the choir, even as was Mendelssohn's before him. As well-made are the numbers for the solo-singers, chastely displayful of their voices, ingratiating to their hearers, pleasurably and piquantly varied in rhythm, march, color. The orchestra plays a short, low-voiced, sustainedly melodious prelude—presumably an invocation of Hugo's atmosphere of poetic vision. To like measures it returns with true Gallic logic, at the end. For an hour between, it discreetly and artfully accompanies the singing voices.

The rest is a well-made, perfunctory, brittle and withering music. Hugo's Ode in the original French is no masterpiece of

visioning verse; in pedestrian translation into English it narrowly escapes banality; but in either it does contrast the sensuous pagan ideal of gods and men, life and faith, with the sterner Deity of the Hebrews, and the graven belief and practice of the servants of Jehovah. It is possible to conceive the Ode set in long duet for two voices in one of which should speak the Greco-Roman lyre, in the other the harp of David. Little, apparently, did Saint-Saëns take thought of these suggestions, obligations. To him the higher duty was to fulfill his commission from the Birmingham festival and provide a succession of viable and effective "Morceaux" pleasing to the assembled Britons as chorus and solo-singers ran them off as skilfully and conventionally. He has written his string of pieces, according to prescription and predilection, but with a polite disdain for either the clear substance or the inner implication of the text. For once he has declined even to be appropriate. The pagan notion of death smiles through a Eolero. Loves and hates speak the same artificial accents; the voice of the lyre and the voice of the harp are equally polished perfunctory, indistinguishable.

As Saint-Saëns delivered his Ode to the Birmingham Festival in the summer of 1879 exactly according to contract, so conductor, orchestra, chorus and solo-singers delivered it to the audience yesterday. The orchestra returned plastic accompaniment; clarity, warmth and pliancy of tone, smoothness of phrase, exactness of rhythm, niceties of shading and of diction—all the choral virtues in short—commended Mr. Townsend's choir; while one and all—Mmes. Kline and Alcock, Mr. Hackett and Mr. Werrenrath were as smooth and elegant with their solo or concerted measures as Saint-Saëns could have wished. Now and then, but far too infrequently through this drawing-room entertainment emerged the Rabaud, whom on other and more auspicious days, his audience had known as masterful conductor of masterpieces. As such it was sincerely regretting and speeding him.

H. T. P.

MR. HENRI RABAUD, REORGANIZER

May 3, 1919

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—On the stage of the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn, New York, a tall, bewhiskered, quiet, unassuming, obliging gentleman stepped out from the wings with the intention of thanking the orchestra players for their part in making a success of the presentation of his opera. He found himself in

front of the footlights, and back of the footlights an applauding audience waiting to extend its congratulations to the composer for whom it had been calling.

Had Mr. Rabaud known that this was what he had to face, he never would have stepped from the wings. Mr. Monteux, the conductor, knew this, and only by the ruse of telling the composer of "Marouf" that he thought the musicians would appreciate a few words from him was he able to persuade him to step on to the stage.

This is the same man who, later, in Boston, when his own symphony was to be played by the orchestra which he conducted, said in reply to a question as to when he would rehearse it, "I do not think it will require much rehearsal. I know it; the men are fine players, and I do not like to trouble them with rehearsing my own work."

It was only at the earnest request of numerous patrons of the Boston Symphony concerts that Mr. Rabaud was persuaded to put this symphony on a program at all. It is interesting to record that at both performances of it audience and orchestra rose spontaneously to their feet as a tribute to the genius of the composer.

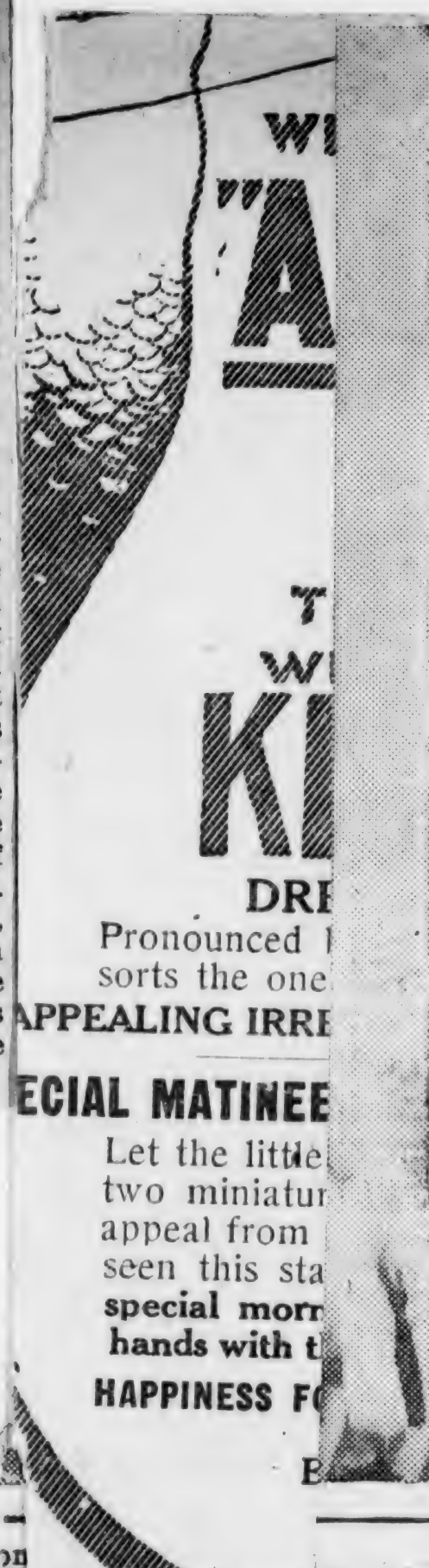
This is the sort of man whom future historians of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will have to place alongside of Sir George Henschel, who got the first band of players together, and William Gericke, who left a reputation as a hard drillmaster, but who gave the orchestra its ideal of precise playing which it has never lost and which now distinguishes it among the orchestras of the world.

Mr. Rabaud must be considered as reorganizer of this orchestra, for he came at a time when a Teutonic pilot had been dropped, and his task it was to steer the craft past dangerous shoals of threatening mediocrity and into the safe waters of Gallic eclecticism. The trustees of the orchestra wisely insisted that the conductor for the present season must be a Frenchman. They have made the same wise decision regarding next season's incumbent, Pierre Monteux.

Mr. Monteux, coming back as the regular conductor to the orchestra which he took in hand temporarily, will find a very different organization.

During the months in which Mr. Rabaud has been working with it, drilling, correcting, coordinating, and inspiring, he has gradually changed rigidity to plasticity, and coldness to warmth. There remains, however, much for Mr. Monteux to do. There are still in the orchestra many men technically American citizens whose training and sympathies are German. It was Mr. Rabaud's task to change the ideals of the organization; it will be Mr. Monteux's duty to see that there is no lapse.

Naturally in programs of the season the French school has predominated. Of the 104 compositions presented, only 25 were by German composers, and these were of the classics. Forty-eight compositions, almost half the total number, were of the French school; the rest were divided among Americans, Italians, Russians, and Scandinavians. Such a list cannot help but have given the audiences who have heard the concerts an appreciation of French music. The drilling and rehearsing must likewise have had an effect on the playing of the orchestra as a whole. Mr. Rabaud's work as reorganizer, then, is not to be measured in terms of men and instruments, but by that illusive measure with which one gauges ideals, and those are things whose force is cumulative.



Frequenters of concerts hereabouts will read with interest of the engagement and approaching marriage of Miss Renée Longy to Mr. Georges Miquelle, one of the French violoncellists of the Symphony Orchestra. The comely daughter of the excellent oboist of Symphony Hall, Miss Longy has been a familiar figure in our concert halls often as intent listener, sometimes as pleasurable performer. As Mme. Miquelle those who have known her as Miss Longy will expect to see and hear her with the old pleasure. *Trans. May 2, 1919.*

RABAUD'S FINE SEASON

Works of Allied Composers Were a Feature on All Symphony Programmes—Olin Downes on the Prospect for Native Music.

The Boston Symphony programme underwent important changes as a result of war conditions and the change of conductors made at the beginning of the season of 1918-19. There was less German music and more French music and American music and a good deal of Russian music. Yet German music was not absent from the programmes, although the conductors proceeded, as advancing allied armies proceeded during warfare, on the theory that a dead German was better than a live one. Dead German and Austro-Hungarian composers were worthily given place on the Boston Symphony lists to the number of 10. These were Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Gluck, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann and Weber.

Twenty French composers were represented: Berlioz, Bizet, Bruneau, Chabrier, Debussy, Dubois, Dukas, Faure, D'Indy, Lalo, Laparra, Magnard, Massenet, Mehul, Rabaud, Rameau, Ravel, Rouget de Lisle, Saint-Saens, Schmitt. There were 10 American composers represented: Chadwick, Converse, Foote, Gilbert, Hadley, Hill, Stillman-Kelley, Loeffler, MacDowell, Smith. Six Russians: Borodin, Glinka, Moussorgsky, Rachmaninoff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Tchaikowsky. Two Belgians: Van Campenhout and Cesar Franck. Three Italians: Gabetti, Malapiero and Verdi. Two English, if the name of Farnaby is to be added to that of Carey. One Pole: Chopin. One Norwegian: Grieg.

Modern English music, Tchaikowsky's music, with the exception of the variation for 'cello and orchestra played by Mr. Josef Malkin, the music of Sibelius, Sinding and other Northerners, were without representation, but as a whole the programmes were remarkably varied and balanced and made the most excellent musical fare. There were important novelties. Mr. Monteux provided two in the first concerts of the season, when he played Dukas' gorgeous ballet score, "La Peri" and Ravel's score, destined for a similar use, "Daphnis et Chloe." Ravel's work is more distinguished in material than Dukas' and the instrumentation is more imaginative and individual, yet the

music of Dukas is very richly colored and pleasing to the modern ear. Among other things Mr. Rabaud produced were his own second symphony and his "Procession Nocturne," the last, in particular, a very poetic composition. Gilbert's dramatic "Prologue to Sygne's Riders to the Sea," Malapiero's "Pauses of Silence," a very interesting composition by one of the Italian ultra-modernists; the "Royal Hunt and Tempest," a significant page from Berlioz's "Les Troyens;" "Psyche's Sleep" and "Psyche Borne Away by the Zephyrs" of Franck; Hill's "Sten-sonia!" Laparra's "Basque Sunday"—there were others, but these are the most commanding of the novelties, and the most likely to remain for many years in the orchestral repertory.

Pierre Monteux, interviewed in New York by a representative of musical America, apropos of his engagement for next season as the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, said among other things that there has been "no great musical work growing out of the war, in France at least. Nor will there be for some time, I believe. Men's minds have been on other things. One writes, you know, to an occasion, and one cannot be equal to the occasion as it has been in France these four years."

We are personally naive enough to think that the time may well be at hand for America to produce some great music. The people here are changing with the times, or rather the times are finding them out, and stirring a strong latent idealism which plays a greater part in American character and development than some cynics who take their cut from Europeans' estimate of us realize. One has only to glance at the political and literary developments of the last seven years, developments which have progressed the more rapidly as the war called out the powers of the American mind, to realize that the nation is about to turn to self-expression in no small or uncertain vein. The younger generation has really commenced to think, and it has occasion and opportunity for thought as no generation in the United States has had since the wars for Independence and for the

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Renee Longy, Pianist.

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Post May 12/19
The Boston Symphony programme underwent important changes as a result of war conditions and the change of conductors made at the beginning of the season of 1918-19. There was less German music and more French music and American music and a good deal of Russian music. Yet German music was not absent from the programmes, although the conductors proceeded, as advancing allied armies proceeded during warfare, on the theory that a dead German was better than a live one. Dead German and Austro-Hungarian composers were worthily given place on the Boston Symphony lists to the number of 10. These were Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Gluck, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann and Weber.

Twenty French composers were represented: Berlioz, Bizet, Bruneau, Chabrier, Debussy, Dubois, Dukas, Faure, D'Indy, Lalo, Laparra, Magnard, Massenet, Mehul, Rabaud, Rameau, Ravel, Rouget de Lisle, Saint-Saens, Schmitt. There were 10 American composers represented: Chadwick, Converse, Foote, Gilbert, Hadley, Hill, Stillman-Kelley, Loeffler, MacDowell, Smith. Six Russians: Borodin, Glinka, Moussorgsky, Rachmaninoff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Tchaikowsky. Two Belgians: Van Campenhout and Cesar Franck. Three Italians: Gabetti, Malapiero and Verdi. Two English, if the name of Farnaby is to be added to that of Carey. One Pole: Chopin. One Norwegian: Grieg.

Modern English music, Tchaikowsky's music, with the exception of the variation for cello and orchestra played by Mr. Josef Malkin, the music of Sibelius, Sinding and other Northerners, were without representation, but as a whole the programmes were remarkably varied and balanced and made the most excellent musical fare. There were important novelties. Mr. Monteux provided two in the first concerts of the season, when he played Dukas' gorgeous ballet score, "La Peri" and Ravel's score, destined for a similar use, "Daphnis et Chloe." Ravel's work is more distinguished in material than Dukas' and the instrumentation is more imaginative and individual, yet the

music of Dukas is very richly colored and pleasing to the modern ear. Among other things Mr. Rabaud produced were his own second symphony and his "Procession Nocturne," the last, in particular, a very poetic composition. Gilbert's dramatic "Prologue to Synge's Riders to the Sea;" Malapiero's "Pauses of Silence," a very interesting composition by one of the Italian ultra-modernists; the "Royal Hunt and Tempest," a significant page from Berlioz's "Les Troyens;" "Psyche's Sleep" and "Psyche Borne Away by the Zephyrs" of Franck; Hill's "Steensonia!" Laparra's "Basque Sunday"—there were others, but these are the most commanding of the novelties, and the most likely to remain for many years in the orchestral repertory.

Pierre Monteux, interviewed in New York by a representative of musical America, apropos of his engagement for next season as the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, said among other things that there has been "no great musical work growing out of the war, in France at least. Nor will there be for some time, I believe. Men's minds have been on other things. One writes, you know, to an occasion, and one cannot be equal to the occasion as it has been in France these four years."

We are personally naive enough to think that the time may well be at hand for America to produce some great music. The people here are changing with the times, or rather the times are finding them out, and stirring a strong latent idealism which plays a greater part in American character and development than some cynics who take their cut from Europeans' estimate of us realize. One has only to glance at the political and literary developments of the last seven years, developments which have progressed the more rapidly as the war called out the powers of the American mind, to realize that the nation is about to turn to self-expression in no small or uncertain vein. The younger generation has really commenced to think, and it has occasion and opportunity for thought as no generation in the United States has had since the wars for Independence and for the

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unity of the States.

The nation has had a leader who has known as no other political leader since Lincoln how to arouse and translate into action the sentiments and visions of the people. The effect is already shown significantly, as we think, in the various new magazines which concern themselves with political issues and discuss them with an eagerness and enthusiasm of a young people entering a new intellectual and moral arena. These publications, such as the Nation, the New Republic, and other of similar views and interests, are constantly gaining in power and popularity, and are strongly tinging the thought of the rising generation—a generation with broader and loftier ideals than the previous one could know. Material expansion in America is now to accompany a corresponding or even greater spiritual development, and these are the circumstances and the atmosphere which have always produced music. America and the age are ripe for greater consummations than have yet been seen and which are certain to react and create tremendously in the field of art.

A VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE

HENRI RABAUD'S brief reign over the Boston Symphony Orchestra is past. It is now the mellow hour of retrospect. In the silence that follows the last descending stroke of his baton, impressions, lingering from a score of concerts, steal back into the mind and gather themselves at last into judgments.

What a glorious reign it was, and how different from that of Dr Muck! True, we did not understand at first, and were inclined to be a bit rebellious; but as Mr. Rabaud learned his orchestra, and as the musicians discovered him, our prejudices relaxed. We emerged from the spell cast upon us by his predecessor. For it may justly be said that the conductor leads the audience as well as the orchestra—that he determines the mood of those beyond the proscenium arch as actually as he controls the performers. And this each conductor does after his own fashion. Dr Muck had compelled and dictated; Mr Rabaud merely beckoned. Yet there was something irresistible about his humble gesture.

Above all else, Mr Rabaud was human. He was quick to feel the joy or the pathos or the tenderness in the music, and he was able to communicate what he felt to the listener with unerring distinctness.

Although personally known to few people in Boston, Mr Rabaud was regarded by the public with real affection. Somehow one knew that he was a kindly

and simple man. One felt almost certain that he habitually forgot his umbrella, and this gifted Frenchman leaves more than a personal impression. He was a worthy emissary of all that is best in French music. He was an unofficial ambassador. *Post May 7/19*

PAY TRIBUTE TO RABAUD

Post May 4/19
Impressive though simple ceremonies distinguished the leave-taking of Henri Rabaud, who conducted his last concert as leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night in Symphony Hall. No conductor in the history of the orchestra has been given so warm a farewell. There was prolonged applause which delayed the opening of the concert when Mr. Rabaud appeared on the stage, and other demonstrations similar to those of the Friday afternoon audience the day before. Then, when the last note of Saint-Saens choral and orchestral work, "The Lyre and the Harp," had sounded, Major Higginson, the founder and maintainer until this year of the Boston Symphony, and Judge Cabot, the president of the now existing board of directors, rising from their seats, went arm in arm upon the platform and shook the conductor's hand.

Judge Cabot made a short speech of thanks and godspeed. The audience rose to its feet and showed its sympathy with these expressions of esteem from the past and the present directors of the orchestra's destiny. Meanwhile Mr. Fradkin, the concert master, went over to Mr. Longy, first oboist and assistant conductor of the Boston Symphony, and asked if he would conduct the performance of the "Marsellaise," which was followed by another ovation for Mr. Rabaud and his glorious country. Mr. Rabaud, deeply moved by these demonstrations, showed his appreciation and his emotion in every gesture, and every line of his face as he made his acknowledgments of his reception.

He takes the train for New York this morning, and sails this week for Paris. No conductor has come to Boston with so little trumpeting of himself and his talents, and no conductor has departed with warmer esteem for his qualities as a musician and a man on the part of the Boston Symphony audiences, and everyone in this city who has come into contact with this distinguished and kindly gentleman.

M. Rabaud Bids Farewell

"Boston Symphony Orchestra Has Scored an Artistic Triumph in a Season Inaugurated Against the Most Serious Odds," Says Olin Downes

Post Apr. 27/19
The musical season proper comes to an end with the last Symphony concert which introduces the month of May. After the last Symphony concert, commence the Pop concerts, which go on into July. A belated recital or two interests if the performer is talented, and because the music "crickets" and concert-goers are if anything a little fresher for hearing than at the height of the season. But this week concludes the season proper, and one week from tomorrow Mr. Rabaud sails immediately for France.

Enough has been said in these columns about the surprising and impressive excellences of this conductor, to make overmuch recapitulation of them unnecessary. It is public knowledge, and knowledge which gives pleasure to this reviewer that Mr. Rabaud's audiences have become more and more aware of his greatness as an interpreter as the season has gone on. Pro-Germans, of course, still exist, and they have worked directly and indirectly to undermine him. Then there are others, sincere patriots as any in existence, who remain pro-German in their musical prejudices, and who have been, apparently, unable to realize what was long apparent to any unprejudiced person with a modicum of musical knowledge that in many interesting and important respects Mr. Rabaud was a different kind of a conductor than Dr. Muck, and that in certain respects Mr. Rabaud was the superior of the two men. These things are now becoming realized as Mr. Rabaud, unfortunately, is leaving for France. We plead guilty to the luxury, and the human pleasure of saying, "I told you so."

Next season Mr. Monteux returns. He conducted the first two concerts of the Symphony season just concluded, prior to the arrival here of Mr. Rabaud. How much the orchestra owes its present technical excellence to Mr. Monteux has not been fully appreciated—indeed, could not be fully appreciated—by those out of actual touch with the rehearsals. Mr. Monteux is in certain respects, perhaps, more of a man for discipline and the polishing of detail, than Mr. Rabaud, who has a marvellous sense of proportion and the adjustment of de-

tail to the main outlines of a work. At all events, Mr. Monteux has already associated himself promisingly with the present development of the Boston Symphony, and he will have the opportunity of showing his talent fully next season. He would have been the conductor throughout this season if the trustees of the Boston Symphony had shown themselves more capable of quick and decisive action than they did last fall, when Mr. Monteux was appointed as a late makeshift, and could not cancel his already signed contract as French conductor for the season of 1918-19 at the Metropolitan Opera House. The public did not lose by this, for we had two brilliant French conductors instead of one. But next season Mr. Monteux will have full swing with the orchestra which he worked so effectively to whip into shape at the beginning of last season.

Pass from the conductors to the orchestra. This season the Boston Symphony was in its personnel almost one-third new. The best orchestra in the world does not become a truly organic, cohesive structure under such conditions for at least many months. It does not matter who the players are. They may be good or poor. The best man in the world will not blend their talents successfully until they have rehearsed and played together a long time. But in recent months the full glory of the new orchestra has appeared, and we venture to assert, some of our New York brethren to the contrary, that the Boston Symphony has seldom, even in palmiest days under William Gericke, been a nobler or more beautiful instrument than it now is. The performance of the Cesar Franck symphony, a week ago last night, a memorable performance of a work which has been played last winter in a number of different cities under Mr. Rabaud before it was played in Boston, was a case in point, and a good vehicle of comparison, for this symphony was one of Mr. Gericke's finest offerings, and Mr. Gericke had a supremely fine ear and an artistic conscience, too late appreciated during his long regime in Boston.

Well, the quality of the different

choirs—possibly owing in part to the clear air of last Saturday, which always has a beneficial effect on musical instruments—has not in the memory of the writer been surpassed, if equalled, for sheer glory of orchestral tone. The writer has heard every performance of this symphony given in Boston since the first interpretation of Wilhelm Gericke, back in 1904, when this simple and heavenly work seemed strange and cryptic to the ear. He never heard the strings play more warmly and with more variety of nuance than in the passages of the first movement, and particularly of the slow movement. Nor does he remember the English horn solo played more admirably than it was played a week ago last night. Nor has he heard purer intonation and a finer balance of the wood-wind choir than in certain chords and isolated passages of this same movement. Nor has he heard from the brass, with the exception of a single solo instrument, a tone more brilliant, and at the same time mellow, a finer sonority, a crisper attack. Let the people who think only Germans can conduct, or make an orchestra, and those who prefer to turn their faces from the present to the past, say what they like. The fact is self-evident that the Boston Symphony, as an orchestra, and through its leaders, has enjoyed a rare artistic triumph in a season inaugurated against the most serious odds.

The programmes, too, have on the whole been better balanced and more interesting than for many seasons in the past. Certain composers, as we remarked last Sunday, have not been represented, and the absence of Wagnerian excerpts on the programmes disappointed some, while the absence of tone poems by Richard Strauss—quite rightly omitted from these concerts—were, musically speaking a serious loss. There is a moment, however, when national sentiment should have something to do with musical programmes, to say nothing of the direct financial benefit accruing to Strauss from every orchestral performance of one of his works. Richard Strauss was one of those who signed a document commending Germany's atrocious actions towards various nations, including the United States, in the war, and when Americans were dying like flies at the front was not the time to indulge in esthetic quibblings about art for art's sake, and of the innocence from bloodshed of German composers.

These circumstances limited the programmes in an inevitable way. But Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms were with us, as they shall always be, French composers, modern Russians and an important modern Italian—Malapiero—were given more than adequate representation. The list of soloists was a brilliant one, and included the newer and younger arrivals, as well as the long-established virtuosi of international fame. All in all, a very brilliant season, and one which gave valuable proof that German standards need no more dominate our orchestral policies in the future than German dyes need have dominated in another field in the past. A foreign influence directly detrimental to original musical development in America was materially reduced and modified in the course of the season, and this will surely hasten the development of American music and musicians to the point where they are not influenced unduly by the art of any foreign nation. From Europe we have been and we must be learning, but in America we must also learn to look to ourselves and create.

There is no truth whatever in the absurd report now going about the town that twenty, thirty and even forty men of the Symphony Orchestra will leave the band at the end of the present season in July, because they are dissatisfied with the conditions under which they now work or are anxious over the future of the concerts. As a matter of fact a few players are quitting the orchestra when The Pops are done because they are engaged only for the season of 1918-19. A few more are betaking themselves of their own motion to what they believe better posts with the Philadelphia or the Detroit Orchestra, each of which is improving its personnel. The total number of departures in both categories is less than ten and almost wholly among secondary players. A trade-journal of music in Chicago is the presumable source of these yarns, while gossip in Boston has also sped them. Evidently the Symphony Orchestra has sufficiently regained its prestige to stir the malice of those who dislike or dread it.

If this department is accurately informed several members of the Symphony Orchestra who were vociferous, a few weeks ago, about their departure from it, have taken second thought and renewed their contracts. Few and far between, as it now appears, will be the changes, next autumn, in the personnel of the band.

Symphony 100 Per Cent

The Market Trust Company of Brighton has subscribed to \$100,000. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, representing 17 nationalities, yesterday reported its quota 100 per cent subscribed.

MORE WARM LEAVE-TAKINGS FOR MR. RABAUD

Simple and Sincere Ceremonies at the Final Symphony Concert — Miss Lowell and Mr. Loeffler Again—Miss Buell and Mr. O'Sullivan Over the Week-End—Laurels for Mr. Bodanzky as Symphonic Conductor—Items, Incidents, Opinions

AT the Symphony Concert of Saturday evening, Mr. Rabaud's leave-taking as conductor ended as warmly, simply and sincerely as it had begun at the concert of Friday. Again the audience filled Symphony Hall and listened with the utmost good will to the two pieces—MacDowell's Suite of forest music and Saint-Saëns's setting of Hugo's Ode, "The Lyre and the Harp," that in repetition divided the programme. Neither, however well done, exactly quickens applause, but at the end of the concert, there was Mr. Rabaud for the last time upon a familiar platform to stimulate it. Long, loud, general and genuine plaudits called and held him there beside the stand that Mrs. Higginson, as usual, had trimmed with flowers; while audience and orchestra stood and the band, led by Mr. Longy, sounded "The Marseillaise." Thereupon Judge Cabot, the chairman of the present trustees, and Mr. Higginson, the founder of the orchestra (now able to revisit public places) ascended the stage, shook the departing conductor warmly by the hand; while in two or three sentences Judge Cabot mingled congratulation and regret. The applause of the whole company confirmed the speaker until Mr. Rabaud, plainly stirred, sought refuge in the conductor's room, where other flowers and more intimate farewells awaited him. Yesterday morning he left Boston for New York, whence he sails for Bordeaux and Paris on Wednesday or Thursday next. As soon as he has thrown off the fatigue of an exacting season and of a task that he had hardly measured when he accepted it, he will surely keep a good memory of his work and his public in Boston. That public will remember him in as kindly fashion; for, never in all his years, has Mr. Rabaud conducted so ably and so devotedly as in the six months he spent in America. More than once, believing that he was only discharging his duty, he was really excelling himself. And now, after so bright a sunset, the sunrise of Mr. Monteux.

ing Guest"



SEE CHANGE OF DAY FOR AFTERNOON CONCERT

choirs—possibly owing in part to the clear air of last Saturday, which always has a beneficial effect on musical instruments—has not in the memory of the writer been surpassed, if equalled for sheer glory of orchestral tone. The writer has heard every performance of this symphony given in Boston since the first interpretation of Wilhelm Gericke back in 1904, when this simple and heavenly work seemed strange and cryptic to the ear. He never heard the strings play more warmly and with more variety of nuance than in the passages of the first movement, and particularly of the slow movement. Nor does he remember the English horn solo played more admirably than it was played a week ago last night. Nor has he heard purer intonation and a finer balance of the wood-wind choir than in certain chords and isolated passages of this same movement. Nor has he heard from the brass, with the exception of a single solo instrument, a tone more brilliant, and at the same time mellow, a finer sonority, a crisper attack. Let the people who think only Germans can conduct, or make an orchestra, and those who prefer to turn their faces from the present to the past, say what they like. The fact is self-evident that the Boston Symphony, as an orchestra, and through its leaders, has enjoyed a rare artistic triumph in a season inaugurated against the most serious odds.

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Symphony I
The Market
Brighton has subse
Boston Symphony
senting 17 national
ported its quota 100

These circumstances limited the pro-

"Welcome the Coming, Speed the Going Guest"

Again the Symphony Orchestra Changes Leaders



(Photograph by Mishkin)

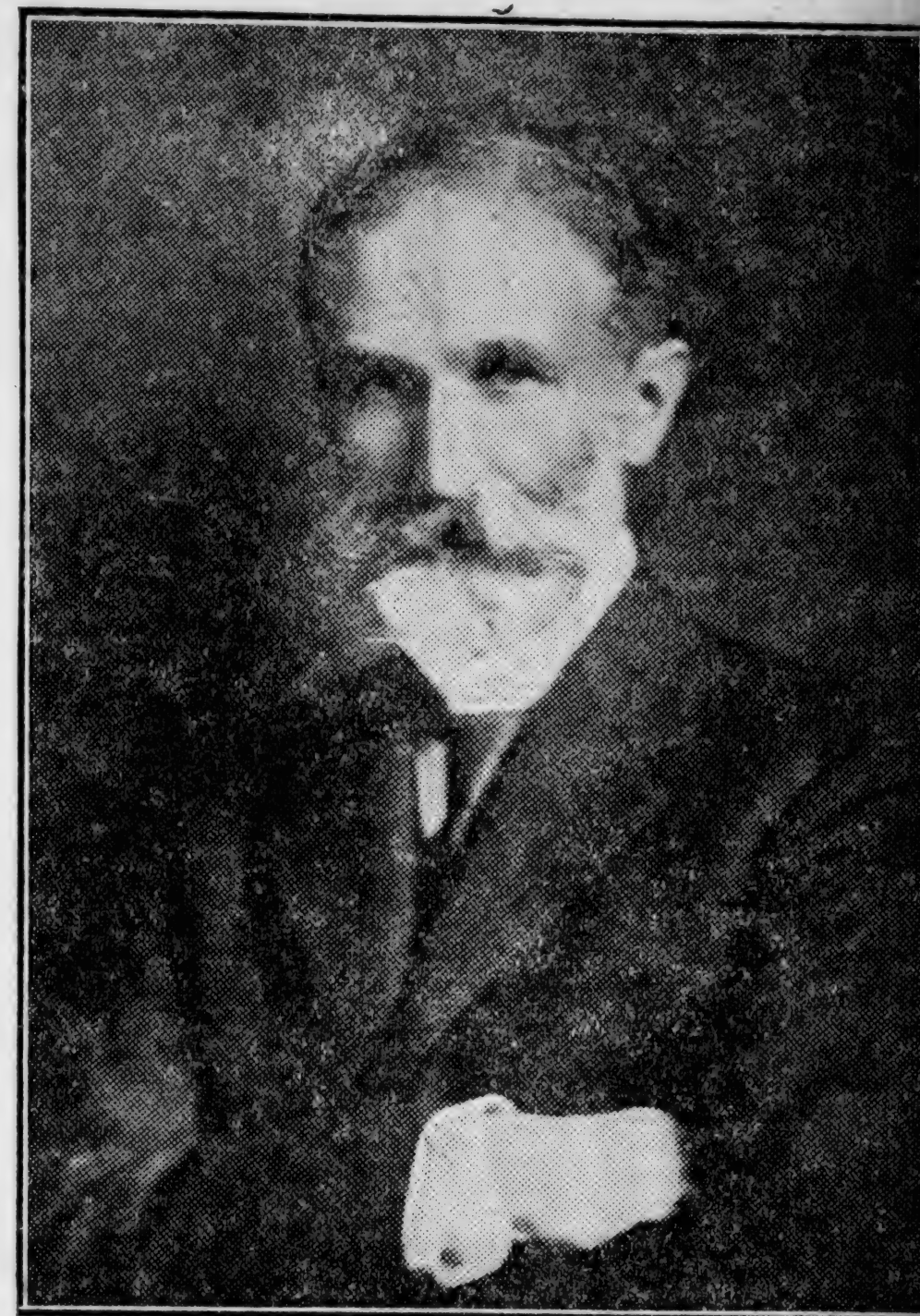
Pierre Monteux

Conductor for 1919-20

Trans. Apr. 17, 1919.

It is again a misfortune to the Symphony Concerts that the trustees of the orchestra and the guarantors of deficits, who, presumably, have some share in their counsels, have been unable to choose and secure a conductor of the first rank for next season. It is a pity, perhaps that the chairman of the board and the manager of the orchestra did not make their projected journey to Europe in quest of a new leader. At the moment, travel on the Continent is indeed difficult, but personal persuasion has been known to succeed where correspondence from a distance and through "high quarters" has failed. The quality of the reconstituted orchestra, individually and collectively, is not to be questioned. In years it has not been excelled. Deep to all appearances is the purse of trustees and guarantors. The more the need, then, of a conductor of the first rank, so known and measured on both sides of the Atlantic, to make the most of this personnel, to restore and heighten the prestige of the orchestra at home and abroad, to be a bulwark against deficits. For the moment, such a leader may be unobtainable. The future, perhaps, may bring him.

None the less, the return of Mr. Monteux to the conductorship for the musical year, 1919-1920, is a clear step in advance. By profession, he is a conductor and nothing else, neither composing nor desiring to compose. Organizing his own concerts in Paris or else leading in the ballets of Mr. Diaghilev's Russians, dwelling and working in the United States for three years past, he is wholly independent of the "official hierarchy" of French music, of the Ministry of Fine Arts and its intrusive "missioning" in America. Like most of the younger and abler musicians of Paris, like Ravel and d'Indy among living composers, like Debussy before them, Mr. Monteux has been an "outsider," untouched by numbing and obligating influences which have reached even to Boston. Furthermore, he has not spent his



(Photograph by Garo)

Henri Rabaud

Conductor in 1918-19



whole life in Paris and within a little circle of Parisian makers of music. His work with the Russian Ballet carried him up and down Europe; his tour of the United States with it, his years at the Metropolitan Opera House have familiarized him in degree with our American world. Mr. Monteux is French, but he is also cosmopolitan. Mr. Monteux is a French musician, but he is widely read in the music of other lands and open-minded to it. Better still, he is an ardent "modernist," familiar with the music of the newer generation of composers in France, Italy, Russia, America, warmly disposed toward it, sympathetic, penetrating and eloquent when he brings it to performance. Far too few of their pieces have been heard and repeated at the Symphony Concerts. Yet they are needful there to bring back listeners who eagerly welcome the newer theories, the newer practice. Finally, the Symphony Orchestra needs more exacting rehearsal and a severer discipline. Last autumn, it learned that Mr. Monteux was tireless in preparation for performance and quietly insistent upon what he sought. In a word, from Mr. Monteux next year, the public of the Symphony Concerts has reason to expect the widely ranging programmes of a conductor broadly acquainted with symphonic music and variously interested in it and the standards of discipline and preparation of a conductor who spares neither himself nor his forces. By so much Mr. Monteux's return to the orchestra is of good omen.

Bostonian ears first heard Mr. Monteux as conductor in the performances of the Russian Ballet at the Opera House in November of 1916, and according to the custom of such occasions, paid little heed to him. In the spring of 1918 they heard him as conductor of the Metropolitan Company in performances of Rimsky-Korsakov's opera-ballet, "The Golden Cockerel," of Mr. Gilbert's ballet, "The Dance in Place

Congo" and in Saint-Saëns's opera, "Samson and Delilah." Again, after the manner of such occasions, they hardly singled his quality out of the general quality of the representation, but a few did discover him as a man of ability. In the autumn of 1918 they heard him as the conductor of two pairs of Symphony Concerts and of the reorganized orchestra at its beginnings—and closely noted and measured him. He then ranged through Franck's symphony, Beethoven's seventh symphony, Schumann's overture to Byron's "Manfred," Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem, "La Bonne Chanson," Debussy's "Iberia," "The Peri" (Dukas's "dance-poem") and fragments of Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe." He was then praised for quiet, alert and phant control of the orchestra, for keen ear to adjust the volume and test the quality of its voices; for the sense of design that projects and coordinates a symphonic piece in mass and in detail; for quick sense of rhythm, for as lively instinct to the moulded phrase or the incisive modulation; for warm regard to color and climax; for a pervading pace and accent that revealed and individualized the chosen music. If the divine fire was hardly in him, he was able, intelligent, imaginative, devoted—a conductor with an artist's mind and an artist's conscience. Again these proved traits are of good omen.

So much for the future. For the past and a little of the present, Mr. Rabaud departs by his own choice, preferring to be composer rather than conductor. As was written the other day in this place: "There is none to question the disinterestedness and the devotion with which he has served the orchestra and its public in a difficult hour. Many admire him warmly as a musician; not a few are kindly disposed to him as a man; all agree that to the utmost of his powers and with no thought of himself he has filled the post to which he came reluctantly, which he has found taxing beyond expectation." H. T. P.

1919

SYMPHONY HALL

34th Season

THE POPS

Orchestra of 80 Symphony Players

AGIDE JACCHIA, Conductor

OPENING NIGHT, MONDAY, MAY 5

PROGRAMME

1. ENTRANCE OF THE BOYARDS Halvorsen
2. OVERTURE, "William Tell" Rossini
3. { a. PASTORALE for wind octett D. Scarlatti
b. CAPRICCIO for strings (1685-1757)
(Instrumentated by Mr. JACCHIA)
4. FANTASIA, "CARMEN" Bizet
5. RONDO CAPRICCIOSO Mendelssohn
6. HARP SOLO { a. "Idyll" Holy
b. "Spanish Dance" }
7. ENFANTILLAGE van Westerhout
8. FINALE of "Scheherazade" Rimsky-Korsakoff
9. FANTASIA, "Tosca" Puccini
10. SACRIFICIAL DANCE from "The Promise of
Medea" Randegger
11. LOVE'S DREAM AFTER THE BALL Czibulka
12. RHAPSODY, "España" Chabrier

Tickets for the Opening Concerts now on sale. Reserved
Seats at Tables, \$1.00 and 75c. First Balcony, 75c. and
50c. Admission, 25c.

CONDUCTOR AT THE POPS



Agide Jacchia, Who Has Long Been Famous as a Conductor of Italian Opera, Returns to the Pops.

1919 POP SEASON OPENED

Absence of Wet Refreshments Keeps None Away

Post

May 6/19

The Pop season at Symphony Hall opened last night with a record-breaking attendance and an orchestra which surpassed its most brilliant record of previous Pop seasons in the qualities of the performances which were conducted by Jacchia.

FIRST DRY SEASON

If any feared that the absence of claret in the lemonade would make any difference to the public of these concerts they were quickly shown their error. The audience has seldom been at this early stage in the Pop season so large and so brilliant. Many musicians, social leaders, artists, as well as business men, and whole families out to enjoy the evening made part of it. John S. Sargent, the artist, and Georges Longy, the celebrated first oboist of the orchestra, sat within a few seats of each other. Everyone was in the highest spirits, and the orchestra was applauded to the echo.

To the eye there were a few new things about the hall. Greenery on the stage relieved the formality of the rows of orchestra seats. Girl waitresses took the place of the men of previous seasons, and gave touch of pleasing novelty to the occasion.

Capable Orchestra

The conductor of these concerts is fortunate indeed with the orchestra at his disposal. The Pop orchestra this season numbers 80, and these 80 represent a band of players probably without a superior in the world, both as regards technical capacity to play everything ever written.

Mr. Jacchia knows what his men can do, and he, an enthusiastic and extremely capable conductor, does not hesitate to put them through their paces. The concert opened with the brilliant and barbaric march, "The Entrance of the Boyars," by Halvorsen. Then came the overture to "William Tell." There were two charming small pieces by Scarlatti, instrumented by Mr. Jacchia. There was music from "La Tosca" and "Carmen."

"Scheherazade" on List

At the end of the second group of the programme was the maddening music which the great Russian, Rimsky-Korsakoff, penned for the finale of his piece after Persian folk-lore, "Scheherazade," a marvellous piece of music, of incomparable power and caprice and splendor, played by a band of virtuosos who drove every note home.

In the history of these concerts there has probably not been so brilliant an opening, either from the standpoint of music or of public attendance and appreciation. There was in the air the excitement and enthusiasm of an opening night, a feeling which stimulates musician and hearer alike. At the last of the programme Mr. Jacchia had a number of popular pieces, and the concert came to an end with Chabrier's swift-pulsing music based on Spanish airs, "Espana." Among the encores was Mr. Jacchia's arrangement of the famous Russian song sung by the boatmen of the Volga. The audience stayed to the last note and appeared loth to go.

Loan Night Tonight

The Pop concert tonight, for which a very attractive programme has been arranged, will be the occasion of speeches in behalf of the Victory Loan by Carter Glass, Secretary of the Treasury, and Vice-Admiral William S. Sims of the United States navy. Eleven hundred balcony seats will be sold to the public. The rest will be given away. Patriotic songs will be sung from 7:15 to 8 p. m.

—v—v—v—v—v—v—

DR MUCK WILL SOON SAIL AWAY FOR GERMAN SHORES



DR KARL MUCK.

Great Conductor
Storm Center of
"German Spy" Talk
Until He Was
Interned

Globe — June 29/19

In a few days a ship will sail from one of our ports carrying the man who, more than any other native of the Central Powers, was the storm center of the enemy alien problem in the war. Dr. Karl Muck, for eight years the idolized leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra but for the past year an inmate of a southern internment camp, will leave, he says forever, the country whose hospitality he abused in true Prussian fashion, according to Secret Service agents.

Of the hundreds of Germans whom the United States Government is sending home to Germany, Dr. Muck is undoubtedly the most prominent. After the death of Dr. Hugo Munsterberg he was the most widely known German in New England, if not in the country. Until the breaking of the storm which began with the famous "Star Spangled Banner" controversy and ended in his internment, he was one of the most admired.

Dr. Muck came to Boston from Berlin, where for 14 years he had been the principal conductor of the Royal Opera. He was a personal friend of the Kaiser and it was said when he first left Berlin that Wilhelm permitted him to go solely because of "the high regard which he had for America."

Was a Great Conductor

That Dr. Muck is one of the greatest conductors of the day not even those who felt his treachery to America most keenly will deny. When he came for his first American engagement in 1906, conservative musical critics declared that his arrival brought to America "one of the greatest conductors in Europe, a man who stands in the same class with Mottl, Nikisch, Richter and Weingartner." His career at Symphony Hall supported these opinions.

Dr. Muck remained in Boston until 1908, when he was recalled. He was given a tremendous sendoff. Banquets were given in his honor, he was presented loving cups and when he and his wife boarded the train for New York, hundreds of music lovers came to see them off. Four years later he returned, to remain as leader until his arrest for plotting against this country.

The charges against the Symphony conductor, when they were first made, seemed incredible to the majority of music lovers of Boston. Of course it was remembered that Dr. Muck was a friend of the Kaiser, that he defended Germany's invasion of Belgium and called the Belgians cruel, but most people put that down to natural loyalty to the land of his birth. It took much evidence to convince his hosts and employer that he had deliberately betrayed them.

The controversy over Muck's refusal to allow the orchestra to play the National anthem in Providence, R. I., is too recent to need much mention. True or not, the story created tremendous excitement all through the East. The incident occurred in November, 1917. The orchestra was then on tour and many cities refused to allow it to give concerts. In New York special policemen were sent to prevent a demonstration against the leader. Dr. Muck sent in his resignation, which was not accepted. A few days later the orchestra, led by Dr. Muck, played the National anthem,

which was made a regular part of the program and in a few weeks the trouble was partially forgotten.

Arrested March 25, 1918

Then on March 25, 1918, Dr. Muck was arrested by agents of the Department of Justice and taken to Station 16, and later to the East Cambridge Jail. While Muck was arrested under the President's proclamation concerning enemy aliens, it was hinted at the time of his arrest and afterward that other and extremely sensational charges might be preferred.

Dr. Muck accepted arrest and confinement quietly, and apparently did not encourage those of his former friends who still believed him innocent, in their efforts for his release. It was said that he preferred internment to facing what the other charges might involve. He did not press his claim to Swiss citizenship because of his father's naturalization in Switzerland when the future leader was 8 years old. In April Dr. Muck was sent to the internment camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., where he remained.

Dr. Muck was born at Darmstadt, Bavaria, in 1859. His father was a Government clerk, who intended his son for mercantile life. After leaving the gymnasium in Darmstadt he went to Heidelberg to study philosophy. It was while at the university that he became definitely interested in a musical career. The following year he went to the University of Leipzig, from which institution he received the degree of PhD in 1880.

It was the same year that he made what is generally supposed to have been his first professional appearance, although there is a story that he appeared as a pianist at the age of 11 and played the violin in a symphony orchestra a few years later. In 1880, however, he appeared successfully, but soon afterward gave up playing to become a conductor.

His Career as a Conductor

He was made chorus master of the Municipal Theatre at Zurich the same year. The following year he went to Salzburg, Austria, where he remained for a year and then transferred to Brunn, where he became conductor in the Municipal Opera House. This post he held until 1884, when he went to Graz for two years, then going to Prague. In the Bohemian capital he was conductor of German opera and philharmonic concerts.

During the six years he held this post he had many important engagements in other cities. He was conductor of the company which Angelo Neumann took to Russia to present for the first time in that country Wagner's "Nibelungen Ring." It was in Prague that he met his future wife. As a "guest conductor" he made his first Berlin appearance at the Lessing Theatre in 1891, where he made such an impression that he was offered the post of conductor at the Royal Opera.

The following year he accepted the offer and soon became principal conductor at the Royal Opera. During the 14 years which followed his appointment he conducted orchestras in every capital in Europe. He appeared often at Bayreuth and conducted many of the royal operas at Covent Garden. With Felix Motte he conducted the philharmonic concerts in Vienna in 1905. The following year he came to the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

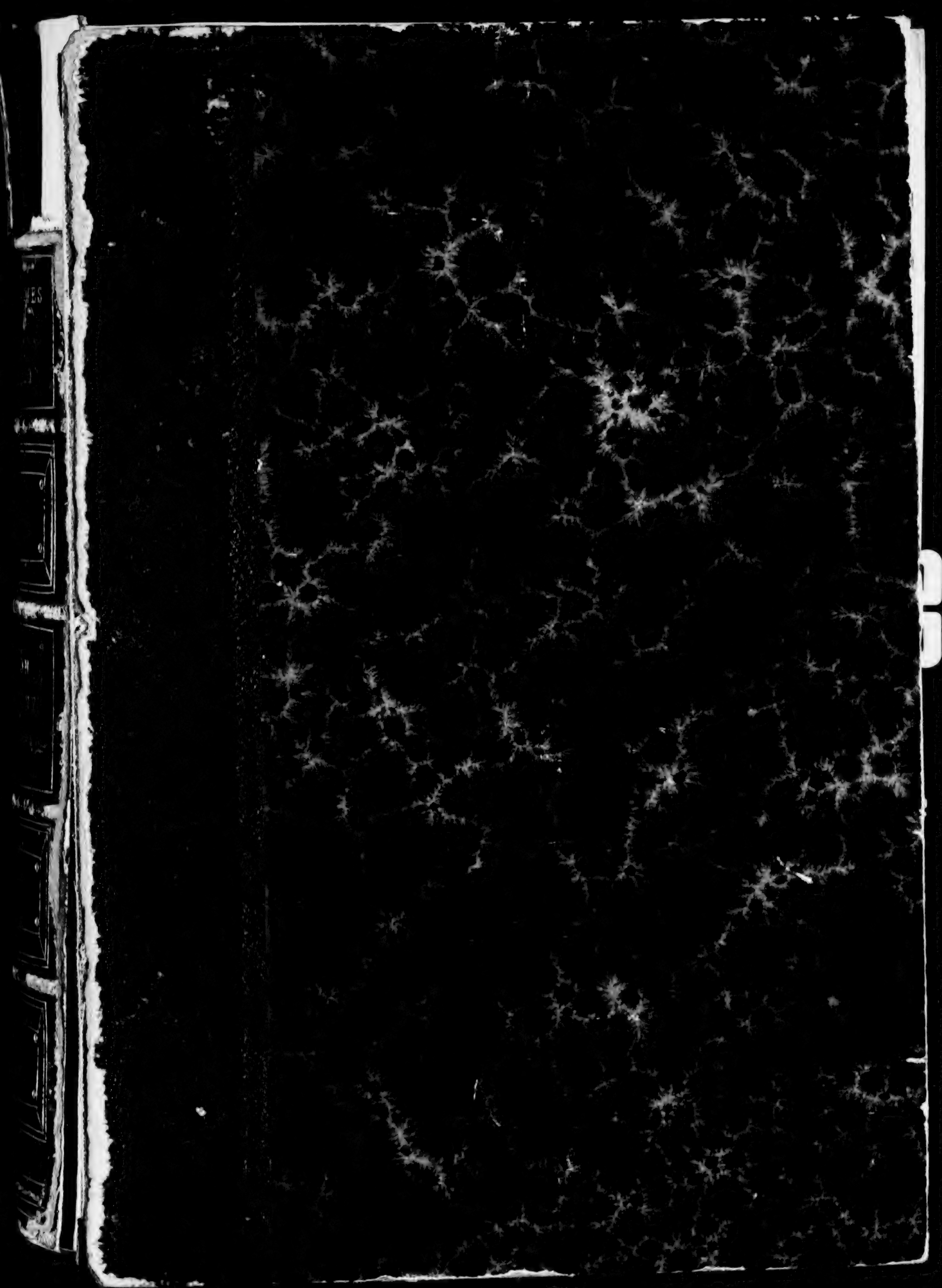


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1919-1920

SYMPHONY HALL

39th Season

24 FRIDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS
AT 2.30

24 SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS
AT 8

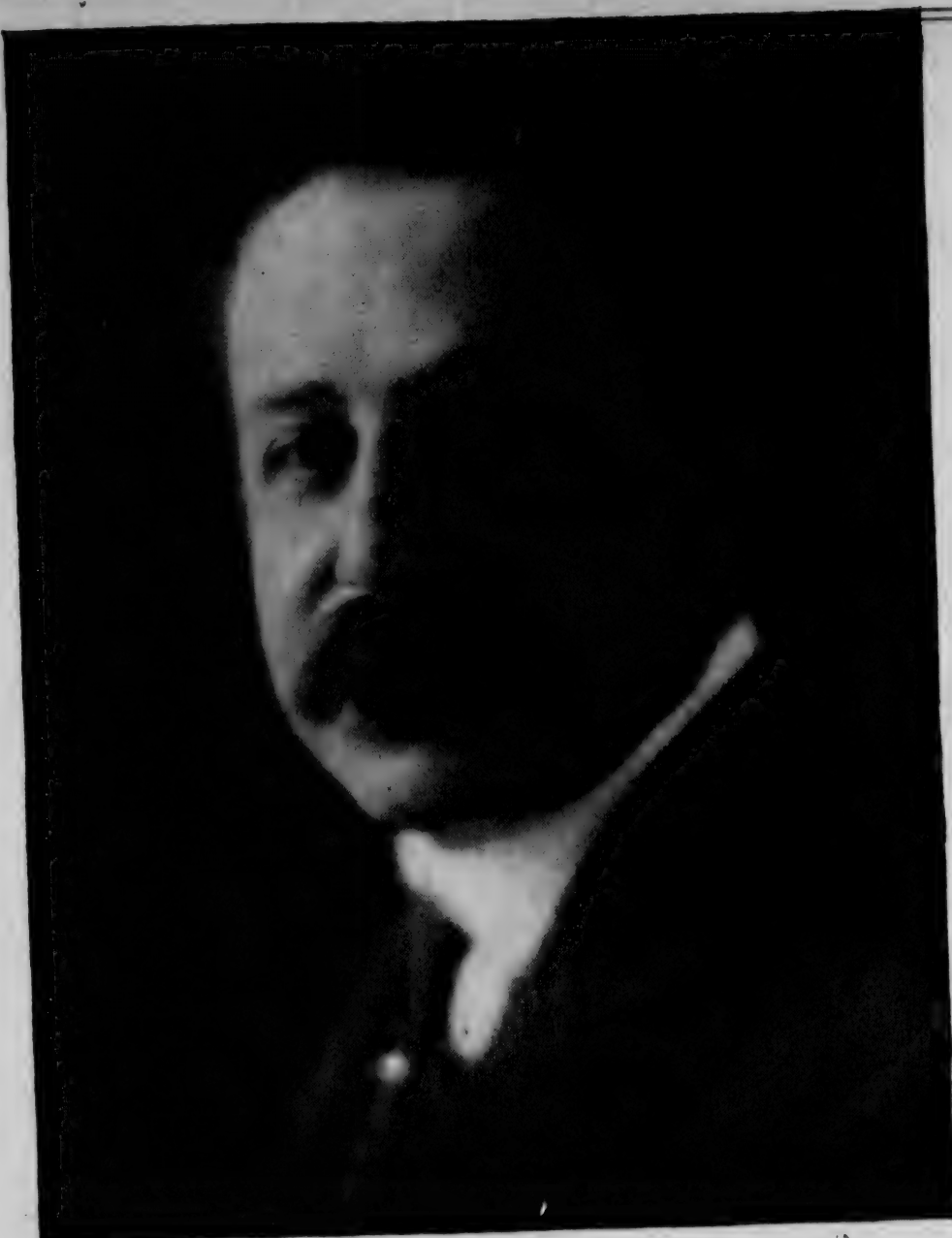
BEGINNING OCTOBER 10, 11, BY

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SOLOISTS

JEAN BEDETTI	LOUISE HOMER
JOSEPH BONNET	FRITZ KREISLER
ALFRED CORTOT	JOHN McCORMACK
EMMY DESTINN	MARGARET MATZENAUER
FREDRIC FRADKIN	LEO ORNSTEIN
POVLA FRIJSH	SERGEI RACHMANINOFF
RUDOLPH GANZ	ALBERT SPALDING

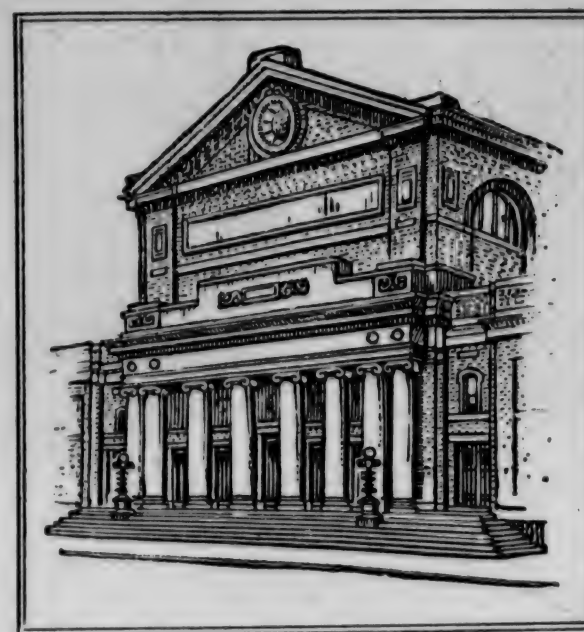


PIERRE MONTEUX

particularly noted for his own *Concerts Monteux* and for his diversified and interesting programmes.

Several times he toured the larger cities of Europe conducting opera and ballet, and at the head of the *Ballet Russe* he came to the United States in 1916, after two years of honorable service in the French army. Boston saw and heard him for the first time as conductor of the Ballet in the same year, and two years later as the regular French conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Last autumn he was offered the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but could not obtain his release except for a brief period when he led the two opening pairs of Symphony Concerts in Boston. Received with unprecedented acclaim, he impressed his hearers in that short time with the rare genius which few living conductors possess.

No conductor has come to the Boston Symphony Orchestra with a more distinguished record than Pierre Monteux. Prominent as a youth in chamber music, he early found his true vocation as conductor, and became a familiar figure in Paris, his native city, presiding over the orchestras at the opera and in the concert halls. He was



A PERMANENT ORCHESTRA ORGANIZED AND MAINTAINED SOLELY FOR CONCERT PURPOSES

Behind the present miraculous eloquence of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which comes

as close to the ideal of perfection as human fallibility can, there lies a long history of the application of musical genius, the constancy of high purpose, and the expenditure of wealth. Only gradually, through tireless years of upbuilding effort by one after another of the greatest conductors of Europe, has the goal been won.

There is another practical and less familiar reason for the sustained quality of the Boston Symphony Concerts: the orchestra has always been maintained "solely for concert purposes." That is to say, its players as a whole, in part, or individually, never "assist" at functions which are not primarily musical. The finest music is therefore the sole pursuit and the sole practice of all the individual musicians. On account of the long winter season and an additional summer season by a number of the players, the musicians' contracts in this orchestra alone extend through the entire year.

Circumstances have thus combined to make the orchestra Boston's single institution of world-wide reputation *par excellence*. Starting with twenty concerts in the first season, it now gives more than five times that number yearly, performing more often in the various cities of New England, the near South and the West than in Boston itself.

TIGHT BINDING



FRITZ KREISLER



MARGARET MATZENAUER,



JOSEPH BONNET



LEO ORNSTEIN



EMMY DESTINN



SERGEI RACHMANINOFF



JOHN MCCORMACK



WITH the passing of the war, the musical life of Boston, of which the Boston Symphony Orchestra the central and main source, promises to assume a new importance. The events of the last few years, awakening our national consciousness and occasioning international comparisons, have brought the discovery that we have been persistently undervaluing the rôle of music. From this circumstance came a tendency to take the Symphony Concerts for granted by the very consciousness of their marvelous perfection and their easy accessibility. The new appreciation of music is reflected in the subscription sales which already indicate an attendance exceeded in no former season.

"The Boston Symphony Orchestra is not merely one that contains accomplished virtuosos," a well-known critic has written, "the orchestra itself is a virtuoso." Its concerts through the length of a season comprise an epitome of the world's best music. Under the inspired guidance of Pierre Monteux the illustrious body may be expected to bring the older masterpieces to fresh and exquisite life; to set forth the modern scores in colorful and emotional magnificence. An additional pleasure is found in the famous singers, pianists and violinists who, as soloists, appear with this orchestra.



ALFRED CORTOT



POVLA FRIISH



FREDRIC FRADKIN



RUDOLPH GANZ



ALBERT SPALDING



JEAN BEDETTI



LOUISE HOMER

TIGHT BINDING



FRITZ KREISLER



MARGARET MATZENAUER



JOSEPH BONNET



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RUDOLPH GANZ



ALBERT SPALDING



JEAN BEDETTI



LOUISE HOMER

FLOOR PLAN OF SYMPHONY HALL
SHOWING THE LOCATION
AND PRICES OF SEATS
FOR THE
24 SATURDAY EVENING
BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERTS

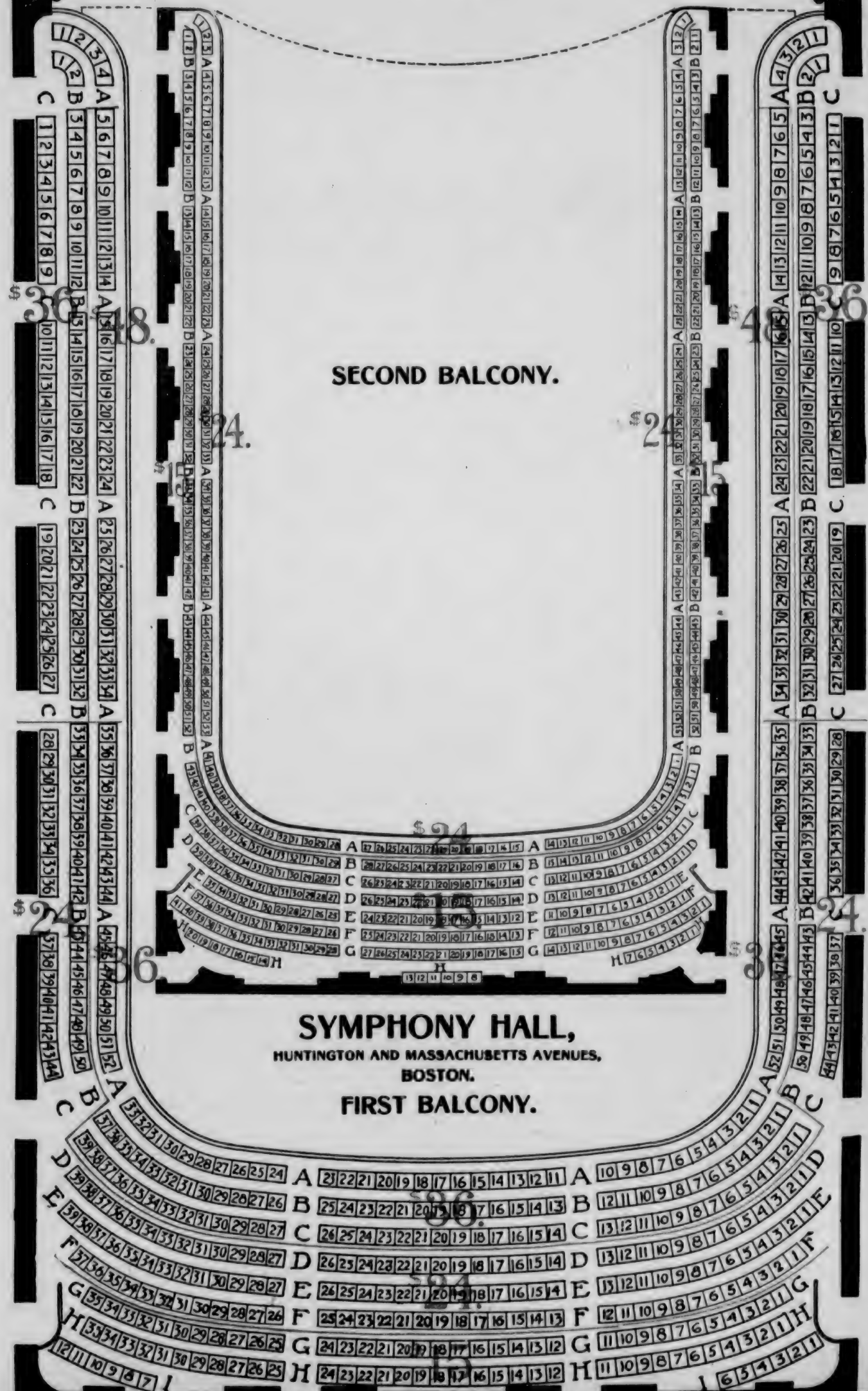
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	SS	6 5 4 3 2 1	SS	6 5 4 3 2 1

MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE CORRIDOR

FIRST AND SECOND BALCONIES
SHOWING THE LOCATION
AND PRICES OF SEATS
FOR THE
24 SATURDAY EVENING
BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERTS

STAGE



SECOND BALCONY.

SYMPHONY HALL,
HUNTINGTON AND MASSACHUSETTS AVENUES,
BOSTON.
FIRST BALCONY.

8

AMERICA'S GREATEST ARTISTIC
POSSESSION

SEASON TICKETS are \$60, \$48, \$36, \$24, \$15 and are free from any Federal Admission Tax

SEASON TICKETS for the Friday Afternoon and the Saturday Evening Symphony concerts are divided as to number and price as follows:

564 seats @ \$60	} for 24 Concerts
1015 seats @ \$48	
1339 seats @ \$36	
1175 seats @ \$24	
*540 seats @ \$15	

(*There are no \$15 seats for the Friday afternoon concerts)

SEASON TICKETS secure for the purchaser the exclusive right to the same location for the entire year, which location may be retained from season to season.

SEASON TICKETS effect a considerable saving compared with the cost of tickets for single concerts

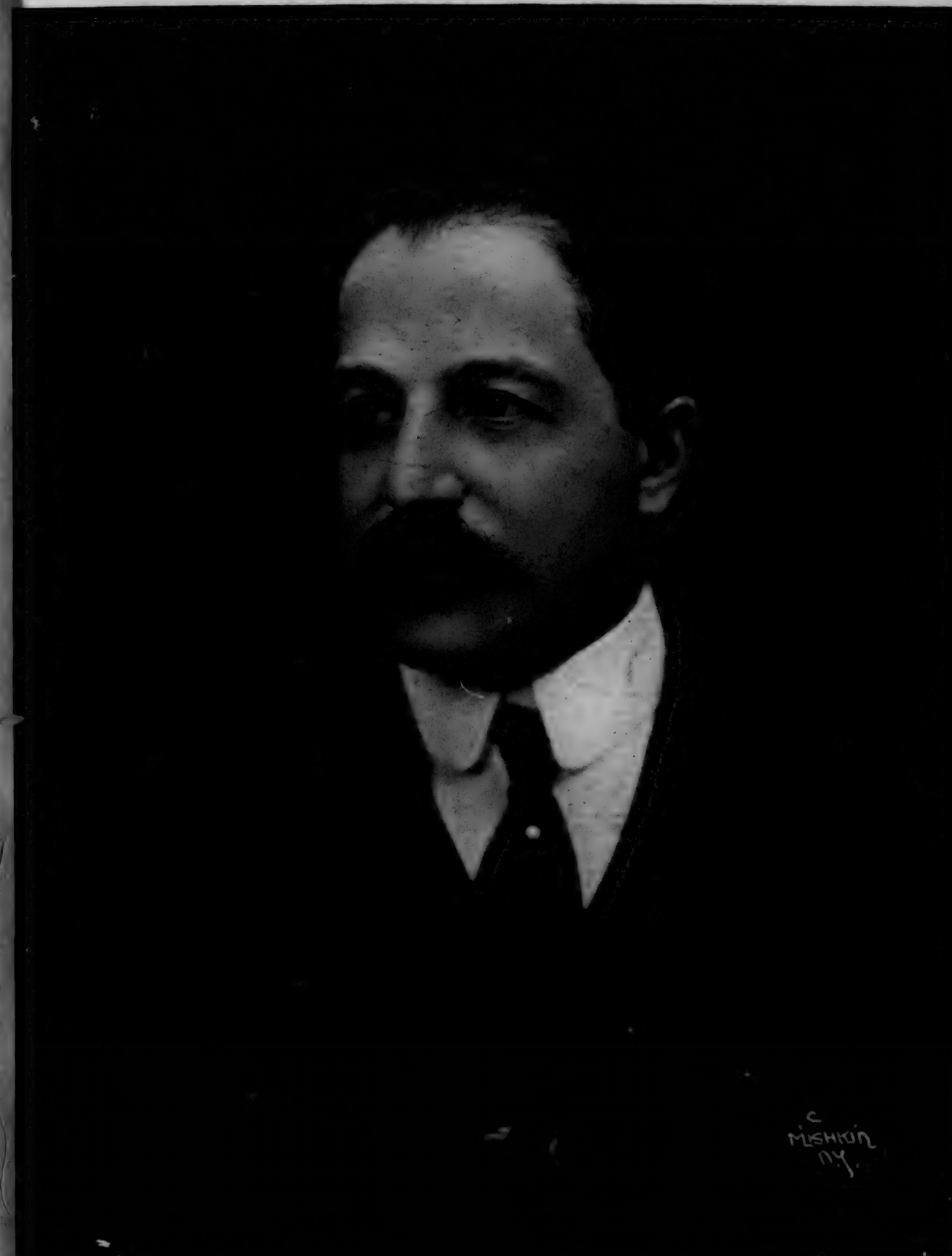
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A few seats for Friday afternoons are still available

Seats for Saturday evenings may be obtained at all prices

Applications should be made at Symphony Hall, Boston

W. H. BRENNAN, Manager G. E. JUDD, Assistant Manager



PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1919-1920

AMONG THE GREATEST ARTISTS

IT MEANS NOW

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PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor
BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
SEASON 1919-1920

1919-1920

SYMPHONY HALL

39th Season

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Boston Symphony Orchestra

100 MUSICIANS

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

24 Friday Afternoons at 2.30, beginning October 10
 24 Saturday Evenings at 8, beginning October 11

DISTINGUISHED SOLOISTS
 TO BE ANNOUNCED

SUBSCRIBE NOW TO SECURE BEST LOCATIONS

Season Prices: \$60, \$48, \$36, \$24, \$15, no war tax. No payment required until September 1st.

Applications for tickets for either series of twenty-four concerts may be made at once (Subscription office will be kept open evenings during the Pop concerts). All inquiries by mail promptly answered.

Ticket holders for the season 1919-1920 will have an option on their same seats for following seasons.

W. H. BRENNAN, Manager

G. E. JUDD, Assistant Manager

SOME FACTS ABOUT MR. MONTEUX

PIERRE BENJAMIN MONTEUX, engaged to conduct the Boston Symphony Concerts for the coming season, has had a varied and interesting career.

He made his first mark in Paris, his native city, where, as a prize pupil of the Conservatory, he became a viola player in the Colonne Orchestra, and the orchestra of the Opéra-Comique.

At this period chamber music particularly absorbed him. He founded the Société de Musique Moderne, and took the viola part in several similar organizations which performed the interesting music of the day and the slighted music of the past.

Mr. Monteux has conducted the Concerts Colonne in Paris, at the Opéra, the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, the Châtelet and the Odéon in Paris; Covent Garden and Drury Lane in London, and in the opera houses of Berlin, Vienna and Budapest.

He instituted the Concerts Monteux at the Casino, Paris, which quickly became famous. He toured Europe four times at the head of the Ballet Russe.

The declaration of war brought new duties. Called out in the first week of French mobilization, he served two years as private in the 35th Territorial Infantry; he fought at Rheims, Verdun, Soissons, and in the Argonne. After devoting two years of his career to continuous, faithful service, he was given his discharge.

Mr. Monteux came to the United States in 1916 as conductor of the Ballet Russe, in which capacity Boston first saw and heard him. As regular French conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, he visited Boston again in the spring of 1918.

Last autumn he was asked to become conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but the Metropolitan Opera Company could not afford to release him except for a brief period, when he conducted the two opening pairs of Boston Symphony concerts in Boston, pending the arrival of M. Henri Rabaud. Those concerts were sufficient to prove him one of the finest orchestral conductors living, as an enthusiastic public and press emphatically attested.

12

Comments on Mr. Monteux's conducting at the opening Boston Symphony Concerts in October, 1918

The Boston Herald:—

"Mr. Monteux has an exquisite sense of tonal values, of tonal balance and proportion. He is an invoker of euphony. He has the respect for clarity and logical development that characterizes his nation in literature and art. Mr. Gericke had these qualities, the exercise of which gave the Boston Symphony Orchestra international reputation; but Mr. Monteux has, in addition, warmth, imagination, emotional expressiveness. As an interpreter, Mr. Monteux has given memorable performances of works known and unfamiliar, performances that have been sane as well as brilliant and imaginative. As a man he has in a short time endeared himself to orchestra and public."—*Philip Hale.*

The Boston Post:—

"Mr. Monteux is a very simple man, rather under medium height, erect, uncommonly clear-eyed, unostentatious, self-possessed in the presence of an audience, and quietly master of his men. He had not conducted two minutes before it was apparent that he had made of the Boston Symphony Orchestra a finer instrument than it has been for many seasons. He is a supremely artistic interpreter, a man profoundly in earnest, and thoroughly equipped for his task."—*Olin Downes.*

The Boston Transcript:—

"Mr. Monteux has the most sensitive ear possessed by any conductor since Gericke—not less keen, and of Gallic clarity, precision, fineness is Mr. Monteux's sense of musical design and of revelation thereof to his hearers. To this insight, Mr. Monteux adds the musical intuition and experience that mould the phrase, shape the period, graduate the climax as with the composer's voice and ear. To all three he lends the imagination that discovers the just accent that distributes and shades colors, that vibrates to the subtle modulations of a Dukas or a Debussy—a manifold ability, intelligence, imagination, devotion dwell in him. He possesses the true artist's mind and—what is equally essential—the true artist's conscience."—*H. T. Parker.*

13

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Thirty-ninth Season, 1919-1920

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

1st Concert 1919

PERSONNEL

VIOLINS.

Fradkin, F. <i>Concert-master.</i> Theodorowicz, J.	Roth, O. Hoffmann, J.	Rissland, K. Bak, A.	Mahn, F. Gerardi, I.	Ribarsch, A. Traupe, W.
	Sauvlet, H. Goldstein, H.		Di Natale, J. Ringwall, R.	
Thillois, F. Fiedler, B.	Goldstein, S. Henkle, R.	Pinfield, C. Kurth, R.	Gunderson, R. Fiedler, A.	Diamond, S. Deane, C.
	Bryant, M. Langley, A.		Kurkdjic, N. Leveen, P.	

VIOLAS.

Denayer, F. Wittmann, F.	Berlin, V. Van Wynbergen, C.	Van Veen, H. Shirley, P.	Kay, W. Blumenau, W.	Grover, H. Salis, J.
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VIOLONCELLOS.

Bedetti, J. Schroeder, A.	Miquelle, G. Keller, J.	Nagel, R. Barth, C.	Belinski, M. Fabrizio, E.	Warnke, J. Stockbridge, C.
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BASSES.

Kunze, M. Gerhardt, G.	Jaeger, A. Seydel, T.	Ludwig, O. Schurig, R.	Agnesy, K. Mattersteig, P.
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FLUTES.

Laurent, G.
Brooke, A.
DeMailly, C.

OBOES.

Longy, G.
Lenom, C.
Stanislaus, H.

CLARINETS.

Sand, A.
Mimart, P.
Forlani, N.

BASSOONS.

Laus, A.
Mueller, E.
Piller, B.

PICCOLO.

Battles, A.

ENGLISH HORNS.

Mueller, F.
Speyer, L.

BASS CLARINET.

Vannini, A.

CONTRA-BASSOON.

Fuhrmann, M.

HORNS.

Wendler, G.
Lorbeer, H.
Hain, F.
Gebhardt, W.

HORNS.

Van Den Berg, C.
Vershey, C.
Hess, M.

TRUMPETS.

Heim, G.
Mann, J.
Mager, G.
Kloepfel, L.

TROMBONES.

Adam, E.
Sordillo, F.
Mausebach, A.
Kenfield, L.

TUBA.

Mattersteig, P.

HARPS.

Holy, A.
Cella, T.

TYMPANI.

Neumann, S.
Gardner, C.

PERCUSSION.

Ludwig, C.
Zahn, F.

Burkhardt, H.

ORGAN.

Snow, A.

LIBRARIAN.

Rogers, L. J.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Thirty-ninth Season, 1919-1920

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

24th Concert 1920

PERSONNEL

VIOLINS.

Theodorowicz, J. Concert-master. Hoffmann, J.	Rissland, K. Mahn, F.	Gerardi, A. Barleben, K.	Sauvlet, H. Hamilton, V.
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Berger, H. Pinfield, C.	Gundersen, R. Fiedler, B.	Leveen, P. Gorodetzky, L.	
Thillois, F. Goldstein S.	Kurth, R. Fiedler, A.	Bryant, M. Murray, J.	Knudson, C. Messina S.
	Schoewe, R. Tapley, T.	Stonestreet, L. Reed, L.	

VIOLAS.

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TYMPANI.

Neumann, S.
Rettberg, A.

PERCUSSION.

Ludwig, C.
Zahn, F.

Burkhardt, H.
Kandler, F.

ORGAN.

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Boston Symphony Orchestra

Thirty-ninth Season, 1919-1920

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

24th Concert 1920

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VIOLINS.

Theodorowicz, J. Concert-master.	Rissland, K. Mahn, F.	Gerardi, A. Barleben, K.	Sauvlet, H. Hamilton, V.
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Hoffmann, J.	Berger, H. Pinfield, C.	Gundersen, R. Fiedler, B.	Leveen, P. Gorodetzky, L.
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Goldstein S.	Fiedler, A.	Murray, J.	Messina S.

Schoewe, R.	Stonestreet, L.
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WORKS PERFORMED AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS DURING THE SEASON OF 1919-1920.

Works marked with a double asterisk were performed for the first time in Boston.
Works marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time at these concerts.
Works marked with a dagger were performed for the first time anywhere.
Artists marked with an asterisk appeared at these concerts for the first time.
Artists marked with a double asterisk appeared for the first time in Boston.
Artists marked with a dagger are members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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GLUCK	1	VERDI	1
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GRIFFES	1		
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Haydn's symphony "The Queen of France" was played twice, as was
Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after Wagner's Prelude

ORCHESTRAL COMPOSITIONS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

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DEBUSSY: Fantasy for pianoforte and orchestra (ALFRED CORTOT, pianist), April 16, 1920.
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WORKS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THESE CONCERTS.

SYMPHONIES, SYMPHONIC POEMS, ETC.

BORODIN: Polovtskian Dances, from "Prince Igor," April 9, 1920.
DUKAS: Overture to "Polyeucte," April 9, 1920.
GILBERT: "The Dance in Place Congo," Symphonic Poem, February 20, 1920.

GLAZOUNOFF: "Stenka Razine," January 2, 1920.

HAYDN: Symphony, "La Reine de France," B-flat major (B. & H. No. 85), October 31, 1919.

MOUSSORGSKY: "A Night on Bald Mountain," Fantaisie for orchestra, April 23, 1920.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: "Le Coq d'Or"; Introduction and March, April 16, 1920.

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DUPARC: "Invitation à Voyage," with orchestra (* POVLA FRIJSH), November 14, 1919.

MOUSSORGSKY: "Hopak," with orchestra (* POVLA FRIJSH), November 14, 1919.

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MANY NEW WORKS FOR SYMPHONY

Monteux Brings Compositions New to Musical World for First Per- formance—Will Play Wagner

BY OLIN DOWNES

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—The uncommonly frank and direct regard of Pierre Monteux, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for at least two seasons to come, was tinged with a fine Gallic irony when the writer told him of the departing pronouncement of Dr. Karl Muck, who left America a few days ago, to the effect that the Boston Symphony Orchestra could never again be the band that Muck had conducted, since the discharge of 29 German players.

NOT THE SAME, BUT BETTER

Mr. Monteux, who is a trifle fleshier than when last seen in Boston and looking very fit indeed after his summer vacation, raised his eyebrows a little and said in a thoughtful manner: "No! no! I don't suppose it can be the same. But"—as though pondering over some Euclidean mystery—"I don't speak of the conductor, but of the orchestra itself—may it not be, this band, even—a little better?"

Mr. Monteux debarked in the morning from an incoming steamer and stood smiling happily back of a fence which separated him from William H. Brennan, manager of the Boston orchestra.

The two men did not kiss, in the proverbial French style, when they met, but the cordiality of the meeting was unmistakable. Mr. Monteux was accompanied by Mrs. Monteux and his six-year-old daughter, who has already commenced to study music.

Mr. Monteux will come to Boston Wednesday and will set immediately to work arranging his programmes for the winter and studying in detail an extremely interesting assortment of new scores which he has brought with him from Paris.

He spent six weeks in Paris and six more weeks at the seashore with his family. He gradually collected scores and in a number of instances had friendly conferences with their composers, some of them old friends of the conductor. Mr. Monteux's talk about these men was a word picture of a number of composers of today who may be encountered in the course of a visit to Paris, France.

Saint-Saëns a Wagner Hater

Camille Saint-Saëns, that amazing compound of composer, essayist, scientist, globe-trotter, metaphysician and cordial hater of Germany, in his youth a Wagnerite and now a passionate declaimer—you might think Saint-Saëns in his twenties to hear the vigor of his arraignment—confronted Mr. Monteux with eagle nose and flashing eyes, and inveighed against coming productions of Wagner at the Paris Opera.

"They need new scenery there," shouted Saint-Saëns, "but they won't

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MANY NEW WORKS FOR SYMPHONY

Monteux Brings Compositions New to Musical World for First Performance—Will Play Wagner

BY OLIN DOWNES

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—The uncommonly frank and direct regard of Pierre Monteux, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for at least two seasons to come, was tinged with a fine Gallic irony when the writer told him of the departing pronouncement of Dr. Karl Muck, who left America a few days ago, to the effect that the Boston Symphony Orchestra could never again be the band that Muck had conducted, since the discharge of 29 German players.

NOT THE SAME, BUT BETTER

Mr. Monteux, who is a trifle fleshier than when last seen in Boston and looking very fit indeed after his summer vacation, raised his eyebrows a little and said in a thoughtful manner; "No! no! I don't suppose it can be the same. But"—as though pondering over some Euclidean mystery—"I don't speak of the conductor, but of the orchestra itself—may it not be, this band, even—a little better?"

Mr. Monteux debarked in the morning from an incoming steamer and stood smiling happily back of a fence which separated him from William H. Brennan, manager of the Boston orchestra.

The two men did not kiss, in the proverbial French style, when they met, but the cordiality of the meeting was unmistakable. Mr. Monteux was accompanied by Mrs. Monteux and his six-year-old daughter, who has already commenced to study music.

Mr. Monteux will come to Boston Wednesday and will set immediately to work arranging his programmes for the winter and studying in detail an extremely interesting assortment of new scores which he has brought with him from Paris.

He spent six weeks in Paris and six more weeks at the seashore with his family. He gradually collected scores and in a number of instances had friendly conferences with their composers, some of them old friends of the conductor. Mr. Monteux's talk about these men was a word picture of a number of composers of today who may be encountered in the course of a visit to Paris, France.

Saint-Saëns a Wagner Hater

Camille Saint-Saëns, that amazing compound of composer, essayist, scientist, globe-trotter, metaphysician and cordial hater of Germany, in his youth a Wagnerite and now a passionate declaimer—you might think Saint-Saëns in his twenties to hear the vigor of his arraignment—confronted Mr. Monteux with eagle nose and flashing eyes, and inveighed against coming productions of Wagner at the Paris Opera.

"They need new scenery there," shouted Saint-Saëns, "but they won't

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get it when they produce Wagner."

Will Open With Wagner

"But I do not agree with that," said Mr. Monteux. "I plan to have Wagner on my first programme. And at Paris they will like it, too. There will be some trouble in the streets, probably, when they give Wagner, but"—he laughed—"I have known of trouble in the streets of Paris over smaller things than that. It will do the Opera no harm, and they will make money giving Wagner."

Mr. Monteux said to Saint-Saens, who, since he toured as pianist-composer with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the season of 1906-07, has particularly vivid recollections of this organization:

Suggests Own Works

"I want to play some of your music in Boston, but they are very familiar with your scores, of which my friend and colleague, M. Ravaud, has just given many brilliant performances."

Saint-Saens has not the reputation of a wit for nothing. His eye twinkled as he said—this composer of infinite productiveness and facility—"O, but they can't have heard all of them!" And that week Monteux received from Saint-Saens three letters, closely written, in a fine hand, of four pages each, of compositions which Saint-Saens mentioned as available for performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra!

D'Indy's Third Symphony

Mr. Monteux talked with D'Indy and will give in Boston the first performance in America of that distinguished composer's third symphony, a long work, with a furiously triumphant finale, inspired by the war. In this there will be poetic justice. In his last season in Boston Dr. Muck refused to perform any work by the Frenchman, D'Indy, because of the very frank utterances that D'Indy was making at the time, in Paris, regarding Germany's part in the war. The genius of D'Indy is perhaps more profoundly spiritual than the finished and cosmopolitan art of Saint-Saens, a great artist, but also a man of the world. And as with the music of D'Indy, the composer, who, though younger than Saint-Saens, is no longer young, so with the bearing of D'Indy, the man: He lives today more an inner than an outer life. He seems to be meditating profoundly on things not of this world.

First Hearing of Hure Symphony

A first production in the world of a symphonic importance will be the premiere, at a Boston Symphony concert, of a symphony with organ by Jean Hure, who alas, with this vast work completed, is succumbing gradually to a lung disease.

Two other first productions of great interest will be the first performances in America of an early and until now practically unknown "Fantasie for piano and orchestra" by Debussy, which will be played with the assistance of the pianist, Alfred Cortot, and per contra, one of Debussy's last important compositions. This will be the score of "Jeux" ("Play") which Debussy wrote for performance as a ballet, for the Russian dancer, Nijinsky.

Played It in 1913

"I particularly want to do this," said Mr. Monteux. "because I felt when I conducted the first performances of 'Jeux' in Paris and in London in 1913, that Nijinsky" (who appeared as a tennis player, with his racket on the stage) "adopted rather silly and unrelated action to some really charming music. Nijinsky is the great male dancer of the world. But the stage genius of the Russian ballet was not Nijinsky, but Fokine, who never came to America, and of whom Nijinsky was jealous."

Other modern works to be produced will be compositions by Florent Schmidt, Ravel, Ducasse, Albert Roussel. But Mr. Monteux is also a worshipper of the classics.

Give Ninth With Chorus

There will be played at least two symphonies of Beethoven—the fourth, and the ninth, with chorus—symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms Mendelssohn, whom Mr. Monteux thinks it is the custom today to a little underrate, and, as Mr. Monteux hopes, for the last concert of the season, a production of Cesar Franck's "Beatitudes" with chorus.

Mr. Monteux will also give attention to music by Slavic composers, among them Dvorak, Tschalkowsky, Stravinsky, the latter to be represented, probably, by a suite from the exquisite music for the ballet, "The Bird of Fire."

It will be observed that the foregoing list of composers has practically a pre-war percentage of German names, with the exception of one or two modern German composers, such as Richard Strauss. When I asked Mr. Monteux if he would play Strauss, his answer was particularly interesting, in view of his refusal, during war time, to conduct a performance of Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel" for the Russian ballet. "I would like to play him very much," he said. "I think that it is time to think of music and war as two different things. During the conflict it seemed to me wrong to conduct a performance of a work which would send a substantial royalty to a composer whose nation had outraged justice, while my own countrymen and comrades were dying in the trenches. But Strauss' music

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was not composed by the war, and the war is over. On the other hand, it would be as inhuman as it would be academic to expect the nations of the earth to forget in a day the frightful orgy of injury and suffering through which they have passed.

"Therefore, I think it not only sensible, but also only fair, to find out how my audiences feel about Strauss before I decide how soon I shall put his name on my programmes. Not to have him on one's programme is a loss to a conductor, because even Strauss' poorer music is so brilliantly orchestrated that it is certain to make a big effect. But one must have consideration for that which is a fact and not a theory: The state, following the cataclysm, of the nerves of the world."

NEW SYMPHONY HEAD DUE TODAY

Pierre Monteux Lands in
New York and Takes
Train for Boston

WILL GIVE SEVERAL NEW WORKS HERE

[Special Dispatch to the Herald]

NEW YORK, Aug. 25—Pierre Monteux, the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, arrived from Havre, France, this morning on the Lorraine, and was met at the dock by W. H. Brennan, business manager of the orchestra. They left New York tonight on the mid-night train.

Mr. Monteux was director of the French operas at the Metropolitan last year. At that time he received an offer from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but was unable to take it, as he was under contract with the Metropolitan Opera House, but conducted the orchestra until the arrival of Henri Rabaud.

He takes charge of the Boston Symphony Orchestra following the vicissitudes of its former conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, who was interned because of his alleged sympathies for Germany and her allies, and who left last week for Europe.

Will Have Its Place

When asked if he intended to play German compositions, he said German music will have its place on the programs of the orchestra. "French music has never been properly interpreted in America," he said.

"My aim will be to give the American people the kind of music their tastes call for. I do not think there has been any change in people's tastes regarding music due to the war. For the last two years there has been a lack of music, and right now the general public is eager for music."

With Mr. Monteux were his wife and two children.

Mr. Monteux, on arrival in Boston will immediately begin to arrange his programs for the winter concerts. He has with him an assortment of new scores that he has brought from Paris.

He purposes to have Wagner on his first program. He has three letters from Camille Saint-Saens, containing scores which the French composer has mentioned as among his works available for giving before Boston audiences. Mr. Monteux will also give in Boston the first performance in America of D'Indy's third symphony, a work inspired by the war.

Another feature of the season will be the first performance at a Boston Symphony concert of a symphony with organ by Jean Hure. Two other first productions in America will be of the early "Fantasie for Piano and Orchestra" by Debussy, which will be played with the assistance of the pianist, Alfred Cortot, and one of the same composer's latest important compositions, the score of "Jeux" (plays) which he wrote for a ballet for Nijinsky, the Russian dancer. Other modern works produced will be by Florent Schmidt, Ravel, Ducasse and Albert Roussel.

Two symphonies—at least—of Beethoven, the fourth and the ninth, with chorus; symphonies by Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Mendelssohn and Cesar Franck's "Beatitudes" with chorus, will be given.

Among the Slavic composers represented will be Dvorak, Tschalkowsky and Stravinsky, the latter probably by a suite from "The Bird of Fire."

Preparing for Symphony Season

Mr. Monteux Already at Work in Boston—Worcester Music Festival, Caruso's Return and Other Promises to Gladden Music Lovers' Hearts.

Post Sept. 7/19

Mr. Monteux is arrived in Boston and hard at work in the musical library of Symphony Hall. The Worcester music festival draws near. Mr. Caruso comes back to New York, and even the certainty of 12 concerts in Mexico at \$7000 a concert fails to lighten his sorrow over the conscription by Italian socialists of his choice wines and viands on his estate in Italy. Arturo Bodansky, who will conduct a series of important orchestral concerts, in addition to his activities at the Metropolitan Opera House, has also returned. The lists of a number of new singers, five of them American girls, have been added to the Metropolitan personnel. Which means that the music critics, also, have to come back to town and sharpen their pencils.

Mr. Caruso, who came back with Mrs. Caruso and Caruso's 12-year-old son, Enrico, by another union, was expatriated in his statements against Soviet rule: "I consider that I was treated shabbily. They invaded my home in the name of the Soviet. Soviet! Bah! What do I care for the Soviet! They were well treated. They enjoyed my hospitality, which I freely gave to my starving countrymen, and then—they steal my Virginia hams! I do not drink the wine myself, but that which was contained in the demi-johns was sold—had been paid for, in fact—and I? I am unable to deliver it to the buyers! For that I came away earlier than I expected. I am anxious to come here, where I am not robbed. What they take from you here they take gently and with respect. Ask 'Big Bill' Edwards. See how genteel he is in taking it from you!"

At the Worcester Festival, given in Mechanics Hall, Worcester, October 6-10, there will be five concert programmes consisting entirely of works by American composers. This all-American programme was omitted last year because of the influenza epidemic. The programmes then proposed will be given with a very few alterations and additions next month. One of the important additions will be John Powell's "Rhapsodie Negre," a work which made a deep impression on discerning listeners when it was given for the first time at a recent Norfolk (Connecticut) music festival. The "Rhapsodie Negre" will be heard for the first time hereabouts. It was added to the festival programme at

the suggestion of another American composer, himself a keen student of Negro folk-song, who earnestly recommended Mr. Powell's work for performance.

At this festival 19 American composers will be given a hearing. The big choral works will be George W. Chadwick's "Judith," Henry Hadley's "Ode to Music," and Mabel Daniels "Peace with a Sword." The soloists will be Mabel Garrison, soprano; Louise Homer, contralto; Emma Roberts, contralto; George Hamlin, tenor; Lambert Murphy, tenor; Reinold Werrenrath, baritone; Edgar Schofield, bass; Milton C. Snyder, bass; Frances Nash, pianist; and Mr. Powell as pianist as well as composer. As usual, the Worcester Festival chorus will consist of about 400 voices and there will be a large chorus of children's voices. Dr. Arthur Mees will conduct and the orchestra will be the orchestra of Philadelphia, led by its concertmaster, Thaddeus Rich.

Talking of American composers, there was interesting comment on the part of Dutch newspapers when Henry F. Gilbert's "Comedy Overture on Negro Themes" was recently played by an orchestra under Schaevoigt at the Kursaal at Scheveningen on Aug. 6. The programme opened with this composition, and there followed songs of Liszt and Mahlen, Strauss' "Don Juan," the "Tristan" prelude and Liszt's "Tasso." The critical commentary on Gilbert's work follows:

De Avondpost: "Schneevogt brought out as a novelty a comedy overture on Negro themes by Gilbert. For Negroes and for modern dancing girls this music is just suited. The true cake-walk rhythm was brought sharply to the fore by the orchestra, and even in the somewhat serious fugato treatment of the theme one fancies that he is in a modern dance hall. Naturally, great success."

Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant: "This piece is described by its title. It is both lively and clever and gives one the impression of a composer who knows well how to handle these fugitive themes. It is effectively orchestrated."

The "Het Vaderland":

"The 'Comedy Overture on Negro Themes,' by Henry Gilbert is a free, superficial rhythmic and melodic (frequently dreadfully banal) work. Even

the quas-serious aspect of the fugue does not alter our general impression that it is an empty work; a husk without a kernel, having no reasonable justification for its existence."

Haagsche Courant:

"The concert opened with a piece new to us; a 'Comedy Overture on Negro Themes,' by Henry F. Gilbert, a composer of whom we know nothing but that he exists. It is full of life, well made, agreeable to listen to and easy to follow. It reflects the happy nature of the Negro themes upon which it is based and must be welcomed without protest. It received much applause."

Nieuwe Courant:

"Schneevogt began with an American novelty, 'Comedy Overture on Negro Themes,' by Henry F. Gilbert, a work whereof we know only the name. The first impression which we received was that of a Sousa march and a strong cake-walk rhythm, but later this music gives place to music of greater musical worth. Gilbert's overture sounds fresh in spite of its 20 years of age (we are so much influenced by the rapid changes in the art of music that the work of a composer of 20 years ago already sounds old-fashioned to us). Gilbert's aim in his music is to be characteristically American. Does Gilbert alone reflect the spirit of America in his happy overture or shall we rather trust to those who know the country through and through. The writer is not so fortunate and must, therefore, suspend judgment on this point."

Mr. Gilbert once said to us that humor was one of the most national things in the world. He thought that the humor of one race was likely to be a characteristic most easily misunderstood by another. That which is amusing in one's country may elsewhere be matter for insult.

The mission of an artist is to remove this provincialism, and to show all people how fundamentally and spiritually they are related to each other. In order to do this an artist must have within him, in equilibrium two things. The first, his profound consciousness of the spirit of his people, and his passionate union with that consciousness. The second, that quality of objectivity which enables him to see himself and his expression from a distant and impersonal viewpoint, where his critical feeling for form may guide his hand and his vision make clear the co-relations of himself, his art and the life of the world. It is this union of the creative urge and the inalienable critical intuition that makes the great artist the poet and prophet of his age. If one or the other element in his makeup is absent, his expression

will be, in exact proportion, defective, narrow in its scope, temporary in its appeal and therefore incapable of enduring through successive periods when everything but the most fundamental emotions which make all humanity akin undergoes change. We think Mr. Gilbert has shown in his music a broader vision and a deeper racial consciousness than any of his contemporaries. The success of the "Comedy Overture" both in Russia and in different places of Europe, and its constantly growing acceptance in these states, seem to support this belief. The performance of the "Comedy Overture" was the sixth given within the last five months on this side of the water.

Mr. Sylvi Noack has resigned the position of second concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to become concert master for the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Walter Henry Rothwell, conductor.

We found Pierre Monteux, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, browsing about in the library of that esteemed institution and asked him about his work and some other questions. Was the American public, musically speaking, as serious as the Parisian musical public? "The public," said Mr. Monteux, philosophically, "is the public. There is also the musically 'elite'—you understand me? Well, there is an 'elite' in Paris, as everywhere else, which is in the minority. There is an 'elite' in American cities, and there are so many people in American cities, that it is a big 'elite'."

"But almost always," he went on, with a twinkle in his eye, "the applause is for the loud ending. For the soft ending there is little applause—everywhere—every time. At the Metropolitan last winter I said to Mme. Barrientos and Monsieur Carlo Hackett, the new young tenor, when they had sung at rehearsal the great duet from Gounod's 'Mireille': 'That is very fine. That is a very beautiful melody. You sing it charmingly. You will get much applause. You will sing this melody for the records and you will make much money.' But Mme. Barrientos disagreed. 'No!' she said, 'it has not a loud ending. You will see. We will get no applause.' She was right."

"Well," he shrugged his shoulders, "audiences are audiences, the world over. I have never had more courteous, interested and inspiring audiences than in America."

Mr. Monteux was fishing in a pile of letters. He pulled out one with a smile. "Do you know this hand-writing? It is Saint-Saens'. It is his fourth letter. It, too, is full of compositions, which he

says I may perform if I choose at the Symphony concerts."

We asked him if he remembered anything of his experiences in the war. "Oh, that is far off now, and very unhappy. Who wants to remember the war? Did I kill a German? I think not one, though Hasselmans and I, fellow-musicians from Paris, met when both of us were in the trenches very near the Boche. I fired. Oh, yes! There were rifles on supports, stuck through the loopholes in the trenches. One stepped up quickly behind this rifle and pulled the trigger. But I am quite sure I hit no one during my service in the trenches and for that I am not unhappy."

We asked him how Romain Rolland, the famous author and musical critic, whose temperate expressions about the war in his book, "Above the Battle," had angered Frenchmen, during the conflict, was considered now in Paris. Mr. Monteux replied, "he is still unpopular. And I think in this the French people are right. Art, I agree, is greater than nations. It is above humanity. But artists are not. They are men. When the nation is in danger, art is to be put aside. One must fight."

"Was it hard to discipline an orchestra?" "Not if you have played in an orchestra, as I did, for many years before I conducted," replied Mr. Monteux. Then they cannot fool you. Otherwise they may play some joke. The same joke I played on some conductors 25 years ago, the same joke that orchestral players 65 years from now will be playing on conductors who do not thoroughly know the orchestra. For the rest, the men are there to be musicians and make their living, and a man who has been in the orchestra understands that joke!"

Traveler - Aug. 28/19
BY CHARLES A. PARKER
Traveler Staff Reporter

Pierre Monteux, Boston's new Symphony Orchestra conductor, today opened his new home at Brandon Hall, Brookline, where with Mrs. Monteux and little Denise Monteux, the six-year old daughter, he will live for the present.

Mr. Monteux succeeds Henri Rabaud and the latter's predecessor, Dr. Karl Muck, who was interned during the war and who recently left New York for Germany.

He was in Boston eight days in November, 1916, at the time of the presentation of the Russian Ballet here at the Boston Opera House and again last year for six weeks as leader of the Symphony Orchestra previous to the arrival of Rabaud.

He has appointments to meet a large group of New York composers and a group of the leading Boston composers.

Tomorrow he will begin the arrangement of the program for this winter.

Perhaps no conductor is better qualified to arrange a musical program for the edification and delectation of music-lovers in America than is Mr. Monteux.

Already it has been announced he will inculcate German symphonies into the winter's program.

Mr. Monteux comes to Boston with a wholly open-minded and refreshing viewpoint regarding the musical desires of Boston and of America.

"Now that the war is over, let us forget the war. It has no part in the selection of our musical programs." That is his attitude as regards musical standards from the point of view of what happened during the war.

It must be borne in mind that for 25 months Mr. Monteux lived with the soldiers of France—as one of them in the trenches.

"I had my violin with me," he related. "When it was possible I played. I played in the French churches on Sundays with an organist and a solo singer accompanying. Sometimes when there was no singer and no organ I played by my lonesome."

"I watched the shells flying overhead in Rheims, Verdun, Soissons, and later in Argonne."

In 1916 Mr. Monteux was released from military duties and came to this country.

Monsieur is of the dark type—with black hair, just as are the long, wavy curls of his little daughter; his own hair is inclined to be wavy—and deep brown eyes.

Music to Live

He is rather the subdued than the volatile style of Frenchman.

"Neither America nor any of the rest of the world has lost its love for music as a result of the war," he said today.

"In fact, the same old love exists and will always exist in the hearts of those with a true love of music. We shall have symphonies and music of a new character perhaps here and there. Of course, that is inevitable. But the time will not come when the world of music lovers will tire of classical music. That will remain and endure—just as some of our best in literature and in poetry remains and always will be dear to us."

"You ask whether we are to develop a true American type of music. Yes, perhaps so, but the time has not arrived for that. At present American music is not at its best. It is so much impregnated with the influence of old-world music—of the Italian and the Russian and the German composer."

"Today if we hear German music we recognize it at once from its typical characteristic; it is the same with Italian, with French, with Russian music."

"But American music is not so. Something as yet is lacking. The time may be near when all this will be changed. When the true American music comes—when we are able to present it in the

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heir little daughter, Denise.

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Monteux, New Boston Symphony Conductor, Opens Brookline Home



Pierre Monteux, Boston's new Symphony orchestra conductor, Mrs. Monteux and their little daughter, Denise.

scores of the symphony as such, it will be recognized. And it will possess the "dance spirit" which characterizes Russian music—not of the same style as that of Russia but with a style characteristically American.

Will Be Original

"I think it will come. It will be very original; very American."

Mr. Monteaux referred to the Boston composer Gilbert as one who has written themes having the originality and the true "color" of American music.

He is to confer with Loeffler, Chadwick, Converse, Foote and others here with a view to learning what the American music-lovers desire as American compositions.

Mr. Monteaux indeed is ready to present fully and generously all American scores that can be best presented by orchestration and which seems likely to find favor with Americans.

"Americans want the classics in music," he said. "That means German compositions."

"Hitherto Italian music has failed for the concert. There have been no symphonies. Today, Casella and four or five other young Italians have written musical poems and ballads which seem worthy of production."

"Some of these will be given by the Symphony Orchestra this winter. I cannot say how these will be received. Personally I like them. It is another question as to what audiences will say."

D'Indy Symphony

"A new symphony written by D'Indy will perhaps prove of interest here. He is an old man—a spectator to the things that have been transpiring in France for the past four terrible years, but he seems to have translated the spirit of the war into his scores."

"Boston has a different spirit of musical appreciation from New York. Here we are, to a very praiseworthy degree, looking for the good, the appreciable in our music. The New Yorker, it seems to me, is always trying to compare what he hears with something that he has heard before."

"He is what you might call a pessimist, while we here are optimists. He finds out the bad. We find out the good in our music."

"It must be remembered that none of us are perfect."

SYMPHONY NOT TO BAR GERMAN MUSIC

Traveler—Aug. 27/19

Word comes from New York that Pierre Monteux, who has just returned from Paris on his way to take charge of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will not exclude German music from the repertoire of his organization.

The decision seems to us entirely wise. Nothing but prejudice could cause a continuance of the ban on all things German that naturally was maintained during the war. Products of German factories will, perhaps, be readmitted but slowly to our markets, because the articles can in most instances be duplicated in our own workrooms or in those of some friendly nation. But with works of art, the condition is different. A painting, a piece of sculpture, or a musical composition, is the product of individual genius. It cannot be duplicated. It is created wherever the producer chances, or chooses, to do his work. The works of artists everywhere are the heritage of all mankind. Permanently to deprive ourselves of the enjoyment of whatever is best in German music, would be to spite ourselves without even the pitiful satisfaction of spiting the Germans.

To discard the contributions of German genius, merely because of a dislike for Germany, would be a good deal like the deliberate efforts of German military leaders to destroy Rheims Cathedral and other monuments of French art.

At the same time, it will be well to re-examine every specimen of German brain-work before accepting it. Much of German art and German philosophy has false ideals woven into its fabric. Now that the results of such ideals have been so graphically and so tragically exhibited in the Teuton assault upon civilization, we should be extremely vigilant against every form of German doctrine, however carefully disguised.

Symphony Hall.

SYMPHONY MEN READY FOR WORK

Will Begin Rehearsals for
the Coming Season
Wednesday

NEW 'CELLO AND VIOLA LEADERS

Herald—Sept. 29/19

One of the finest collections of artists ever brought together for the Symphony Orchestra will begin rehearsals Wednesday in preparation for the opening of the season a week from Friday. The musicians have already returned to Boston from their summer homes in response to the call of Pierre Monteux, the new conductor of the orchestra.

The appointment of Julius Theodorowicz, a member of the orchestra for 21 years, to the position of second concert master is the only radical change in the personnel of the body. New leaders have been chosen for the viola and 'cello sections, which have been partially reconstituted since the last appearance of the orchestra.

New Leading 'Cellist

The virtuosi, who have just arrived from France to lead these two string sections, have been well known to musical Paris for many years. Jean Bedetti, the violoncellist, took 2nd prize at the Paris Conservatory in 1902, and in 1908 played in the Colonne Orchestra under the leadership of Colonne, Plerne and Monteux. He has also given many recitals in France, Spain, Belgium,



FREDERIC DENAYER

One of the Four Best Viola Players of France

Switzerland and England. His musical career was interrupted by the war, in which he served at the front for 18 months.

Frederic Denayer, who has also been appointed to the orchestra, is considered one of the four best viola players ever produced by France. He has been active in the chief orchestras and ensembles of that country for the last 20 years, and has played in several orchestras under Monteux. He also played in the initial performance of Debussy's quartet, and played opposite Ysaye in Chausson's quartet.

There will be no Rehearsal and Concert next week



JEAN BEDETTI
Leading 'Cellist of the Orchestra



MISS RENEE LONGY

Pianist, Who Was Married to Georges Mignelle, 'Cellist of Symphony Orchestra Yesterday.

Herald Aug 6, 1919
**MANY MUSICIANS
ATTEND WEDDING**

**Miss Renee Longy Is Married to Georges Miquelle,
Symphony 'Cellist**

Miss Renee Longy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Georges Longy of Hemenway street, was married yesterday at the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, Isabella street, to Georges Miquelle, 'cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, before a notable gathering of musicians and representatives of the various musical societies of Greater Boston. The Rev. Joseph F. Sollier, pastor, celebrated a nuptial mass and also performed the ceremony.

The bride was given in marriage by her father, oboe soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Mme. Eloise Hall, former saxophone soloist with that organization, was matron of honor, and Charles M. Loeffler, violinist and composer, was best man.

Special Music Program

A special music program was played during the service by a string quartet composed of Miss Carmele Ippolite and Miss Helen Di Natale, violins; Miss Florence Colby, 'cello, and Henry Belinger, viola. The flute obligatos were played by Arthur Brooks of the Symphony Orchestra. Stuart Mason of the New England Conservatory of Music presided at the organ, assisted by Mme. Odelle Bailly, organist of the church.

Among the guests were Mrs. Richard H. Jones, president of the Chromatic Club; Miss Helen Ranney, president of the McDowell Club; Consul and Mrs. Joseph F. M. Flamand, Miss Gertrude Sands, Miss Rose A. Garrity, Miss Alice McLaughlin, members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Longy Club, members of the Professional Women's Club and pupils of the Longy school.

The bride is a talented musician, instructor in pianoforte and rhythmic at the Longy school on Hemenway street. The groom is a graduate of the Conservatoire National de Musique of Paris, where he was awarded first prize for 'cello playing in June, 1914. He served three years in the French army and came to the United States in May, 1918, with the French military band. Since that time he has been solo 'cellist in the Symphony Orchestra.

The wedding breakfast and reception were held at Copley-Plaza Hotel, after which the happy couple left for a tour of the White mountains. Mr. Miquelle and his bride will reside in Boston.

FREDERIC FRADKIN IS FATHER OF TWINS

Symphony's Solo Violinist Adds Duet
to the Aggregation

Frederic Fradkin, solo violinist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was presented with twins yesterday by Mrs. Fradkin. One was a boy, weighing six pounds, and the other a girl, weighing a pound less. Mrs. Fradkin is resting well and is rejoicing with her husband over the arrival of the twins.

Mr. Fradkin is the first American solo violinist that the Symphony Orchestra has had. He was born in New York and won his first prize at Paris. A few years ago he married Jean Tell, who was an artist in several New York plays. Mrs. Fradkin quit the stage for all time when she was married to the musician. They are making their home at 82 Fenway.

MUCK SAYS U. S. ACCORDED HIM SQUARE DEAL

By Associated Press

BERLIN, Nov. 17.—Dr. Karl Muck, formerly conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, says he was accorded "altogether worthy" treatment during his 16 months internment as an enemy alien in the United States. The noted musician has just returned to Berlin from Copenhagen where he landed several months ago after leaving the internment camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

"I was directing the Boston Symphony Orchestra when the war broke out," Dr. Muck related to a reporter of the Berlin Tageblatt. "For sometime I was unmolested, even after America entered the conflict. In March, 1918, however, I was interned, my wife remained in our house in Boston, and I was sent to the prison camp, where I was confined with 4500 other persons. The treatment and shelter were altogether worthy. The food was not to be complained of, especially as 120 people, including myself, had their own mess and their own cook. My wife was permitted to visit me once a week, and spend two hours with me, naturally talking in English and in the presence of an officer."

Dr. Muck said he had not lost many of his friends in America and that his musicians had stood by him loyally. He attributed his imprisonment to "hysteria" which, he said, was due to "British propaganda."

"No conditions were imposed on the prisoners," continued Dr. Muck, "but it was urgently suggested any who wanted to leave America and return to Germany might have their liberty. I did not want to comply with this stipulation, but my wife argued me into it and I finally agreed. And so one day I was free. My bank account and my house in Boston the American government has confiscated, and I do not know how things will come out."

Dr. Muck said he had made no plans for the future but under no circumstances would he remain in Berlin. He said it was possible he might go to Switzerland or to Gratz, Austria, where his wife's aged mother lives. On his first day in Berlin he led the rehearsal for the next Weingartner Symphony concert.

PIERRE BENJAMIN MONTEUX was born at Paris on April 4, 1875. He studied at the Conservatoire of that city, and in 1896, a pupil of Berthelier, he was awarded a first prize for violin playing. The other first prizes for violin that year were awarded to Messrs. Sechiari, Soudant, and Thibaud. He played the viola in Colonne's orchestra; he was a member of the orchestra of the Opéra-Comique, and he busied himself in chamber music. In 1893 with Miss Victoria Barrière, pianist, Miss Vormèse, and Mr. Carcanade, he founded the Société de Musique Moderne, playing the viola. Their first concert was on February 25. With Messrs. Geloso, Capet, and Schneklud he took part in the Auditions annuelles des derniers grands Quatuors de Beethoven. In 1900 with Messrs. Soudant, de Bruyre, and Destombes he played chamber music in the Matinées Artistiques Populaires. He figured prominently at concerts of the Société Nationale and the Société de Musique Française. Among the compositions heard at these various concerts for the first time—in which he participated—were Brahms's Clarinet Quintet, Stojowski's Variations, Lekeu's "Andromède," pieces by Ropartz, Quittard, Chausson ("Légende de Sainte-Cécile"), Hartog, Luzzato, Glazounoff (Élégie for viola), d'Indy (Suite dans le style ancien), L. Lacombe, Rubinstein, Jaques-Dalcroze. He also took part in concerts given by Messrs. Chevillard, Hayot, and Salmon, and in concerts of the Société des Compositeurs de Musique.

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M. MONTEUX RETURNS

By contrast to the grievous uncertainties which hung about Symphony Hall one year ago at this time, it is a situation far more harmonious and assured which M. Pierre Monteux will find there tomorrow upon his return to Boston to take up his duties as leader. Gratefulness may well be felt for this, and it may be felt without any forgetting that the very nature and number of the perplexities confronting the Symphony Orchestra one year ago were the measure of the credit due to M. Rabaud for his mastery of them and to the new board of trustees for making this mastery possible. The foundations of reconstruction laid last year, when many a mainstay of the orchestra seemed to be slipping, would not have been good foundations at all had they not endured. It is their presence today, as a basis ready to the hand of M. Monteux for his fresh building, which testifies to the soundness of last year's achievement.

Contrary reports notwithstanding, the personnel established for the orchestra before the close of the season of 1918 remains without substantial change. The rumors of defections to Detroit and Philadelphia have been grossly exaggerated, probably for reasons best known to the musicians union which helped engineer them. A few men go, but their number scarcely exceeds the percentage of change which has been found normal from season to season. This small group aside, there have

been also some little shiftings among the strings. These are not of consequence, certainly not as against the many string-players who, with the excellent Franklin still concert-master, all remain at their accustomed desks. In the brass choir the same first quartette of horns stands intact. M. Monteux, it has been truly announced, is bringing with him a new first cellist and a new first viola—the sole changes among section-leaders. Here is only a further contribution—both of these players are French—to the homogeneity and essential union gained for the orchestra last year despite the croaking of many ravens.

Given his material, there need be no questioning the result which the artistry and the musicianly craftsmanship of M. Monteux will work out of it. Boston has had one experience of him, be it remembered, and critics here know him for the extraordinarily competent leader of rehearsals, drillmaster at once of infinite exactitudes and of infinite subtleties, which he then proved himself. They know the vigor and warmth and the novel interest of the finished product as he brought it to the opening concert of the season of 1918 after weeks of such painstaking preparation as he delights in. With this memory happy in retrospection, and with taste keen for the store of good things in prospect, Boston welcomes M. Monteux at the moment of his return and says sincerely "Thank you for coming."

NEW LIGHTS AND OLD

Trans. — Aug. 31, 1919
THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS IN FALL

FORECAST

Bright Prospects for the Impending Season—A Continuing Orchestra, an Expectant and Eager Public, "Assisting Artists" Well Arrayed, and Generally Favoring Circumstance—Above All, the Promise of Mr. Monteux as Conductor

FOR at least two seasons, the prospects of the Symphony Concerts have not been so auspicious as they are at the beginning of this autumn of 1919. Neither trustees nor faithful and familiar public, neither conductor nor managers are occupied, in this thirtieth year of the orchestra, with a reorganization of the musicians in its ranks. That necessary task, as conditions went twelve and fifteen months ago, was then accomplished at no small pains on the part of all concerned, in outcome that almost immediately spoke for itself and with ample promise for the future. With scarcely a material change in personnel, the Symphony Orchestra of the season of 1919-1920 will be the Symphony Orchestra that the frequenters of the concerts knew and applauded at the end of the season of 1918-1919. It will be indeed the better, since in the work of another year it is sure to become both more homogeneous and more plastic; an instrument, so to say, more sensitive to itself and to the conductor playing upon it; a body in which individual abilities will shine the more brightly for the richness of the general setting. By common consent the reorganized orchestra does not lack such abilities; by the testimony of the common ear, it was fast renewing last spring the qualities by which of old it had run the gamut of tonal eloquence. In the new season it has only to go forward and in promising circumstance.

A year ago there was no conductor, established or temporary, for the Symphony Concerts. Not until November, indeed, came a diligent and conscientious locum tenens, doing the best he might at a post the exactions of which he little foresaw and before a public that he little understood—a conductor better versed in the ways of orchestral concerts in Paris than in the standards of the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra in its own city

and in the cities that it regularly visits. Fortunately in a season he passed; and now at the beginning of a new year, a leader succeeds him, who was designated last spring, who has prepared himself accordingly, whose hand the orchestra already knows, whose abilities the audiences of Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings have already applauded—a conductor to whom his American public is not new and strange—a cosmopolitan conductor of the great world of music rather than of one and another corner of it in Paris.

To put by the two or three men of genius in the art of conducting, to regret in passing one and another exceptional talent that was not available, the trustees of the orchestra could hardly have made a more promising choice than Mr. Monteux. When, last autumn, on leave from the Metropolitan Opera House, he led the reorganized orchestra in a few concerts at the beginning of the season, band and audience discovered his pains as a drill-master, his abilities as an interpreter, his sensibility to the distinctions of orchestral playing, his keen intelligence and his warm sympathy with whatever music he had in hand. Last autumn Mr. Monteux's first pair of concerts in Boston was notable; while his second was full to the brim of interesting pieces. At that time he carried the concerts through the first weeks of a beset season and returned to his post as an operatic conductor. Now for a full year, the orchestra will be his to develop, to sensitize, to polish according to the scope of his abilities, his ambition and the response of a warmly interested and keenly anticipatory public. Through twenty-four concerts he can devise and diversify his programmes, free at last from the salutary or the superfluous inhibitions of war-time.

Mr. Monteux is as open-minded as he is widely read in symphonic music; in the days of the concerts in Paris that bore his name, he strove manfully against the routine that takes the regular and the easiest way. Not for nothing did he go up and down Europe as the chief conductor of Mr. Diaghilev's Russian Ballet; not for nothing has he been conductor of French operas for two seasons at the eclectic Metropolitan. In all its years, the Symphony Orchestra has hardly had a conductor with so cosmopolitan a background. As fortunately, he knows and appreciates the standards and the traditions of the Symphony Concerts and the expectations—the habit even—of the public frequenting them in Boston and New York. In his programmes they did fair to regain their familiar catholicity, their familiar diversity of interest; as of old, composers will

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To put by the two or three men of genius in the art of conducting, to regret in passing one and another exceptional talent that was not available, the trustees of the orchestra could hardly have made a more promising choice than Mr. Monteux. When, last autumn, on leave from the Metropolitan Opera House, he led the reorganized orchestra in a few concerts at the beginning of the season, band and audience discovered his pains as a drill-master, his abilities as an interpreter, his sensibility to the distinctions of orchestral playing, his keen intelligence and his warm sympathy with whatever music he had in hand. Last autumn Mr. Monteux's first pair of concerts in Boston was notable; while his second was full to the brim of interesting pieces. At that time he carried the concerts through the first weeks of a beset season and returned to his post as an operative conductor. Now for a full year, the orchestra will be his to develop, to sensitize, to polish according to the scope of his abilities, his ambition and the response of a warmly interested and keenly anticipatory public. Through twenty-four concerts he can devise and diversify his programmes, free at last from the salutary or the superfluous inhibitions of war-time.

Mr. Monteux is as open-minded as he is widely read in symphonic music; in the days of the concerts in Paris that bore his name, he strove manfully against the routine that takes the regular and the easiest way. Not for nothing did he go up and down Europe as the chief conductor of Mr. Diaghilev's Russian Ballet; not for nothing has he been conductor of French operas for two seasons at the eclectic Metropolitan. In all its years, the Symphony Orchestra has hardly had a conductor with so cosmopolitan a background. As fortunately, he knows and appreciates the standards and the traditions of the Symphony Concerts and the expectations—the habit even—of the public frequenting them in Boston and New York. In his programmes they did fair to regain their familiar catholicity, their familiar diversity of interest; as of old, composers will

hand to the conductor of the Boston Orchestra important new pieces; so far as in him lies the quality of performance. The Monteux who bids fair to stir his hearers with the sensuous beauty of Stravinsky's ballets knows also the austerities of d'Indy. The Monteux who searched out last summer in Paris the few posthumous pieces of Debussy is mindful also of the over-neglected Mendelssohn of a vanished day.

As with the orchestra and the conductor, so with the audiences that from the middle of October to the beginning of May will weekly sit before them. These listeners also will be free from the pains and penalties of war-time. No longer need anyone put by the Symphony Concert lest money so spent should be diverted from war-chests or pleasure so taken distract from austerer obligations. No longer need resentful ears turn away from the music of Wagner (which from the beginning Mr. Monteux intends to place plentifully in his programmes) nor hear with inner qualms the music even of Brahms. The acrimonies over Dr. Muck in his final days and over the subsequent reorganization of the orchestra are lessening, as sooner rather than later they were sure to do. Even the confirmed doubters have waited and seen how interesting the "new" Symphony Orchestra can be, how stimulating a new line of conductors may prove. After two years of more or less divided continuance, the Symphony Orchestra can return to its sufficient task of playing music for the sake of music and performance; while audiences may equally hear both for the satisfaction that they yield in themselves and not for the random sympathies they happen to evoke. Artistry and pleasure are again the word at the Symphony Concerts, alike on the stage and, by clear token, in the auditorium. For already, through nearly every city through which the orchestra ranges, and especially in its "home-town," the eagerness of the public, old and new, stands clear. Unless many a sign fails, there will be "atmosphere" again in Symphony Hall on the twenty-four Fridays and the like-numbered Saturdays.

In such auspicious circumstances, the Symphony Concerts of 1919-1920 will run a familiar course. From the middle of October to the beginning of May stretch the twenty-four pairs of concerts, broken by the usual intervals when the orchestra makes its monthly journeys southward or departs for a week—this season in December—into the Middle States. As of old, it will be heard regularly in two or three cities of New England and occasionally in many more; while in Boston on a Sunday

afternoon, one at least of the annual concerts for the increase of its Pension Fund will be restored. Thus, a hundred concerts and a few more will make the work of the orchestra for the year—as much as it can do well, yet not too much to keep it in established place in all the region that it annually pleases. As in recent years, it will, likewise, command at need the services of Mr. Townsend's Symphony Chorus. For Mr. Monteux is ambitious of occasional performances of music in which orchestra and chorus join voices. He is taking thought of Beethoven's Choral Symphony, heard only twice in Boston since Mr. Fiedler's time. He is as eager to end the season, next May, with a performance of Franck's oratorio of "The Beatitudes." Indeed, as some predict, then and there Mr. McCormack, the tenor, will be heard in a choral concert for the first time hereabouts—or anywhere else—in years. Of such, after all superfluous gainsaying, remains the prestige of the Symphony Concerts.

Worthy of that prestige and not too many nor too few are the "assisting artists" announced for the new season; while as last year, the management in the choice of them has avoided the rut into which it is easy to fall. Outside Mr. Fradkin and Mr. Noack who, rising from their places in the orchestra, are to play the violin concertos which are the reward of the "first desk," the "soloists" number twelve. Mr. McCormack aside, the singers are four women: Miss Destinn or Miss Destinnova, as she now elects to call herself in the Czech tongue, released from war-time durance in Bohemia and reported from London as renewing her fine powers; Mme. Matzenauer in the flower of large-voiced song at the Metropolitan Opera House; Mme. Homer, likewise in the full graces of vocal and interpretive maturity; and last, for signal newcomer, Mme. Frijs, riper of voice than in an earlier day, rich in the virtues of musical insight and dramatizing imagination, and, as always, vivid personality.

The pianist of large, deep and grave maturity, the august presence among the virtuosi now traversing American concert-halls, is Mr. Rakhmaninov, the inevitable; the pianist whose fineness and brightness of touch and tone stirred the ear last year "at these concerts," whose intelligence and imagination were not less luminous, returns in Mr. Cortot; the approved abilities of Mr. Ganz as virtuoso and musician give him just place in the Symphony Concerts; while youth, and richly deserving youth, has its opportunity in the first coming to them of Mr. Ornstein, not as debatable composer but as undebatable pianist of no small or untried powers. Again, too, returns the one organist who, in this day, has established himself in the symphony concerts of the

United States, the applauded and antipated Bonnet. The younger generation has righteous place again with Mr. Spalding as one of the two violinists, outside the orchestra, to grace the concerts—and grace plus gravity are the words for this his early prime. The other assisting violinist need hardly be named, since, for the impending season, every orchestra covets him and a manifold public everywhere awaits him. The inhibitions of the war-years are ended; Mr. Kreisler is restored to concert-hall. With him as with many another circumstance and condition for the new year, old times have come again at the Symphony Concerts.

MONTEUX AND MUSIC

Trans. — Apr. 28, 1919

SUNDRY OPINIONS FROM THE NEW CONDUCTOR

The Range of His Experiences — Catholicity and Wagner — Symphonic Versus Operatic Pieces—A Word About French, and Also About American, Composers—Orchestra and Leader.

NO two people could be imagined more different in type than Pierre Monteux, the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Henri Rabaud, the retiring conductor. Except for the Gallic courtesy that distinguishes them both, they seem at opposite poles. Rabaud is tall, slender, grizzled; Monteux is short, dark, plump. Monteux is vivacious to the sparkling point; Rabaud, reserved to the utmost. The one suggests the scholar by his stoop, his preoccupied gravity, the care with which he brings out his few words. The other is the man of affairs crossed with the musician; the man of family, the man who knows and loves his fellows; the man of enthusiasms that are yet balanced by good sense and that become especially attractive under a winning manner. One could not imagine Mr. Rabaud as making enemies; one could fancy Mr. Monteux as making only friends. The warmth and grace of the south of France, to which Mr. Monteux traces his descent (his parents are Marseillaise) inform his redy smiling speech with a spontaneity all their own.

Yet Mr. Monteux is ill described if you think him one without strong views, one who veers to the wind of others' opinions. Ask him what he thinks of "Pagliacci" or of the operas of Puccini and see the devotee's indignation in his musician's eye. But if you expect any chauvinistic prejudices

to narrow his kindly and broad view of life and of art, again you will be mistaken. Ask him what he thinks of Wagner's music and see what this man, French to the tips of his artists' fingers, has to say on that subject. Two impressions remain strongly after a talk with Mr. Monteux—one of his charm and kindness of manner; the other of the catholicity of his musical outlook. Outside of reasons of personality, this catholicity obviously springs from the range of his artistic experience.

"I suppose I have conducted every kind of music there is to conduct," Mr. Monteux began. As conductor of the Colonne Concerts and of his own concerts in the Casino at Paris, he directed the performance of symphonic and oratorio music; in the same capacity at the Paris Opéra, the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Covent Garden, Berlin, Vienna and Budapest, he gained operatic experience, to which he added at the Metropolitan Opera House, where he has conducted French operas since 1917. As conductor of the Russian Ballet on four tours he has specialized in ballet music with notable success.

"Of all music I prefer the symphonic form, in that it is purest," Mr. Monteux said. "In opera, you have what you call the accessories. But the symphony is music and only music. No, I cannot say to you whose music I prefer. Bach, Mozart, Saint-Saëns, Beethoven I have played, and I love all their symphonies. I like all the good music. That is why I care less for opera; because so much operatic music caters to the popular taste, for example, like 'Pagliacci.' A-ah!" (He shuddered dramatically; then laughed at himself.) "Puccini? Mals oui; second rate, also. Facile; you know what I mean? Easy to play; easy to listen to; easy to win applause with. It is music for the public; as for me I like music for the musicians." "And shall you hold to that idea in your programmes?"

"But I have not yet planned; so many things have to be considered. Only one thing is sure; the public is not the same for concerts as one has for operas, and the Boston public is well used to the best. So I shall hope to give them of the very best, of all countries."

"Wagner, for instance? You like his music?"

"But yes!" His face glowed. "Yes, immensely I like his music. I have often given it. Perhaps for a while yet, if the feeling of the public is against it for other reasons, it may not be best to do so; that is all to be ascertained. But it is great music; it will always be great music and as such it will one day again take its place."

"You gave concerts in Paris exclusively of modern music at one time, did you not?"

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—Yes, and I am very fond of it in some forms; but there the conditions were different. There were five orchestras in Paris at the time, all drawing full houses. On Sunday afternoons, figure to yourself, five orchestras played in different halls at exactly the same hour. So, one of them, you see, just had to make its programme of the modern only. Now, with the Boston orchestra it is different. It has what you call monopoly; so its programmes must be broad; they must not only be of modern, but of classic pieces; not of French music alone, nor of Italian, nor of Russian, nor of American. There must be some of all."

An excellent signed photograph of Saint-Saëns, on the piano that takes up one side of the conductor's study, attracted the interviewer's eye, and we spoke of the aged composer's attainments and personality. It appeared that Mr. Monteux and Saint-Saëns are intimate friends, as well as associates in work and the younger man greatly admires the older. "I conducted his last concert in Paris, just before the war," Mr. Monteux continued. "We gave his 'Lyre and the Harp' and Saint-Saëns was his own organist. He was not at all satisfied with the organist chosen and he said, 'I will play the organ myself—but who shall conduct?' It was at rehearsal, and a friend of mine said, 'Monteux is in the audience.' At once Saint-Saëns demands that I come to the stand—that I conduct. Voilà! I have conducted much of Saint-Saëns—'La Princesse Jaune,' 'Phryne,' 'Henri VIII.' But of all his operas I like 'Samson and Delilah.' It is to me his greatest work, almost pure melody."

"There has been no great music growing out of the war, in France at least," Mr. Monteux said regretfully in answer to a question. "Nor will there be for some time, I believe. Men's minds have been on other things. One writes you know to an occasion and one cannot be equal to the occasion as it has been in France these four years."

"Have you ever composed, Mr. Monteux?" He leaned forward confidentially, finger up. "Yes, indeed. I have composed many things. And do you know where they are, those compositions? In a big box, tied up tight with a string. And they will never see the sun, I promise you. I play too much music to write any more of my own. Not since fifteen years ago, when I composed for the last time, have I written anything. For I believe that a man can only have one career, and that mine is to conduct. I shall always be a conductor."

"You find the personal equation a strong factor in conducting, do you not, Mr. Mon-

teux? What is an orchestra, a democracy or an autocracy?"

"Both," the conductor answered. "It must seem a democracy but really be an autocracy. You must be altogether en rapport with your men, but they must really look to you absolutely. Only to draw out their best from them, you understand. One does not love to give orders for the orders' sake, but only to get results." Mr. Monteux seemed as he spoke an epitome of that remarkable nation whose foremost quality has long been the ability to influence others, while always respecting the individual's liberty. One could not imagine this smiling, vivacious little man ever becoming autocratic; but one could readily perceive how his personality might arouse in others enthusiasm for that music which so evidently rules his life.

Presently we spoke of Russian composers and Mr. Monteux expressed his admiration for the works of Rimsky-Korsakov, of Borodin and of Stravinsky. "So many material difficulties have interfered with representing Russian operas," he said regretfully. "People wonder why more are not performed; but you see it needs more than the composer and the librettist; more even than the artists. Not so with the giving of their orchestral music. I look forward to that. It will be my hope to include all kinds of good music, even American," he added with a laugh. "France ought to hear some of your composers, by the way; you have several that should be known in Europe. Loeffler, Carpenter, four or five others are well worthy to be heard; some have been. Then I shall seek out and bring over some good concert music from Italy. That is a side of Italian musical development that has been too much ignored, for the operatic pieces always receive the emphasis. There are a number of young Italian composers of whom I hear good things said, as well as the older ones whose music I hope to bring forward."

"Is there anything you would especially like to say for publication, Mr. Monteux?"

"Yes," he said, unexpectedly and earnestly. "This: In playing French music I shall not make French propaganda. You understand; Rabaud, Messager and I, we have been brought up in France; it is our country; we naturally love and we play the music of our country. But not to make propaganda for it; that would be stupid. French music is great enough not to need any; and you Americans know and love French music already. I shall not play French music because it is French music, you understand, although I love it. But I shall play the best music of every nation."

[Clare Peeler in Musical America.]

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919-20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

FIRST PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, AT 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, AT 8 P.M.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in D major, No. 2. op. 36.

- I. Adagio molto; Allegro con brio
- II. Larghetto
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FRANCK,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Le Chasseur Maudit," ("The Wild Hunter")

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PRELUDE to "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," ("The Afternoon of a Faun")—Eclogue by S. Mallarmé

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FOLK SUITE for Orchestra, "Catalonia"

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ALBENIZ,

FOLK SUITE for Orchestra, "Catalonia"

Pierre Monteux, Conductor



(Photograph by Gare)

The New Leader of the Symphony Orchestra in Action

SYMPHONY OPENS NEW MUSIC YEAR

Concert Under Monteux Gives Big Promise

BY OLIN DOWNES

First concert of the 1919-20 season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Pierre Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The audience was a big one, and it was a pleasure to see Mr. Monteux and his men. They finished Beethoven's Symphony until the orchestra rose to acknowledge the conductor. There is every reason to believe from subscriptions and attendance at the opening concert of the season that a good many subscribers have returned to town, that the Boston Symphony Orchestra faces one of the most successful seasons in its history.

ALBENIZ'S PIECE

Monteux's programme was very interesting; the Beethoven Symphony; Franck's symphonic poem, "The Hunter"; Debussy's "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," and a novelty, a suite of a suite, Catalonia, by Albeniz.

For the first time Albeniz has appeared on a Boston Symphony programme. Piano pieces by him have been played by George Copeland and others. Many will be displeased by the fact that they have not heard yesterday. They will

say that it is noisy, vulgar, with instrumentation that is not merely brilliant, but gaudy. We confess to great pleasure in the virile commonness of the dance themes used, with other material, in a way which suggests some popular festival or fair. There is ribald laughter, toss-pot gayety, to the crackling of trumpets and the miauwing of 'celli. A muleteer makes love with a leer to the tavern wench. Costumes which mingle the most audacious and vulgar colors catch the rays of the blazing sun. Jests which are neither polite nor refined are exchanged. Dancers are heavy-footed. The crowd is odorous, but immensely alive. The world roars with laughter.

Lively and Vigorous

Mr. Monteux did not make the mistake of varnishing this music or give it a distinction it did not possess. His lively and vigorous performance was in the right vein. In some one of Thomas Hardy's novels a peasant brings in a sandwich which has fallen in the dirt? and as some one begins to eat this sandwich some one else says that honest dirt never hurt a stomach, or words to that effect. Our stomach is not hurt by this music; we find it honest dirt.

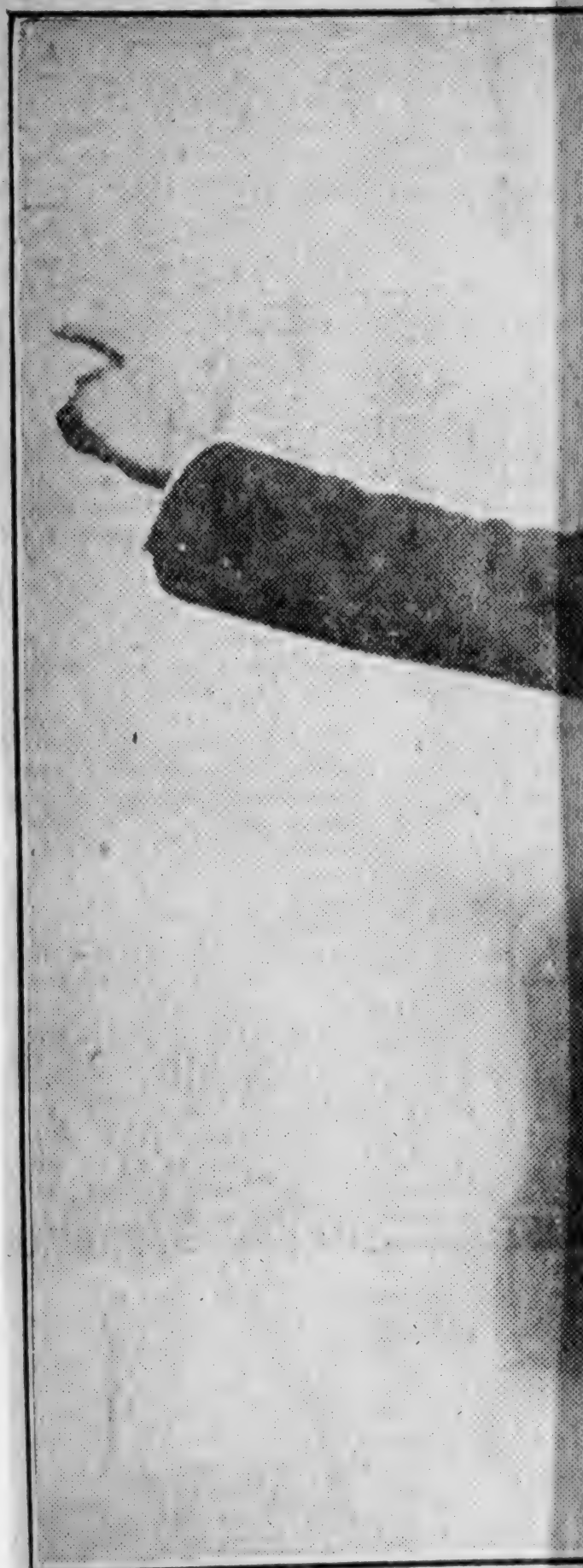
Qualities of clearness, simplicity and a musician's understanding of the classic form showed in Mr. Monteux's reading of the Beethoven familiar symphony—a performance which was, however, rather heavy and thick in tonal quality.

Debussy Exquisitely Played

Franck's "Wild Huntsman" is a virtuosic study for a conductor, rather than one of the composer's best and most characteristic works. But Debussy of "L'Après-midi d'un Faune"—what a miraculous master he is! How is it that one recognizes in a phrase of a flute, composed of notes which have been used countless of numbers of times with only slight variations of succession, pitch, etc., by a million composers—how is it that in the hands of a certain one of these composers the notes give us visions of antique art, of forests that never grew, and between their trees fleeting glimpses of the beings whose non-existence caused Keats such poignant and irreparable regret—how is all this? It is the miracle of genius, and that is as much as anyone will ever know of the matter.

Mr. Monteux did not make the mistake which many a distinguished conductor has made of taking too slowly the tempo of this exquisite music, the performance of which was warmly applauded.

Pierre



The New Leader

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BY OLIN DOWNES

The first concert of the 1919-20 season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The audience was a big one, and it applauded Mr. Monteux and his men when they finished Beethoven's Second Symphony until the orchestra rose and bowed its acknowledgements with the conductor. There is every indication from subscriptions and attendance at the opening concert of the year, when a good many subscribers have not returned to town, that the Symphony Orchestra faces one of the most successful seasons in its history.

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SYMPHONY GIVES FIRST CONCERT

Season Opens with Brilliant Performance and Large Audience

MR. MONTEUX GETS GREAT OVATION

By Philip Hale

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, gave the first concert of its 39th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, a season that promises to be musically brilliant and pecuniarily successful. The hall was completely filled with an audience that was enthusiastic throughout the concert from the moment it welcomed heartily the conductor. Nor was the unusually hearty applause merely by way of compliment: it was spontaneous, a willing tribute to the indisputable talent of the leader and to the equally indisputable proficiency of the superb, unrivalled orchestra.

The program was as follows: Beethoven, symphony No. 2; Franck, symphonic poem, "The Wild Huntsman"; Debussy, prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun"; Albeniz, "Catalonia" (first time in Boston.)

It was evident at once that the orchestra, which contains some new players—among them Mr. Bedetti, the first violoncello, and Mr. Denayer, the first viola—had been thoroughly rehearsed; was already a plastic, elastic, responsive body of artists, to use that sadly abused word. As far as precision and other matters of technic were concerned the concert might have been the 24th, not the first.

Of all of Beethoven's symphonies, the second is the least interesting, the least characteristic, in 1919. The first pleases by its simplicity, by its relationship with the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart that preceded it. There are moments in the second that are unmistakably in the incomparable manner of the great Beethoven, but on the whole the pleasure of yesterday afternoon was in the reading, the performance, rather than in the music itself. Mr. Mon-

teux's interpretation was romantically classical, not so mistakenly reverential that it became jejune and tedious; on the other hand, it was not forced, not unduly dramatic; there was no attempt to be sensational, with the air of "Now I'll show you how Beethoven's music should be performed." The interpretation was vital, vivid, musically beautiful. Especially worthy of praise was the treatment of the Introduction, the Scherzo and the Finale. In the Larghetto there might have been more sustained passages of truly piano effect.

Franck's symphonic poem was really heard here for the first time, although it had been played thrice at these concerts before yesterday. On previous occasions the expression of the supernatural seemed tame, almost timid. There was little suggestion of horror, terror, the demoniacal. One thought that good "Pere" Franck here, as in "The Beatitudes," was unable to express the satanic; that Weber's few measures accompanying the ride through the air of the Demon Hunter and his train in "Der Freischuetz" were far more imaginative than the many measures of Franck. Yet this demoniacal quality is in Franck's symphonic poem. It needed an imaginative, dramatic conductor to bring it out. As the music was played yesterday, the effect was well-nigh overwhelming.

Debussy's exquisite Prelude has been a stumbling block to many conductors. Ever Mr. Weingartner chose so sluggish a pace that the music was lifeless. Even Dr. Muck, singularly fortunate as a rule in his choice of tempi, erred in the same direction. The Prelude was never so beautiful as it was yesterday, not even when Mr. Monteux conducted the performance of the ballet with Nijinsky as the Faun at the Boston Opera House. Yesterday the tonal coloring, the balance of timbres, the prevailing poetic feeling, the solo work of Messrs. Laurent, Longy and Fradkin, made the performance memorable.

"Catalonia" was heard here for the first time. The stirring reading did not conceal the inherent poverty of the musical thought and rhetoric. To put it bluntly, this music seemed common.

The piano pieces "Iberia" reveal a finer side of Albeniz's nature. Hearing "Catalonia," one is more and more convinced that the best Spanish music has been written by Frenchmen—Chabrier, Ravel, Debussy, even Bizet, although Spaniards do not accept "Carmen." We have heard records of songs sung by gypsies in Spain that have more "local color"—to use a vague phrase condemned by some, as Johannes Weber, who argued at length that there is no such thing—than is to be found in this rhapsody of Isaac Albeniz.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Schumann's symphony in B flat major, No. 1; Dvorak's violin concerto (Albert Spalding, violinist); Enesco's Suite op. 9.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING OF THE NEW SEASON

The Usual Audience Seemingly Well Pleased—The Orchestra Little Changed and for the Better — An Interesting Conductor on His Mettle with an Interesting Programme — Franck's "Wild Huntsman" and Albeniz's "Catalonia" for Unfamiliar Pieces

THE war has ended at the Symphony Concerts. As though, indeed, it had never disturbed them, they began anew yesterday afternoon, for a thirty-ninth year. As of old, every seat in Symphony Hall had been taken by subscription; while few were the chairs left temporarily vacant. Much the same also, to the casual eye, was the audience of October in 1919 and the audience of October in 1916—a middle-aged company, that is to say, in which the women appreciably outnumbered the men, among which youth was pleasantly sprinkled, and in which social prestige, social routine and liking for symphonic music were agreeably blended. Again, as of old, this audience could applaud warmly, as it did when Mr. Monteux came to his place as conductor and when he and the orchestra had made their way through Beethoven's second symphony. It was as well pleased with the obvious tonal melodrama of Franck's symphonic poem, "The Wild Huntsman." Justifiably it did not linger long to cap Albeniz's suite "Catalonia," of a folk-nature, as the stately programme-book put it, and played for the first time in Boston. Strange, however, was its reserve over Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," since by this time the beauty of the music in voice and imagery, is acknowledged the world over while the performance yielded it richly. By these signs, the programme was one that might have stood at any Symphony Concert of recent years, so long as there was a well-read and catholic-minded conductor to choose it. For last token of the end of the war at Symphony Hall, "The Star-Spangled Banner" did not preface these pieces. Presumably audience, conductor and management are now agreed that the concern of the Symphony Concerts is the cosmopolitan making of music for its own sake.

True, there were perceptible changes in the personnel of the orchestra and Mr. Monteux now lead it for the first time as continuing conductor. Yet he might have come to his place from his two pairs of concerts last autumn; while the new comers do not alter—or alter for the better—the quality of the band. Mr. Theodorowicz, for example, was good to hear in the chair of the second concert-master, since by personal quality and long experience, he is both steadying and stimulating to his fellow-strings. As admirable, so far as the evidence of a single concert goes, was Mr. Bedetti, the new first violoncellist, clearly a sensitive musician, alert to rounded phrase and supple inflection commanding, besides, a warm, flowing tone. Other incidental changes, like the return of Mr. de Mailly to the flutes, the shifting of Mr. Mager to the trumpets and a few new hands among the violins, maintain the standard of the several choirs; while, as last winter, Mr. Laurent at the first flute and Mr. Speyer at the English horn shine among the wood-winds. On the other hand, the double basses lack, for the time, the usual numbers and there have been comings and goings among the horn-players. What advantage they will bring remains to be heard; but with an exception or two, the horns hardly match at present the rest of the wind-choir.

Throughout the concert, the orchestra acquitted itself well, subjected now to more insistent rehearsal and exacting discipline than it experienced under the departed Rabaud. Through Beethoven's flowing symphony, its tone was bright and plastic; it kept to Mr. Monteux's quick pace and animating rhythms; songful measures regained not a little of the mellowness of the past; details stood clear for the moment, then fell as elastically into place in the progress of the music. In Franck's symphonic poem, the band missed none of the tonal and pictorial energy that—and not much else—the music seems to exact. It was as fortunate with the rhythmical verve—and again not much else—that is the virtue of Albeniz's piece. Most of all, however, the quality of the orchestra, under Mr. Monteux's hand and ear and in individual prowess, shone out of Debussy's prelude. Strings and wood-winds caught the manifold iridescence, the incessant sensuous tremor, the exquisite suppleness and euphony of their measures. Seldom has the music sounded so luminous, so jewelled. As seldom has it seemed so lightly, surely and continuously woven; or the pure song—for it is no less—of recurring periods so melted upon the ear. With it Mr. Monteux and the orchestra both foreshadowed a time in which there will be less speaking and writing of the

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Boston Orchestra "before the war" or in like reservation.

As for Mr. Monteux, he may be a conductor of this, that or the other rank in our American liking for degrees, but unmistakably he is interesting. His modesty, his subordination of himself to the task in hand, stand clear. As at the end of the symphony yesterday, it is the orchestra equally with the conductor that he would have the audience applaud. At his work, he is agreeable to the eye without superfluous vehemence or rigid insistence; while the players seem readily and responsively to understand him. A finely sensitive ear, hand and imagination surely ordered the performance of Debussy's prelude, discerning and maintaining the delicate formal outline, missing no play of tonal tint and half-tint, summoning and sustaining the sensuous impulse, the vaporous atmosphere, the half-sportive, half-melancholy fancy of the music—and all this loveliness in flowing fusion.

If it was difficult to share what may be Mr. Monteux's admiration for Albeniz's piece, it was easy to appreciate the rhythmic vigor that he brought to a repetitious music, the frank fashion in which he kept to its homely note, the zeal with which he caught each scrap of the Spaniard's meagre instrumental color. So too, with Franck's symphonic poem, characteristic of the composer when he would be boldly and baldly delineative. It is heavy-handed music, though Franck did write it and Mr. Monteux laid on and spared not. He missed neither the spectral voice of the horns nor the still more spectral voice of the tuba. He kept "The Wild Huntsman's" chase, whether for blasphemous pleasure or under ceaseless curse, in becoming sound and fury. The tonal panorama passed; it had been pictorial, theatric—and the piece is not one whit more. Clearly the new conductor differentiates well, seeks and imparts the characteristic voice of the music in hand. For this Monteux of "Catalonia" and "The Wild Huntsman" was also the Monteux of Debussy's faun in the manner aforesaid and of Beethoven's youthful symphony in D major, "read" limpidly, animatedly, faithfully, ingratiatingly.

The conductor's pace was brisk as Beethoven plainly prescribes; while his hand was light and pliant as the composer no less clearly indicates. The lively motion in which the conductor kept the first movement blurred not a detail. He paced and phrased the slow movement with a suavity and a felicity that renewed its grace and charm. Capriciously, not rigidly, went the playful contrasts of the scherzo; while in the finale, elasticity of rhythm and phrase, light and unobtruded suspensions, a shading here, a

shading there of pace or accent, heightened the smiling gayety of the whole. The performance was mirror-like of Beethoven's music in spirit and in truth; the sternest purist could not reproach it; yet at many a turn it was touched by Mr. Monteux's own taste, skill and fancy. It was Beethoven Viennese, even Parisian, but Beethoven never literal, rigid, pedantic, or at the other extreme, over-emphasized, forced, mannered.

In fact conductor and orchestra fared better through the afternoon than did two of the assembled composers. It is possible that Bostonian ears have been over-filled of late with the music of Franck; it is certain that they have had quite enough of, say, the "Symphonic Piece" from "The Redemption" and "The Wild Huntsman" of yesterday. That German nobleman, as he usually appears in the legend, hunted blasphemously, vaingloriously, on what Anglo-Saxon statutes call "the Lord's Day." Therefore was he cursed to endless and fruitless hunting. (The wonder is that the Sabbatarian societies have never seized upon him as a horrible example, nay warning). Accordingly Franck's tonal tale is of kin with the passages in "The Beatitudes" that depict the wicked and their works and many degrees removed from the wholly Franckian "Psyche," for example, or the semi-Franckian "Daughters of Aeolus." Music of evil is not altogether Franck's trade and writing it, he was prone to take refuge in the ways of Meyerbeer and occasionally of Berlioz, hardly his blood-brethren in imagination or procedure. From Berlioz he might catch romantic intensities of vision and expression; from Meyerbeer he could borrow only calculating tonal melodrama. Of that melodrama from the Sabbath-hymn of the peasants to the chase natural and supernatural, "The Wild Huntsman" is all compact. The composer of the incantation in "Robert the Devil" might even have envied Franck that curse out of the tuba. But a Franck outdoing Meyerbeer at his own game is not exactly the Franck whom the twentieth century hears most gladly.

In no better case was the Albeniz of "Catalonia." One and another of his piano-pieces heard hereabouts have praised him—for fire of rhythm, glow of color, ardor of picture, progress, emotion. Might not his orchestral music sound as well? Eager propaganda in recent years has implied that it would, even fostered the notion that he was an overlooked genius—neglected voice of a passionate and pungent music of Spain. Upon Mr. Monteux's programme goes Albeniz's "Catalonia." The music does seize vivid folk-tune, does quicken it with no little rhythmic verve and occasional flare of fancy. Over and

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over, however, it repeats motif and rhythms and scanty is the harmonic and instrumental color that dresses and redresses them. Chabrier, Debussy, Laparra, Ravel, have written far more graphic and characteristic music of Spain and with folk-tune and folk-dance no less to prompt them. Possibly Spanish music, like many another objet d'art, is best made in Paris.

H. T. PARKER

Boston Season Begun

Specialty for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts — It is the prerogative always of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to give official sanction to the opening in Boston of another musical season. True, there may first be a scattering concert or two, as has been the case this year, but nobody considers the season really begun until the first of the series of 24 symphony concerts has been given.

The Boston season is now officially open. Pierre Monteux, cordially but decorously applauded as he came on to the stage, has led his men through a program comprising Beethoven's second symphony, César Franck's "Le Chasseur Maudit" ("The Wild Huntsman"), Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and Albeniz's "Catalonia" suite; has made his impression, favorable and otherwise, on the Friday afternoon audience, and has been duly compared with predecessors.

In some respects Mr. Monteux' task in presenting the first concert this year was not so great as it was last year, when the orchestra was more or less disorganized. A greater proportion of the old players is here now than then. Then, too, these men have had the benefit of a season's work with Mr. Rabaud, who, it may be presumed, was an exponent of the style of conducting and program making which Mr. Monteux will follow. However, last year it was a temporary position; now it is for a year. And to a certain extent, whether it is wise or fair or just, or not, the audience cannot help making a little forecast of the 23 concerts to come from the one it heard on Friday.

The Beethoven symphony received

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a perfunctory reading. The conductor added nothing of his own, being seemingly more occupied with holding his men to the tempo he chose than with letting his fancy run in the scherzo or the slow movement. His best work of the afternoon was in the Debussy number, for here he realized the poetry of the score. The César Franck piece, example of a day of music writing that is gone, seems an unworthy representative of the great French master because it lacks the spontaneity and authority of other works of this pioneer of modernism. It is not a very alarming moment that his portrayal of fear brings forth. Listening to the Albeniz suite was no difficult task, being filled rather with the pleasurable excitement of wondering what sort of an odd sound would next emanate from the orchestra.

First Symphony Rehearsal

Prominent people who attended the first Symphony rehearsal of the present season on Friday afternoon in Symphony Hall included Mrs. William P. Fay, Mrs. Wirt Dexter, Mrs. Benjamin F. Pitman, Mrs. William Lindsey, Mrs. John C. Phillips, Mrs. Roger Wolcott, Mrs. Eben D. Jordan, Mrs. Edith M. Binney, Mrs. George S. Mumford, Mrs. Charles Morris, Mrs. Herbert E. Fernald, Mrs. B. Nason Hamlin, Mrs. S. V. R. Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. Warren B. P. Weeks, Miss Mary Barnard, Mrs. James D. Barney, Mrs. Eugene N. Foss and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. B. S. Foss, Mrs. Edward Reynolds, Mrs. Albert R. Whittier, Mrs. William W. Vaughan, Mrs. Frederick S. Mead, Miss Abby and Miss Belle Hunt, Mrs. Henry P. Quincy, Mrs. Edward J. Holmes, Mrs. David K. Horton, Mrs. Richard D. Sears and her daughter, Miss Miriam Sears, Mrs. Harold J. Coolidge, Mrs. J. Lewis Bremer, Mrs. Richard S. Russell, Mrs. Murray A. Potter, Mrs. John C. Inches, Judge Frederick P. Cabot, Mrs. Hugh Bancroft, Mrs. Charles C. Wheelwright, Mrs. Clement S. Houghton, Mrs. Franklin W. Hobbs and her daughter, Miss Rebekah Hobbs, Mrs. William York Peters, Mrs. Arthur W. Blake and her daughter, Mrs. F. L. W. Richardson, Miss Eleanor and Miss Katharine Abbott, Mrs. Ellerton P. Whitney, Mrs. F. W. Thayer, Mrs. Robert Saltonstall, Mrs. Robert H. Stevenson, Jr., Mrs. Boylston A. Beal, Mr. Henry L. Higginson.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919--20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SECOND PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, AT 8 P. M.

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY in B flat major, No. 1, op. 36

I. Andante un poco maestoso; Allegro molto vivace

II. Larghetto

III. Scherzo, Molto vivace; Trio I.: Molto piu vivace; Trio II

IV. Allegro animato e grazioso

DVOŘÁK.

CONCERTO for Violin and Orchestra in A minor,
op. 53

I. Allegro ma non troppo

II. Adagio ma non troppo

III. Finale: Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo

ENESCO,

SUITE for Orchestra, op. 0

I. Prélude à l'unisson

II. Menuet lent

III. Intermède

IV. Final

Soloist:

ALBERT SPALDING



In Full Tide of Music and Mood

Albert Spalding

As He Comes Back From the Wars to the Concert-Halls

PHONY GIVES OND CONCERT

Oct. 18, 1919
Enthusiastic Audience, Fill-
Hall, Enjoys Schu-
mann's Spring Symphony

DING HEARD IN VORAK CONCERTO

By PHILIP HALE

Second concert of the Boston Sym-
phony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conduc-
tor, took place yesterday afternoon in
Symphony hall. The program was as

Schumann, Symphony in B
major, No. 1; Dvorak, Concerto for
violin and orchestra; Enesco, Suite for
violin and orchestra, op. 9.

Schumann's symphony, popularly
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been played as a rule at these concerts
all or a winter month. It has
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titled "Spring." Thus may music cheer
the force of contrast.

the spring comes slowly up this
It does not in Schumann's sym-

It comes impetuously, with a
rush, with the sound of waters re-
sounding and exulting. Schumann's Spring
is a romantic one, known chiefly by
its melody and musicians. Mr. Monteux
played an appropriately romantic inter-
pretation. Seldom, if ever, have we
heard so engrossing a performance, one
that from the beginning to the end
was lyrically dramatic. While vari-
ous episodes were adroitly introduced
and dismissed, there was no halt in the
flow of the musical thought. It is
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his at re-orchestration have failed.
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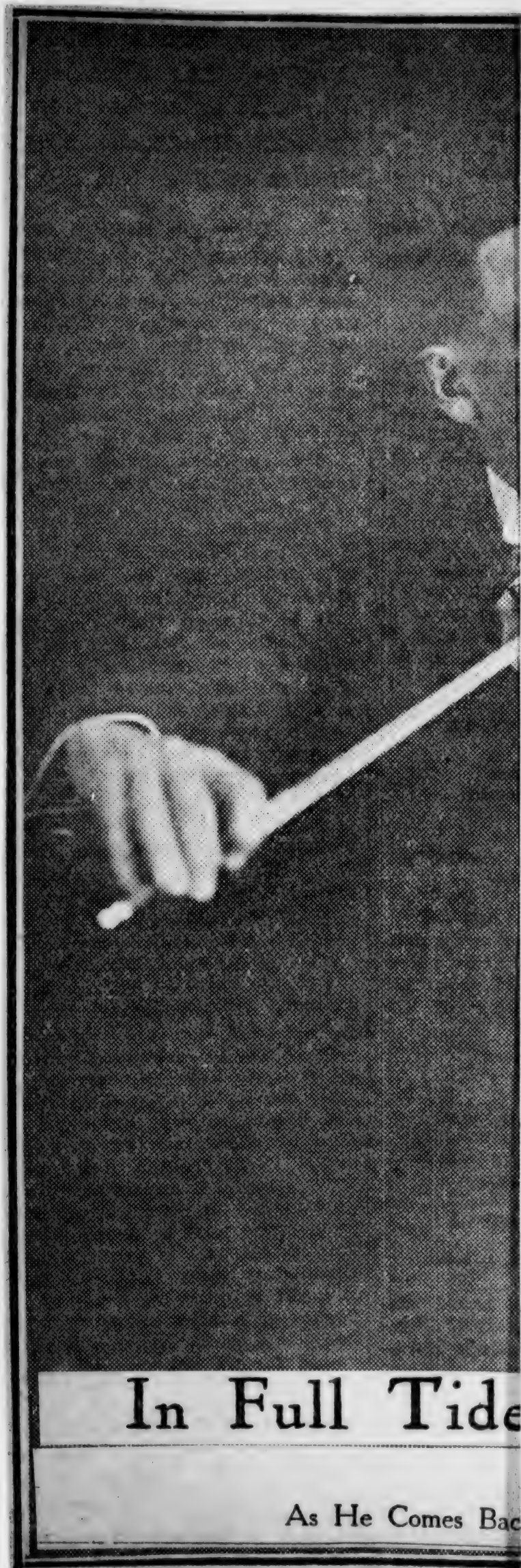
please the most are those in which the
composer remembers the folk songs
and dances of his Bohemia. The finale
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nize the true Dvorak. When he would
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be writing with one eye on a college
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concerto. He then seems to lose even
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Dvorak the naive peasant, richly en-
dowed by nature is nearer and dearer
to us than the Dvorak that was forced
to be serious and profound. By what
is he known today? By "From the
New World" Symphony, a few songs,
and transcription for violin of a
Humoresque. Yet there are early
orchestral works by Dvorak that might
give pleasure and stir the blood if they
were revived.

Mr. Albert Spalding, the solo violin-
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Prometheus"; Wagner, Siegfried Idyll;
Liszt, "The Preludes."



In Full Tide

As He Comes Back

SYMPHONY GIVES SECOND CONCERT

Herald — Oct. 18, 1919

Enthusiastic Audience, Filling Hall, Enjoys Schumann's Spring Symphony

SPALDING HEARD IN DVORAK CONCERTO

By PHILIP HALE

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Schumann, Symphony in B flat major, No. 1; Dvorak, Concerto for violin and orchestra; Enesco, Suite for orchestra, op. 9.

Schumann's symphony, popularly known as the "Spring" symphony, has been played as a rule at these concerts in a fall or a winter month. It has thus shared the fate of overtures entitled "Spring." Thus may music cheer one by the force of contrast.

"And the spring comes slowly up this way." It does not in Schumann's symphony. It comes impetuously, with a mad rush, with the sound of waters released and exulting. Schumann's Spring is a romantic one, known chiefly by poets and musicians. Mr. Monteux gave an appropriately romantic interpretation. Seldom, if ever, have we heard so engrossing a performance, one that was from the beginning to the end so lyrically dramatic. While various episodes were adroitly introduced and dismissed, there was no halt in the continuity of the musical thought. It is an old story that while Schumann's instrumentation is generally maladroit, attempts at re-orchestration have failed. Schumann's lovely ideas must wear his dress. Yesterday this dress did not seem so drab, so rudely cut. The musical thought for once caused the orchestral clothing to be forgotten.

The pages of Dvorak's concerto that

please the most are those in which the composer remembers the folk songs and dances of his Bohemia. The finale is the movement in which we recognize the true Dvorak. When he would be scholastic, when he would appear to be writing with one eye on a college of learned professors, he is labored and dull, as in the first movement of this concerto. He then seems to lose even his birthright of rhythm and color. Dvorak the naive peasant, richly endowed by nature is nearer and dearer to us than the Dvorak that was forced to be serious and profound. By what is he known today? By "From the New World" Symphony, a few songs, and transcription for violin of a Humoresque. Yet there are early orchestral works by Dvorak that might give pleasure and stir the blood if they were revived.

Mr. Albert Spalding, the solo violinist of yesterday, first thought of playing Bruch's "Scottish Fantasia," but many are not yet ready to listen patiently to the music of a man who signed the outrageous manifesto of the "Intellectuals" early in the war; who in the course of the war wrote violently and indecently against the Allies, especially against England, the country that for some years fed him and enlarged his fame. Mr. Spalding wisely decided not to play this Fantasia. It is said that he finds Dvorak's Concerto good. There are concertos that appeal to a violinist, when they are caviare to the general. The quotation will serve, although we by no means would put Dvorak's Concerto on a level with caviare, for it is for the most part futile music. No doubt Mr. Spalding is interested in technical problems contained in it: it surely does not make demands upon his emotional nature. He played the music skillfully and modestly and was loudly applauded for his pains.

The first movement of Enesco's Suite displayed the noble sonority and the beautiful quality of the strings, as Schumann's symphony showed the marked improvement in the section of the second violins. The minuet is curiously invented, with its suggestions of archaic form and color, while the intermezzo charms by reason of its hypnotizing drone and its memories of oriental arabesques.

The hall was completely filled with an enthusiastic audience. The season has, indeed, opened brilliantly.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concert next week is as follows: D'Indy's new symphony No. 3 ("De Bello Gallico"), which will be performed for the first time in America; Beethoven overture and Ballet No. 5 from "The Creatures of Prometheus"; Wagner, Siegfried Idyll; Liszt, "The Preludes."

Music in Boston *Oct. 18 '19*

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts — It is pleasant to note the cordiality of the welcome given to Albert Spalding when he appears as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This young American, who has sacrificed much in the way of material well-being for the sake of becoming a violinist, will some day be regarded as a pioneer, for he devoted himself to art when friends and family expected, nay, almost insisted, that he hew out a commercial career. And not only did he undergo a long and hard apprenticeship, but he did it at a time when the American musician had little to hope for from a public which could see slight value in anything that did not come from Europe, and preferably from Germany. He was not taken seriously, but that did not bother him, outwardly, at least. He kept on, and now he has reached the point where, in a generation of violinists, he may rightfully occupy a prominent rank. So his welcome at the Friday afternoon concert of the Boston orchestra was pleasant to see, and even more pleasant was the warm recognition of his good work in the Dvořák concerto in A minor, Op. 53. No violinist could well help getting a beautiful tone out of the instrument which Mr. Spalding plays, but this player has reached the point where he is concerned with his tone chiefly for the use he can put it to in conveying the musical ideas of the composer as he feels them. So he was able to set forth the joy and contemplative beauty of the Dvořák concerto with conviction both to himself and his audience.

The symphony was the B flat, No. 1, Op. 38 of Schumann, a thing of joy and satisfying in its harmonies because of the genius of Schumann for orchestration. If Mr. Monteux is given to repetitions, it would be interesting to hear this later in the season, when the players have settled down a little more into the unity and precision that is still somewhat lacking.

Enesco's suite for orchestra Op. 9 was the concluding number of the program, and was found mildly interesting by the audience.

YOUTHFUL MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Schumann's "Spring"
Given—Spalding
as Soloist

Post

Oct. 18 '19

BY OLIN DOWNES

Albert Spalding, the young American violinist, who recently returned to this country after service as an aviator and as a musician in the war, was soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

The orchestral compositions were the poetic "Spring" symphony of Schumann, and the Suite, op. 9, of Enesco—a singular and fascinating piece of music.

SCHUMANN'S SYMPHONY

The performance of Schumann's Symphony was, on the whole, the finest the writer has heard. To many a celebrated conductor this music is a stumbling block. It is too simple for a leader who relies on striking effects to pull him through. It is too sincere, too youthful, too poetic for one without youth and poetry in him to hope to interpret. Then there is the question of orchestral effect. Schumann, who wrote this symphony with spring and love in his heart, knew what orchestral effects he wanted, but did not always know how to secure them in a practical way. This is acknowledged. Unfortunately, there are many conductors who are content to excuse a dull performance on these grounds.

The conductor cannot so easily re-

linquish his own responsibility when he interprets this lovely work. He must get the full value of every note in the score, make every detail susceptible of color tell, develop the hints of what the composer wants into concrete effects, meet the creator of the music half way and assist him to deliver his message.

Glowing With Color

Mr. Monteux did all this. He is not a man to take another man's word for what is or is not in a score. He reads the score for himself, hence generally knows what is in it. How many admirable things he did which commonly escape notice! How one tone of a horn or a flute told in the color scheme.

The orchestra glowed with color, a kind of color particularly characteristic of Schumann, native to him, inimitable by anyone else. Nor was the symphony a succession of more or less disconnected episodes, as it so often sounds. The thought was continuous, the spirit romantic. The rustles and stirrings of spring agitated the instruments. Now the music was full of a vague and beautiful melancholy, like the earth when it is burdened with the prescience of an eternity of deaths and resurrections to come, and again there was the impetuous surge of youthful emotion, warmth, love.

Simply and Eloquently Rendered

Never was the dreamy song of the violins in the second part so simply and eloquently rendered. Seldom has there been such vigor, such healthy folk-spirit, so much humor and fancy in the scherzo. The choice of tempi was singularly happy. In certain places, as in the allegro of the first movement, as in one of the strains of the scherzo, it was a trifle slower, a trifle more sturdy, than with other conductors, and to the writer this conception was ideal.

To do all this, with a simple and well-known work, is a very great thing. One must have for the time the heart of a child, with the skill and the expert knowledge of orchestral instruments, which Mr. Monteux possesses in an unusual degree.

Mr. Spaulding's Playing

It was a brilliant concert of familiar compositions. Mr. Spaulding, who long since showed himself a serious artist of marked talent, displayed on this occasion more authority and individuality in his performance than ever before. The Dvořák concerto, which has many beautiful ideas in it, is diffuse and overlengthy, but it was vitalized and each episode given meaning and significance by the player.

It is a pleasure to add that Mr. Spaulding has never lost the straightforwardness and sincerity which distinguished his playing from the beginning. And

There will be no Rehearsal and Concert next week

he no longer performs like a gifted, earnest, well-trained youth. He has a man's conviction and purpose in his task. He was warmly applauded at the end of the concerto.

Enesco's Suite

A foil to the frank lyricism of Schumann and Dvořák was the strange, haunted, twilight music of Enesco. He is a peculiar individuality, a musician who engrosses some and repels others. This music has a strangely personal melancholy faithfully reflected in the composition and very difficult to define at all in words. A twilight zone of the composer's consciousness seems to be revealed. Here in Enesco, a Rumanian, a lover of the music of Brahms and Wagner, the Germans, and grown up as a composer in modern France. Is this suite Slavic? It seems to be so in the last movement, which is very fantastical. One does not know where the other movements come from. They come from Enesco. They are suggestive of the style of music of a day long past, but in spite of the suggestion of music in the old style this composition is ultra-modern in spirit. A modern man peers back through vistas of ages which have seen so many men hope and struggle and die. Music has its message for every hearer. To many Enesco's music will be music, made of notes, well made, and yesterday very well performed under Mr. Monteux, especially as regards the playing of the strings in the open unison movement.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Oct. 20 '19
ENESCO, SCHUMANN, MONTEUX,
SPALDING

A Perversely Interesting Suite That Dressed Ancient Forms in Modern Vesture—Music of the Spring Glorified by a Conductor Able to Set It on the Stage of the Imagination — A Dull Concerto Animated by a Violinist Without Other Choice

NOT the least happy incident of the Symphony Concert of Saturday evening was the absence of French music from the programme. It is quite as possible to be over-fed with French music as it is with German or Russian, or, as befell the other day no farther away than Worcester, with American. Too much of the ancients, like too much of the ultra-moderns, may easily cloy the ear. Overfed with the music of Paris many a frequenter of the Symphony Concerts

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was last season, because a passing conductor was not widely read in other musics and because he seemed fondly to believe that a mediocre piece was somehow less mediocre, if Paris had given it birth. Mr. Monteux, cultivated and cosmopolitan musician, harbors no such illusion. As he said aptly in an interview early in the autumn, French music of high desert needs no propaganda. It speaks for itself the world around and—he might have added—gloriously. As for mediocre or cut-moded music, which has been and is still written in Paris, exactly as in Berlin, Vienna, Moscow, Rome or even Boston, there is no good reason why it should be played anywhere, least of all in the abundance in which it fell upon many an ear last winter. The more, then, the reason to applaud a programme that began with the singing Schumann of the "Spring" symphony, proceeded with the serviceable Dvorak of the concerto for violin, and ended with the highly individual Enesco of the orchestral suite with a prelude for strings in unison. True, Enesco dwells and works in Paris, but he is Roumanian by blood, while Vienna first trained him. Much more significantly, in youth and in maturity he has worked to his own ends in his own way.

So it was, perhaps, that to practised and therefore the more curious ears, his music was the most interesting of the evening. Added to the repertory of the orchestra eight years ago and then played twice within as many months, it has been subsequently repeated only once, so that recollection could do hardly more than whet anticipation. Fulfillment came quickly with the large sweep, the incisive voices, the diversified progress of the prelude for the stripped and unified strings—a naked music, if the hearer chooses, but heated by fire of invention and spurred by imaginative energy, of an Enesco who in his own way will follow a way of the ancients. Surely of the day and year in which the suite was written, say at the beginning of the twentieth century, is the succeeding minuet—again an ancient form, but again also, a modern an individual handling. Not only is the harmonic and the instrumental coloring Enesco's own and of Enesco's time, but as much of both is the fancy it releases. To more than one ear, this minuet is a dance of phantoms, of ghosts recalled to life and pleasure in a chateau tumbling to ruin, snatching their hasty, dusty hour. The ensuing interlude, yet again, seeks an archaic austerity of form, progress, phrase, yet speaks with the richer, diversifying voice of our own day in music-making. With a lively finale in dance-rhythm ended many an ancient suite. Enesco chooses to end his with what seems a Roumanian folk-tune, rhythmical, repeated, variegated, interrupted in ready and spirited modern fashion.

A perverse music—again if the hearer chooses—in the clothing of forms of the eighteenth century with the tonal vestiture of the early twentieth, but so much the more individual of imagination and accomplishment and with many a stimulating tang for the ear that would escape the endless bore of the regular thing in the regular way. Fortunate, wise, happy Enesco to possess and cherish a native wildness.

Our fathers fancied that Dvorak possessed this native wildness. Possibly he did, possibly it survives still in some of his music, like the Hussite overture and this or that chamber-piece. Their sons, however, are incredulous as our sons may be when—and if—they read praises of it in Enesco. Certainly to old and to young, hardly any sort of native wildness touches the concerto that Mr. Spalding was compelled to play. Compelled, indeed, is written advisedly. His original choice, it seems, was Bruch's "Scottish Fantasia," a much more animated, artful and amusing music. Now Bruch in these days is a doddering old man, dragging out life in a suburb of Berlin. During the war, it appears, he blasphemed the English in senile furies. Other old men nearer Boston still resent these follies. There were alarms and excursions even as there were last spring when Miss Braslau would sing certain music of Bruch. The "Scottish Fantasia" was "banned" and Mr. Spalding took shelter in Dvorak's dull concerto. Evidently there are "high quarters" in Symphony Hall, as in the Senate of the United States, in which the war has not yet ended. Not wisely, indeed, might sundry senators present themselves at the Symphony Concerts, even the father of one of the trustees of the orchestra itself. He has passed middle age; by report of recent debates in Washington, he has been known to speak despitefully of the English.

To the saving Dvorak, Mr. Spalding returned much. Through the "thoughtful," the painstaking music-making of the first movement, through the smooth and long-drawn song of the second, through the warmer motifs and the livelier progress of the finale he made his way as though the whole piece were enkindling the play of his finest powers. He melted technical exaction into flowing and decorative detail. He clothed dull and repetitious measures with the rich body, the warm glow, the flowing progress of his tone. He touched off prosaic figures with a gentle flourish. Where the music gave off neither light nor heat, it received the radiance of his tone, his ardor for the violin—and even for this concerto of Dvorak. From him and from Mr. Monteux, in deft and sympathetic accompaniment came the moments of tranquil, simple, songful beauty in the slow division and from both, with a little more aid and comfort from the

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composer, the moments of rhythmic life in the finale. The music might easily have led Mr. Spalding into a dry, a super-refined tone. As it was, the very shortcomings of the concerto seemed to warm and deepen his voice. Like the ancient masters of the violin, he touched—and glorified.

Mr. Monteux and the orchestra did like service to Schumann's symphony of the return of spring; but therein was music to put them to their mettle. It were a late day to rehearse anew the songful rapture of the beginning, the songful ecstasy of the succeeding movement, the songful brightness of the scherzo, the songful gayety of the finale. If ever there was instrumental song, from first measure to last, it is this symphony in B-flat major, No. 1, Op. 38, as paltry prose labels it. Twenty times conductors and orchestras have sung it more or less rapturously into Bostonian ears. It were as late a day to traverse anew the details of the music in which Schumann's hand, less graced than his imagination, has dulled or nearly stifled his voice. As many times conductors and orchestras have more or less aptly or energetically made him articulate. Mr. Monteux lagged no whit behind his predecessors in songful eloquence, in illuminating stroke of pace or accent. For himself, his orchestra, his audience, he did more. Before them he unrolled the music as though it were glowing pageant of the coming of spring and of the poetized emotions that advent is presumed to send beating high. His pace and progress through the symphony set the first movement, as it were, in flood upon the countryside. The poet, in the second, saw, dreamed and flowed with tender fancies. Through the third skipped the playful folk. In the fourth the whole awakening world was merry, antic. Mr. Monteux visualized the music, set the stage of imagination with it. Symphonic music gains when a conductor of parts and spirit has served also in the opera house.

H. T. PARKER

MR. MONTEUX NEWLY TESTED
Jan. 17, 1919
 Conductor and Orchestra in the Unsparring
 Acoustics of Sanders Theatre at Cambridge—A Concerto for Another Side of
 His Abilities—A Feat for the Strings in
 Enesco's Music

FOR many a year the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge, under the auspices of the university, have usually been a repetition of pieces recently played in Boston. Last evening, when a new series began in Sanders Theatre, Mr. Monteux, who has the courage of his own ways, reversed precedent and pro-

posed to his hearers the programme of the concerts today and tomorrow in Symphony Hall, with the "assisting artist"—Mr. Spalding, the violinist—summoned to them. Those hearers filled every place in the concert-room, as they did not always do last winter under the dispensation of Ra-baud. Many were the "officers of instruction and government"; not too few were the instructed, governed and, this time, pleased students. For both, following Mr. Higginson's precept and practice, the cost of the concerts is kept low—lower probably, than for any series of similar quality and prestige the country over. Therefore, do the miscellaneous folk of Cambridge flock to them and occasional outlanders from Boston over the Charles. As one of the university dowagers affirmed last evening in a carrying, even a circum-ambient, voice, "There were many persons in the house whom she had never seen in her life!" In spite of that predicament, they were none the less good to see. The wider, the more various the public of the Symphony Concerts in either Boston or Cambridge, the firmer is the present and the future. On both sides of the Charles, one and another who would enjoy them stays away in mistaken notion that they are for the elect only. They are not—in spite even of marvelling and distressed dowagers.

With courtesy, interest, good will, this company applauded Mr. Monteux when he came to his place: then warmed to him, as he well deserved, through the course of the concert—best of rewards for a conductor newly come to a practised audience. Being also an audience in Cambridge, it recalled Mr. Spalding twice and thrice, again according to his deserts; while at the end of Schumann's "Spring" symphony, it clapped heartily the standing orchestra. For it, in some respects, the wooden walls and the consequent resonance of Sanders Theatre were a severer test than Symphony Hall had been a week ago. Across the Charles, every detail of music and performance stands as clear as conductor and orchestra may make it. There also the listener hears quality of tone unclouded, undiminished. Moreover, one of the pieces upon the programme happened to be Enesco's suite. The first division falls to the string-choir only, plus a kettle-drum toward the end and throughout in unison. Enesco has written it in bold and incisive phrases, in sharp contrasts, vivid transitions, mounting periods.

The writers of music in the eighteenth century loved this propulsive force, this penetrating power of striding strings singing in a single voice. Enesco, instructed musician, has assimilated their proud affection, but he is also musician with an individual ardor, a barbaric tang of his own.

So does the first division of his suite cut the air with these united strings and cleaving it, strike fire. As the choir of the orchestra played it, as Mr. Monteux lead it, the music rang upon the ear, strode across the imagination. Up and down the choir, power, pliancy, precision, were at one. The conductor perceived the breadth of Enesco's pattern, caught the intensity with which the composer weaves it. The audience knew the sweep, even the splendor, of this naked music.

In the relative routine of the rest of the chosen music, the strings equally pleased the ear—in euphony with Mr. Spalding's violin or in bright background for it through Dvorak's concerto; in the warmly phrased instrumental song of Schumann's symphony; in the reiterated and heightened emphases and ascents of Enesco's sharp-set finale. The wood-winds were as fortunate in the unpairing acoustics of Sanders Theatre, especially when some single voice among them isolated a few measures of the songful Schumann or threaded about the main stem of the music one or another of his fanciful ornaments. Full-throated and rich-voiced were the horns also with his song; while they, the trumpets and Mr. Monteux as well, warmed to that exuberant phrase in which he proclaims the coming of the spring. If the Symphony Orchestra is still to be accounted a "new" Symphony Orchestra, seldom has it better proved individual and collective quality than it did last evening. Add to the music then played Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" of last week at Symphony Hall; recall the performance—and not an essential and scarcely a distinction of orchestral playing seems now lacking to it.

The conductor bore as well the sharp tests of Sanders Theatre and the new test of a concerto in which the orchestra partners a solo instrument. Mr. Monteux has gathered long experience with dancers, mimes and singers in opera houses. Therefore he accompanies well in the glorified sense in which the word designates the orchestral part of a concerto. He was considerate, sympathetic, stimulating with Mr. Spalding; he had a keen ear for the "solo violin" in relation to the other instrumental voices; yet he was mindful of the progress, the unity of the concerto as a whole. As operatic conductor, also, Mr. Monteux knows and cherishes the large, keen, direct impression upon his hearers. So he swept through Enesco's "prelude in unison" and his glinting, snapping finale; and so he caught the exuberance of Schumann's symphony of the spring. He made the music "sound," even when the composer's clumsiness or artlessness of hand momentarily dulls it—"sound" with the sheer eagerness of outpoured song at the beginning, with the sheer happy fancy of the scherzo of the talk at play; with the gentler song that suffuses the slow division, with the gayer song of the finale. Whatever French conductors do or fail to do with German romantic music, they have ears for it as instrumental song. In Mr. Monteux there are also the perception and the skill that can exercise fine as well as large means to this end. He can use the adroit hand; he has the sensitive ear. Now and again only does he yield to the temptation to set his orchestra in too firm, too square-cut masses of tone.

H. T. PARKER

SANDERS THEATRE . . CAMBRIDGE

OPENING CONCERT

Thursday Evening, October 16

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SOLOIST

ALBERT SPALDING

VIOLIN

Tickets at Kent's University Bookstore, Harvard Square, Cambridge

Mr. ALBERT SPALDING, born at Chicago, August 15, 1888, when he was seven years old began the study of the violin with Chiti in Florence, Italy, and when he was living in New York, with Juan Buitrago. When Mr. Spalding was fourteen he passed with high honors the examination for a "professorship" at the Bologna Conservatory. In Paris he studied for two years with Lefort. His first appearance in public as a professional violinist was at the Nouveau Théâtre, Paris, June 6, 1905.

His first recital in Boston was on January 4, 1909. On December 12, 1911, as soloist with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago (now the Chicago Symphony Orchestra), he played Elgar's violin concerto, then heard for the first time in Boston. He has given recitals here on November 12, 1914; April 29, November 3, 1915; January 28, November 4, December 17, 1916; and on April 4, 1916, he took part with Messrs. Carlo Buonamici and Felix Fox, pianists, and the Flonzaley Quartet in a concert in aid of widows of Italian reservists.

He also played at an entertainment given by the Friars of New York on June 7, 1916.

He played in Boston at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, January 12, 1917 (Beethoven's concerto). He served in the war as an aviator in Italy and played for the benefit of soldiers.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919--20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

THIRD PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, AT 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, AT 8 P.M.

D'INDY,

SHORT SYMPHONY, (based on the War in France
1916-1918,) No. 3, op. 70. "Sinfonia Brevis de Bello
Gallico"

- I. Lent et calme; Lent et anxieux
- II. Assez vite
- III. Lent
- IV. Tres animé; Lent: Majestueux
(First performance in America)

BEETHOVEN,

BALLET, op. 43, "The Creatures of Prometheus"
Overture
Ballet No. 5: Adagio
Violoncello Solo, J. BEDETTI; Flute, G. LAURENT;
Clarinet, A. SAND; Bassoon, A. LAUS; Harp, A. HOLY

WAGNER,

"A SIEGFRIED IDYLL"

LISZT,

SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 3, "Les Préludes,"
(after Lamartine)



Some Principals Among the Symphony Players. From Left to Right: Jean Bedetti and Frederic Denayer, Newly Come from France, Bearing a Very Considerable Reputation with Them, to Head the Cello and Viola Sections; Gustav Heim, Albert Sand and George Wendler, the Trumpet, Clarinet and French Horn Respectively, Upon Whose Matchless Musicianship the Superfine Performance of the Great Orchestra Largely Depends.

SYMPHONY'S THIRD CONCERT

D'Indy's Work on French
War Given First Time—
Brilliant Performance

OLD BALLET MUSIC OF BEETHOVEN ENJOYED

Harvard Oct. 25, 1919
By PHILIP HALE

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: D'Indy, Short Symphony Concerning the Gallic War (first time in America); Beethoven, Overture and Ballet No. 5, "The Creatures of Prometheus"; Wagner, "A Siegfried" Idyl; Liszt, Symphonic Poem, "The Preludes."

The title of D'Indy's symphony is in Latin. Did he consciously or unconsciously borrow "De Bello Gallico" from Julius Caesar? It matters not; the symphony, composed in 1916-18 and first performed in Paris last May, was inspired by the war; the two chief themes of the first movement are intended to typify the French and the Huns; there is the attempt to portray in music the suspense, the anguish, the heroism of the French; and at last there is the triumphal march, the apotheosis of victory, with the fanfares and the salvos of tumultuous rejoicing. In other words, this symphony is a "piece d'occasion."

The fate of these pieces has usually been unfortunate, like that of many "prize compositions." A new work from Vincent d'Indy is awaited with more than ordinary expectation. The composer of the Symphony on a Mountain Air, of the noble Symphony in B Flat, of the gorgeous "Istar" variations—not to mention other works orchestral of another nature—is never hurried, restless; an experimenter in the pursuit of his art. Yet there are emotions so deep, so mastering, that they are not to be fully expressed even in music, which has been said to be the

language of the inexpressible. It would seem that in this symphony flaming patriotism has consumed purely musical thought; that the Frenchman dominates the artist. Perhaps d'Indy and his fellow-countrymen would have it so. The symphony is therefore interesting as a vivid outpouring of patriotism; as purely a work of art it cannot be ranked with the works above named.

It is hardly necessary to say that the Symphony is technically engrossing, for d'Indy is an acknowledged master. There are pages that are fully worthy of the musician that wrote the Symphony in B flat and "Istar." The introduction portraying the peace and calm of France before the ruthless invasion of Belgium is singularly beautiful. There are brilliant measures in the Scherzo. The first section of the slow movement is profoundly emotional, but what is the significance of the abrupt, perplexing, disconcerting change in mood? We say "significance," for although the score has no printed argument, there surely was a "program" in the composer's mind. The Finale, inspiring chiefly by reason of its dynamic force, is rather commonplace with the possible exception of the pages in which, according to a Parisian critic, the theme of St. Michael is proclaimed victoriously by the little trumpet in D while massive chords punctuate after an old fashion long approved by d'Indy's predecessors.

Beethoven's little ballet overture had not been heard at a symphony concert for 10 years. The Adagio was a favorite piece in the years of Theodore Thomas's and the Harvard Musical Association's concerts, from 1869 till 1882. It is graceful, pretty music, which served yesterday to display the talent and taste of Messrs. Bedetti, Holy, Laurent, Laus and Sand in solo measures.

Mr. Monteux gave a dramatic reading of Liszt's familiar "Preludes," and saved it for the most part from the charge of sentimentalism and the reproach of bombast.

The great audience was most appreciative, distributing applause with impartial hands. The new symphony and Beethoven's music were especially well received.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Haydn's Symphony "The Queen of France" (first time at these concerts); Rachmaninoff, Piano Concerto in D minor No. 3 (first time in Boston); Stravinsky, Suite from "The Fire-Bird" (first time at these concerts). Mr. Rachmaninoff will be the pianist.



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SYMPHONY GIVES IDEAL PROGRAM

Adm. — Oct. 20/19
**Monteux Proves That He
is Growing Fast in
Conductorship**

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

Program.
D'Indy. Sinfonia Brevis, de Bello Gallico.
Beethoven. Prometheus Ballet Overture and
Adagio.
Wagner. Siegfried Idyll.
Liszt. Les Preludes.

Such a program is the reviewer's ideal. Entirely orchestral, with an important novelty and a good contrast of different schools. The absence of a soloist only gave prominence to the symphonic character of the occasion.

How much greater is the inspiration of such a work as D'Indy's than Strauss' self-laudatory "Heldenleben." Without giving a series of war-pictures this new work portrays struggle, anxiety, sorrow and final triumph. It is shapely, too, and does not altogether depart greatly from the symphonic form of Beethoven, although the first movement has a rather free return of themes at its end, the Scherzo (which in this case is earnest) comes second instead of third, and there is some of the asceticism of D'Indy in the beginning of the finale.

WORK IS GENUINE.

But the work is genuine and sincere throughout, and it has sufficient of development to win the suffrages of the musician without repelling the laity. As is usual in modern works, the introduction furnishes some important matter for the first movement. There is some excellent horn work in the trio of the second movement, a noble climax in the slow movement, and the apotheosis of triumph in the finale, although this comes only after struggle and dissonance.

The work is an idealization of military band effects, of fife and drum, (the piccolo replacing the fife) and of stirring march rhythms. It is this, rather than a direct picture of battle,

Like the Heroic Symphony it is subjective rather than objective. Even the xylophone is made an important tone-color in its score.

The Scherzo is in 5-4 rhythm, much of the time, and here and there are defiant fanfares of trumpets. It would not be D'Indy if there were not contrapuntal skill displayed somewhere, and there are some touches of canon—and some of cannon as well.

STRANGE DIALOGUE.

The finale has some remarkable touches of very high and difficult trumpet playing in an antiphonal effect against chords of the full orchestra. There is also another strange dialogue between bass drum and xylophone. All these touches were finely brought out.

The work had its finest performance in America on this occasion, and was received with well-deserved enthusiasm, Mr. Monteux being twice recalled and the orchestra obliged to rise.

Perhaps it was unfair to Beethoven's weakest overture, to the only ballet that he ever wrote, to place it after such a strong modern work as the War Symphony. It is certainly the easiest and simplest of the overtures of the great master, as befits ballet-music. It is dance-like, too, and forms a sharp contrast to such overtures as "Coriolanus" or "Egmont."

The Adagio which followed, No. 5 in the ballet, is chiefly remarkable for its use of the harp. Mr. Holy had no very thankful task here, for the composer wins no especial effect from his employment of the instrument. We must bear in mind, however, that in 1801 the concert harp (double-action pedal) had not been invented, and Beethoven's instrument was much more diatonic than ours of the present. He had never used the harp before, and he never used it again. When, in 1810, Erard brought forth the modern harp, Beethoven was too deaf to experiment with new instruments. Flute, clarinette, bassoon and violoncello also gave solo work in this rather watery number, which, because of their excellent playing aroused much applause.

EFFECTIVE READING.

Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," written as a Christmas and birthday present for his wife, is naturally not among his ambitious or heavily-scored works. But it presents graphic-leading motives from his trilogy and develops them as only Wagner can. And it was good to hear some of his work in the symphony programs again, although we could have wished one of

his broader compositions for the "renewal." But Monteux read the number with sympathetic elasticity and the sweetness of the bird motives, the nobility of "Siegfried, Rock of the World," and the intertwining of the two figures was effective enough.

And then the concert ended with Liszt, Liszt whom we have not had upon the program for 10, these many months, and the very broadest and noblest of all his symphonic poems. It begins with a figure which Franck uses in his D-minor symphony, and which Beethoven used in one of his sonatas, but which belongs to Wagner because he so gloriously employed it as the "Fate-Figure" in the Trilogy.

PROGRAM EXCELLENT.

But how grandly the themes follow after this! The theme of man in his strength, the love theme, the storm and stress figures buffeting the three-noted figure (C, B, E.) above mentioned, the pastoral effects gradually merging into the call to battle, the finale with man revealed in power and majesty, all these made the last number the chief number of the whole concert, even dwarfing D'Indy's excellent symphony.

If Beethoven and Wagner were represented by comparatively weak works, Liszt was present with the strongest of all his compositions, for we rank this as no evenly great than his "Faust Symphony."

M. Monteux certainly never had a better opportunity to show the stuff that is in him in such a program as this and he made full use of his opportunities. One might have demanded a little more of majesty in certain parts of "Les Preludes" and less of emphasized contrast, but he proved that he is growing fast in conductorship; his programs are excellent and his readings of high merit.

D'INDY'S NEW SYMPHONY

MUSIC OF HIS REACTIONS TO THE WAR

First Performance in America at the
Symphony Concerts Tomorrow — The
Course and the Quality of the Piece—
Origins and Outcome—The Composer in
Familiar and Unfamiliar Aspect

Trans. — Oct. 23, 1919.

SINCE d'Indy's third symphony, bearing the significant sub-title "Sinfonia brevis, de bello gallico," is to be played at the Symphony Concerts of

this week for the first times in America, and not improbably for the only performances so far out of Paris, some hints of its method, style and contents may not inappropriately be given herewith.

The student of Vincent d'Indy's music is by this time aware that it presents an unusual and yet logical fusion of classic style and obvious modernity of expression. The plain chant of the Roman church, the essence of sixteenth century counterpoint, the fugue, canon and passacaglia of the eighteenth century, dramatic procedure from Monteverde to Wagner, the variation of Bach, Beethoven and César Franck, the salient features of sonata treatment from Beethoven to Franck, have each and all contributed distinctive elements to a style at once individual and original. This process of assimilation meets the inevitable test in that it has progressed far beyond mere imitation to genuine re-creation; not an echo, but a basis for new thought as well as advance in style. In d'Indy's case the influences of classicism has not been to restrict but to enlarge avenues of individual utterance by virtue of its intellectual breadth.

The study of d'Indy's third symphony reveals at once that it does not depart from the unalterable conviction of the composer's artistic maturity. It manifests the usual tokens of classicism, not the versatile and makeshift neo-classicism of Saint-Saëns, but that of a living and inevitable need, in which a symphony is still a normal and grateful medium for musical thought. It calls for the accepted instrumental forces of the modern symphonic orchestra with the exception of a high clarinet, a high trumpet (especially beloved of d'Indy and employed in many of his later works) and the specific requirement of a French military drum in addition to the usual snare drum. Its plan is that of the customary four movements, in which the substitute for a scherzo comes second and the slow movement third. Moreover, it contains no striking departure from the conventional structure of symphonic movements, yet within these limits the music is of a vital order of expression such as no living composer save d'Indy could have written.

As is frequently the case the first movement begins with an introduction, slow in tempo and tranquil in mood. After four measures of preluding strings a theme is heard in flutes and clarinets against a figure in the violoncellos. It passes to another key and instrumental combination, returns to its original tonality soon leading to the main body of the movement with a vigorous theme derived from the introductory phrase. Soon the normal "transition" appears, not derived from the first theme but in slower tempo and of a radi-

cally different character. To this succeeds in a "regular" key a noble and uplifting second theme sung first by the horns, and continued by the strings. Horn phrases and reminiscences of the "transitional" theme bring the "exposition" section of the movement to an end. The "development" is made up of transformations of the first theme, the transitional motive, and a new and expressive episode "Lent et Anxieux" indicative of conflict and strain. The "recapitulation" portion of the movement is unusual in that the development leads to the "restatement" of the "second theme" first in B major and then in the "home key" D major, followed by the phrases which closed the exposition. Then the first theme returns, and there is a short but brilliant peroration.

The second movement, of the slow scherzo type, opens with a playful theme in the strings, developed with inconspicuous yet palpably scholarly resources of canonic style, but spontaneous withal. At intervals a heavy rhythmical phrase interrupts the normal germination of the theme with evident descriptive intent. The trio contains a buoyant theme for horn, not unrelated in character to the reiterated melody for horns in the second movement of "A Summer Day in the Mountain." It is taken up by various instrumental combinations. Dissonant trumpet calls of warning bring back the first section, but the repetition is varied in many ways, especially by new canonic devices.

After a few introductory measures by wind instruments, the slow movement begins with a profoundly expressive and reflective theme in the strings, recalling the mood of "Evening" in "A Summer Day in the Mountain." A sharply rhythmical episode in the wood winds interrupts, but the earlier theme persists, accompanied by figures derived from the episode. After a varied development it returns in the divided strings against a waving arpeggio accompaniment, reaching an eloquent climax. There is a quiet and emotional close.

The finale opens with dissonant calls in horns and trumpets passing to the woodwind. The main theme appears in the full orchestra, showing some affinity with the theme of the slow movement. Much is made of a brilliant and majestic ascending figure in the strings, which after some development combined with phrases from

the introduction leads directly to the second theme. A somewhat stormy development, involving both themes and figures from the introduction brings a "restatement" of the earlier section but with changes of tonality. An episode recalls the theme and mood of the slow movement. Then the second theme returns in victorious apotheosis given to trumpets and flutes accompanied by full orchestra leading to a triumphant close.

As a whole, the symphony while treated with a ripe scholarship totally free from pedantry, is less complex than the second symphony in B flat, first heard here under Mr. Gerlicke and later under the composer's baton. A comparison between the new work and its predecessor is perhaps inevitable. But such a summing-up is hardly possible, since the two works differ markedly in expressive purpose. D'Indy, a man of deep sentiment and a patriot before being an artist, a veteran of the Franco-Prussian war, was stirred in common with the rest of the civilized world by the barbarities of the recent war. This symphony, composed from 1916 to 1918, could not attain the detachment and the preoccupation with the problems of "absolute music" which characterized the second symphony finished fifteen years before. D'Indy must perforce be affected by the supreme trials and the heroic struggles of his country during its composition. While no "programme" is indicated, this symphony is obviously a record of strife, privations and ultimate triumph. It needs no written basis, no ticketing of episodes, or dramatic interpretation of themes or figures employed. D'Indy wrote from a full heart, and the form which best suited his need of utterance was the classic symphony. If in some respects a different D'Indy is mirrored therein, the symphony as a whole, and more particularly the slow movement, is a vital presentation of the reaction of the external world in music of commanding force and beauty. This work presents D'Indy from a new angle; one in which he can no longer be termed ascetic or cerebral, as some of his detractors have affirmed at times. It is rather a token of his keen moral and spiritual participation in the fortunes of his country.

EDWARD BURLINGAME HILL

D'Indy's New Symphony in Boston

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—Vincent d'Indy's third symphony, op. 70, bearing the legend "Sinfonia Brevis de Bello Gallico," which had its first hearing in America at the Friday afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on October 24, is written from the heart of the man, nobly conceived and nobly expressed. Whether it follows modern French idiom, as we have come loosely to use the designation, whether it is classical or romantic, whether it follows the traditional symphonic form—these are questions of minor importance. The one transcendent consideration is whether or not this is an honest and convincing record of emotions aroused by the war tragedy. Has the writer succeeded in making his audience feel the things he felt, see the things he saw? And unquestionably he has—for those with imagination to feel and to see.

Imagination is required to grasp this music, for here is no boom! boom! of big guns, no tramp! tramp! of marching legions. There is no scene of actual combat; here is the record of a stay-at-home, but one who suffers no less keenly because he is not in the trenches.

It must be classified as program music, though the program be not the record of a clash of arms. Rather in this wise is its story told: An idealized France, tranquilly pursuing her daily round, startled by the German invasion, derisively regarding the goose-stepping army advancing, roused to the enthusiasm of mobilization. All this in the first movement, *Lent et calme*; *Animé*. An awakened France, stirred with joy and then foreboding, crushing down her fears, but bustling with ceaseless activity. This is the second movement, *Assez vite*. A subdued and suffering France, soberly resigned to the work in hand, but never fearing, and, though saddened, strong in courage. This is the third movement, *Lent*. Then comes the outburst for the victory, grand and heroic pæans, a France rejoicing with Gargantuan joy. This is the last movement, *Très animé*; *Majestroux*.

Thus is the story told by the observer, always in regular form, with no transgressing of the laws of harmony. The melodies are never pretty, there is no attempt to make them ingratiating, but they have a pungency that satisfyingly expresses their intent. As a summing up of France at war this symphony will live, a notable document.

The overture and ballet No. 5 from Beethoven's "Creatures of Prometheus" allowed incidental solo work by the new first cellist, Mr. Bedetti, the flutist, Mr. Laurent, the clarinetist, Mr. Sand, and the bassoonist, Mr. Laus. Mr. Bedetti made a marked impression because of his large but pleasing tone and his perfect intonation. "A Siegfried Idyll" brought back the name Wagner to the program for the first time since the war. The music was noticeably appreciated and warmly applauded. Liszt's "Les Préludes" completed the program.

WAR PIECE PLAYED BY SYMPHONY

D'Indy's Work Given
For First Time in
America

Post — Oct. 25/19
BY OLIN DOWNES

Vincent d'Indy's "short symphony concerning the Gallic war" ("Sinfonia brevis de bello Gallico") was played for the first time in America at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony.

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Hall. The other compositions were the overture and the fifth number from Beethoven's ballet, "The Creatures of Prometheus"; Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl," Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes."

SECOND MOVEMENT GOOD

D'Indy's symphony, composed in 1916-18 and performed for the first time at a concert of the Societe Nationale, Paris, in May, 1919, is in memory of the German invasion of France and the final triumph of the allied arms. The composer suggests first, in a very beautiful way, the calm of the French country-side. The Hunnish forces are then caricatured. There are martial themes for the French. There are four movements. The last is theatrical and triumphal in character. The third movement, the slow movement, of a lofty nature, leads d'Indy inevitably to thoughts of his master, Franck.

For us the second movement is the most interesting and sustained in its excellence, musically speaking, of the four. Much of the rest is piece-meal, full of transparent devices for effect, overworked sequences, tricks of instrumentation—a d'Indy, in short, miles below the d'Indy of the second symphony and the "Istar" variations, which are among the wonders of the modern musical art. Music for patriotic celebration is seldom valuable as music. There was warm applause, however, for this symphony.

Five Solo Parts

The overture appears to be the best part of the Prometheus music. The slow movement gave opportunity for instrumentalists of the orchestra, playing solo parts, to show their art. At the close of the serene and melodious piece Messrs. Laurent, flute; Sand, clarinet; Laus, bassoon; Holy, harp, and Bedetti, the admirable new 'cellist, bowed in response to applause.

The "Siegfried Idyl" is a little overlong, a little discursive. But it is exquisite poetry, and notwithstanding its undue length, music written with a master hand. It excites wonder every time it is heard. The interweaving of endless melody, the manner in which each musical idea puts forth fresh branches and tendrils and leaves, as it were, of its own is something found only in the scores of the supreme masters. The harmony is so fresh and beautiful; and different voices, meeting and crossing, form harmonies of which the spell is ever potent. Mr. Monteux made the most of this work of genius. He is the conductor, too, for such an extravagant and brilliant piece as the Liszt symphonic poem which brought the concert to a close.

D'INDY'S SYMPHONY WELL RENDERED

Beethoven's Music Gives Soloists a Chance

Liszt's Preludes Welcomed at the Orchestral Concert

Globe — Oct. 25/19

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the third concert of the season yesterday afternoon to an unusually interested and applauding audience. There was no outside soloist, but the fifth of the ballet numbers from Beethoven's "The Creatures of Prometheus" provided a chance for several members of the orchestra named on the program to display their skill and taste in solos.

The feature of the program which aroused most anticipation was O'Indy's new symphony, inspired by the war. Yesterday's performance was the first in America, and probably the first outside of Paris. Mr. Monteux and the orchestra got all there is to be gotten out of the music, yet the applause at the end was polite, rather than enthusiastic.

D'Indy has one fatal defect which outweighs his many virtues as a composer; he cannot write either a good melody or a motive which lends itself spontaneously to development.

The slow movement of this symphony with a different harmonization would be insufferably cheap. The development of the first movement is labored. The mood of Nov 11, 1918, is better expressed in the closing section of Liszt's "Preludes," also on this program, than by D'Indy's finale, which is "martial and animated" because he wanted it so, not because he couldn't help yelling and throwing up his hat.

Beethoven's "Prometheus" music is taken from an early and not very successful work. It shows flashes, but only flashes of the Beethoven of the "Coriolanus" overture. Nevertheless, Mr. Monteux is to be thanked for letting us hear the lesser as well as the greater Beethoven at the Symphony, where hearers sometimes tire of masterpieces by too frequent repetitions.

Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl" was played with the delicacy and restraint the music demands, but too often fails to receive from conductors who interpret it as though Wagner were always "dramatic." This music was last played here by the Symphony at a concert before the war. Vigorous and prolonged applause which Mr. Monteux was obviously happy to have to acknowledge three times before proceeding with the

rest of the program, greeted it yesterday. Liszt's "Les Preludes," the final number, is one of the best liked pieces in the repertory of the orchestra.

This program will be repeated tonight at 8. At the next concerts, Rachmaninoff will play his third concerto, and the orchestra will give an unfamiliar symphony by Haydn, called "The Queen of France," and Stravinsky's suite from the music "The Firebird."

SYMPHONY CONCERT

NEW SPIRIT BRINGS BACK OLD QUALITY

Mr. Monteux Restoring Interest, Standards, Prestige—His Abilities as Programme-Maker—A Happy Revival from Beethoven—Wagner Returns, and Liszt Profits Not by His Company—D'Indy's Music of the War Falls Far Below Expectation

THE range and the method of Mr. Monteux's programmes are restoring the standards and renewing the pleasures of the Symphony Concerts. He follows no formulas like the dear departed Rabaud with his German symphony as preface to a French or a Franco-Russian miscellany. He falls into no haphazard choices no convenient repetition of "stock-pieces," as Dr. Muck tended to do in his final years in Boston. If Mr. Monteux will include a piece by Beethoven in his miscellaneous numbers, he does not repeat the overture to "Egmont" or the overture, "Coriolanus," for the twentieth or the thirtieth time, but Prometheus as he did yesterday, or resurveys, as he soon will do, the overture to "King Stephen." Thereby he freshens his programme and freshens, no less, the interest of his hearers in Beethoven. Similarly, to Mr. Monteux Enesco does not imply repetition after repetition of a "Roumanian Rhapsody" or Haydn the semi-ready and too-familiar symphony that happens to lie at the top of the pile in the orchestra's library. A week ago the conductor restored Enesco's suite to the active repertory, a week hence he will return to a symphony by Haydn hitherto overlooked at the Symphony Concerts. No easy-going man, comfortable in routine is the new conductor.

At Mr. Monteux's will novel pieces are regaining old place upon the programmes. In the first pair of concerts he included Albeniz's fragment, "Catalonia." Yesterday,

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day, d'Indy's "Short Symphony About the War of the French" was heard for the first time in America. The concerts of next Friday and Saturday will bring a new concerto for piano by Rakhmaninov and the suite drawn from Stravinsky's ballet, "The Fire-Bird," music of sensuous beauty and pictorial imagery. To cite these items is to indicate the range of the new conductor's reading, interest, knowledge, to suggest his catholicity of mind and taste. In particular these qualities and inclinations stood clear when side by side on the programme of Friday afternoon, he set the new symphony by d'Indy and Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl," the first music of the German composer to be heard at the Symphony Concerts in two seasons. On many an occasion in recent years d'Indy has been more virulent than just in his opinion of German music. Wagner in his day spoke and printed much folly about the French. Both Wagner and d'Indy, however, have written music deserving recurring place in the Symphony Concerts. Back accordingly they both come—and ironically in one and the same programme—after more or less superfluous "banning," and to the obvious pleasure of the listening and applauding audience. Now to do these things as Mr. Monteux is doing them, is not only to prove the mettle of the new conductor but to restore the quality and the prestige of the concerts themselves.

Similarly with Mr. Monteux's work upon and with the orchestra. He has not yet made it the sensitive and plastic instrument at every turn with any and all music that it should ideally be, that in its best years of a recent past it has actually been. Of course Mr. Monteux is ambitious of such perfection, but as obviously he has not yet had the time in which to achieve it. In a month of rehearsals and concert the conductor has inclined over much to large, square-cut, firmly moving body of vision of Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," a fortnight ago and of Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl," there is no doubting his mind and his ear for pliancy of pattern and tone, for apt transitions and adroit euphonies, for artful and imaginative shadings of progress and color. A little lighter hand, a little more plasticity with Wagner's endlessly blossoming music and the playing of the "Siegfried Idyl" yesterday would have been as finely touched as that of Debussy's prelude. In Enesco's suite, in Albeniz's music, in Beethoven's overture to "Prometheus," in d'Indy's symphony, Mr. Monteux has abundantly proved

his lively ear and quick hand for rhythm. Out of many another piece stands his regard for the largely moulded phrase. He is dramatizing conductor, as in Franck's tone-poem of "The Wild Huntsman"; he is conductor who feels and releases the romantic rhetoric of music, as yesterday in Liszt's symphonic poem, "Preludes"; he is conductor, as in Schumann's symphony of the spring, who deepens the beauty and swells the ardors of instrumental song. Not yet has he missed the intrinsic quality of any piece upon his programmes or failed to find the revealing and the characterizing pace.

Sollicitous over his music, Mr. Monteux is not less solicitous over the voices of the orchestra. He is at endless pains with them until they give him back the quality of tone, the animating accent that he asks. Individually not a few of those voices are the best that the orchestra has known in recent years. In the slow movement from "Prometheus," yesterday, Mr. Bedetti at the violoncello, Mr. Laurent at the flute, Mr. Sand at the clarinet, Mr. Laus at the bassoon, Mr. Holy at the harp, so disclosed new virtue or affirmed old, with Mr. Wendler, wherever he might, in company with them at the first horn. The wood-wind choir of the orchestra is a little company of masters. The string choir advances in brightness, richness, plasticity of tone. Sundry changes have bettered the brass. The orchestra is again an instrument to stir a conductor's ambition, an audience's pride. And the outcome? The Symphony Concerts, after a year of partial eclipse, are bright again with interest and pleasure for audiences. With return to old standards comes back old prestige.

The "standard repertory," as it now is, provided two of the pieces upon the programme of yesterday—Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl" and Liszt's tone-poem, "Preludes"; while the "standard repertory," as it used to be, afforded the overture to Beethoven's ballet, "The Brood of Prometheus" and a slow movement from the succeeding dances. It was a happy notion of Mr. Monteux to restore to the concerts this music of Beethoven, light-minded, light-handed, fanciful, graceful. The snapping chords, the running figures, the playful turns, the flowing animation of the overture sound as fresh today in a hall in Boston as they did in a theatre of Vienna a hundred odd years ago and are now, probably, far more brightly played. As programmes usually run, this Beethoven of dexterity and charm we of 1919 may know only from the concerto for violin. Here in these fragments of "Prometheus" is music of equal delight to the sensuous and the fanciful ear. The overture is winged with light and fertile ardor; the slow movement spins itself from solo instrument to solo instrument in long unfolding line, inviting the grace of pose,

the instant languor of motion that, presumably, the dancers brought to it. Musical and pictorial imagination now through it and for once Beethoven stays within the prescribed, the accepted frame.

A well-tempered audience, as Bach labelled his clavichord, happily took the "Siegfried Idyl" as a matter of course. If any were displeased at the return of Wagner to "these concerts," they politely hid their chagrins. If any were overjoyed, they did not swell the applause for music and performance beyond desert, even if the upper balcony renewed it when it was about to subside. Wagner, like any other eminent composer of symphonic music has just place in the repertory of the Symphony Orchestra. Wagner's music to many ears yields large and keen pleasure. The war was the war and the necessary or assumed inhibitions are past. The pleasures of the present, new or renewed, beckon. And the Wagner of this "Siegfried Idyl" is almost as strange to the concert-hall as the Beethoven of "Prometheus"—a Wagner of musing mood, gentle impulse, intimate affection, finding voice in the speech and the imagery of tones. Not a little of his music is a lush garden; as much of it may be likened to a vast and sombre forest. Here in the "Siegfried Idyl" is his bed of little flowers of tonal fancy, blossoming in fresh measure upon fresh measure in quickening warmth of invention and ingenuity. Or to shift the figure, elsewhere Wagner wrote his epics and legends. Here is his lyric verse. Once more, the range, the readiness of the man. The Liszt of "Preludes" fares none too well in such company. He is manifestly "addressing" his audience and rhetorical is his tonal speech. His romantic moods of "love in enchanted daybreak," or "on nature's bosom," or "mid the trumpets loud clangor" are so obviously "effective" in the contrasting progress of the music from naked simplicities to furbelowed pomps. Yet to this day, the "effects" stir the average hearer and Liszt lasts.

Doubtless many an instructed hearer expected too much of d'Indy's symphony of the war, since memory summoned the composer's "Istar," his "Summer Day in the Mountain," his two earlier symphonies—a signal and enduring music in kind and quality—to what anticipation of great things. When the piece was done, doubtless as many hearers sought to find excuse for their disappointment. D'Indy is in the sixty-eight year of a life in which he has spared neither mind nor body nor spirit. Perhaps, at last, sterility and routine, the unconscious acceptance of the easiest way, are creeping into his music. Quite as probably, the images, the emotions that the war stirred in him, as he reacted to it, as he watched the reactions of his countrymen, evaded, balked him when he would transmute them into tones.

Many measures designed to be eloquent, born of deep mood and memory, come to little once they are set upon music-paper and heard from the orchestra. The martial tumult of the end of the first movement sounds theatrical to a fault; the listener hears and sees, not the French armies departing to battle, but the military bustle of the stage. Hostile and cynical reviewers in Paris have consigned the final apotheosis, when Victory—in a high trumpet—flies over the surging troops of France, to some spectacle of the screen. The glow of harmonic and instrumental music upon the third movement glimmers music that intrinsically falls short of the implied mood of lofty devotion, faith, resolution: while a singular intermezzo in another vein bafflingly interrupts it. ~~And~~ again in the progress of the symphony, the invention and the imagination of a dandy as technician, rather than musician or emotional vitality, sustain the interest of the hearer. Page after page, zealously as Mr. Monteux and the orchestra plied their pains, suggests music missing its goal, a design fallen far short of accomplishment, a symphony manqué—and the usual recourse to routine and artifice. To more than one ear, only out of the beginning—picturing the calm and peace of France when war breaks upon it—speaks the expected d'Indy of exalted imagination and utterance; while once and again in the scherzo returns the d'Indy of fine ardors. Far too much of the rest is relative silence. But these are the impressions of a single hearing. A second may correct or dispel.

H. T. PARKER

BOSTON ORCHESTRA'S TRIP

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The Boston Symphony Orchestra will make the first trip of the season during the week of November 2, giving its regular concerts in Philadelphia, November 3; in Washington, November 4; in Baltimore, November 5; in New York, November 6; in Brooklyn, November 7; in New York, November 8. Mr. Rachmaninoff will appear as soloist in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and Brooklyn.

SYMPHONY MUSIC HARD TO RECORD

To the general musical public probably the most important improvement of recent times has been the reproduction of the music of an entire modern symphony orchestra. This has been a matter of great difficulty, and the first records of the kind—those of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—were not issued until many special difficulties had been overcome. The great difficulty in recording orchestral music has been in getting a proper balance between the different instruments and the different groups of instruments. There are many records of symphonic music to be had, but those of the Boston Symphony Orchestra appear to have been the first in which an entire modern orchestra of approximately a hundred men is employed.

Those who know and love the symphony orchestra, and have studied its development from the days when Mozart wrote the G minor Symphony with a beggarly array of woodwind and brass, will not be surprised to learn of the difficulty of securing an adequate balance between woodwind, brass, strings and percussion in reproducing orchestral music; and this difficulty was greatly augmented by the characteristics peculiar to sound reproduction. Short, rapid vibrations awaken a more intense response in the diaphragm than long, slow ones. Hence instruments playing the higher notes of their register record with more ease than low-pitched sounds. Thus the bass instruments of the orchestra recorded with less volume than the higher-pitched ones. But this difficulty was gradually overcome in the Victor laboratory.

Frank

Again the Frenchman's War-Time Symphony in Renewed Impression of Failure

ONLY in the disclosing and the clarifying of details in workmanship did a second hearing, on Saturday evening, of Mr. d'Indy's war-time symphony better the impression of the first. Among certain musicians hereabouts there is almost a d'Indy cult, yet even his most loyal devotees, disappointed as they admit themselves to be in the quality of the piece, do not reproach the performance. Few have perused the score; only in Paris and at a single concert, has the symphony previously been played; comparisons are obviously impossible, but to practised and exacting hearers Mr. Monteux and his orchestra seemed nowhere to cloud the music. Rather, they illuminated and enforced it. To their intelligence and pains, the listening ear and mind owed the discovery of many a detail of modulation, transition, inflection, timbres and harmony in which Mr. d'Indy is hardly less imaginative and expert than in his prime of "A Summer Day in the Mountain" and the second symphony. As soon as the score, for orchestra or for piano, is generally accessible, students of composition will con this "Sinfonia Brevis de Bello Gallico" with recurring interest and profit; while, so far as craftsmanship went, the connoisseur of contemporary symphonic music was rewarded hardly less often as he listened on Friday and Saturday. Scarcely a composer of our time possesses Mr. d'Indy's readiness and resource with the formal structure of a symphony, sustaining it from first measure to last yet bending and binding it to whatever emotion, pictorial suggestion or illusion he would compass. Not many more enjoy his range of invention and imagination in significant and individual harmonic and instrumental color. True, it has narrowed in this war-time symphony—or the composer has of purpose restrained it—but enough remains, as a youthful neighbor said, to "intrigue" the ear.

These, however, are the curiosities and the pleasures of the sophisticated with Mr. d'Indy's newest music. The audiences sitting before it on Friday and Saturday in Symphony Hall, tried it rather by the instant satisfactions that it yielded, the emotion it evoked, the illusions it worked. In these respects the war-time symphony fell far short both of kindled expectation and measured achievement. Where was the d'Indy who these many years has hated the commonplace with a righteous hatred, when in the finale he sets his brass choir scaling tonal heavens while the rest of the

petitiously in massed Hebrew manuscript, the orchestra of Noah's approach to land, but the audience applauded. The musical sound is the shrieking trumpets, the elation rings not and heart of many was the d'Indy's foe to mediocrity set to music-paper the martial tumults, nt? The disillusioned of France "pricking supers" of an opera their job. Mr. d'Indy ed the march, "Sam- to be heard without soldiery move to it. hind. Or, perchance, some wan and wintry called French troops. s to the faint, distant of "Madelon." True mon, even a vulgar ment and habit Mr. visionary. Yet, for homely touch reflects sound, spirit of the the commonplaces of beginning and end across the operation of France to their

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COMMONWEALTH MIDDLESEX, SS.

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orchestra moves repetitiously in massed chords? In an obscure Hebrew manuscript, it is recorded that the orchestra of Noah's ark so celebrated the approach to land, but that only Japhet in the audience applauded. Pompous and ponderous musical sound is this background to the shrieking trumpets, but the note of victorious elation rings not out of it into the mind and heart of many a hearer. Where again was the d'Indy who has been invincible foe to mediocrity and routine when he set to music-paper the military march, the martial tumults, of the first movement? The disillusioned eye saw not the armies of France "pricking to the field," but the "supers" of an opera house vigorously on their job. Mr. d'Indy might have remembered the march, "Sambre et Meuse," not to be heard without emotion when French soldiery move to it. His own sags far behind. Or, perchance, his ear, awakened in some wan and wintry dawn, might have recalled French troops, padding along asphalt to the faint, distant semi-glorified hum of "Madelon." True "Madelon" was a common, even a vulgar song, and by temperament and habit Mr. d'Indy is intellectual, visionary. Yet, for some ears, such an homely touch reflects more of the right sound, spirit of the "Gallic War" than the commonplaces of military music at both beginning and end of the symphony. Not across the operatic stage went the soldiers of France to their fighting.

Where the music warms into emotion conductor the glory and illusion, as in the introduction picture-day was their play-turing the peace of France before the warm, "Preludes." Not bursts, as in the scherzo with note of Montoux been conducted when he sets to this altation of devoted and entreating hearts showy and "effective interest and spirit in the third movement, there are reiterated sequences, calculated measures of scholarship, filling time and space, Brahms-like, until the composer's imagination shall spark again. Even so, the beginning yields a grave and d'Indyan beauty of mood, picture, voice. The scherzo, interesting, artful as so much music qua music, sounds with the fine ardors of warlike France; while the slow movement holds for a while to Mr. d'Indy nobler voice and austerer handiwork. Then comes the baffling intermezzo, altogether fantastic, as its imagery and eloquence heard, felt, beset at both first and second hearing, in rhythm, color, mood; and last a clear, mantic torrent, the decline from the earlier exaltation into an easier level of sentiment more to be expected from German or American pen. No doubt Mr. d'Indy would inform the symphony with his own mental and spiritual reactions to the progress of the war; but he would also as it seems infuse into it the common emotions, as he shared them of his countrymen. Now, the individualistic, the semi-solitary d'Indy is not fortunate—in more senses than one—with the multitude.

sibly, the "Sinfonia" is the failure in and Saturday. It enture to be. True, his seventeenth year, in the music of themselves than of an alien task. The characteristic and cert-hall or theatre in the Mountain," any, of the opera, retrospective, lofty, er there was music f-absorbed, even a d and heart, it is prime. Mr d'Indy in the war kindled devotion, every beat high, beat his war-time self a symphony, he orthilly, even if he est heights. He is e introduction, the of the slow move-asic. It is when he the multitudinous id common vision, last divisions, that nalities of military is." The common lon and speech are

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COMMONWEALTH OF SUFFOLK, SS. PROB.
PALMIRA F. M. STAGNA
County, has presented to
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PALMIRA F. M. DE AME
therein set forth: All persons
appear at a Probate Court
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Court. Witness, ROBERT
Judge of said Court, this day
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o 18, 20, 1919

NOTICE IS HEREBY
scribe has been duly
the will of GEORGE M. E.
land, in the State of Ohio,
has taken upon herself that
as the law directs. All persons
upon the estate of said deceased
exhibit the same, and all persons
estate are called upon to make
MABEL E.
c/o FRIEDMAN
30 State
Boston, Oct. 23, 1919.

Legal Notice

TO THE HONORABLE THE PROBATE COURT OF THE COUNTY OF NORFOLK:
Respectfully represents V. A.
of Dedham, in said County
O'LEARY, his wife, that
of twenty-one years or upwards
of adopting JOSEPH A. GRIFFIN
in the County of Suffolk, GRIFFIN
ANDERSON of Boston, in the
and MARGARET ANDERSON
said child was born in the
seventh day of August, A. D.
parents have suffered said child
as a pauper by the City of Boston
for more than two years
date of this petition, namely, on
on which said date said child
the care and custody of the
Children of the City of Boston; and
are of sufficient ability to
and furnish him with suitable
education: Wherefore they pray

For that reason, possibly, the "Sinfonia Brevis de Bello Gallico" is the failure in kind that on Friday and Saturday, it seemed beyond peradventure to be. True, Mr. d'Indy is nearing his seventieth year, but there is less hint in the music of powers waning in themselves than of powers reluctant to an alien task. The d'Indy of his most characteristic and significant music in concert-hall or theatre—of "A Summer Day in the Mountain," of the second symphony, of the opera, "The Stranger"—is introspective, lofty, remote, austere. If ever there was music of an individual, a self-absorbed, even a too self-conscious mind and heart, it is these pieces of his prime. Mr d'Indy was of those in whom the war kindled exaltation. Resolution, devotion, every emotion and sensation beat high, beat often nobly. Expressing his war-time self—and nothing else—in a symphony, he might have written worthily, even if he did not gain his farthest heights. He is well upon them in the introduction, the scherzo, the beginning of the slow movement of the present music. It is when he forsakes himself for the multitudinous mood, the general and common vision, as in the first and the last divisions, that he succumbs to the banalities of military march and "apotheosis." The common lot and temper, sensation and speech are not for him.

For orchestra and conductor the glory of the concert on Saturday was their playing of Liszt's tone-poem, "Preludes." Not for nothing has Mr. Monteux been conductor of the opera house when he sets to this romantic, rhetorical, showy and "effective" music; while his interest and spirit fired his forces to a man. The preluding sounded as portentous as Liszt would have it. The slow song, Italianate, opertice, almost erotic, was phrased as though by a single voice, moved as though Pavlova were posturing to it—and once upon a time she did; was drenched in sensuous richness of color. The succeeding pastoral tune etched itself upon the ear. The finale fled clangor upon clangor in exhaustibly. The hackneyed music renewed its imagery and eloquence. Ear and emotion heard, felt, believed again. The romantic torrent, the rhetorical flood of the Lisztian day and temperament drowned cross away. Rarely did Liszt write for the theatre; yet of the theatre is nearly all his symphonic music, whether he labelled it "Dante," "Faust" or "Saint Elizabeth," named it tone-poem, oratorio or even mass. For many a year man of theatre also, Mr. Monteux can play this Liszt, with orchestra and audience both stirred—even after a Much has played him.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919--20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

FOURTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, AT 8 P. M.

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in B flat major, "La Reine de France"
(B. and H. No. 85)

- I. Adagio; Vivace
- II. Romanze: Allegretto
- III. Menuetto; Allegretto
- IV. Finale: Presto

(First time at these Concerts.)

RACHMANINOFF.

CONCERTO for Pianoforte with Orchestra in D
minor. No. 3, op. 30

- I. Allegro ma non tanto
- II. Intermezzo: Adagio
- III. Finale

(First time in Boston)

STRAVINSKY

SUITE from "L'Oiseau de Feu." (The Bird of Fire)
A Danced Legend

- I. Introduction: Jardin enchanté de Kastcheï et danse de l'oiseau de feu, (Kastcheï's Enchanted Garden & Dance of the Bird of Fire)
- II. Supplications de l'oiseau de feu
- III. Jeu des princesses avec les pommes d'or, (The Princesses play with Golden Apples)
- IIIa. Berceuse, (Lullaby)
- IV. Ronde des Princesses, (The Princesses dance in a circle)
- V. Danse infernale de tous les sujets de Kastcheï. (Diabolical Dance by all the Subjects of Kastcheï)

[First time at these Concerts]

Soloist:

RACHMANINOFF

Steinway Pianoforte used



Drawn for The Christian Science Monitor from photograph by Eide

Sergei Rachmaninoff

RACHMANINOFF WILDLY CHEERED

Herald—Nov. 1, 1919

Pianist in Impressive Performance at Fourth Symphony Concert

"QUEEN OF FRANCE" BY HAYDN SCORES

By PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, Symphony, "The Queen of France" (first time at these concerts); Rachmaninoff, Concerto No. 3 for piano and orchestra (first time in Boston); Stravinski, Suite from the ballet "The Fire-Bird" (first time at these concerts). Mr. Rachmaninoff was the pianist.

It is a surprising fact that this orchestra played Haydn's Symphony for the first time; nor have we been able to find the record of performance by any orchestra in Boston at a public concert. Haydn's Symphonies were heard here often in the last years of the 18th century, and it is more than probable that "The Queen of France" was one of them; but there is no means of identifying any one of these Symphonies, for they were entered on the program as "Grand Symphony," "Overture" or "Full Piece."

Buelow once spoke of "The Queen of France" as "a miniature symphony to be performed in a miniature room by a miniature orchestra," and he referred sarcastically to a performance of it by "60 fiddlers and six tooters." Now Haydn wrote "The Queen of France" for Paris, a city that was accustomed to large orchestras. He wrote it for the "Concert de la Logé Olympique," a so-

ciety that replaced the "Concert des Amateurs," and this orchestra numbered 40 fiddles, 12 violoncellos, eight double-basses, and the usual number of wind instruments. It is not likely that "The Queen of France" was first performed by a little orchestra.

Yesterday the string section was somewhat reduced and the wood-wind was doubled. Would the symphony seem fresher, more sparkling, if it were performed in a little hall by small orchestra? We doubt it. As it was played yesterday the first movement and the trio of the Minuet gave special pleasure. The variations on the pretty French song of old time do no stray so far from the theme itself as to relieve the movement from the reproach of monotony.

Mr. Rachmaninoff played his third concerto 10 years ago in New York. The performance was the first one. The prevailing mood of the music is one of sadness, a melancholy now subdued, now defiant; hardly relieved until the final outburst of hope, joy, what-you-will, by capricious episodes, as if one forced oneself to take a more sanguine view of life and then sank back, resigned to fate, or rebellious. The first movement is the most imaginative, the most impressive. We know of few first movements, if any, in the repertoire that equal it. The attention of the hearer is at once riveted; the mood is at once established. Low mutterings as of "the complaining millions of men" under a leaden sky; the sadness of it; the thought of a brooding, sinister Fate, not quite ready to deal the final blow—thus this music may be characterized without extravagance, without any laborious attempt at fine writing. The intermezzo, while it is interesting, often poetic, falls below this Allegro. Nor is the Finale, in spite of the exciting moments, the contrasting episodes and the thrilling apotheosis, equal in musical and psychological importance or in technical construction to this constantly sustained, firmly knit, inevitable first movement. Yet the two last movements in another concerto would make their irresistible way. It would be a pleasure to speak at length of the workmanship displayed, of the character of the melodic and harmonic schemes, of the skilful orchestration. The performance by the pianist was a remarkable one, remarkable even for Mr. Rachmaninoff. The pianist and the composer were one and the same being. Thoughtful, imaginative, brilliant as this performance was, the virtuoso did not allow one to forget the music or regard it as merely an opportunity for the display of the pianist. The orchestra played as if inspired, with even more than its customary elasticity, tonal strength and beauty in

There will be no Rehearsal and Concert next week

solo passages and in ensemble. The great audience recalled Mr. Rachmaninoff again and again. Seldom has a pianist received so flattering a tribute in Symphony Hall.

Information in the program book about first performances of Stravinski's works was gained from contemporary French and English journals, and from supposedly authoritative annals. Yet, in some instances, this information is inaccurate. Thus there was a performance of "The Fire-Bird" in London, led by Mr. Monteux, before Rhene-Baton conducted it. Mr. Monteux also conducted the first performance of "Petrouchka" in Paris, and the first performance of the opera "Le Rossignol" at the Paris Opera. How the contemporary journals could be so mistaken is not easily comprehended.

The performance of the suite from "The Fire-Bird" brought pleasant recollections of the ballet. To anyone that has seen this ballet, the music in concert form, however detachable it is, is less significant. On the other hand, seeing a ballet, one necessarily too often disregards the music. In this Suite the sport, the fascinating dance of the Princesses, and the charming Lullaby—which, by the way, Mr. Monteux interpolated—are the most effective as concert music. The "Danse Infernale," away from the stage, suffers the most severely of all the movements. The performance of the Suite was exceedingly brilliant.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program of Nov. 7, 8 is as follows: Berlioz, Symphony "Harold in Italy" (Mr. Denayer, solo viola); Chadwick, "The Angel of Death," Symphonic poem (first time here); Chabrier-Mottl, Bourree Fantasque. Mme. Povla Friish will sing an air from Franck's "Redemption" and these songs with orchestra: Duparc, Invitation au Voyage; Moussorgsky, Hopak; Bloch, Psalms 127 and 114.

WARM GREETING TO RACHMANINOFF

4th — *Nov. 1, 1919*
Composer Assists in Own
Work at the Symphony

Stravinsky's "Fire Bird" Suite Given
Admirable Interpretation

Rachmaninoff deserved the almost unprecedented applause which greeted his playing of his own Third Concerto at yesterday's Symphony concert. He not merely surmounted with ease the im-

mense technical difficulties of the music. He proved once more that he is both a great composer and a great pianist.

This concerto is as a whole the finest work of his yet played in Boston. The first movement, especially, has all the brooding intensity which makes the opening section of his "Isle of the Dead" among the most powerful of modern compositions.

It is restrained throughout, with none of the Tschalkowsky-like outbursts of bombast which mar the latter half of that tone poem, and with no lapses into sentimentality. The whole concerto, though the later movements are not on as consistently high a level as the first, is certainly among the best ever written. It should be oftener heard, though there are few living pianists who could play it and not one who could equal the composer's own performance.

Stravinsky's Suite from "The Fire-Bird," the other significant novelty on yesterday's program, sounded pale and tame after the magnificent concerto. It suffers somewhat in the concert hall from the absence of the Russian Ballet, for which the music was originally written. Stravinsky manipulates his orchestra deftly and adroitly to secure the effects he desires.

His music has a firm texture, with no ragged spots where his skill forsakes him. It is often bizarre and freakish, but never more so than the danced legend for which it is composed demands.

No wonder that younger composers nowadays are dazzled by his work as they were fascinated not long since by Debussy's. But he is only a clever and whimsical miniaturist compared with the Rachmaninoff of the Allegro ma non tanto of the Third Concerto.

Stravinsky, or at least the earlier Stravinsky of "The Fire-Bird," no longer sounds ultra modern to ears attuned to the later work of Ravel and Scriabin. Mr. Monteux, who has conducted performances of this music with the Ballet Russe in both London and Paris, gives an altogether admirable interpretation of it.

It is certainly surprising that Haydn's Symphony in B flat major, called "The Queen of France," should have been performed yesterday for the first time in Boston as far as available records show. One wonders how many more equally delightful works by that indefatigable symphonist lie buried in the complete editions.

The slow movement with a beautiful theme taken from an old French Romance and the spirited and playful finale have a delicacy and grace which one commonly associates with Mozart rather than with Haydn.

The performance was mellifluous rather than finely shaded. It was never dull or lifeless, but it missed some of the finer nuances of the music. Haydn in this symphony has turned courtier, but Mr. Monteux sometimes let him remain a peasant. Rabaud's virtues would have suited this music, as those of Monteux suit Rachmaninoff's and Stravinsky's.

There are no concerts next week. The program for Nov. 14 and 15 includes Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" symphony, songs for Mme. Friish and unfamiliar numbers by Chadwick and Chabrier. This week's program will be repeated tonight.

MASTER OF PIANO WITH SYMPHONY

Post — *Nov. 1, 1919*
Rachmaninoff Plays
Own 3d Concerto
First Time Here

BY OLIN DOWNES

From the standpoint of the great majority, the dominating feature of the Boston Symphony concert of yesterday afternoon was the performance by the great Russian composer and virtuoso, Sergei Rachmaninoff, of his own concerto for piano and orchestra in D minor. This is the third of Mr. Rachmaninoff's piano concertos. It has been recently revised by him. His performance was a tremendous triumph. Seldom, at concerts where the audiences are normally very enthusiastic and appreciative to the point of being uncritical, has a virtuoso been given a warmer reception.

SPLENDID PIANO PART

After saying these things it may easily appear crabbed or arrogant of a reviewer to state that in his opinion the music itself is very poor stuff. But that is the case. To the best of the writer's knowledge and conviction this is the poorest of the three concertos which Mr. Rachmaninoff has written for the piano. The reason it seems to him poor is that in the first place it is very long and diffuse. Secondly, most of the ideas seem to lack strong individuality. Thirdly the form is so extended that at a first hearing anyway the music drops apart in places. Idea No. 1 does not develop

and lead to Idea No. 2, and so on to the end. There is much repetition, but by no means a great deal of real growth of musical thoughts and real putting together of a strong musical structure.

Of course there is a splendidly written piano part, provided you are a pianist with the strength, technic and musical authority of Mr. Rachmaninoff, and this piano part was superbly played by the composer. And there are certain effects as characteristic of certain aspects of Mr. Rachmaninoff's music as certain melodies are characteristic of Puccini. They always bring their result—frantic applause. These effects are, for example, low, dark, rich harmonies in the strings, with a solo horn sounding through; or brilliant, sweeping climaxes when the orchestra suddenly blazes out in tonal splendor; strong, persistent march rhythms, melodies of a melting, Slavic, melancholy cast; episodes for brass and wood wind, rather reminding of Tschalkowsky.

Now these things sound splendidly, and if you have not heard them before they make a great impression. But in this concerto, at least, these effects are neither new nor exceptionally inspired, and those familiar with even a few of Mr. Rachmaninoff's finest compositions can hardly by any stretch of the imagination rank this third concerto, heard for the first time at the Boston Symphony concerts, with the wonderful tone-poem, "The Isle of the Dead," or a lesser work, the second symphony, or even the second piano concerto, which, on the whole, appears to be a better knit and more concise work.

Mr. Rachmaninoff seems to us in his compositions to err, as a rule, on the side of over-length. This is not because he is pretentious, but because he is sincere. He has such sincerity, such conviction and absorption in what he is doing that he is probably incapable of a completely objective criticism of his own work. His shortcomings, as we believe them to be, are always those of a deeply earnest and talented man. In addition to this, he is a very commanding figure on the stage—tremendously tall, quiet in manner but powerful in aspect, with a head and a body which suggest at once prehistoric force and frame and modern intellectuality. He has personality and magnetism to a very exceptional degree, and a very different order of magnetism than that of the half-feminized, long-haired type of artist.

Triumph of Personality

It is a credit to the public of today that so simple, sincere and genuinely distinctive an individuality as Mr. Rachmaninoff should impress us all so much. He is a great musician, and if his inti-

mates did not bear witness to it one would know him to be a great man. But sometimes a man is great in himself, and sometimes he is great in his music. Sometimes, but not always, both go together. This concerto begins very well indeed with the announcement by the piano of a theme in the nature of Russian folk-song. It ends, after a finale interminably long and full of repetitions, with a very exciting and effective crescendo. The triumph of yesterday afternoon, coldly analyzed, was not the triumph of a great piece of music. It was the triumph of a great musical personality.

The other music on the programme was a symphony by Franz Joseph Haydn, nicknamed "La Reine de France" from the unsubstantiated supposition that this symphony was a favorite of Queen Marie Antoinette. This symphony does not appear to have been played before at these concerts. It is perfectly charming; just as formal as most of Haydn's symphonies, with a fine vigorous allegro, a slow movement, not too slow, with a happy little theme; a minuet with humor and gusto in it, and a rapid, gossipy finale. It was played in the most admirable manner, with the most exemplary spirit and enphony, from the Danced Story, "The Fire-Bird" ("Oiseau de Feu").

Brilliant Theatre Music

The ballet which employs this music has been repeatedly performed in Boston by the Ballet Russe. The music is a marvel of orchestral coloring and workmanship. Today, the clever use of an orchestra is commonplace. By the side of the most noted masterpieces of orchestration this music is amazing. It has, besides the atmosphere of a fairy tale, the tale of enchanted princesses in the power of the Magician Katschei, saved by the brave prince, who is given the most beautiful of the princesses for his bride.

But the music without the spectacle is difficult and in many cases disappointing. It is inextricably interwoven with color and movement on the stage. Away from the stage, one hears interesting but unintelligible episodes which would say little or nothing, if one did not know the story, and had not the spectacle in his mind while listening. Also, this music hints very strongly indeed at modern Paris, and at one particular Parisian namely, the composer, Maurice Ravel. For the writer, the finest movements, musically speaking, are the third movement, in the nature of a scherzo, called "The Princesses Playing with the Golden Apples," the "Berceuse," and the Dance of the Princesses, in which there is poetic employment of what is

probably a Russian folk theme. There is grotesquerie and imagination in the "Infernal Dance of Katschei's Subjects"; there is the element of the rich and the strange in "The Entreaties of the Fire-Bird," but this is music essentially for the theatre, which falls far short of its complete effect in the concert room.

SYMPHONY IMPRESSES CRITIC ELSON

Adv. — Nov. 2, 1919.

Chief Triumph of Concert,
New Piano Concerto by
Rachmaninoff

RIVALS PADEREWSKI
IN HIS PERFORMANCE

M. Monteux Commended
for Beginning Pro-
grams on Time

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

Program.

Haydn, Symphony in B-flat.
(First time at these concerts.)
Rachmaninoff, Piano Concerto No. 3, D minor.
Soloist, Serge Rachmaninoff.
Stravinsky, Suite from "The Firebird."

A decidedly interesting program, and one which was quite intelligible in spite of the eccentricities of Stravinsky. Much as we admire Mr. Rabaud we must state that M. Monteux's programs are made with more tact.

Fancy a symphony by Haydn given for the first time! This new composer seems to have the gift of tune, which is quite out of fashion. He has also brevity, which is unheard of in this century. He has also a clear

style of scoring, which even American composers spurn nowadays. Yet with all these handicaps the new work was attractive and won much applause. Seriously, we often find more real enjoyment in a Haydn symphony than in Mozart's attempts at more dramatic effects (always excepting the G-minor and the Jupiter symphonies) in which field he becomes tame compared with modern effects. Haydn's Minuet movements however, fade out a little, and his slow movements are not exactly thrilling.

M. Monteux gave the first movement with a masculine heartiness that was inspiring. The Minuet was also read with commendable spirit, and the wood-wind (minus the clarinet, which Haydn almost never used) was charmingly prominent in the Trio of this. The whole work was very concise and won immediate favor, great applause following its conclusion and the orchestra being forced to rise to acknowledge it. But the chief triumph of the concert was the new piano concerto by Rachmaninoff.

RIVALS PADEREWSKI.

Serge Rachmaninoff is becoming one of the most important musical figures of the present. He rivals Paderewski in his piano performance and he excels him as a composer, although not, perhaps, in his concertos. His third concerto, which he played, was heard for the first time in Boston. It is an impressive and powerful work, its finale being its most ambitious and striking movement.

It does not strive for the massive scoring which many composers affect at present, although trombones, tuba, bass drum, military drum and cymbals are added to the classical forces. It has the characteristic, often found in works of composers who are pianists, of making the solo instrument more prominent than the orchestra most of the time, the defect of Liszt's concertos. It was too often a brilliant piano solo, while a true concerto should be chiefly orchestral.

But the composer shows self-restraint in the two cadenzas of the work (in first movement and finale) which are short although brilliant and impressive. The composer makes full use of his wide stretch and massive power in chord passages by introducing these effects very prominently, especially in the finale.

The slow movement is an Adagio Intermezzo which exhibits all of Rachmaninoff's poetic power. He gives true sentiment without becoming at all sentimental. There are fine

arpeggio effects of the piano, in the finale, which contrast well with the heavy chord work, and the climaxes are worked up here in a very exciting manner to the very end. The composer does not take refuge in jangle-ries of rhythms, as the moderns too often do, but every point is straight, clear and intelligible.

ONE CLIMAX AFTER ANOTHER.

There was Russian melancholy in the first part, which was at times rather too pensive for a true first movement, and it ended pianissimo. The finale was thoroughly Muscovite, with one climax after another and many extensions by deceptive cadences. There were idealized march rhythms which led to triumph as if Kolchak were capturing Petrograd, and it was performed with an abandon that swept everything before it, so that the artist won a great triumph both as composer and pianist.

That musical "infant terrible," Stravinsky, has poured the whole pepper-pot into the finale of Fokine's "Firebird" by way of spice, but when one has the music in connection with the ballet action it is more effective than his detractors are willing to admit. He may be a musical anarchist, but he is one with some touches of genius. Naturally, however, he is at his best in depicting the ugly parts of the plot; in the tender or yearning passages we would prefer a Tchaikowsky or a Delibes. Here is a brief sketch of the story:

Prince Ivan captures the fire-bird, and, moved by pity, sets her at liberty, whereupon the fairy presents him with a feather, which acts splendidly as a duster in brushing away difficulties or troubles. The prince falls in love with a lady in a castle, who is held by Katschei, a disagreeable party who turns people into stone by merely looking at them. He has the original "stony stare" that novelists speak about. His legions surround Prince Ivan to some very descriptive music (Stravinsky at his best), but the feather duster does its work well and brushes them away.

PRAISE FOR MONTEUX.

Katschei has one constitutional trouble, his soul is not in his body but in an egg, quite apart from him. The fairy shows the Prince this egg, and he at once applies the French proverb, "On ne peut pas faire des omelettes sans casser des oeufs," and, in spite of the very high price of poultry-fruit at present, boldly breaks the egg, whereupon the party with the troublesome glance crumbles up, the

statues come to life, and the lovers are united.

As already intimated, we find the portrayal of Kastchei and his legions the most graphic part of the work, and the suite ends with these in a highly infernal manner. The other movements had more of finesse and delicacy, and the Ronde des Princesses had a degree of beauty that would have been enhanced if the action could have gone with it. As we remember the ballet, the music is very closely wedded to even every gesture of the pantomime.

M. Monteux, we believe, conducted the premiere of this ballet, and he was eminently fitted to give all its delicate and subtle touches. He also deserves credit for beginning his concerts on time and never making his programs too long.

MUSIC

Mr. Rachmaninoff in Boston

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor
BOSTON, Massachusetts—Truly a stimulating and a novel program that Mr. Monteux set before his Friday afternoon audience at the fourth concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Stimulating in that new musical ideas were set forth, and novel in that all three numbers were heard for the first time at these concerts. Haydn's symphony in B flat (B. and H. No. 85), bearing the title "The Queen of France" has somehow escaped performance through the 38 years of the orchestra, and the audiences have been the loser. There are touches in this, now of brilliancy and now of delicacy, that other and more familiar Haydn symphonies lack. The brilliancy Mr. Monteux accomplished, but the delicacy at times eluded him, as in the romance, the second movement.

The interest of the audience was plainly for Mr. Rachmaninoff, who played with the orchestra his third piano concerto in D minor, Op. 30. Here is a difficult piece of music, hard for the audience to grasp, hard for the pianist, and hard for the conductor and the orchestra. Merely to say that it repays the surmounting of all the various difficulties does scant justice to it, for it is a big work, bigly conceived, and the effort required to compass it is broadening to both players and lis-

teners. With another artist playing it the piano would most likely be one of the instruments of the orchestra, for the part is not at all designed to display technique. With the composer playing, the concerto assumes more the character of a duet, with the piano not at all subordinated, nor yet unduly exalted. Its climaxes are noble and stirring, well built up but never too long delayed nor too long drawn out. A wealth of musical ideas floods through its pages, most of them tinged a little with sadness, many of them peculiarly Slavic. As in the case of his second concerto, played last year under Mr. Rabaud, this abounds in puzzling changes of tempo, but unlike the performance last season the changes were not so neatly managed.

Stravinsky's suite "The Fire-Bird" closed the program, flooding Symphony Hall with gorgeous sound, freely giving out music of sheer beauty, unhampered by constricting forms and laws. To Mr. Monteux it was familiar work conducting this, but he must have felt, as did many of the hearers, the absence of the dancers. In music of this sort Mr. Monteux thus far has appeared to the best advantage.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Nov. 1, 1919
AN AFTERNOON OF CONTRASTING
RUSSIANS

Stravinsky's Suite from the Ballet of "The Fire-Bird" and Rachmaninov's Third Piano Concerto for the First Times—Indifference to the One and Zest for the Other or, Rather, for the Composer as Pianist and Personality—The Appeal of Power Versus the Appeal of Magic

CONDUCTORS propose; but, in measure, audiences dispose. Mr. Monteux obviously designed the suite from Stravinsky's ballet, "The Fire-Bird" as the outstanding piece at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon. Beyond peradventure it is music glowing with intrinsic beauty or vivid with delineative suggestion. As plainly it is music written with rare individuality of means, method, imagination. It is a renowned music withal that has gone up and down the theatres of Europe and America, that has exercised no small influence upon the younger generation of composers the world over. Finally,

It is music that warms Mr. Monteux's full-lip into the



revised concerto as it came yesterday into new being, that no novel music and no artist in many a year of the Concerts have been applauded. Rachmaninov and this con-

ductor. At a few plausible impressions his first hearing. The concerto, for example, in measures of art-ful euphony between the other instruments or choirs of the orchestra—passages in which the end and the expressive means are fully and feelingly blended that the ear with sensuous delight. Rachmaninov his darkling gleaming horn, his murmured the heart of many a hearer. Again, the concerto does measures of swirling power, as for example, toward the end of the piano seems to martial the orchestra before it and with mighty Tchaikovsky-wise, drive it forward into as mighty and sonorous measures. In are the starker measures. In the first movement, in which the piano seems to etch the pattern of the ear incisively, indelibly. Most needless to say does Mr. Monteux use the piano merely as dissonant. Yet, scarcely a composer has searched out its more thoroughly, employed it imaginatively, more variously, and in degree as imaginative, more so with harmonic and in color, especially when he may play piano and orchestra at will. Rachmaninov sometimes repeats himself, processes, they lack neither illusion. As signally, he plays piano concertos—the second, the first, no less than this third concerto—power that bears the stamp of the composer's course. They are the task to Mr. Rachmaninov; the upswelling act of creation. Ninety-nine out of a hundred with a reciprocal warmth. The other hand—to set down further and less confidently—this conductor is an excessively moody,

variable, at moments even a music. Russian composer still, his residence at Dresden and reference to German models, Rachmaninov cannot forego many a rough his finale. True, they are gorgeous, occasionally intensifying, but they do delay and the composer obviously purposed of masterful sound. Slav irrepressible temperament, Mr. Monteux cannot forbear the play through the music of many a litful and, to the cooler Anglo-Saxon mind and heart,

visit to the United States. It is hard, again, after a single hearing, to penetrate

to the cooler Anglo-Saxon mind and heart,

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Visioning Stravinsky's Music



The Fire-Bird

From Bakst's Fantastic Costume Sketch

It is music that warms Mr. Monteux's full-
est and finest powers. In his days with
the Russian Ballet he led often in it; for
its own sake he justly cherishes it; never
before has he been able to play it upon so
accept and responsive an instrument as the
present Symphony Orchestra; with reason he
sought and gained a performance pulsing
with rhythmic life, graphic with harmonic
and instrumental color; full-voiced of sus-
tained song, missing not a measure of pic-
torial or poetizing suggestion. Such a
music so played was intended to be, and
deserved to be, the conductor's crown to
his first group of Symphony Concerts.

"Dis aliter visum." The gods otherwise
decreed—but less the gods than the goddess-
es who fill so large a part of the parquet
on Friday afternoons at Symphony Hall.
younger divinities, they "passed up"
Stravinsky and "The Fire-Bird," departed
in noisy file while Mr. Monteux and the
orchestra were sounding the first measures
of more than one movement; returned to
both at the end the faintest and hastiest
crackle of applause. Unless precedent fails,
the audiences of Saturday evening, musi-
cally more curious, more receptive and bet-
ter informed, will use Stravinsky and "The
Fire-Bird"—to say nothing of conductor
and band—in larger accord with their de-
serts. Possibly for the first time anywhere
—one more unique distinction for this town
—music by S. ravinsky (his earlier experi-
ments aside) has been coldly, almost de-
liberately, slighted. Elsewhere, whether
the audience resented or approved, and
usually it has done both simultaneously,
opinion and feeling have run warm and
high.

Perhaps, however, the audience was in
no mood for further new sensations after
it had heard Mr. Rakhmaninov play his
concerto for piano in D minor, the second
number of the afternoon. With the pian-
ist-composer, it could drink its fill of
puissant and illuding personality. The
most mistrustful hearer could not doubt
the mastery of every technical means, the
range of manifold and expressive elo-
quence with which he, Mr. Monteux and
the orchestra gave the music voice. So
heard, the response of the audience was
quick and deep, warm and unanimous.
How the concerto would sound from less
revealing mind and commanding hand than
the composer's is hard to say. It is ten
years since Mr. Rakhmaninov published
the piece and inscribed it to Josef Hof-
mann. Yet in that decade, if report runs
accurately, the pianist has not elected—or,
as some cynically say, dared—to hazard it.
Indeed, according to more of this prattle
of the lobbies, it had been played only once
before—in the autumn of 1909 at one of
Mr. Damrosch's concerts in New York in
the course of Mr. Rakhmaninov's first
visit to the United States. It is hard,
again, after a single hearing, to penetrate

far into the revised concerto as it came
in measure yesterday into new being.
Suffice it that no novel music and no
"assisting artist" in many a year of the
Symphony Concerts have been applauded
as were Mr. Rakhmaninov and this con-
certo in D minor.

At the least a few plausible impressions
abide from this first hearing. The concerto
abounds, for example, in measures of art-
ful and moving euphony between the
piano and other instruments or choirs of
the orchestra—passages in which the
imaginative end and the expressive means
are so expertly and feelingly blended that
they stir the ear with sensuous delight.
Give Mr. Rakhmaninov his darkling
strings, his gleaming horn, his murmur-
ing piano and the heart of many a hearer
turns to water. Again, the concerto does
not lack measures of swirling power, as
when, for example, toward the end of the
finale, the piano seems to martial the
who's orchestra before it and with mighty
cords, Chalkovsky-wise, drive it forward
and upward into as mighty and sonorous
climax. Akin are the starker measures,
as in the first movement, in which the
piano seems to etch the pattern of the
music upon the ear incisively, indelibly.
Nowhere, almost needless to say does Mr.
Rakhmaninov use the piano merely as dis-
playful instrument. Yet, scarcely a com-
poser of our time has searched out its
possibilities more thoroughly, employed
them more imaginatively, more variously.
As learned, and in degree as imaginative,
is the composer with harmonic and in-
strumental color, especially when he may
part or fuse piano and orchestra at will.
If Mr. Rakhmaninov sometimes repeats him-
self in these processes, they lack neither
subtlety nor illusion. As signally, he
writes these piano concertos—the second,
heard last January, no less than this third
—with a propulsive power that bears the
hearer along the composer's course. They
are not a willed task to Mr. Rakhmaninov;
they are an upswelling act of creation.
No wonder, ninety-nine out of a hundred
ears answer with a reciprocal warmth.

On the other hand—to set down further
impressions and less confidently—this con-
certo in D-minor is an excessively moody,

a highly variable, at moments even a
repetitious music. Russian composer still,
in spite of long residence at Dresden and
occasional deference to German models,
Mr. Rakhmaninov cannot forego many a
repetition through his finale. True, they
are vivid, vigorous, occasionally intensi-
fied repetitions, but they do delay and
diffuse what the composer obviously pur-
posed as a flood of masterful sound. Slav
likewise by irresistible temperament, Mr.
Rakhmaninov cannot forbear the play
through the music of many a fitful and,
to the cooler Anglo-Saxon mind and heart,

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bewildering mood. They seem to confuse the brief slow movement—intermezzo the composer labels it—to make it restless brooding rather than deeply flowing instrumental song. In clearer and sharper illusion they make the finale hectic, though they leave it somewhat disjointed. They do the music most service when from first measure to last they characterize the long first movement yet keep place in ordered and mounting progress. Through this Allegro, Mr. Rakhmaninov's controlling mind enkindled imagination and ready technical resource go hand in hand. The music, lowers and mutters, struggles into voice only to be subdued, brightens, quickens, is again overshadowed and stayed, sombre, sorrowful, fate-smitten—a veritable tone-poem in atmosphere and emotion out of which the piano speaks with changeful, penetrating, puissant voice. Concertos in our day have usually been made, whether piano or violin the virtuoso behind or a dutiful composer, was the occasion. Mr. Rakhmaninov imagines his even when there are discoverable blemishes and mannerisms upon them. In this first movement of the concerto of yesterday, such imagination has seldom run deeper or better sustained itself.

Yet there was not a reason why Rakhmaninov's music should have overshadowed Stravinsky's (as it surely did to most of the audience) except in the visible and audible presence of the composer as pianist. The presumption is that the composer is also audible through his own measures, even, if otherwise, he be no more than a name above them. But what is even so celebrated a name as Stravinsky, beside Mr. Rakhmaninov's potent personality close to every anticipating hearer? There are no excuses to be made for the cool indifference to the suite from "The Fire-Bird." It could hardly be played in clearer revelation, in more pervading illusion. True, it is music of the theatre written to vivify, enhance and enrich a pictorial and fanciful action, drawn from old Russian legend, mimed and danced upon the stage. Stravinsky, however, has so chosen the music that only one of the excerpts is dimmed by transfer to the concert-hall—the final dances of the sorcerer and his train. Heard by itself, the music is fantastic, grotesque, bold and broken of rhythm, streaming with macabre color, fertile in pungent modulation, whipping the air with wild gesture and frantic posturing. Yet, for illusion needing the visible presence of bearded old Kotschei and his uncanny folk. Throughout the suite, Stravinsky of right assumes some acquaint-

men assume the solemn task of upon the records of this society, going on and out of this life of it. President, Mr. J. Converse Gray. My fellow-officers feel the loss of the more keenly because he was the prime of life, physically and fitted with those qualities for which he so generously used in of this Home and of many works with which he was con-

J. P. &



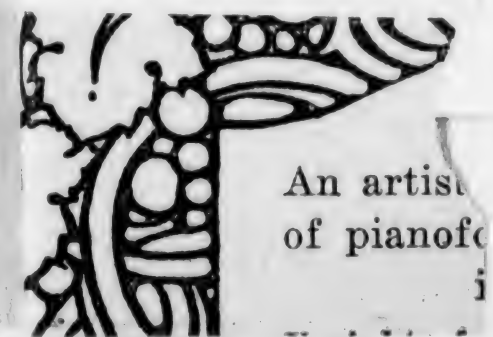
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THE STORE WITH THE

IES, PETERS



An artist
of piano

CRITICS AS PARTISANS

of Monteux and Symphony in New York

BY OLIN DOWNES

Boston Mr. Monteux
liant concerts prior
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symphony—perhaps the finest—given here by any orchestra in many years. But the New York Telegram found that while Monteux and his men read this symphony "with full adherence to its unmistakable meanings, moods and never outlandish imageries" (whatever that may mean) it still felt that it was played "with a kind of 'little' cleverness and probably satisfied the musical precisionists present." The virtue of the performance of Debussy's "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" lay not, if you please, in any particular qualities of taste or imagination on the part of the conductor, but "in the extraordinary skill of the musicians in the several sections employed rather than in any exposition of imaginative reading or inspirational visions on the part of Conductor Monteux."

Perhaps the gentlemen preferred the dry and ponderous reading of this music which Dr. Muck was in the habit of giving.

But the gem of New York comment, to our mind, on the playing of the Boston Symphony, is the comment of Mr. James Hunker, "Jimmy," as he is known to his friends, who, in one article discovered that "Mr. Monteux is an accomplished routinier, better versed in ultra-modern music, Russian ballet preferred, than in the classic" and that the Schumann symphony "went rather heavily . . . a breeziness permeating the symphony that was not felt last night." Following which, in a second article, Mr. Hunker discovers that Walter Damrosch, who conducted on the same day a concert by the New York Symphony was "a veteran, though not a superfluous or lagging one" and the tone of the orchestra "a delight to the ear."

Now, we are not disposed to deny to the New York Symphony all of the fine qualities ascribed to it by Mr. Hunker, nor would we willingly comment at length on Damrosch's conducting. We once heard him conduct Beethoven's 5th symphony, and that day we listened no more. But when a reviewer so far forsakes all reasonable perspective in comparing orchestras like the New York and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and conductors like Damrosch and

OF HIS TASK.

Now, Mr. Monteux and the Boston Symphony gave a New York concert last Thursday night. They played compositions which had already been heard here, including the Schumann "Spring" symphony, which by many people in Boston who are fairminded and whose knowledge is worthy of respect, was one of the finest performances of this

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ance, in or out of the theatre, with the
fable of "The Fire-Bird." But when has
a composer of these latter days been de-
fined his "programme." For naught else,
except the advertisements did "programme-
books" come into being.

Ultra-modern music, if the hearer likes
the phrase, "The Fire-Bird" surely is, but
it runs in no baffling idiom. Rather, to
any sort of practised ear in this nineteenth
year of the twentieth century it runs as
clear as the day in matter, manner,
imagery, illusion. To the students and the
connoisseurs may be left debate about
Stravinsky's ways with the generating and
the characterizing motives from which rise
the course and the contents of his music.
To them also may be left praise of his
command of rhythms and daring with
them, of his invention and resource with
harmonies and timbres. The usual hearer
busies himself little with these means to
ends. For him the immediate sensation
that the music yields him. The more,
then, the wonder that so many failed to
perceive yesterday the atmosphere of old
legend swiftly, pervasively woven by the
prelude, or the fluttering incandescence of
the measures, radiant, glowing, magical,
fairy-like, in which the Fire Bird herself
is first revealed.

Yet there was
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As wondrous in intrinsic quality and de-
lineative suggestion is the music of her
owed Stravinsky entreaties to the Tsarevitch, her captor. It
is iridescent with her motion; yet vibrates
with her petitionings. It makes her mim-
ing almost piteously visible; yet heard
without thought of her, it quivers with its
own melodic loveliness. There are those
who wail and will not be comforted be-
cause there is no sustained melody in
"ultra-modern music." Did they listen
yesterday to the lullaby that soothes the
sleep of the Tsarevna that is to be, to the
so-called "Round" of the captive prin-
cesses? If they did, they heard music of
full voiced instrumental song, glowing
through transparent texture, almost as
simple in impression as it is sophisticated
of facture. And when, unless it be in
Laparra's Basque Suite of last spring, has
music so gleamed with swift, radiant,
graceful, playful motion as does that in
which Stravinsky's princesses toss the
golden apples? In a sense, anywhere and
anyhow, it matters little how this music
happens to be re-
Beauty, imagination, invention,
individuality still speak out of it.
A unique temperament and talent, near in
kind to genius made it—and feared not.

H. T. PARKER

Stravinsky of right assumes some acquaint-

85

CRITICS AS PARTISANS

of Monteux and Symphony in New York

BY OLIN DOWNES

Boston Mr. Monteux
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positions which had already been heard
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symphony, which by many people in
Boston who are fairminded and whose
knowledge is worthy of respect, was
one of the finest performances of this

symphony—perhaps the finest—given
here by any orchestra in many years.
But the New York Telegram found that
while Monteux and his men read this
symphony "with full adherence to its
unmistakable meanings, moods and
never outlandish imageries" (whatever
that may mean) it still felt that it was
played "with a kind of 'little' clever-
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precisionists present." The virtue of
the performance of Debussy's "L'Apres-
midi d'un Faune" lay not, if you please,
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imagination on the part of the conduc-
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the musicians in the several sections
employed rather than in any exposition
of imaginative reading or inspirational
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teux."

Perhaps the gentlemen preferred the
dry and ponderous reading of this mu-
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But the gem of New York comment,
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Now, we are not disposed to deny to
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qualities ascribed to it by Mr. Hunker,
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length on Damrosch's conducting. We
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Visioning Stravinsky's Music



A Princess

From a Sketch by Bakst in the Ancient Russian Manner

Beauty, imagination, invention, fertility in pungent illusion, individuality still speak out of it. A unique temperament and talent, near in kind to genius made it—and feared not. Yet, for illusion of bearded canny folk. The vinsky of right assumes some acquaint-

H. T. PARKER

CRITICS AS PARTISANS

Fortunes of Monteux and Symphony in New York

BY OLIN DOWNES

Last season in Boston Mr. Monteux gave two very brilliant concerts prior to the arrival of Mr. Rabaud, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The Boston Symphony Orchestra then proceeded on tour to New York, and was promptly ripped up the back by the music reviewers of that city.

It was hard to believe at this event, that the same man who had given concerts in a manner greatly to the satisfaction of audiences which should certainly know good performances from bad, could conduct so satisfactorily in Boston and so very unsatisfactorily in New York.

Of course, stranger things have happened in the history of music. Anyone who knows anything about the temperamental difficulties of musicians and the practical handicaps there are against a performer invariably doing himself justice in the presence of the public, knows how an untoward incident, or a very small emotional disturbance, may spoil an entire concert. Therefore, when Bostonians who had derived great satisfaction from the accomplishments of the new conductor read about the concert in New York, some of them took into account the possibility that Mr. Monteux, a musician of temperament, perhaps did play poorly in New York.

There were rumors which confirmed this supposition. It was said that on the night of the armistice of Nov. 11, 1918, which was the date of the first New York concert of the Boston Symphony season of 1918-19, there was not only great excitement within the Symphony orchestra, but also much din on the streets outside, that these things, and the unaccustomed acoustics of the hall, and so-forth, had influenced the conductor unfortunately in the performance of his task.

Now, Mr. Monteux and the Boston Symphony gave a New York concert last Thursday night. They played compositions which had already been heard here, including the Schumann "Spring" symphony, which by many people in Boston who are fair-minded and whose knowledge is worthy of respect, was one of the finest performances of this

symphony—perhaps the finest—given here by any orchestra in many years. But the New York Telegram found that while Monteux and his men read this symphony "with full adherence to its unmistakable meanings, moods and never outlandish imageries" (whatever that may mean) it still felt that it was played "with a kind of 'little' cleverness and probably satisfied the musical precisionists present." The virtue of the performance of Debussy's "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" lay not, if you please, in any particular qualities of taste or imagination on the part of the conductor, but "in the extraordinary skill of the musicians in the several sections employed rather than in any exposition of imaginative reading or inspirational visions on the part of Conductor Monteux."

Perhaps the gentlemen preferred the dry and ponderous reading of this music which Dr. Muck was in the habit of giving.

But the gem of New York comment, to our mind, on the playing of the Boston Symphony, is the comment of Mr. James Hunker, "Jimmy," as he is known to his friends, who, in one article discovered that "Mr. Monteux is an accomplished routinier, better versed in ultra-modern music, Russian ballet preferred, than in the classic" and that the Schumann symphony "went rather heavily . . . a breeziness permeating the symphony that was not felt last night." Following which, in a second article, Mr. Hunker discovers that Walter Damrosch, who conducted on the same day a concert by the New York Symphony was "a veteran, though not a superfluous or lagging one" and the tone of the orchestra "a delight to the ear."

Now, we are not disposed to deny to the New York Symphony all of the fine qualities ascribed to it by Mr. Hunker, nor would we willingly comment at length on Damrosch's conducting. We once heard him conduct Beethoven's 5th symphony, and that day we listened no more. But when a reviewer so far forsakes all reasonable perspective in comparing orchestras like the New York and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and conductors like Damrosch and

Monteux, with an obvious leaning toward Damrosch—then it is time to throw up the hands and stop talking. You cannot argue with people who are determined in advance to see one side of a question. The puzzle of the New York fault-findings—or at least, some New York fault-findings—with Monteux is explained: provincialism and partisanship.

IN THE EAR OF NEW YORK

MR. MONTEUX AND HIS ORCHESTRA

FRESHLY JUDGED

Two Concerts Before Audiences Renewing the Numbers and the Appraise of Previous Years—The Reviewers, the New Leader and the Changed Band—Praise for the Conductor's Stravinsky — Questionings Over His Schumann.

As established conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux has led it the first times in New York and he discriminating public that its concert assemblage there has heard, likewise for the first times, the reorganized band as he is moulding it. The first of these concerts befell last Thursday evening in Carnegie Hall with Schumann's "Spring Symphony," the overture and a slow movement from Beethoven's ballet, "The Brood of Prometheus," Debussy's Prelude to Mallarmé's Eclogue, "The Afternoon of a Faun" and Enesco's Suite to fill the programme—all pieces recently heard at home. Of the occasion as a whole, Mr. Spaeth writes to The Transcript:

That New York still reserves for the Boston Symphony Orchestra the place of honor in its musical affections was sufficiently proved last Thursday evening at Carnegie Hall, when Pierre Monteux led his men through their first programme of the metropolitan season. The hall was crowded to the doors, as always on these occasions, by the true followers of orchestral music, and the welcome to Mr. Monteux and the players indicated an enthusiasm which was more than cordiality. At the close of the "Spring Symphony" of Schuman, the applause assumed proportions which demanded acknowledgment by the entire band, and throughout the evening the spirit of hearty approval was unmistakable. There was interest in the naively simple beauties of Beethoven's ballet, "The Brood of Prometheus," and Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" elicited particular appreciation of the wood-wind

choir of the Bostonians, although Mr. Monteux chose to give the elusive composition a surprisingly literal interpretation. The comparatively unfamiliar Suite, Opus 9, by Georges Enesco, was a pleasing and far from indigestible dessert to a generally unpretentious and wholesome feast.

The impression left by the opening concert is that the orchestra as a whole has recovered much of the technical finish which marked its performances before the disruption of the war-period, and that Mr. Monteux, free from the embarrassment of acting merely as a stop-gap, is already beginning to impress upon the players something of his own ideas and personality. Whether these factors are to prove of permanent value is still an open question.

Various are the impressions received and recorded by the reviewers in the New York newspapers. The Tribune, for example, heard the orchestra with no small pleasure; the conductor with less satisfaction. It says:

The Boston Symphony Orchestra may change its backer, its manager and its conductor, but its New York public remains faithful. The famous orchestra (alas! we can call it Major Higginson's no longer) found Carnegie Hall filled with an audience possessed of all its old-time brilliancy, while Mr. Monteux, appearing for the first time in New York as the orchestra's regular conductor, received a greeting as he entered the conductor's stand which was more than merely polite. Before the end of the first movement of the opening Schumann symphony had been played one thing was gratefully evident—that the personnel of the orchestra had recovered from the severe "shake-up" it had received by the expulsion of its German members. It was the Boston Symphony Orchestra of old, homogeneous, resonant in tone, perfectly balanced throughout its choirs. And this fact alone speaks volumes for its conductor.

It cannot, however, be said that Mr. Monteux gave an inspired or an exciting reading of Schumann's "Spring Symphony"; indeed, it seemed at times as if the spirit of winter rather than spring were upon it. This same heaviness of hand was apparent in the overture to Beethoven's ballet, "The Brood of Prometheus," but in the adagio Mr. Monteux at last came to his own and gave to it a performance of great charm. In Debussy's prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" Mr. Monteux was, however, completely successful. Rarely had this oft-played composition received a more delicate or more sympathetic reading, and conductor and musicians alike well earned the applause they received.

Writing in The Times, Mr. Aldrich, who had not officially heard the orchestra since the days of change and reorganization, is coolly judicious:

Old friends and admirers of the orchestra had no doubt prepared themselves to hear in its playing something

other than they had been accustomed to, different even from what they had heard last season. Nor was this expectation disappointed. The tone of the organization is a new one—brilliant, tending toward hardness, with more heard from the side of the brasses than formerly, and that less mellow; with fluency, and, on the whole, excellent quality from the wood-winds. Something else has taken the place of the golden and transparent beauty of former days.

Now Mr. Monteux is the permanent chief, and he has had the time and opportunity to make his intentions prevail in the orchestra's performances. His beat is very positive, his modelling of the phrase crisp and in high relief. His reading of the symphony was full of nervous tension, highly strung, in sharp contrasts of dynamics, wherein sometimes tone was forced in strings and brass. Much was made of every episode; nothing was left unnoted; and in the elaboration of detail something was lost of the engaging and spontaneous flow of the music. In the song of the larghetto something was lost of its tranquil beauty, molested by unexpected violences. This "Spring Symphony" is filled with an exulting spirit, but it does not verge upon the feverish.

The music from Beethoven's ballet pleased, especially the adagio, in which there were solo passages for violoncello, flute, clarinet, bassoon, and harp well played. Debussy's exquisite prelude was delivered explicitly rather than suggestively; the shimmering, vaporous atmosphere was clarified by an area of high barometric pressure that exposed all the orchestral mechanism. It was in its way interesting and informing; but it was not a poetical exposition of Debussy's thought.

In The World, Mr. Huneker is disposed to agree with Mr. Aldrich, but en passant he cannot forbear an amusing fling at the sepulchral Rabaud from whom the orchestra and its audiences were timely and happily delivered. He writes:

Mr. Monteux is an accomplished routinier, better versed in ultra-modern music, Russian ballet preferred, than in the classics. Nevertheless, one feels sure with him, and it may be asserted without fear of denial that he has more fire in his beat than his predecessor, a gifted composer, yet always irresistibly suggesting an undertaker presiding over the obsequies of the various compositions he so mournfully conducted. But Pierre Monteux has not a light touch. He is seldom Gallic.

Schumann's first symphony, with its springlike airs and romantic rustlings, as if in some dim Old World garden, went rather heavily. Naturally the joyous last movement sounded more Schumannesque than its companions. Even if the scoring is opaque, there is a breeziness permeating the symphony that was not felt last night. Strangely enough the conductor seemed more at ease in an "overture to a heroic and allegorical ballet, 'The Brood of Prometheus,'" by, of all musicians in the world, Beethoven.

Debussy's Faun again enjoyed a rutilant afternoon—metaphysically be it understood; the dream of a dream, the reverberations of which filled the chambers of his ardent brain, a marvellous evocation of a soul-mate related in terms of musical mysticism. Unhappily it wasn't mystic, nor poetic. It sounded like the statement of a fact, not the evocation of a memory-image. But beautiful because of the sheer sensuous quality of the scoring.

In turn, Mr. Henderson of The Sun cannot forget the dear departed, remarking that Mr. Rabaud "discovered that directing concerts in this country was not what he fondly fancied it to be and sail away." Like the rest the reviewer judged the performance of Schumann's symphony somewhat heavy. "It served well," he writes, "to display the present quality of the famous orchestra, which seemed to have gained in cloudiness, and to have lost something of its old starry depths. The symphony was played somewhat crudely, somewhat rudely, but with no little of the buoyant vigor for which its score calls. . . . In Debussy's music Mr. Monteux was entirely at home. The orchestra played it very well, indeed, and it was good to hear."

For the second concert on Saturday afternoon, Mr. Monteux's programme traversed Haendel's little symphony, "The Queen of France," Beethoven's overture, "King Stephen," to be resurrected next Friday and Saturday in Boston; Franck's tone-poem, "The Wild Huntsman," and the suite from Stravinsky's ballet, "The Fire-Bird." With the outcome the reviewers were well pleased and in The Times, Mr. Aldrich writes not only for himself, but in measure for all of them, saying:

Haydn's Symphony in D, called "The Queen of France," was agreeable and not too familiar; a hearty expression of the composer's geniality. It was heard with pleasure, in a performance full of spirit and carefully wrought shadings, with amply vigorous contrasts in dynamics, and with a quality of tone that seemed rather more ingratiating than what was heard in Schumann's symphony the other evening. The orchestra was reduced by half the number of double basses in this symphony, but no other changes were made in the direction of dimensions supposedly Haydn's.

Franck's symphonic poem, "The Wild Huntsman," is not Franck at his best; yet it is an ingenious and effective treatment of a theme that has appealed to many musicians; and not all have treated it so successfully, with so much atmospheric suggestion and picturesque quality, in terms so purely musical. The performance of it was admirable, full and rich in color, without excess in dynamics, without undue striving for realistic effects, and yet with the dramatic meaning the composer was seeking.

In was in the selections from Stra-

vinsky's ballet music "The Fire-Bird" that the orchestra and Mr. Monteux achieved their greatest success. The music is exquisite in its fancifulness, boldly fantastic, capricious, ingenious, picturesque, pictorial; illustrating the changing fantasy of the ballet. Something of its fantasticality, its imaginative power, becomes meaningless when it is taken away from the fantasticality of the action. Yet the lullaby, the dance of the princesses, and, perhaps somewhat less, the scene of the playing of the princesses with the golden apples, have enough of their own to say, as music, to stand fairly well by themselves. . . . Mr. Monteux conducted the music with complete knowledge and the fullest sympathy—he was the conductor of notable performances of the ballet in Paris and London, and knows its spirit as do few. The performance was brilliant.

Mr. Rachmaninoff made his first appearance in the United States, as a pianist, when he gave a recital at Smith College, Northampton, November 4, 1909. He played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on the trip that began November 8, 1909.

He has played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston:—
1909, December 17, when he played his second concerto, Op. 18, then heard in Boston for the first time, and conducted his symphonic poem "The Island of the Dead," which was also heard here for the first time.

1919, January 31: His second concerto.

His first appearance in Boston was at his recital in Symphony Hall, November 16, 1909. He also played at one of Mrs. McAllister's concerts at the Hotel Somerset, January 10, 1910.

Returning to the United States late in 1918, he gave recitals in Symphony Hall on December 15, 1918; January 10, February 22, October 26, 1919.

These compositions by him have been played at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston:—

Symphony in E minor, No. 2: October 15, November 5, 1910; March 30, 1912; December 20, 1913; November 30, 1917.

Symphonic Poem "The Island of the Dead": December 17, 1909 (conducted by the composer); February 19, 1910; April 15, 1911; November 26, 1915; October 26, 1917.

Pianoforte Concerto No. 1: December 7, 1904 (Carlo Buonamici, pianist).

Pianoforte Concerto No. 2: December 17, 1909 (Mr. Rachmaninoff); November 17, 1916 (Mr. Gabrilowitsch); January 31, 1919 (Mr. Rachmaninoff).

SANDERS THEATRE . . CAMBRIDGE

SECOND CONCERT

Thursday Evening, November 13

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SOLOIST

VERA JANACOPULOS

SOPRANO

Tickets at Kent's University Bookstore, Harvard Square, Cambridge

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MAKES HER DEBUT WITH SYMPHONY

Miss Janacopulos Well
Received at Concert
in Cambridge

Post Nov. 14 / 19

BY OLIN DOWNES

Miss Vera Janacopulos, soprano, made her debut with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, at the concert given last night in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge. She is a young woman in her early 20's, of Grecian descent, born in Brazil, educated musically in Paris, where she studied, first as a violinist under the composer, Enesco, and later as a vocalist, making here debut in the French capital in 1914.

SANG RUSSIAN SONGS

She sang four Russian songs with extraordinary authority and eloquence. Miss Janacopulos is doubly fortunate in her musical endowments, since she has a voice of the most uncommon range, freshness and capacity for dramatic expression, and has also the intelligence as a musician, which so many singers lack. She has even more intelligence than that. For there are musicians who know their business intelligently and well, as engineers, or dishwashers, or dentists know their business, without having very much imaginable or emotional sensibility.

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But this woman, this Miss Janacopulos, is what she is evidently because of an unusually broad and well-informed mind. For one has to have a mind and use it to sing the four songs on last night's programme and do each one of them justice, when each song is entirely different in style and substance from the other.

"The Commander"

The first song was "The Commander," a surpassingly grim and dramatic song of Moussorgsky, inspired by the poem of Count Golenitcheff-Koutousoff, in which Death, at midnight, mounted on his charger, proudly surveys the ruin and the carnage of the battlefield and summons the dead to pass before him in review. It is a song which requires imagination as well as the most uncommon vocal and technical equipment. In all respects it seemed that Miss Janacopulos was equal to its demands, in the opening picture of battle, in the invocation to the night spreading its shadows over the fallen, in the apostrophe of the terrible commander—an extremely impressive performance.

Then there was the interpretation of Rimsky-Korsakoff's charming "The Rose Hath Charmed the Nightingale" and the poetic performance of Borodin's "Sleeping Princess," a performance, in contrast to "The Commander," astonishing in its atmosphere, its exquisite fineness of coloring, its intimate mood.

But perhaps the most unusual achievement of the singer was the interpretation of Moussorgsky's "Gathering Mushrooms"—mushrooms which are apt to poison the white haired husband and pave the way for the indulgence of the passion of the young bride. There was then the feeling of peasant patois, which could never be translated into English, of irony, of menace underneath the lilting, strangely rythmed, folk-like character of the music. These were songs that displayed equally the intelligence, temperament and vocal resource of the singer. Unless all signs fall there is in Miss Janacopulos a singer who will quickly take a very important position among her colleagues of the concert stage.

Other features of the concert was the appearance of Mr. Denayer, first violist of the orchestra, when he played the solo viola part with admirable finish and warmth of tone, of Berlioz' "Childe Harold" symphony, and the performance of George W. Chadwick's "The Angel of Death," which was well received.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919--20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

FIFTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, AT 8 P. M.

BERLIOZ,

SYMPHONY in Four Movements, with Viola Solo.
op. 16. "Harold in Italy"

I. Harold in the Mountains; Scenes of Melancholy, Happiness and Joy: Adagio; Allegro

II. March of Pilgrims Singing their Evening Hymn; Allegretto.

III. Serenade of a Mountaineer of the Abruzzi to his Mistress
Allegro assai; Allegretto

IV. Orgy of Brigands; Recollections of the preceding scenes
Allegro frenetico

(VIOLA SOLO by Mr. Frederic Denayer)

FRANCK,

ARIA from "The Redemption"

CHADWICK,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Angel of Death"
(First time in Boston)

DUPARC,
MOUSSORGSKY,
BLOCH,

SONGS with Orchestra,
"Invitation au Voyage"
"Hopak"
Psalms 137 and 114

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to "King Stephen," op. 117

Soloist:

POVLA FRIJSH



Povla Frijs

BERLIOZ FIRST ON PROGRAM

"Harold in Italy" Played
Romantically by Sym-
phony Orchestra

DENAYER, NEW FIRST VIOLA, TAKES SOLOS

By PHILIP HALE

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Berlioz, Symphony, "Harold in Italy"; Franck, the archangel's air from "The Redemption"; Chadwick, Symphonic poem "The Angel of Death" (first time in Boston); songs with orchestra: Duparc, Invitation au voyage; Moussorgsky, Hopak; Block, Psalms 137 and 114; Beethoven, overture to "King Stephen." Mme. Povla Frijs was the singer.

The symphony of Berlioz goes back to 1834. It is not easy for us to understand those romantic years. Even pianists today, as a rule, go to the barber once a month. They no longer wear a sombrero; their cravats are not flowing, but as formal as those seen in the street car and magazine advertisements of collars encircling the necks of orthodox young men. Only a little while ago a London critic wondered at a composer for setting music to an early poem of William Morris and wondered still more at the courage of a Mr. Mullings in singing it. But romanticism, Byronic romanticism, was in the Parisian air when Berlioz wrote this symphony. "Anthony" and "The Tower of Nesle" had only recently been played. Honest citizens, as well as artists, tried to resemble Boccage, the actor; sombre, melancholy, mysterious, amorous, ferocious in passion, a man with the "air fatal." to wonder that Berlioz, wildly romantic throughout his life, was romantic in his music until he dreamed of Virgilian classicism, writing his "Trojans."

"Harold in Italy" was a remarkable work in 1834; it is remarkable in certain

ways in 1919. It is true that some in London, Oxford and New York can see Berlioz only as a poorly equipped musical poseur. They say the same of Liszt; but no man was more terribly in earnest. The "March of Pilgrims" is not the only movement of this symphony that has preserved its strange and haunting beauty, with the still famous constant interruption in the rhythmic flow. The introduction is still poetic; the Serenade is still piquant. For the first time at these concerts one heard the "Orgy of Brigands" played with the fitting wildness and recklessness, and Berlioz's reference to "brazen throats belching forth blasphemies" did not seem mere hifalutin. The whole symphony, in fact, was played romantically, as Berlioz understood that word, as far as the orchestra was concerned.

Mr. Denayer, the new first viola played the solo measures in a thoroughly artistic manner. That was expected, for his reputation had preceded him. His tonal purity, his technical skill, his phrasing—all these were to be highly praised. Yet his performance could hardly be called romantic; it was rather academic. There was a lack of abandon. The player of this music should be a man, "a panache," to borrow a term from the French actor's slang.

Mr. Chadwick's symphonic poem was first played in New York at a concert in the memory of Theodore Roosevelt by the Symphony Society, led by Walter Damrosch to whom the work is dedicated. It was suggested by Mr. French's bas-relief "Death and the Sculptor." The music expresses what the musician saw and felt in the sculpture. The opening, in fiery Straussian vein reminds one of the sculptor's towering ambition. Even in the height of his power, there are orchestral hints at the staying hand of relentless death. The hand is stayed. "Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight." After the lamentation comes the apotheosis, or as Mr. Chadwick himself says: "It may be that the last part suggests eventually the artist's ascent to the Parnassus of which he dreamed. But it might also be a meorial for every artist who has given his life during the war—although not so originally intended." The work is firmly knit, soundly constructed, sonorous, and as such it was warmly received by the audience.

After Beethoven's "Prometheus" overture we have already had this season the overture to "King Stephen." Let us hope that Mr. Monteux will not think it his duty to exhume other long buried overtures of Beethoven. Mr. Gericke, by nature a kindly soul, had a fatal passion for the "Dedication of the House." This "King Stephen" over-

There will be no Rehearsal and Concert next week



Viola Frijsh

BERLIOZ FIRST ON PROGRAM

"Harold in Italy" Played
Romantically by Sym-
phony Orchestra

DENAYER, NEW FIRST VIOLA, TAKES SOLOS

By PHILIP HALE

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Berlioz, Symphony, "Harold in Italy"; Franck, the archangel's air from "The Redemption"; Chadwick, Symphonic poem, "The Angel of Death" (first time in Boston); songs with orchestra: Duparc, Invitation au voyage, Moussorgsky, Hopak; Block, Psalms 127 and 114; Beethoven, overture to "King Stephen." Mme. Viola Frijsh was the singer.

The symphony of Berlioz goes back to 1831. It is not easy for us to understand those romantic years. Even pianists today, as a rule, go to the barber once a month. They no longer wear a sombrero; their cravats are not flowing, but as formal as those seen in the street car and magazine advertisements of collars encircling the necks of orthodox young men. Only a little while ago a London critic wondered at a composer for setting music to an early poem of William Morris and wondered still more at the courage of a Mr. Mullings in singing it. But romanticism, Byronic romanticism, was in the Parisian air when Berlioz wrote this symphony. "Anthony" and "The Tower of Nesle" had only recently been played. Honest citizens, as well as artists, tried to resemble Beethoven, the actor; sombre, melancholy, mysterious, amorous, ferocious in passion, a man with the "air fatal." to wonder that Berlioz, wildly romantic throughout his life, was romantic in his music until he dreamed of Virgilian classicism, writing his "Trojans."

"Harold in Italy" was a remarkable work in 1824; it is remarkable in certain

ways in 1919. It is true that some in London, Oxford and New York can see Berlioz only as a poorly equipped musical poseur. They say the same of Liszt; but no man was more terribly in earnest. The "March of Pilgrims" is not the only movement of this symphony that has preserved its strange and haunting beauty, with the still famous constant interruption in the rhythmic flow. The introduction is still poetic; the Serenade is still piquant. For the first time at these concerts one heard the "Orgy of Brigands" played with the fitting wildness and recklessness, and Berlioz's reference to "brazen throats belching forth blasphemies" did not seem mere hifalutin. The whole symphony, in fact, was played romantically, as Berlioz understood that word, as far as the orchestra was concerned.

Mr. Denayer, the new first viola played the solo measures in a thoroughly artistic manner. That was expected, for his reputation had preceded him. His tonal purity, his technical skill, his phrasing—all these were to be highly praised. Yet his performance could hardly be called romantic; it was rather academic. There was a lack of abandon. The player of this music should be a man, "a panache," to borrow a term from the French actor's slang.

Mr. Chadwick's symphonic poem was first played in New York at a concert in the memory of Theodore Roosevelt by the Symphony Society, led by Walter Damrosch to whom the work is dedicated. It was suggested by Mr. French's bas-relief "Death and the Sculptor." The music expresses what the musician saw and felt in the sculpture. The opening, in fiery Straussian vein reminds one of the sculptor's towering ambition. Even in the height of his power, there are orchestral hints at the staying hand of relentless death. The hand is stayed. "But is the branch that might have grown full straight." After the lamentation comes the apotheosis, or as Mr. Chadwick himself says: "It may be that the last part suggests eventually the artist's ascent to the Parnassus of which he dreamed. But it might also be a meorial for every artist who has given his life during the war—although not so originally intended." The work is firmly knit, soundly constructed, sonorous, and as such it was warmly received by the audience.

After Beethoven's "Prometheus" overture we have already had this season the overture to "King Stephen." Let us hope that Mr. Monteux will not think it his duty to exhume other long buried overtures of Beethoven. Mr. Gericke, by nature a kindly soul, had a fatal passion for the "Dedication of the House." This "King Stephen" over-

There will be no Rehearsal and Concert next week

ture is frankly theatre music for an occasion. The King Stephen is not as some might think the thrifty English monarch sung by Iago, whose breeches, according to the old song, "cost him but a crown. He held them sixpence all too dear. With that he call'd the tailor, lown." No this Stephen was of Hungary, the Apostolic King, who for his pious work was canonized. The overture is part of the stage music for Kotzebue's play "Hungary's First Benefactor," produced at the opening of a new theatre at Budapest over 100 years ago. It is said that a little joyous theme in the overture is of a Hungarian gypsy nature; but this gypsy was corseted and most discreet; she never danced for the officers and wandering Englishmen.

The exquisite art of Mme. Frijsch, who last season was Mme. Frisch, has often been applauded in this city. In a hall of reasonable size, she is a most interesting singer, by virtue of her interpretative skill. In Symphony Hall, intimacy is not easily established. We have yet to hear any music from Franck's "Redemption" that is fully worthy of that great master. Perhaps a woman with a clarion voice might make the Archangel's air impressive. One of the chief features of the concert was Mme. Frijsch's singing of Duparc's beautiful "Invitation au Voyage," music that out-views even the beauty of Baudelaire's verse. The enchanting orchestral accompaniment was heard here for the first time, according to our recollection. The delivery of "Hopak" was roguish rather than rowdy, and this song should be sung with a touch of vulgarity. The woman of the song was not conspicuous for archness or refinement. And what shall be said of the strongly individual "Psalms" of Ernest Bloch? His music is his own; there is no music like it. "By the Rivers of Babylon" is a mighty wail. "When Israel Went Out of Egypt" is changed with the spirit of fanatical exultation. Strange and overpowering music! We know of no more original composer. Mr. Bloch has been quoted as saying that, superficially, his music is not Jewish at all; yet these "Psalms" are the full expression of characteristics that have long been associated with the race that worshipped the one God in the desert and in the Temple; the warlike, fiery, persecuted, oppressed, yet hopeful, race from which sprang the poets of the Psalms and the prophecies. Only a woman imbued with the artistic spirit would have dared to sing this extraordinary music before a miscellaneous audience. She sang it as though she were the voice of the race. To hear these songs is worth a pilgrimage.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Handel, Concerto for strings, No. 5 in D major; Balakireff, "Thamar," Symphonic Poem; Dukas, overture, "Polyeucte" (first time at these concerts); Schmitt, Suite, "The Tragedy of Salome."

BRILLIANT CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Post Nov. 15, 1919
Povla Frijsch, Danish

Soprano, Appears
as Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

Povla Frijsch, the Danish soprano, was soloist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra given under the leadership of Pierre Monteux, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Frederick Denayer, first violist of the orchestra, played the solo part in the performance of Berlioz' "Childe Harold" symphony. George W. Chadwick's symphonic poem, "The Angel of Death," was played for the first time at these concerts. The programme came to an end with Beethoven's seldom played overture to "King Stephen."

BLOCH'S SETTING OF PSALMS

The most novel and seizing feature of this concert was Ernest Bloch's settings of Psalms 137 and 114 for soprano voice and orchestra. These songs were interpreted with very dramatic feeling by Mme. Frijsch. They require an uncommonly gifted interpreter. On the other hand, there is music so vital, so human in its feeling, so strong in its inspiration that it would be difficult indeed, even for incompetent artists, to kill it.

Mr. Bloch's music for the two Psalms is in this category. It is profoundly emotional. Its powerful sensuality—if such a phrase may be used in conjunction with the expression of emotional and religious feeling which is fanatical—gives it a poignancy, a force and color, hardly surpassed as regards these particular qualities by any music written today. And like most of the

great music, examination or analysis of these compositions reveals their fundamental simplicity of workmanship and utterance.

Profoundly Hebraic

Very strong dissonances, the most telling effects, are the result of equally strong, simple harmonies welded together or set one against the other. The feeling of the music is profoundly Hebraic, as the composer would have it. Its orientalism is anything but the orientalism of the pseudo or decorative order. It is racial, it comes from the very well-springs of the racial consciousness of the tribes of Israel.

The orchestra coloring is gorgeous, and yet not cloying, not fussed with, or invented for the sake of coloristic effects. Instead, it appears as the one inevitable garment of the musical thought. There is also the immense rhythmic life of the music. How a few notes, a recurring rhythmic pattern, can give a hearer the impression of being in the midst of creation itself, can communicate the sensation of the vast rushing tides of life, is one of the eternal and glorious mysteries of music. That is the impression of this music, whether its mood be lofty, ecstatic, or a mood of barbaric glorification, triumph, revolt, defiance of the enemies of Israel. The music smoulders with never dying fire, or it breaks out in harsh, fanatical objurgations, or it laments with an Eastern wail, an intensity of feeling, indescribable to those incapable of spiritual sympathy with any racial spirit but their own and oblivious of such expressive power as the power of this splendid, true, sincere music of Ernest Bloch.

Mme. Frijsch's Singing

Mme. Frijsch appeared to be in excellent voice. The tone had a freshness and vibrancy to the ear which were more rather than less in evidence than on the many occasions when she has given song recitals in smaller concert halls in Boston. Why she should have chosen what is to us the stupid air from Franck's "Redemption" ("Le roi dont vous vantez la gloire") is a puzzle. (For surely it is not merely personal idiosyncrasy on the part of a reviewer which calls this music stupid and sentimental.) The later songs were those in which the singer shone at her best, such as the haunting melancholy of Duparc's exquisite "L'Invitation au voyage" in which she was inimitable, and in the taxing music of Bloch.

Among other attributes of a consummate artist, Mme. Frijsch has the feeling for breadth, for big, dramatic utterance, where this is required. At the same time, and while she gave much pleasure, she is primarily the singer

for intimate gatherings and audiences of poets and musicians. In a song such as Moussorgsky's Hopak we prefer a coarser style than hers habitually is. In this song the tavern wench carouses and cajoles her old man, and from the bottom of her lusty, coarse soul snaps her fingers at fate and shouts her unconquerable joy in living.

Chadwick's Tone Poem

Mr. Chadwick's tone poem was inspired by Daniel Chester French's bas-relief, "Death and the Sculptor." "The young sculptor is represented as just raising his chisel to attack his work when the Angel of Death, a shadowy figure, puts out an arresting hand." In Mr. Chadwick's tone poem, as in Richard Strauss' "Tod und Verklärung," there is the thought of the dauntless effort toward an ideal struggle with the King of Terrors, and a triumphant apotheosis. The piece is concise, well put together, but not very original. Strauss was thoughtless in forestalling Mr. Chadwick.

Of the Berlioz symphony, to speak last of the first item of the programme, Mr. Monteux gave a very brilliant and finished performance. The effect was heightened by the warm tone and the musicianly treatment of the viola part by the newcomer to the orchestra, Mr. Denayer. At least one side of the genius of Berlioz was admirably accentuated the side of the colorist, of the musical painter of scenes of nature, of the artist who, while his turbulent genius at times made him leap clear over technical obstacles or scout them in a way as contemptuous as it was clumsy, nevertheless had at the bottom of his soul the typically French feeling for fineness, precision, clarity of thought and expression. The symphony—or three movements of the four heard by the reviewer—never sounded more beautiful and more interesting in its multiplicity of ingenious details. Whether it had enough of romantic madness, of Byronic pose and 1830 extravagance and abandon is another question on which each hearer will have his own opinion. This was but one of the interesting features of a very brilliant concert.

Symphony Tickets For Sale

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POVLA FRIJSCH IN FINE VOICE

Advs. Nov. 16/19
**Denayer's Work on Viola
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phony Concert**

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

PROGRAM.

Berlioz, "Harold Symphony."
Franck, Aria from "The Redemption."
Soloist, Mme. Povla Frijsch.
Chadwick, "Angel of Death" (symphonic poem)
Songs with Orchestra.
Chabrier, Bourree Fantasque.

There were practically two soloists, for the viola part in the Berlioz "Harold Symphony" is more than an obligato. It was first composed as the solo part of a viola concerto for Paganini.

It was a great pleasure to hear Frederick Denayer in this effective work. The viola is the very Cinderella of the orchestra, with the violin and the violoncello as its proud sisters, and there is a very scant repertoire of really great music for this instrument. Yet it is the very embodiment of brooding sorrow, of pensive melancholy, and it pictures Byron's hero as no other instrument could do.

BELL EFFECTS EXCELLENT.

From its first entrance, supported by the harp, until its gasping, dying phrases, in the final orgie, it dominated the work, portraying sadness amid the charm of the mountains, against the serenity of religion, and even in the merry-making of the innocent rustics.

M. Denayer was naturally much applauded at the end. He played most artistically and with great expression. A word of praise may be given to the bell effects of harp and horn of the second movement, and the orgie of the brigands was read by M. Monteux with just the wild fury that Berlioz desired.

What sensational finales this composer has made! The introduction of a touch of the litany of the monks, in this carousal shows the master of contrasts. The first movement was taken with more spirit and vigor than we have ever heard given to it, a masterly reading, but we could have enjoyed a little more abandon in the third movement. The sym-

phony was, however, one of M. Monteux's marked successes.

Of Mme. Frijsch's solos we found Bloch's setting of two psalms, the most effective. This composer is doing for Jewish music what Chopin did for Polish and Liszt for Hungarian. He manages to give the earnest spirit of his (original) Hebraic themes with an Old Testament loftiness which no other composer has attained. He does not try to build on Jewish tunes, which are of doubtful antiquity.

Mme. Frijsch was broad-toned and dramatic, and this found its best expression in the Bloch and the Musorgsky numbers. The Hopak was given with proper vigor, and the Bloch numbers, which were really orchestral tone poems with voice, were given great dramatic intensity.

Against this earnestness and in contrast with Childe Harold's sadness came the finale of the concert with Beethoven's King Stephen Overture, not one of the master's greatest, but so seldom heard that it was fitting to lift it from obsolescence.

"ANGEL OF DEATH."

It remains only to speak of Mr. Chadwick's new work, "The Angel of Death." He has taken an exalted and transcendental subject for this tone poem. Death has arrested the work of the artist, but transfiguration follows death as in Richard Strauss' greatest work, the glory of his achievements lives on beyond his own mortal career.

The topic was suggested by a bas-relief by Daniel Chester French, entitled "Death and the Sculptor." As Mr. Chadwick's beautiful "Aphrodite" was also inspired by a statue, we can see in such works the correlation of the arts.

The tone poem is dramatic and is written for a large, modern orchestra, which the composer handles with his accustomed skill. There is a bold and fiery beginning, but there are premonitions of doom even in the early measures. These lead to some effective contrasts and climaxes. It is easy to recognize the advent of Death and the heart-throbs dying away on kettledrum. The threnody of lamentation which follows is strikingly earnest.

But death has not ended all; the work of the artist lives, and the music tells a story that the bas-relief could not complete; there is a glorious crescendo leading on to final triumph. The apotheosis of the motive on the brasses at the end is a noble climax. The use of the trombones and tuba is brief, but remarkably telling, and the motto at the end of the work might well be: "Oh, Death, where is thy sting? Where, grave, thy victory?"

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Nov. 15, 1919
**SONGS AND A SINGER EXCEL ALL
THE REST**

Mme. Frijsch for the First Time with the Orchestra—Two Psalms in Music Like the Speech of Hebrew Prophets — The Subtle Beauties of Duparc—Franck and Musorgsky Besides — Beethoven Trifles and Berlioz Fades

WITH one exception the songs of the singer were the most interesting items in the Symphony Concert of yesterday—more interesting than the singer herself. Though she was Mme. Frijsch, far more interesting than the three purely orchestral numbers. The exception was her first piece, the air of the archangel from Franck's hybrid symphony inbred upon oratorio, "The Redemption." Whether the air is more commonplace and tedious than the "symphonic piece" drawn from the same source and played to surfeit in Boston last season is for casuists in dulness to decide. At the beginning, when the archangel proclaims the descent of Jesus to earth, stand two or three score measures bright with Franckian luminosity; in the progress of the music are occasional periods of Franckian spiritual ecstasy. The rest is inarticulate rapture or rapture articulate in the precious operatic manner of Meyerbeer and Halévy. Ah ces messieurs! whom Franck, curiously purblind on some sides, "venerated" when he set to oratorio. Moreover, is it not possible that the frequenters of the Symphony Concerts have heard quite enough for a while of the music of Franck, exalted, characteristic or merely routine? Early report affirmed a salutary resolution of Mr. Monteux to banish the Rabaudian excess of Franck and Saint-Saëns from his programmes. May he hold firmly to it.

One more of Mme. Frijsch's numbers might also pass in the routine of the day—Rimsky-Korsakov's orchestral version of Musorgsky's "Hopak," thrice and four times familiar "with piano" in the concerts of "favorite" singers. Even Mme. Gluck there essays it, makes it "captivating." To captivate, however, was probably the least of the composer's purposes when the verse stirred him, when he set music above it. Once more he would characterize and in the rhythmic beat of Russian folk-tune—characterize a blowsy, full-fed wench, lusty for liquor, a rude dance and two-fisted companions, screaming out her scorn and jollities. Musorgsky whips

her through a becomingly larruping music and is appropriately accented. She is too hackneyed for the Symphony Concerts. Better leave her, prettyfied, for an uneasy seat in Mme. Gluck's parlor. Moreover, Mme. Frijsch is not altogether the singer. In spite of her many distinctions, for either Franck's air or Musorgsky's song. Rather, because of those very distinctions she falls short of both. Her voice is not large, her vocal method and manner are not sweeping; least of all is she declamatory; whereas Franck's music, if it is to come to life at all, seeks amplitude, even bombast. Mme. Frijsch is a singer of fine sensibilities, of adroit refinements. Musorgsky's woman is loud-mouthed and leering; his music characterizes her.

Two more of Mme. Frijsch's pieces, and the more novel among them, suffered likewise from the limitations of her song—Mr. Bloch's settings of the Psalm of David in which captive Israel laments in bitterness "by the waters of Babylon" and of the other Psalm in which Israel released goes "out of Egypt," elate upon an earth starting its joy. In both the singer altogether comprehended the substance and the symbols, the imagery and the passion of text and music. At every turn she enriched both with the keen, fine play of her penetrating mind and assimilating spirit. Yet Mr. Bloch exacts a vocal power, an unabating eloquence of transmission that Mme. Frijsch's tones may hardly compass and by no means maintain. He has written the orchestral parts accordingly. In sum, he is as one who would mould direct, yet hardly unsophisticated, musical means to barbaric force of utterance. Mme. Frijsch apprehends and plies the means, seeks the force, but by inexorable limitations of tone may not sweep into it. She sings the Psalms as a single penetrating voice in the multitude of wailing or rejoicing Israel. Though Mr. Bloch chose to write for one such voice, yet did he hear the host.

A truly remarkable, a highly individual, a piercing yet tumultuous music are these settings. Israel wails in what at first perception seem monotonous rhythms, but they beat, beat, beat the listening imagination into responsive emotion. Israel wails in stark reiterated phrases—until in all the world there is no solace for it except proud passion for its own Jerusalem and as proud hate for Babylon, captor—and doomed. Bitter and wild and fierce is this lamenting; acrid, savage through the tones stalk pride and hate. These are the elemental passions for which Mr. Bloch, whether his means be simple or intricate, finds as elemental utterance. No wonder placid suburbia, perhaps recalling Mr. Rabaud's easy entertainments for the elderly, wondered what this fuss was all about, recoiled, resented it.

For background rose Mr. Bloch's orchestral voices, plangent, pulsant, penetrating, like to the bare, bold imagery of

the Hebrew prophets. Now and then they set sharp edge upon the singer's phrases; once and again out of them flashed the swarthy faces, the gleaming eyes of the lamenting or the rejoicing tribe; always they were the work of a composer in whom an individual technique, darting through many a detail, is the servant of as individual and dauntless imagination. As Jeremiah lamented, so laments Mr. Bloch for captive Jewry; as Isaiah flamed in imagery, so he lays fire to harmonies and timbres.

In tones of like power for the new passion, as savage and acrid of voice, out of kindred barbaric background, in similar boldness of musical image and starkness of musical progress, Israel exults, vaunts its God of Jacob, domineers over an earth possessed, as it fondly believes, of its joy. A tilde mouths defiant through the proud might that bids the earth, the mountains upon it, the waters within it, do the Jewish will. Had the major prophets of Israel written music, they might have held Mr. Bloch's pen. Individual beyond most composers of our time, he can yet set tribes into music—a whole race even, in its fierce barbaric day.

Franck trite and theatrical, Musorgsky a-slumming, Bloch tribal and tumultuous, plangent and piercing—Mme. Frijsh ranged widely when she added to them the Duparc and Baudelaire of "L' Invitation au Voyage." The verse swims in sensuous haze, conjures misty image of scent, color, light, trappings, vistas; pulses with wistful languors, faintly tingles with amorous excitements. Akin is the jewelled music, whether the singing voice bears it, whether the orchestral voices melt together within it—music of murmurous flow and soft lustre, of the sights and sounds of dream, of the subtleties of erotic sensation. Bloch's acridly sensual song bites and cries aloud; Duparc's supersensuous song quivers, gleams, pales and is still. Here at last was music for Mme. Frijsh's present voice and familiar imagination, for the new brightness and suavity of her song, for the old finesse of moulded phrase and colored tone, for her sensibilities, her subtleties, her skill in veiled suggestion. With Duparc and Baudelaire, she also wrought beauty.

Big as they relatively were, the symphonic pieces of the day seemed but paltry things beside these Psalms of Bloch, this song of Duparc. True, Beethoven signed

one of them, the overture, "King Stephen," and Berlioz another, the symphony, "Harold in Italy." Yet that particular Beethoven is no more than a composer faithfully fulfilling a commission to prelude a play, picking up a neat little, nice little gypsy motif, scattering a few trumpet-calls where they will do the most good, piling up the inevitable chords at the end, contriving to be both ceremonial and amusing, not so easy a task as it seems as many a maker of music, similarly charged and laboring for festal occasion, will cheerfully or reluctantly confess. Only the prigs would feed in the arts upon an everlasting diet of masterpieces; every real artist has made his trifles, his "pieces of occasion" happy and unashamed. Better decennial entertainment from "King Stephen" than annual repetition of "Leonora," "Coriolanus" and "Egmont." No conductor long overlooks those classics; Mr. Monteux was wise and pleasurable when he condescended—once with "Prometheus" and again with "King Stephen" to Beethoven off pedestal.

Moreover, the overture is still a bright music whereas Berlioz's symphony sounds as faded in general as did yesterday the particular voice of Harold in the thin light tone, the impassive progress, the colorless performance of Mr. Denayer at the first viola. Mr. Féris's peer hardly sits as yet in his place. "The March of Pilgrims Singing Their Evening Hymn" still tinkles upon the ear; pungently Italian is the mountaineer's serenade; in the finale is a deal of romantic rodomontade, in which Mr. Monteux properly laid on and spared not; out of the first movement still drips romantic fullness of mood. Little streams of music, these down a symphonic water-course long since run dry under the changing suns of new times and new fashions in the arts of expression. The museum—in the cabinet of Romanticism A. D. 1830—is the place for "Harold in Italy, Symphony in Four Movements with Viola Solo." Not often need conductors bear it hence for performance. The Berlioz of the Fantastic Symphony, of Romeo and Juliet, of the overtures, of "The Damnation of Faust" needs no successes of curiosity. . . . And also there was Mr. Chadwick's new tone-poem, "The Angel of Death." If it did not exactly provoke admiration, it did summon reflections. Let them wait, bye and large, until Monday.

H. T. PARKER

Music in Boston

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor
BOSTON, Massachusetts — Hector

Berlioz wrote the "Harold in Italy" Symphony in 1824. Had he written it in this year of grace he would doubtless have called it a Symphonic Poem in Four Parts. It is doubtful, though, whether he would have made any other changes. The symphony is strikingly, stirringly modern, both in its freedom from convention in writing and in its coloring. Every once in a while some conductor takes this work off the shelves and plays it to the delight and interest of his audience and no matter how good a conductor he may be, the chief glory on the occasion goes to the composer. In the Friday afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on November 14, Mr. Monteux gave a reading of the second and third movements that was both stimulating and satisfying. It is doubtful if any conductor could hold the interest of an audience throughout the first movement, although Mr. Monteux had done some judicious arranging and had made a few cuts in it. The last movement, "The Orgy of the Brigands," doubtless was meant by Berlioz to portray a merry, capering crowd, but the brigands of Mr. Monteux were rather tamed and subdued. Mr. Denayer, the new leader of the viola section of the orchestra, had his chance to show what he could do in this symphony and the impression he made was distinctly favorable. He too took liberties with the score and did not attempt certain difficult octaves in the third movement, but his tone was smooth and flexible and his phrasing most artistic.

Two men who are writing music at the present day were in the audience to hear their works performed, George W. Chadwick of Boston and Ernest Bloch of New York. Mr. Chadwick's symphonic poem, "The Angel of Death," and Mr. Bloch's songs, "Psalm 137" and "Psalm 114," were heard for the first time in Boston. Between the two styles of writing affected by these men lies a great gulf. Mr. Chadwick's



FREDERIC DENAYER
One of the four best viola players at
Boston

model quite palpably was Strauss, with occasional side glances at Wagner. Mr. Bloch's music followed only the pattern outlined by the inner necessity from which he wrote, but its exceeding richness of color and invention betokened the genius of the writer. His songs were interpreted by Mme. Povla Frijsh, whose artistry in song cannot be questioned, but whose voice unfortunately lacked the volume necessary for this concert room.

Mr. Monteux in putting on the program Beethoven's Overture to "King Stephen" instead of one of the overtures too familiar through repetition by past conductors did his audience a service, if only to show them that Jove sometimes nods.

MME FRIJSH SINGS WITH THE SYMPHONY

Adequate Performance in
an Exacting Field

Berlioz, Beethoven and Chadwick
Rendered by the Orchestra

Povla Frijs, soprano, was the soloist
at yesterday's Symphony concert, the
fifth of the series. She sang the aria of
the archangel from Franck's "Redemp-
tion." "L'Invitation au Voyage."

Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," Symphony,
with its superbly economical orchestra-
tion, its vividness that sometimes lapses
into sentimentality or bombast, and its
absence of cumulative effect is too fami-
liar to require much comment. Mr. Den-
ayer gave a good performance of the
viola solo and Mr. Monteux did full jus-
tice to Berlioz in his reading.

The "King Stephen" overture of Bee-
thoven, which is seldom played nowa-
days, is not a masterpiece partly because
its several themes do not seem to belong
together, since they neither blend well
nor contrast well. Yet nothing by Bee-
thoven can ever be without interest to
listeners critically minded toward music.
His methods are more readily seen in
his minor works than in his master-
pieces.

Mr. Chadwick deserved the applause
which compelled him to rise in his place
and bow after the performance of his
new Symphonic Poem inspired by Mr.
French's bas relief at Forest Hills Ceme-
tery, "The Angel of Death." The piece
is one of the best of recent American
compositions. This program will be re-
peated tonight at 8.

FRÉDÉRIC DÉSIÉ DENAYER was born at Paris, March 9, 1878, of
a French father and an English mother. As a boy he sang in Parisian
churches and at the age of fourteen went to England to sing at a royal
marriage. At the Paris Conservatory he studied the violin with
Garcin and Marsick. In 1896 as a pupil of Laforge he took with
H. L. Brun a second prize for viola playing. No first prize was awarded
that year, the first year in the history of the Conservatory that there
was competition for the viola prize, although prizes had been awarded
for violin playing since An V. (1797). In 1897 Mr. Denayer took the
first prize. The composition played in competition was Rougnon's
Concerto romantique in F minor. Mr. Denayer has since been active
in Parisian musical life. For twelve years he was first viola of the
Opéra and of Colonne's orchestras. He has appeared as soloist at the
Lamoureux concerts; he has played at the Concerts Monteux under
Mr. Monteux; he has taken part in the concerts of the Parisian Quartet,
Quartet Hayot, Quartet Parent, and the Trompette.

Madam POVLA FRIJSH (FRISCH) was born at Marstal, Denmark.
She studied singing in Paris with Mme. Sarah de Lande; in the
United States with Mrs. Sarah Robinson Duff. Her first public ap-
pearance of importance in Paris was in May, 1910, when Alfred
Cortot accompanied her. As a young singer she had already made
tours with Raoul Pugno, pianist; also Pablo Casals, violoncellist.
From 1910 to 1915 she sang frequently with Parisian orchestras, with
celebrated visiting conductors, in chamber concerts, and in recitals.
She gave recitals also in London, Copenhagen, and cities of Switzerland.
Her first recital in New York was on November 10, 1915. Her first
recital in Boston was on December 15, 1915. On February 17, 1916,
she sang with the Cecilia Society. She gave a recital on January 6,
1917; on January 21 she took part with Miss Winifred Christie, pianist,
and the Longy Club in a concert at Symphony Hall; on February
14 she sang with the Cecilia; on March 21 she sang at a concert given
by Mr. Longy and Miss Longy. She gave a recital on March 6, 1919.

SYMPHONY HALL
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 16, AT 3.00

Thirty-third Concert for the
Benefit of the Orchestra's

PENSION FUND

BY THE
Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

PROGRAMME

Tschaikowsky Symphony No. 6 ("Pathetic") in B minor, Op. 74
I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo.
II. Allegro con grazia.
III. Allegro molto vivace.
IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso.

Wagner Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde"

Saint-Saëns Pianoforte Concerto No. 2 in G minor
I. Andante sostenuto.
II. Allegretto scherzando.
III. Presto.

Rossini Overture to "William Tell"

SOLOIST
MAGDELEINE BRARD

STEINWAY PIANO USED

MME FRIJSH SINGS WITH THE SYMPHONY

Adequate Performance in
an Exacting Field

Berlioz, Beethoven and Chadwick
Rendered by the Orchestra

Povia Frijsh, soprano, was the soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert, the fifth of the series. She sang the aria of the archangel from Franck's "Redemption," Duparc's "L'Invitation au Voyage," Moussorgsky's "Hopak" and two psalms by Ernest Bloch. Those in the audience who had heard her in recital must have felt that she did not quite do herself justice, except in Duparc's song.

Her performance was always adequate and she proved from the opening notes of the Franck aria that her voice can fill the great hall with a clear resonant tone. Her diction and phrasing were correct and her interpretation was intelligent throughout. But there are many singers capable of giving a workmanlike performance of oratorio numbers and only two or three in this generation who can give as delicate and finished versions of lyrics like "L'Invitation au Voyage" as hers.

It is a tour de force for her to sing big, magniloquent arias. Nor is she unsurpassed as an intense and dramatic interpreter, such as her numbers from Bloch and Moussorgsky demand. The two Psalms are meant by their composer to be cries from the soul of the Jewish people. They are profoundly tragic in their eloquence and nobility, but somewhat incoherent.

Mme Frijsh can convey the impressionistic incoherence of Beaudelaire and Duparc, but she is less successful with the prophetic vagueness of the Old Testament and Bloch. The crude vigor of the Russian peasants in "Hopak" is equally beyond any cultivated, modern interpreter, whose gift is pre-eminently lyric, as hers is.

She lacks the dramatic power to recreate in her singing moods hopelessly alien to our modern civilization, as are those of Russian peasants and Jewish psalmists. By compensation she can polish and quicken those indeterminate desires most of us suffer from for the "Voyage" to a world where we may find nothing but "order, beauty, luxury, calm and delight," the world of the exquisite refrain of Duparc's song, as few singers can.

Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," Symphony, with its superbly economical orchestration, its vividness that sometimes lapses into sentimentality or bombast, and its absence of cumulative effect is too familiar to require much comment. Mr Denayer gave a good performance of the viola solo and Mr Monteux did full justice to Berlioz in his reading.

The "King Stephen" overture of Beethoven, which is seldom played nowadays, is not a masterpiece partly because its several themes do not seem to belong together, since they neither blend well nor contrast well. Yet nothing by Beethoven can ever be without interest to listeners critically minded toward music. His methods are more readily seen in his minor works than in his masterpieces.

Mr Chadwick deserved the applause which compelled him to rise in his place and bow after the performance of his new Symphonic Poem inspired by Mr French's last relief at Forest Hills Cemetery, "The Angel of Death." The piece is one of the best of recent American compositions. This program will be repeated tonight at 8.

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III. Presto.

Rossini Overture to "William Tell"

SOLOIST
MAGDELEINE BRARD

STEINWAY PIANO USED



No performer has ever created a more profound impression on an audience here than the little French girl who has achieved success on two continents.

CONCERT FOR PENSION FUND

Harold — *Nov. 17 '19*
Symphony Orchestra Gives
Its 33d Performance of
the Kind

GIRL PIANIST WINS GREAT TRIUMPH

At Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon the Symphony Orchestra gave its first Pension Fund concert for this season and the 33d in the whole list of them. The soloist was Magdeleine Brard, the youthful pianist from France, who has won extraordinary praise for her playing in New York and other cities, since she came to America last year.

The orchestra played Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, Wagner's Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde," and Rossini's overture to "William Tell." Miss Brard's number was Saint-Saens's G Minor Concerto No. 2.

The hall was crowded, with many standing. A subdued air of solemnity overcast the throng and the orchestra, owing to the death of Maj. Higginson. There was some speculation whether an extra number would be played as a tribute to his memory, but this was hardly necessary, for the depth of lamentation in the final movement of Tschalkowsky's symphony and much of the music in the Wagner number were as appropriate as any musical memorial of the orchestra's founder and sustainer could have been. It was as if a prophetic inspiration had guided the choice

of these two numbers for yesterday's concert. It is doubtful if either work was ever played with deeper or more poignant feeling.

Miss Brard's appearance and playing proved to be a revelation. It provided astonishment, admiration and abounding pleasure. As she came on the stage spectators gasped to see a little girl with wavy, unrestrained locks, dressed in a young misses' short white frock, come forward with the unconscious grace of a well-bred child and seat herself at the piano. One was reminded of the picture of the boy Mozart discovered at midnight at his spinet.

Then she began to play and the wonder grew and kept growing as the brilliance and power and intricacy of the concerto developed. Here plainly was no slip of a girl, no infant prodigy, but a youthful artist with marvellous skill, uncommon power, commanding surety in every ripple, trill or run and seeming maturity in feeling and expression. Old hands at piano concerts began to sit up and take notice as the finish, the lightness and firmness and tenderness of touch and emotion were revealed in the opening andante movement.

Then came the allegretto and zip! the little girl's audience was transported to a fairy wood filled with dancing and whirling sprites and gnomes and butterflies and darting birds and flashing waterfalls and a shimmering mystic light "n everything like that."

And the little girl was not playing any piano, just leading the whole big throng, orchestra men and all, in an elfin whirl, drawing them along with her and the fairies by the spell of some magical music with which she filled the wood, the trees, their dancing leaves, the nodding flowers and the spray of fountains.

In the final presto movement strong winds blew away the sprites and the gossamer butterflies and tore the leaves with great gusts and the little lady's followers were tossed about by the power and splendor of her mastery of music. Here, as in the fairy dance, the girlish mistress of their spirits, compelled obedience without a show of effort. She seemed to be doing nothing at all special, just filling the air with irresistible rhythm and harmony of which she was a living part. When she ended and the spell was broken there came a tornado of applause so sweeping and continuous that it threatened to smash the stone tablets of the ancient law against "extras" at a symphony concert. But it didn't.

Steinway Pianoforte used

MISS BRARD ACCLAIMED A VIRTUOSO

Wins Signal Triumph at Pension Fund Concert

Post Nov. 17
BY OLIN DOWNES

The pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, which was packed for the occasion.

The orchestral compositions were Tschaikowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique," Wagner's prelude and love-death from "Tristan and Isolde," and Rossini's overture to "William Tell." Miss Madeleine Brard, a first prize of the Paris Conservatoire, and now in her 16th year, played the Saint-Saens G-minor piano concerto.

WINS DESERVED TRIUMPH

Of this work Miss Brard, who was wildly applauded, gave a very brilliant performance. The music had sparkle, piquancy and great rhythmic life. Miss Brard has not only the fingers, she has the temperament of the virtuoso, the ability to excite an audience by the spirit and bravura of her playing. Qualities such as these are inherent in Saint-Saens' concerto.

This concerto has other qualities, too, in the opening movement, and it would be possible to take issue with Miss Brard concerning the playing of the more lyrical motives. But this is a detail and partly a matter of taste. Miss Brard won a deserved triumph. She played with musicianship, as well as lightness, accuracy, speed. However rapid the tempo, she never lost her

grip on herself. Excellent schooling rather than strong individuality is now naturally in the ascendancy, so far as her interpretation is concerned, but this schooling she has assimilated. She knows why as well what she plays. She was heard to the best advantage in the second movement, which she played with exceptional grace and esprit, and in the dashing finale, after which she was recalled five or six times.

Tschaikowsky's Master Work

It is the custom in these days for the superfine musicians to decry the Tschaikowsky of the sixth or "Pathétique" symphony. These people disdain what they feel to be the coarseness and frequent ineptitudes of Tschaikowsky in his expression of overwhelming emotion. The sixth symphony was for years the great favorite of all of Tschaikowsky's symphonic works. Then it was played too much. Then weary reviewers came to prefer either the fourth or the fifth symphonies to the sixth. It is not easy for one reviewer, anyhow, to agree with them. For him, the Symphonie Pathétique remains, in point of musical inspiration, richness of workmanship and originality and unconventionality of form, Tschaikowsky's greatest symphonic achievement. Who has produced symphonic music

more profound in its feeling than the finale of lamentation? What in modern music matches in elemental power and reckless fury the march, which is as if the hordes of all Asia were causing the earth to tremble at their mighty tread?

But there are those to whom this wild, defiant music is "coarse," "unrefined," and so on. To some, art must wear not only long skirts, but kid gloves! There are criticisms easily recognized as legitimate and logical of the first two movements; but the great passages in both of these movements will stand criticism for many years before they will yield place to works of sophisticated intellectuality or hyper-refinement, to which they are at present disadvantageously compared.

Should Be Heard Oftener

The "Symphonie Pathétique" should be played not only at Pension Fund concerts, as has been the case in late seasons, but also at the subscription concerts of Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings.

At the Pension Fund concerts, the public which is too busy or too full of cares during the week to listen to symphonic music attends with profound enjoyment performances by one of the greatest orchestras of orchestral masterpieces. The poignant music of Wagner and the great overture of Rossini thrilled the audience, which applauded the orchestra as well as the soloist to the echo.

Miss Brard More Than a Prodigy, Says Elson

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

THE week began very strongly with a pension fund concert, given by our orchestra in Symphony Hall, last Sunday afternoon. As if by prescience M. Monteux had placed Tschaikowsky's symphony of struggle and death on the program, and, while the "Pathétique" was being played, every auditor dedicated it to the memory of the noble founder of the orchestra, who had just passed away. The work brought memories of Mr. Emil Paur, who used to interpret it with our orchestra in an unapproachable manner. In this performance it was not so graphic, except in the third movement, which was performed with a truly barbaric fervor which suited its fierce military vein excellently. The "Tristan and Isolde" selection was very welcome, as indicating a restoration; the king has come into his own again. The "Wm. Tell Overture" was also brilliantly interpreted.

But the most marked success of the concert was the Boston debut of Madeleine Brard, a young miss of sixteen, who is more than a prodigy, who is in some respects a finished artist. She played St. Saens' G minor piano concerto, a work which has entirely dethroned Mendelssohn's concerto in the same key. She played it not as a well-learned lesson, but as well as any artist who has given it in Boston, not excepting the composer himself.

Yet in spite of all the fire that scintillated in the finale, we found the dainty Scherzo the chief glory of her performance. Here there was crisp delicacy and a hearty abandon that was elfin in character and must have aroused the most blase auditor.

We must hear her in more varied works before we can judge of her full

scope, but that here is a great artist in embryo, a second Teresa Carrena, is certain. The young artist was recalled endlessly with wild enthusiasm. What with Rosita Renard a couple of weeks ago, and this young phenomenon last Sunday, the French young ladies are certainly in the limelight, and the Paris Conservatoire, from which both graduated, is proving that it has great piano teachers.

Hail Girl of 16 as Musical Marvel

Adv. Nov. 23/19

SYMPHONY patrons gasped when a small young person advanced upon their exclusive stage. Shaking her black curls, and primly arranging her short, white skirts, she sat herself at the piano. Like the child Mozart discovered at his spinet, she fingered the keys.

Then she began to play. Magdeleine Brard, Parisian pianist, had made her Boston debut. And, as she played, the wonder grew. Like fairy wings her little fingers flitted across the keys. Famous musicians leaned forward that they might not miss a note. Critics gasped. And as Magdeleine Brard played the tension grew.

Never in the history of the Boston Symphony concerts has a performer made so profound an impression as the little French pianist. In a blaze of glory she has left us. But the memory of her recital will linger throughout the seasons of many symphonies.

Though hailed today as the greatest prodigy of the piano since the childhood days of Josef Hofmann, little Mademoiselle Brard is as charmingly unaffected as a country school girl. Her youthful freshness quite contradicts the impression one gained at Symphony.

Before sailing for New York last winter, Magdeleine played for the benefit of the Red Cross at Bordeaux. General Winfield Scott, U. S. A., who was stationed there, was so delighted with her performance that he removed one of the stars from his shoulder and pinned it on the coat of the little lady whose genius had so charmed him.

The little girl in knee-length skirts laughed delightedly at the recollection.

"Don't you just love Yankee soldiers?" she questioned naively. "I adore them."

Modestly Mademoiselle recounted the tale of her triumphs. "I was fourteen," she said, "when the Prix d'Honneur was awarded me. I'm still terribly excited about it, for it's the highest prize the Conservatoire can bestow, you know. I was twelve when the Conservatoire gave me my first prize, and thirteen when I received the Prize of Excellence. All the awards were unanimous and coveted by the greatest pianists in France. I've wondered and wondered how the judges ever selected little me."

"My government has sent me to America, you know. They call me their 'representative artist,' though I'm sure I've never earned so proud a title."

"The real reason that my friends love my music is because I love it so myself. I practice for hours and hours every single blessed day, and it's the most fun I've ever had. They tell me that some girls hate to practice, but it isn't really so, is it?"

"I think that American girls are so nice, and so pretty. Though I visited the States on tour last year, I had so little time to make friends. This year I hope that I'll meet lots and lots of people."

"Won't you tell Boston folk that I appreciate so much the wondrous ovation they gave me, and that I do hope I may play again for them soon?"

GIRL SENSATION OF PENSION CONCERT

Miss Brard, 16, Mature
and Skillful Pianist

Magdeleine Brard's performance of Saint-Saens' Pianoforte Concerto No. 2 in G minor at yesterday's pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra created a very unusual sensation. Mr. Monteux and the orchestra joined enthusiastically in the violent and prolonged applause. She was recalled no less than six times at the end. There were cries of "Bravo" from the audience and she was given a bouquet from the orchestra. No debut in recent years has scored such great and well deserved success with a Symphony concert audience. What is more significant, no soloist within recent memory has ever been so applauded by the members of the orchestra itself.

There were murmurs of surprise in the audience when she first came on the stage. She is actually 16 but looks considerably younger. The solo passage at the beginning of the first movement, however, showed at once that she was not the "infant prodigy" her childish appearance betokened, but a player of mature strength, poise and skill, fairly comparable with men like Hofmann and Rachmaninoff.

Her playing has a breadth, force and dignity very rare in the performance of feminine pianists. Her massive chords and brilliant passage work are like those of the best male performers, rather than the work of a talented girl.

If there are three or four men living who could surpass her in passages where controlled strength is required, there is no one who could improve on her performance of the "Allegretto Scherzando" of this concerto. It has been heard here many times, but no one has ever come anywhere near equalling her interpretation of it.

She has the crisp phrasing, the firm yet delicate touch and the beautiful singing tone needed for an ideal performance. Best of all she does not sentimentalize, and yet is never academic. As a pupil of Cortot and a winner of a "first prize" at the Paris Conservatory she has, of course, been admirably trained. But only phenomenal ability could make it possible for a mere child to play as she does.

She is to be ranked with the youthful Hofmann and with Heifetz as an example of a young player whose performance is never immature. Her future appearances in Boston will be eagerly awaited by everyone who was lucky enough to hear her yesterday.

The rest of the concert brought routine performances of Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" symphony and of the prelude and "Love-Death" from Wagner's "Tristan," which is "not of an age, but for all time."

A brilliant performance of Rossini's overture to "William Tell," which wears on the whole better than most of Tschalkowsky, was the concluding number. A very large audience enjoyed the concert.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919--20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SIXTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, AT 8 P. M.

IN MEMORY OF
HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

FOUNDER AND SUSTAINER OF
THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SCHUBERT,

SYMPHONY in B minor, (Unfinished)

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Andante con moto

BRAHMS,

CONCERTO No. 2, in B flat major, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, op. 83

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Allegro appassionato
- III. Andante
- IV. Allegretto grazioso

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 5, in C minor, op. 67

- I. Allegro con brio
- II. Andante con moto
- III. Allegro; Trio
- IV. Allegro

Soloist:

Mr. FELIX FOX

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte

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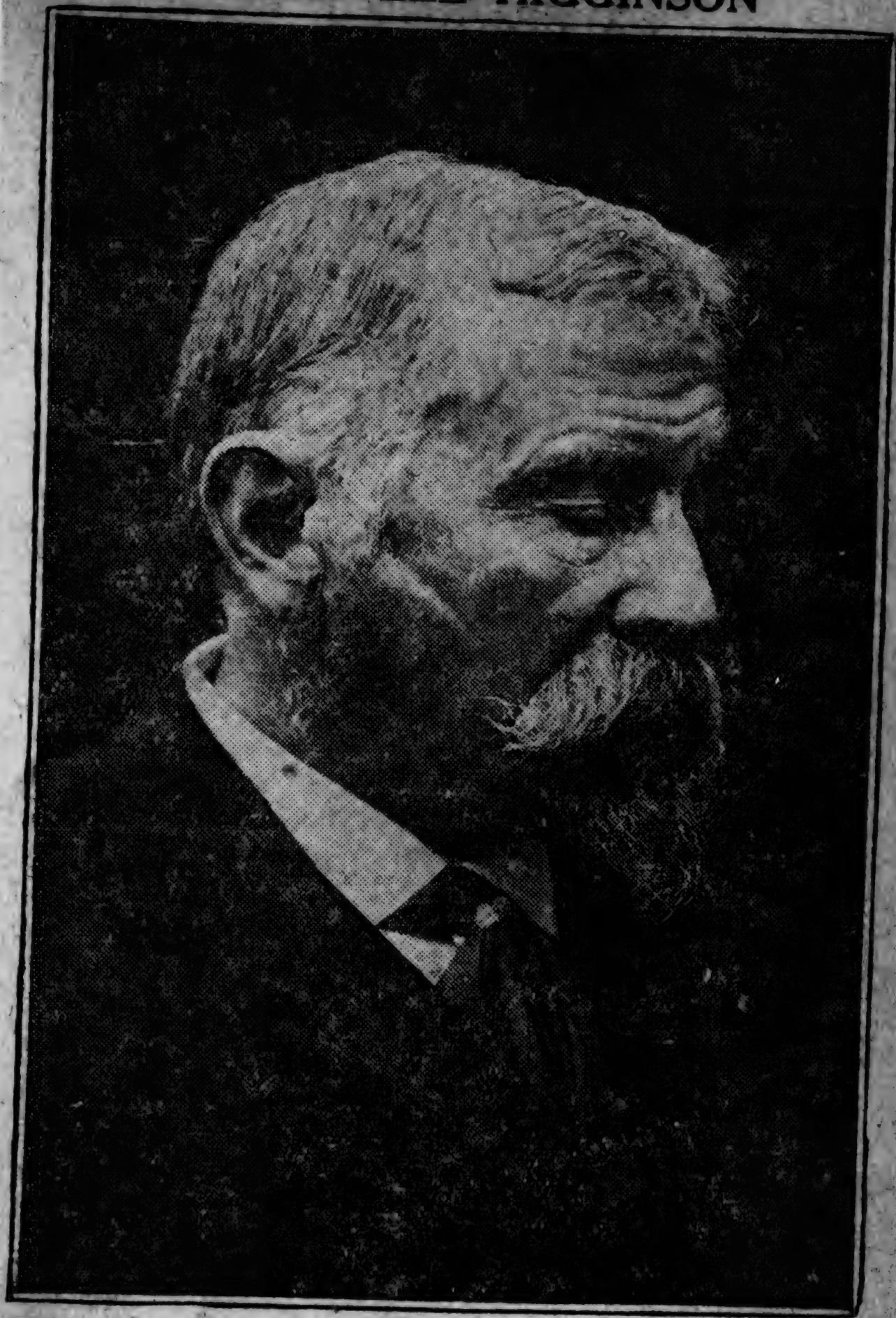
Soloist:

Mr. FELIX FOX

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte

IN MEMORY OF
 HENRY LEE HIGGINSON
 NOVEMBER 18, 1834 — NOVEMBER 14, 1919
 FOUNDER AND SUSTAINER
 OF THE
 BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
 THE FUNERAL MARCH FROM
 BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONY NO. 3, "EROICA"
 WILL BE PLAYED AT THIS CONCERT

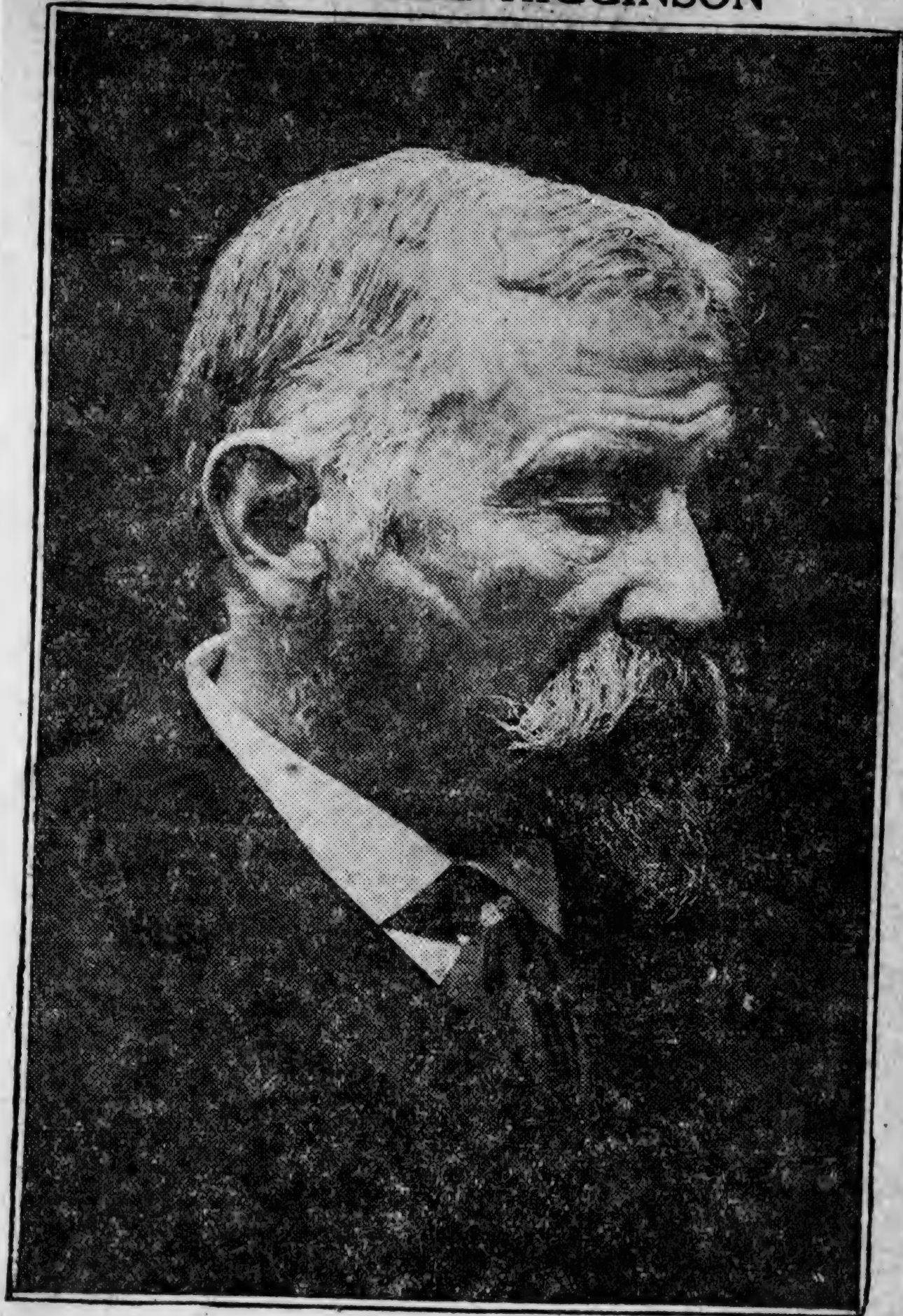
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 HENRY LEE HIGGINSON



(Copyright by Notman.)
 SOLDIER, BANKER, PHILANTHROPIST AND LEADING CITIZEN OF
 BOSTON, WHO DIED FRIDAY NIGHT

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MEMORIAL CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Post — *Nov. 22/19*
Higginson's Loved
Pieces Are Played
—Fox Is Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

The sixth programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was "In memory of Henry Lee Higginson (Nov. 18, 1834-Nov. 14, 1919), Founder and Sustainer of the Boston Symphony Orchestra."

The programme was made of compositions which Major Higginson particularly loved. This was the only ceremonial attached to what was essentially a memorial concert, and it was the only kind of ceremonial—the performance, which Major Higginson made possible, of noble music—which would be adequate to the occasion.

FELIX FOX, PIANIST

This programme consisted of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony; Brahms' B-flat piano concerto and Beethoven's fifth symphony. Felix Fox of this city took the solo piano part of one of the most difficult of all piano concertos at very short notice, and was warmly and deservedly applauded for his accomplishment.

The symphony of Schubert was superbly interpreted by Mr. Monteux with justness of pace, dramatic accent, romantic feeling, as also in the noble serenity and melancholy of the slow movement. Mr. Monteux is gaining gradually the repute of an exceptionally

sympathetic student of the classics, as well as a brilliant exponent of modern works with which his name has been particularly associated—witness his performance not only of this music, but of the orchestral part of the Brahms concerto. We have seldom heard so sympathetic and totally beautiful a performance of the Schubert symphony.

Mr. Fox's Performance

Then came the heroic music of Brahms. The B-flat piano concerto is rugged, powerful in its developments, at times harshly or thickly colored, and in every way uncompromising so far as effort to please the public is concerned. Therefore, this concerto has waited long for public recognition, which it is slowly but surely gaining. Mr. Fox by his musicianship presented the music with uncommon clearness and understanding. He had a very difficult and, in a sense, ungrateful task. The concerto, in professional parlance, is not "pianistic"—does not lend itself well to effective performance on the piano. It requires of the pianist temperament and imagination backed by extraordinary intellectual understanding, interpretative power and a very extensive technique.

Mr. Fox understood these qualities of the music and met them with resource which constantly became greater as the performance went on and he warmed to his work. Not only is the concerto heroic: it is a heroic deed for any man to essay a performance of it with three or four days for preparation. Therefore, no doubt, Mr. Fox used music. It would be a good thing if more pianists, even when they had ample time to prepare a concerto, would use their music, thus giving themselves as well as their audience greater mental security and ease during the performance. The poetic slow movement of the concerto, in particular, made a deep impression, and the finale was played with appropriate humor and exhilaration. Mr. Fox was repeatedly recalled.

Beethoven's Fifth

Mr. Monteux's performance of the fifth symphony was dramatic and passionate to a degree. There was not a dull moment in it. The famous "fermatas" of the first movement had uncommon force and grip. The feeling was contagious. The second movement seemed pleasantly shortened; the ominous scherzo, the shouts of triumph, the noble march of the last movement, made a great effect. For the writer, nevertheless, there was too precipitate a pace in the first movement and there was seldom the marvellous union of elemental power and glory and at the same time a profound underlying strength and very deep down the quality of repose—repose which, in Beethoven's stormiest moods, yet re-

main, as the bottomless depths of the ocean remain in repose, however terrible the tempest that tortures the surface of the deep. Nor are we among the majority who feel it reasonable and advisable to double brass and wood in this symphony. Last season, in an unforgettable performance of this work, Rabaud showed what could be done with Beethoven's orchestra as it was originally devised.

These are details concerning which musicians may differ. What was deep-felt was the inherent grandeur of the music, and the spirit of the great, simple man who, like the composer, had in his battles, triumphed and marched

HONOR FOUNDER OF SYMPHONY

Herald — *Nov. 22/19*
Orchestra's Sixth Concert
Is in Memory of
Maj. Higginson

PROGRAM MADE UP OF HIS FAVORITES

By PHILIP HALE

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, "Unfinished" Symphony; Brahms, Concerto No. 2 for Piano; Beethoven, Symphony No. 5. Felix Fox was the pianist.

This concert was in memory of Maj. Higginson, the founder and sustainer of the orchestra. The program was made up of compositions that he especially liked to hear. To discuss the nature of these compositions without regard to the performance, if any discussion were needed, would now be out of place. The symphonies have long been regarded as the full expressions of the composer's characteristics and they are familiar to all lovers of music. The concerto had been performed nearly a dozen times at these concerts. It was heard in the more recent years three times in succession: in 1916, 1917, 1918. The performances

by Josephy and Adele aus der Ohe are gratefully remembered by the older concert-goers; the performances by Messrs. Bauer and Gabrilowitsch are fresh in the memory.

It is not out of place to praise the interpretation of the symphonies and the concerto by Mr. Monteux and the orchestra. Mr. Monteux had before this shown that a Frenchman can be as eloquent an interpreter of the great German masters as of the modern and ultra-modern French; but yesterday he revealed new strength and beauty in the fragment of Schubert's Symphony—fortunately for the world it is a fragment, for it is doubtful whether Schubert could have sustained his lofty flight to the end—and not within our recollection have the grandeur, the mystery, and the triumphant exaltation of the Fifth Symphony been so boldly brought before one.

Too many conductors regard only the lyrical side of Schubert's genius; they soften or ignore his dramatic intensity, forgetting that among his songs are the "Doppelgänger," "Atlas," "The Dwarf," not to mention other masterpieces of a robust and even wild imagination. M. Vincent d'Indy, a stickler for form, deplors the fact that Schubert died before he had taken lessons in counterpoint of Simon Sechter, and does not hesitate to say that Schubert's symphonic works have, for the most part, only a mediocre interest; works injured by the absolute want of order, proportion, and general harmonious arrangement. It is true that many of Schubert's compositions are diffuse; that in them he was charmingly and at last tiresomely garrulous; but this reproach cannot be urged against the first movement of the "Unfinished." Here is music that is much more than

"Notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

Mr. Monteux not only felt the dramatic intensity, the passion of certain pages, but, by his art, his personal authority, and his magnetism, the audience felt with him.

In like manner the fiery, self-torturing first Allegro of Beethoven was no longer taken smugly for granted as a long esteemed composition by a justly respected musician: it was as vital and modern as if the great war had inspired a genius. (In fact, as the whole symphony was performed yesterday, it deserves the title "Eroica" more than the third, with its final variations). The transition from the Scherzo to the Finale is a test of a conductor's vision. Here again Mr. Monteux triumphed in his solving of this crux. After the double-bass figure—"the gambols of a frolicsome elephant," to quote Berlioz—come those strange, sinister measures of preparation for the superb tonal outburst. After this outburst the problem is how to maintain the spirit of exultation to the

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end, without drooping, without halting. Mr. Monteux clearly showed that this problem is not without a convincing, stirring solution.

Mr. Fox, a pianist of clear, fluent, polished technique, also an excellent musician, was called on at the eleventh hour to play the piano part of Brahms's voluminous concerto. The task for one that has long been in readiness is an arduous one. Mr. Fox acquitted himself with pleasure to the hearers and with credit to himself. A feature of the performance was the playing by Mr. Bedetti of the violoncello solo in the andante, playing that ravished the ear by tonal beauty and richness and wholly satisfied the musical understanding.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Chausson, symphony in B flat major; songs with orchestra; Beethoven, "Nature's Adoration"; Handel, "Ombra Mai Fu," from "Xerxes"; Bach, "My Heart Ever Faithful"; Griffes, "The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla"; Khan, symphonic poem (after the poem of Coteridge), first performance; Verdi, "O Don Fatale," from "Don Carlos"; Chabrier-Mottl, "Bourree Fantasque." Louise Homer will be the singer.

SYMPHONY MEN HONOR FOUNDER

Herald—Nov. 16 '19
Orchestra Maj. Higginson
Sustained Plays Beethoven Funeral March

ORGANIZATION DREAM OF YOUTH REALIZED

By PHILIP HALE

The Funeral March from Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony was played at the Symphony concert last night in memory of Henry Lee Higginson. Some, remembering that Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony was one of his favorite compositions, that he never wearied of it, may have wished that it might have been first on the appointed program; but Maj. Higginson was a soldier, as

well as a public benefactor, the founder and the sustainer of the Boston Symphony orchestra; and the heroic yet tender Dead March of Beethoven well became the sturdy soul now mourned.

It was a fact, probably unnoticed by many, that the symphony of Berlioz that followed Beethoven's music was first performed in Paris five days after Maj. Higginson was born. This symphony lives; the founder of this orchestra will live long in the memory and in the heart of the city through the orchestral music to which he gave life; for music that is not heard in its full beauty and splendor is as if it had never left the brain and the soul of the composer.

A young man, Maj. Higginson dreamed of an orchestra that would perform the best music in the best way. At last, he realized his dream. He also dreamed of men and women of humble means hearing this orchestra. This dream came true; yet not so completely as he wished, for with the years the number that was eager to hear the best music grew larger and larger. He was not discouraged at the beginning by advance criticism, by flings and carpings. Little by little he added to the artistic strength of the organization. Having engaged a conductor he had faith in him; he did not dictate, he did not interfere. No doubt music that was not to his own conservative taste was often performed; but he made no sign of protest. He realized the fact that art is not of any one decade, not of any one century; that form and expression are constantly changing; that which is inherently beautiful will survive, although at first hearing it may have a strange sound to the ear; that which makes an immediate appeal through the familiarity of its qualities often dies with the season in which it is applauded.

The "sustainer" of the orchestra: this is not an idle word. Maj. Higginson cheerfully shouldered the pecuniary burden, which, at first discouraging to any one faint-hearted, gradually became less and less. Long ago he reaped his reward: the orchestra that was his was more than a source of local pride; its fame spread throughout the land; it crossed the Atlantic.

The founder is no more; the orchestra is still, and will be, a glory of the city. Never has it been in a finer musical condition. It remains for us who are left behind to take up the burden gladly; to do all that is within our power to make for musical righteousness; to insist upon having the best; having it, to maintain it.

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SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Nov. 22/19
COMMEMORATION BRINGS ALSO
INNOVATION

Closed Doors Upon a Symphony as Possible Precedent for the Future—Music of Schubert in a Beauty and Passion Worthy of an Unusual Occasion—Vigorously Dramatized Beethoven—The Impossible Task of an Exacting and Hastily Prepared Concerto

SCHUBERT'S Unfinished Symphony began the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon as first item in a programme designed to honor the memory of the late Mr. Higginson as founder of the orchestra in 1881, as financial sustainer of it until it was reorganized in the autumn of 1918. Between the two movements—for the first time in the longest memory at Symphony Hall—the doors were not opened for the tardy, though they received a somewhat longer grace than usual in a late beginning. Thus, only a brief pause separated the two divisions of the fragment; the music flowed, as the composer designed it, in virtually continuous stream; neither players nor hearers were disturbed by late-comers trooping down the aisles to their seats, saluting acquaintances along the way and finally "setting themselves" for the afternoon. In fact, the whole audience, timely warned of this departure from routine on an unusual occasion, was in its place before Mr. Monteux lifted his stick for the first measure. Such uninterrupted performance clearly heightened for all concerned the pleasure of the music and the performance.

According to the management, the innovation was only an incident of the day; but if it is possible for the audience to assemble promptly on one occasion, why should it not do likewise on others, and why should not that management gently, yet persistently persuade it to such courtesy? It is Mr. Monteux's custom, as it was Dr. Muck's before him, to set the symphony of the afternoon at the beginning of the concert. After the first movement the tardy are wont to provide a noisy interlude sometimes three or four minutes long; after the succeeding movements these intermezzi gradually diminish until by the end of the whole symphony the whole audience is seated. Obviously these delays and intrusions hamper the

continuity and illusion of music and performance, vex the conductor intent upon his task and sensitive withal, distract and irritate not a few eager and absorbed listeners.

Now, once upon a time, it was the custom to wear hats and bonnets at the Symphony Concerts. There were rumors that the management was about to insist upon the removal of coverings for the head. "How dare it?" was the retort of many august dames and damsels. It dared quietly, politely persisted, finally prevailed. Probably like good fortune would reward it did it insist upon unopened doors through the first number upon the programme, even though it were a symphony thirty or forty minutes long. Grumbling would die away into submission; submission would fructify into habitual promptness; and no superfluous interludes would disturb the progress of symphony or suite. To write these things, moreover, is not to forget the unforeseen and unescapable delays that may befall any of us, however foresighted and well-intentioned, on our way to Symphony Hall on a Friday or a Saturday. They, however, like most incidents of living, are the luck of the day, to be taken casually, amusedly.

Another departure from routine begun yesterday, likewise abates a long-standing and increasing irritation about which the management has recently received much complaint. It has been the custom of the tardy to beguile their waiting with lively, high-pitched, amusingly intimate conversation and seemingly to place themselves for that diversion as near as possible to the closed doors. In a single afternoon those sitting near them within the hall have readily learned that John's "flier" in the stock market was not too lucrative and that Jane's conduct toward eligible suitors leaves something to be desired. Moreover, when Josepha confides these mischances to Antoinette, "you dear old thing," her tones are often shrill and by no means keyed to the symphony by Schumann or d'Indy in progress on the other side of none too thick doors. So much has this annoyance increased of late on the fringes of the auditorium, so resentful has been complaint about it, that over every entrance now stands a sign: "Silence Requested." These signs are there to stay. For within the velvet glove of the management of the Symphony Concerts is the firm hand that seeks the ways of perfection. And little things do count in weekly pleasure to the audience, in weekly zest in conductor and orchestra.

Designed as has been said to honor the memory of Mr. Higginson, the concert of

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yesterday in itself was rather a rite of mourning and remembrance than a public performance of symphonic music in the usual sense of the words, in the ordinary course of the season. At the request of his family and his intimates the programme traversed two pieces which, as many frequenters of Symphony Hall knew, he heard with endless pleasure before he forsook the concerts—Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Between them stood a third music to which, it seems, he listened almost as gladly—Brahms's concerto in B-flat for piano and orchestra. These numbers, of course, displaced the programme which Mr. Monteux had proposed and partially prepared for the week, compelled him to revise materially the lists of pieces arranged for the twelve concerts the orchestra is about to undertake in other cities, and exacted strenuous rehearsal of the concerto and the two symphonies from conductor and players. Since the concert was a ceremony of mourning and since it was made ready under difficult circumstance, it were unbecoming to record and test it in the usual terms and processes of reviewing.

Yet it would be as unbecoming to leave unnoted the renewed, the enhancing beauty with which conductor and orchestra clothed Schubert's fragments. For the time they regained the golden tone, sensitive and supple, rich, euphonious and translucent, which of old was a chief glory of the band; while Mr. Monteux himself plied upon the music the divination which is the conductor's crown—enkindling force upon his men, transporting illusion upon his audience. At his hands, the music spoke with manifold and exalted voice—in serene and songful flow, in shadowed melancholy, in impatient and passionate intensity, in the warm glow, the penetrating strangeness of romantic vision. Nowhere has Schubert written more moody a music, nowhere a symphonic music of such sustained yet diverse emotion. From it springs the beauty of instrumental song that was the fountain of his youth. From it also rises the power and passion that, had death relented, might have poured through his maturity. In this music, which Mr. Higginson cherished above all other, in a performance worthy of the zenith of the orchestra, sounded his true funeral rite in the concert hall.

Again it were duty to orchestra, to conductor, to hearers and to that fetish which

is called "the record" to note the vigor of progress, the incisiveness of rhythm and accent, the largeness of phrase, the high pitch of tonal emotion, the sustained dramatizing energy with which Mr. Monteux projected Beethoven's symphony upon his hearers. There have been performances in easy memory which achieved a deeper beauty, which more abounded in imaginative stroke and shading, which sought and maintained a loftier voice. These distinctions lie well within Mr. Monteux's abilities, as he had proved, half an hour before, upon Schubert's music. For Beethoven's he preferred another way—a way that cost the transition into the finale not a little of its throbbing mystery, that made the slow movement seem short-breathed and a little impatient, but a way also that wrought the first movement into a tumult of passionate outcry and bore the finale to surging climax. Beethoven of the theatre, if the hearer chose, but Beethoven also dramatizing and dramatized in tones.

Between the symphonies, Brahms's concerto—a wholly unreasonable, an almost impossible task for conductor, orchestra and pianist in two or three days of preparation—came lengthily and went dryly in as lucid and painstaking performance as such circumstance permitted. When pianist after pianist had declined the solo part or foregone it because of other engagements, Mr. Félix Fox undertook it. His willingness as well as his accomplishment praise him. Equally diligent but equally hard-pressed was Mr. Monteux. And in this baffling music "the readiness" is by no means "all." The munificence, the sense of obligation, the just ambition of Mr. Higginson indeed founded the orchestra and for thirty-odd years sustained it. Through all those years, his devotion to the highest standards of repertory and performance never flagged. When he laid down the orchestra it was at the zenith of a deserved and unsurpassed fame. For once a founder and sustainer, a succession of conductors, an orchestra variously renewed had held fast to a single ideal and in its sign conquered. To ask of leader, band and pianist the impossible feat of Brahms's concerto made ready in two or three rehearsals was neither to honor Mr. Higginson's memory nor to maintain his standards. The maintenance of these ideals in even artistic course best commemorates, best perpetuates him.

H. T. PARKER

MUSIC A TRIBUTE TO HIGGINSON

Adv. Nov. 23 '19
Symphony Program Made
Up of Favorite Numbers
of the Founder

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

Program.
Schubert, Unfinished Symphony.
Brahms, Second Piano Concerto.
Soloist, Mr. Felix Fox.
Beethoven, Fifth Symphony.

The program of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening was changed into a tribute to the memory of Major Higginson, for it was made up of three works which were his especial favorites. These works are not new to Boston and certainly require no analysis. It was a feast of classical music of the purest type.

The unfinished symphony was read with more of shading and finesse than romance. It probably contains the best melodies that were ever put into this form, for Schubert's symphonies were really songs in disguise and were never very powerful on the development side, although the andante contains some of the best figure treatment that Schubert ever achieved. Still, the melodies are the chief charm of both movements and the work can bear some degree of sentiment.

Beethoven's fifth symphony is also clear sailing, both for conductor and audience, and made up in its development what the Schubert work lacked.

MEASURING THE STANDARD.

The surprisingly effective performance of M. Rabaud with this orchestra was, however, not rivalled. Not that there are faults to find. M. Monteux is probably blameless in the matter. But there was a time when our orchestra was far ahead of every other organization of its kind, while now it is but one of a half a dozen

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good American orchestras. In such works as these two one can make comparisons with ease and surety, and measured by such a yard-stick, the superiority of our band is not as clearly evident as it used to be.

The chief figure of the first movement was sometimes ragged and the work was often boisterous. Even the strings did not shine in the andante, where there used to be a most perfect ensemble. It is possible that the sudden change of program caused a lack of rehearsals and that the men had not become used to the difference of reading from the former performances.

The Brahms concerto was far more complex than the symphonies before and after it. Yet the present writer recalls a remark of the late Professor Carl Baermann about this concerto: "When I first took it up I studied its difficult passages as a duty. But afterwards I began to see that each of these had a definite artistic purpose that could not have been expressed differently."

Mr. Felix Fox, our estimable resident pianist, was the soloist, and he conquered the difficulties which beset the thorny path with considerable success. It is a work which may have appealed to Major Higginson, who was a trained musician, but it certainly can never be an appeal to the general public; it was too abstruse for that.

FOX WAS THE FEATURE.

The pianist, too, can never shine here as in a Liszt or a Rachmaninoff concerto, for the soloist must frequently abnegate his prominence and must sink into the ensemble, as if he were but a single tone-color in a symphony. This Mr. Fox bravely did, and he deserves credit for his careful attention to the ensemble effects. He never attempted to make a solo out of this eminently orchestral work.

And the orchestra and M. Monteux seconded him well, so that, for the musician, this became the chief number of the concert. It was the most ambitious work that this pianist has ever done before a Boston public and we are glad to pronounce it successful.

The pianist did not play the work from memory, but had the music before him. This is unusual, but it is sensible, for it is certainly better that the music, rather than the performer, should be upon the rack. Mr. Fox was recalled with much enthusiasm at the completion of his task.

CONCERT IN MEMORY OF MAJ HIGGINSON

Globe Nov. 22/19
Symphony's Tribute to
Founder of Orchestra

The program of this week's Symphony concerts is in memory of Maj Higginson, founder and sustainer of the orchestra, who died on Nov 14. It is made up of pieces which were his especial favorites, none of them funeral in character.

To both orchestra and audience the concert yesterday afternoon was one without parallel, which will be long remembered. Never again in Symphony Hall will there be occasion for an equally solemn and beautiful tribute, since no one else can ever do for the Symphony Orchestra anything comparable to what its founder did.

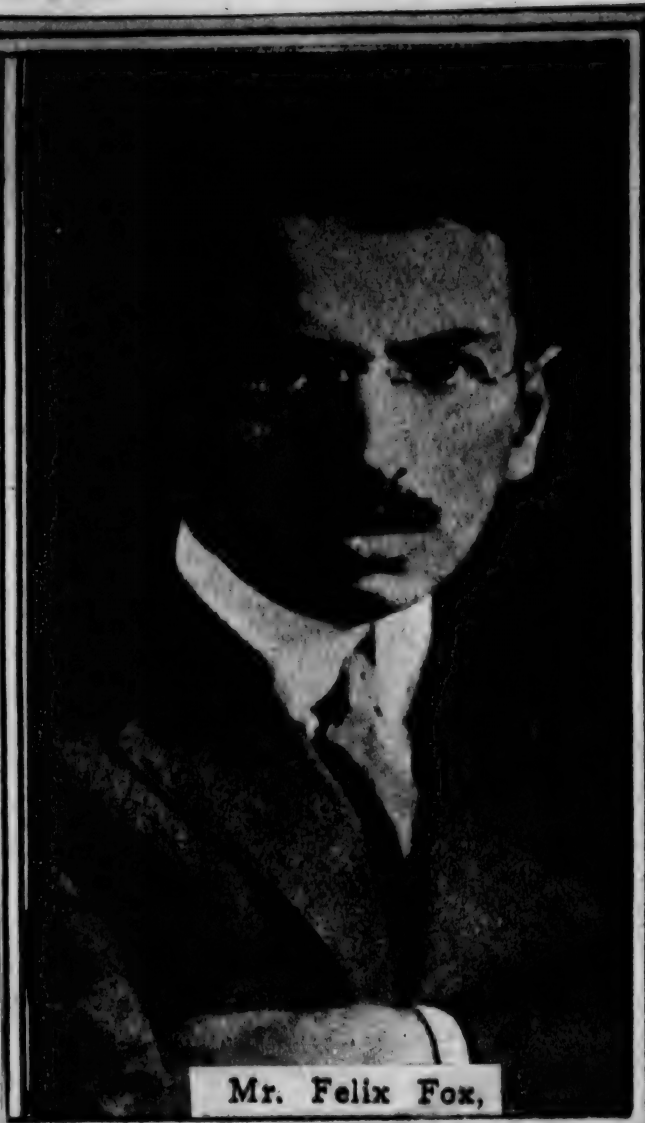
The first of the chosen numbers was Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony. The performance given yesterday called to mind the perfect playing by the Flonzaley Quartet of the Adagio from Beethoven's Quartet, op. 127, under similar circumstances, at a concert in memory of their founder and sustainer, Mr De Coppet, several years ago.

The familiar music sounded as it never has before. Words are inadequate to describe its beauty. One wondered whether it could have been better played in heaven. It never has been in this world. The orchestra has sometimes seemed to surpass itself on other occasions, but it is doubtful whether its founder ever heard it play anything as well as it played this symphony yesterday.

Moments of escape from human limitations are rare, and the "clouds of glory" had faded before Brahms' Second Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, the next number on the program, was begun.

Mr Felix Fox, called on at very short notice to take the piano part, gave a surprisingly good performance of the exceptionally difficult music. Except that he had the score before him there was nothing which showed that he had not been preparing for months to play it, instead of for only three days.

Many far more noted virtuosi have given less admirable performances of this concerto at Symphony concerts here. He made the piano what Brahms meant it to be, a part of the orchestra, not a solo instrument with orchestral accompaniment. Mr Monteux and the orchestra did their part equally well, but



Mr. Felix Fox,

the total result was only the usual admirable performance heard with satisfaction, not a thing apart from routine.

The concluding number was, like Schubert's "Unfinished," among the best-loved of symphonies for many others besides Maj Higginson. It was Beethoven's Fifth, in C minor, which the orchestra has played oftener than any other symphony, always to eager audiences.

All the tragedy, irony and beauty of life fill this music. It reaches at times, as in the last few pages of the scherzo, heights unattained by other masters.

The performance yesterday, however, fell short of perfection. The first movement was taken at too rapid a pace, which made it seem a petulant, rather than a tragic outburst. The andante, too, lacked the underlying massive solidity given by gradually mounting and broadening phrases. Only the finale was played with the requisite restrained eloquence and intimation of inexhaustible reserves of strength. But the time for rehearsals had been unduly short.

Louise Homer will be the soloist next week, and the symphony is to be Chausson's, in B-flat major. The memorial program will be given again to-night at 8.

HENRY LEE HIGGINSON.

The following announcement was made in the newspapers of Boston, in April, 1881:—

"IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MUSIC.

"Notwithstanding the development of musical taste in Boston, we have never yet possessed a full and permanent orchestra, offering the best music at low prices, such as may be found in all the large European cities, or even in the smaller musical centres of Germany. The essential condition of such orchestras is their stability, whereas ours are necessarily shifting and uncertain, because we are dependent upon musicians whose work and time are largely pledged elsewhere.

"To obviate this difficulty, the following plan is offered. It is an effort made simply in the interest of good music, and, though individual inasmuch as it is independent of societies or clubs, it is in no way antagonistic to any previously existing musical organization. Indeed, the first step as well as the natural impulse in announcing a new musical project is to thank those who have brought us where we now stand. Whatever may be done in the future, to the Handel and Haydn Society and to the Harvard Musical Association we all owe the greater part of our home education in music of a high character. Can we forget either how admirably their work has been supplemented by the taste and critical judgment of Mr. John S. Dwight and by the artists who have identified themselves with the same cause in Boston? These have been our teachers. We build on foundations they have laid. Such details of this scheme as concerns the public are stated below.

"The orchestra is to number sixty selected musicians; their time, so far as required for careful training and for a given number of concerts, to be engaged in advance.

"Mr. Georg Henschel will be the conductor for the coming season.

"The concerts will be twenty in number, given in Music Hall on Saturday evenings from the middle of October to the middle of March.

"The price of season tickets with reserved seats for the whole series of evening concerts will be either \$10 or \$5 according to position.

"Single tickets, with reserved seats, will be seventy-five cents or twenty-five cents, according to position.

"Besides the concerts there will be a public rehearsal on one afternoon of every week, with single tickets at twenty-five cents, and no reserved seats.

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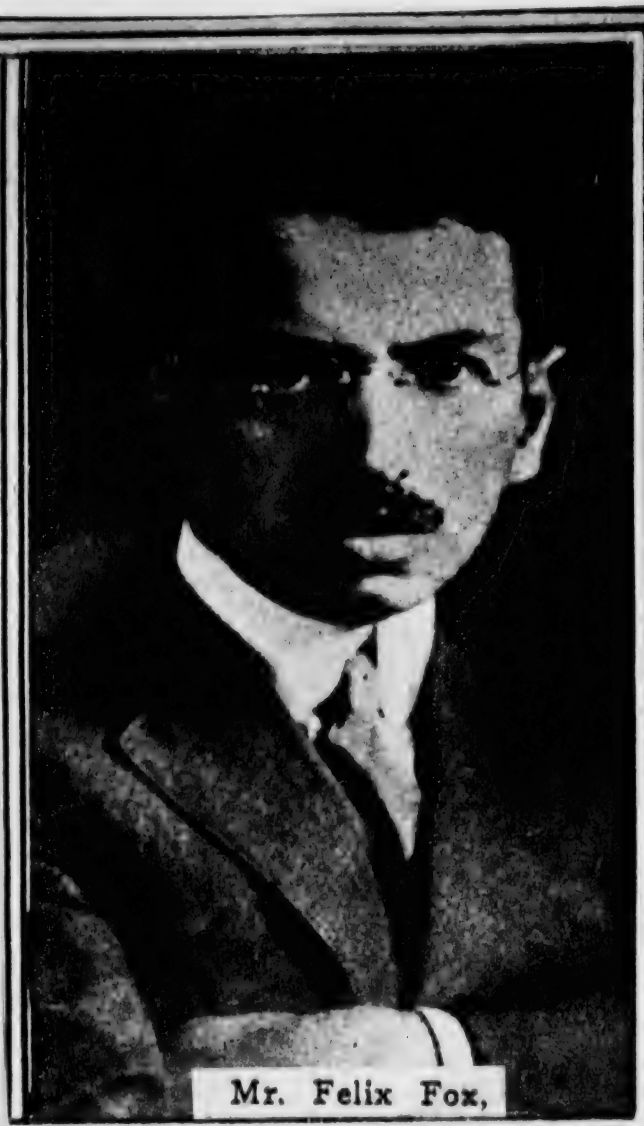
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Benefactor of His Fellow Men.

By Governor Calvin Coolidge

THE death of Major Henry L. Higginson has removed a man who has been for years a commanding figure. In public service and private philanthropy a benefactor of his fellow men; in character an example to be followed with reverence, in attainments pre-eminent among associates of commanding importance. An uncompromising patriot, the advocate of every good cause, a man whose work, whose memory, whose principles will endure.

WRITES EULOGY OF HIGGINSON

President Lowell Sends Tribute to College Paper

Post

Nov. 7/19

In contrast to the custom of Harvard University presidents, A. Lawrence Lowell issued the following eulogy on Major Higginson to the Harvard Crimson, the student official daily, last night:

"In Major Henry L. Higginson the university lost a councillor and benefactor; the students, a friend. Ever mindful of their welfare he gave them the Union and Soldiers Field. Outside the university he created, and for years at his own expense maintained, the Symphony Orchestra. Without holding public office he was always quick to serve the public and unsparing in his denunciation of public wrong. Many will feel that a friend has gone from us for he was much loved because he loved much."

Higginson Will Leave No Endowment Fund to Symphony Orchestra

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919--20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SEVENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, AT 8 P. M.

CHAUSSON,

SYMPHONY in B flat major, op. 20

I. Lent; Allegro vivo

II. Très lent

III. Animé

BEETHOVEN,

HANDEL,

BACH,

SONGS with Orchestra,

"Nature's Adoration," op. 48, No. 4

AIR; "Ombra mai fù," from the Opera "Xerxes,"
Act I, Scene I.

AIR, "My Heart Ever Faithful," from the Cantata
"For God so Loved the World"

GRIFFES,

The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan, (after the Poem
of S. T. Coleridge)

(Pianoforte obbligato, Alfred De Voto)

First performance

VERDI,

ARIA, "O Don Fatale," from the Opera "Don Carlos"
Act IV. Scene 6

CHABRIER,

PIECE for PIANOFORTE, Bourrée Fantasque
Orchestrated by Felix Mottl

Soloist:

LOUISE HOMER

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte

120

Benefactor of His Fellow Men

By Governor Calvin Coolidge

THE death of Major Henry L. Higginson has removed a man who has been for years a commanding figure. In public service and private philanthropy a benefactor of his fellow men; in character an example to be followed with reverence, in attainments pre-eminent among associates of commanding importance. An uncompromising patriot, the advocate of every good cause, a man whose work, whose memory, whose principles will endure.

WRITES EULOGY OF HIGGINSON

President Lowell Sends Tribute to College Paper *Post* Nov. 17/19

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Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte



Louise Homer, contralto.

HOMER PLEASES IN FOUR SONGS

"O Don Fatale" in Sym-
phony Program Finds
Her in Best Voice

Adv. Nov. 30, 1919

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

Program.
Chausson. Symphony in B flat.
Beethoven. Handel and Bach. Three songs.
Soloist, Mme. Louise Homer.
Griffes. "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan."
Tone poem.
Mme. Louise Homer.
Chabrier. Bourree Fantasque.

It is not so long since we had a performance of the Chausson Symphony, but we much preferred the reading of this concert, even if the execution or it was better in 1916. M. Monteux brought out the strong contents and the varied emotions of the work in excellent style. It is a rather sombre work for a Frenchman, even the Scherzo being absent from its short three-movement form. Its brevity is a merit, for the composer stops when he has delivered his message, which very few moderns do, and in spite of its predominance of gloom, Chausson, by fine working-up of climaxes, manages to avoid any trace of monotony.

Thus, in the second movement, which is pre-eminently sombre, there are moments of ineffable tenderness against the bitter lamentation which afford contrast enough. The finale, however, is full of triumph. The trumpets blazed forth finely in this movement, and the lofty chorale gave great dignity to the climax. There was plenty of figure treatment in this part of the work, especially of a short motive of three notes—D, b-flat, A, descending, which is ingeniously treated.

AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE.

The work is earnest and honest, it is as sincere as the works of Chausson's teacher, Cesar Franck, and it is one of the best of the modern French symphonies. But its

counterpoint and its figure development can scarcely appeal strongly to the general public. Yet it was heartily applauded.

The English horn did some excellent work in the melancholy second movement, and the trumpets of the finale were inspiring. The conductor was recalled at the end of the work, and his poetic reading deserved this tribute.

Mme. Louise Homer is one of the most welcome of artists at these concerts. Her broad alto voice, her artistic intelligence, and her emotional power combine to make her work effective. She evidently chose her numbers with a view to reconciling the dignity of the concerts with popular effect. But, let us whisper it cautiously, Beethoven is not a great song-writer, and his vocal solos (even the vaunted "Adelaide") fade somewhat when heard beside more singable writers. Thus, his "Nature's Adoration" had a much nobler idea than Handel's "Ombra Mai Fu" (the celebrated Largo), but was not nearly so singable. Mme. Homer gave it with great majesty, however.

The words of the Handelian number are absurdly simple. "Never was shade of a dear and lovable plant more suave"—only that and nothing more. But the melody is singability itself. And Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful," which followed, is a most spontaneous outpouring of jubilation, quaintly ended with a downward skip of a seventh (against conventional rules) at the words, "Mein Jesus ist da."

All this Mme. Homer did well, but she was in her best element in the later number, the famous "O Don Fatale," one of the earliest arias of Verdi's third period, and in the smooth, broad legato vein of "Ombra mai fu," which we have never heard better sung. Mme. Homer is in her best voice at present, and it was no wonder that she aroused great enthusiasm.

Charles Tomlinson Griffes is a teacher in New York, but has also taught in Berlin and studied there with Humperdinck, whose genial vein he has in some degree imbibed. His name is not even given in most of the biographical dictionaries. His "Kubla Khan," founded on Coleridge's poem, the recollections of a dream, pictures well

There will be no Rehearsal and Concert next week.

"The shadow of the dome of pleasure,
Floated midway on the waves,
Where was heard the mingled measure
Of the fountain and the caves."

and the caves of ice, the Abyssinian maid with her dulcimer, singing of Mount Abora, and also the warning of the end of the opium dream.

In picturing the maid aforesaid and the glitter of the caves of ice, a piano part is interwoven through the score. It is something more than a tone-color, it becomes an important obbligato. This part was finely played by Alfred de Voto, who blended with the ensemble perfectly. The tinkling celesta was also prominently present.

The score is a heavy one, and Mr. Griffes handles his large forces well. The work is, of course, rather rhapsodical in character and Kubla's dome glitters even more than the gilded one on our State House. There are strong dynamic contrasts, but, at a single hearing, we could not clearly follow the working out of themes and figures. The composer was called twice to the platform to bow his acknowledgments of public applause.

A JOVIAL ENDING.

If the concert began with sombre tints, it ended with joviality, for Mottl's instrumentation of Chabrier's piano "Bourree Fantastique" is as brilliant as the modern orchestra will allow, and it allows almost everything. But to get the full idea of this robust dance one must hear it in Auvergne, with twenty pair of wooden sabots knocking out the rhythm on a barn floor. It is not so rapid as the jig, but it is fully as bolsterous and hearty. It made a vigorous and healthy end to a concert that had much more variety than usual.

But we could find the spirit of the wild dance only in the beginning and end. The soft central episode affords good contrast, but we doubt if any Auvergerat could puzzle out its meaning, while the evil tones of the muted horns suggest that there was some trouble in the dance hall.

'KUBLA KHAN' AT SYMPHONY

Herald — *Nov. 29/19*
Orchestra Gives First Performance of Griffes's Fantastic Work

AUDIENCE TWICE RECALLS COMPOSER

By PHILIP HALE

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Chausson, Symphony in B flat major; songs with orchestra: Beethoven, Nature's Adoration; Handel, air from "Serse"; Bach, My Heart Ever Faithful; Griffes, Symphonic Poem, "The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan" (first performance); Verdi, O Don Fatale, from "Don Carlos"; Chabrier-Mottl, Bourree-Fantastique.

Any composer girding up his loins to turn Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" into a vocal work, cantata or what not, would start on a perilous adventure, for, to quote Swinburne, this poem is "the supreme model of music in our language." "In reading it," said the master of rhythm and verbal euphony, "we seem rapt into that paradise revealed to Swedenborg, where music and color and perfume were one, where you could hear the hues and see the harmonies of heaven." Any composer mediating a symphonic poem fully "illustrative" of "Kubla Khan," a tonal, interlinear translation, would undertake a fool's task.

Mr. Griffes, born in New York state 35 years ago, wisely chose extracts from the poem, lines describing the stately pleasure-dome, "the sunny pleasure dome with caves of ice," "the miracle of rare device," the gardens and the "sunny spots of greenery." By a legitimate stretch of the imagination he hears and reproduces the sounds of revelry that might well take place in this strange palace, mentioned first by travellers, whose description led Coleridge, dreaming, to write the fragment that is enough to make his name illustrious.

Instrumental music may add wings to even a romantically poetic flight. No one hearing this music of Mr. Griffes will feel that the poem itself has been belittled; that its splendor has been tarnished; for this composer is blessed with what is rare with American musicians, imagination. His gift of expression is pronounced. He might have been extravagant; his music might have been merely bizarre. In either case he would have incurred the reproach of affectation. He has succeeded in being musically, esthetically successfully unusual. He studied composition in Berlin; but there are no Germanisms, either orthodox or heterodox, in his style. Nor does it seem that he has worshipped too devoutly in any one of the modern Parisian chapels. If he has been influenced at all, the influence is that of Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodin, and the barbaric gorgeousness of the Russian ballet; but Mr. Griffes has decided and refreshing individuality; he has found an Oriental expression that is his own, as he has found new harmonic and orchestral colors. His "Alph, the sacred river" is not the Terek of Balakireff's "Thamar"; his measures of wild revelry are not those that Rimsky-Korsakoff heard in Sinbad's palace. The music, from the strange, unearthly opening, which at once arrests the attention, to the exquisitely fanciful ending, is fascinating throughout.

Mr. Monteux, who had taken great pains in the preparation of this remarkable composition, led a brilliant performance. Mr. Griffes was twice called upon the stage by the audience.

Would Chausson, if he had lived, have wholly escaped the influence of Wagner and Cesar Franck? The symphony is a serious work, one to be respected, with an impressive ending. The mood of the three movements is sombre without sufficient contrast. There is prevailing shade; there is little sunlight. It was a pleasure to hear after many years Mottl's skilful orchestration of Chabrier's jovial Bourree. Mottl, who admired the Frenchman and knew him well, orchestrated this Bourree in Chabrier's manner.

Mme. Homer was more fortunate in her interpretation of Verdi's aria than in her delivery of the air from Handel's "Serse" and Bach's repeated assertion that his heart was ever faithful. In Verdi's air she was appropriately dramatic with effective dynamic contrasts. The air of Handel and Bach's tune were sung merely "ore rotundo." While she was delivering the address of Xerxes to his beloved plane tree as if the monarch had been thundering a command at his huge army, or storming at Mount Athos, we wondered where the story about this affection was first told. We read in one of Dr. Donne's Elegies:

Xerxes' strange Lydian love, the platane tree,
Was loved for age, none being so large as she;

but Pliny, noting the affection entertained by Dionysius, the Sicilian King, by Licinius Mutianus, thrice consul, and by the Emperor Caligula, for the plane tree, says nothing about the passion of Xerxes. Was Herodotus the first? He tells about Xerxes passing by the Lydian city of Caillatebus. On the way, the King "met with a plane tree, which on account of its beauty, he presented with golden ornaments."

The audience, liking Mme. Homer's robust singing of the Handelian air—Caffarelli, the first to sing it, was praised for his "majestic style," but majestic and robust are not synonymous terms—and also recognizing the familiar "Largo," applauded the singer vigorously.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will leave tomorrow for a trip of two weeks. The program for Dec. 19, 20 is as follows: Balakireff, "Thamar"; MacDowell, Piano Concerto No. 2; Schmitt, "The Tragedy of Salome." Leo Ornstein will be the pianist.

AMERICAN MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Post — *Nov. 29/19*
Griffes' Work Pleases

Audience—Miss
Homer, Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

An American composer, Charles Tomlinson Griffes, made his first appearance on a Boston Symphony programme at the concert which Mr. Monteux conducted yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, a programme which will be repeated tonight. Mr. Griffes was not the first American to appear on these programmes. Nor

will be the last. Nor will he be the greatest. But it is an important fact to note that this man, aged 35, has really produced a remarkably interesting score.

IMAGINATION LEFT FREE

The title of the work is "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Kaan." The subject is of course that of Coleridge's poem. When he wrote the music, Mr. Griffes states in the programme book, he was thinking principally of the "stately pleasure-dome," the "sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice," the "miracle of rare device" . . . "The gardens with fountains and 'sunny spots of greenery' are next suggested. From inside come sounds of dancing and revelry which increase to a wild climax and then suddenly break off. There is a return to the original mood suggesting the sacred river and the 'caves of ice.'"

This is the simple programme of the piece. It is a programme simple enough not to bother anyone listening to the music who is fearful that he may be thinking of an oriental dance when the composer means him to think of "caves of ice." The imagination of the composer and the hearer are left quite free. That the composer has real imagination, feeling, and above all a sense of color is clearly shown. That he has less melodic originality at present is also evident. Who has real thematic invention at the age of 30 today? How many great composers have had it at that age? Comparatively few.

Ultra-Modern Music

Nor is Mr. Griffes' orchestration wholly original. He knows his Stravinsky, for example, extremely well. The opening is richly suggestive of the opening of "The Firebird"—the persistent tremolo replacing Stravinsky's figure work in the lower strings, short staccato chords of bassoons and piano—if the ear may be trusted—fixing the impression in the mind. The score is plainly derived from ultra-modern Russia and ultra-modern France. But with a difference. The difference is that of weak imitation and a young tone-painter with a sense of color which is inherent, rather exotic in character, and absolutely fascinating to the listener. In his mind's eye this composer sees a picture which he paints boldly. His orientalism is not a mere arpeggio for an oboe or pounding on the drum. It is the orient conceived by a young modern. And if the thematic contours of this work are not marked by great originality they are marked by life, by definite direction and at least a strong intention of form.

Above all, there is enormous spirit and contagion in the writing. Feeling this spirit of the composer, it is hard to be over-critical of sources of effects. He has, too, some effects of his own—very ingenious and striking developments of hints given him by older composers; and with all this the music is personal, individual in quality of imagination, and indicative of a broad and catholic appreciation of music of many schools.

Is Enjoyable to Hear

We maintain that this is more than enough to start with, and that it is difficult not to enjoy this transitional music of a composer of talent and of astonishing technical resource. Mr. Griffes is a man to watch with care. He is not a mere objectivist and a man of ultra-refinement in his music, like John Alden Carpenter, for example. Nor is he a man possessed of the broadly nationalistic ideals in the music of Henry Gilbert.

But he is a young American, full of spirit and receptivity, astonishingly progressive, as shown by the texture of a score of a man who was musically educated in composition in Germany; he has temperament in great abundance; he loves to write. Hence it gives one great pleasure to think that out of a sparse harvest another important American composer is coming to maturity.

Chausson's Symphony

This piece greatly pleased the audience. The opening work was Chausson's admirable symphony in B-flat, which was given a wonderful performance by Mr. Monteux. The work had never before in Boston been heard to such advantage. Never before had the solemn introduction merged so inevitably into the calmly joyous allegro. Never before had the instrumentation been so beautifully clear and transparent, nor the long flowing lines of the first theme of the allegro been done such justice. Of course, Chausson did not reach his complete development as a composer, even in this, one of his most complete works.

The symphony is principally of German classic mould, and the cyclic form imposed on the already existent mould by Cesar Frank. There is conventional development of motives in the opening movement, battledoring and shuttlecocking of fragments about, ordinary sequences, etc. But the broad, virile stride of this movement, its luminous color; the melancholy of the slow movement, the change to a spirit of hope and thankfulness, so subtly and admirably brought out by Mr. Monteux, and the brilliant finale, of a quality best exemplified by pages of Franck, made a very strong impression and intensified

regrets that such a fine and pure musical nature as Chausson's should have met its untimely end.

Mme. Homer, gifted with a contralto voice which does not wear out, a natural simplicity and breadth of style, was heard at her best in familiar music which gave much pleasure to the audience: "Nature's Adoration," Beethoven; "Ombra Mai Fu," otherwise known as "Largo," Handel; "Heart Ever Faithful," Bach; aria, "O Don Fatale," from "Don Carlos," Verdi. She was applauded to the echo.

The concert ended with that extraordinary "Bouree Fantasque" of Chabrier, scintillatingly orchestrated by Mottl. The other music had talent. That piece has genius.

GRIFFES AND HIS MUSIC

Trans. — Nov. 26/19
THE NEW COMPOSER AND HIS NEW
PIECE

"The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan,"
Tone-Poem After Coleridge's Verse, for
the First Times at the Symphony Con-
certs of This Week—Backgrounds, Inci-
dental Circumstance and Anticipations

THE announcement that the Boston Symphony Orchestra will this week play a new symphonic poem, "The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan," by Charles Tomlinson Griffes, draws attention to a young American composer who, partly through natural modesty and partly because of his insistent refusal to write in an obviously popular style, has not yet won the reputation that he deserves, and that he is likely to gain in the future. Mr. Griffes was born in Elmira, N. Y., Sept. 17, 1884, and first studied the piano with Miss Mary S. Broughton in his home-town. He was later the pupil of Ernest Jedliczka and Gottfried Galston in Berlin for four years, studying composition also with Philipp Ruefer and Engelbert Humperdinck. After his return to America, he became the teacher of music at the Hackley School for Boys, at Tarrytown, where he has done most of his creative work, besides teaching independently in New York City. Among his compositions already published, or performed in public, are numerous songs and piano pieces; "The Kalin of Koridwen," a dance-drama in two scenes; "Shojo," a Japanese mimodrama; and a chorus, "These Things Shall Be," sung at the New York Community Chorus Festival of 1917. His ballet music has been produced at the

Neighborhood Playhouse, as well as by Adolf Bolm and Michio Itow, for whom he has also written minor dances of exotic character. The chief interpreter of his songs has been Mme. Eva Gauthier.

Definitely modern in its technique, yet escaping the imitative emptiness into which so much of this type of American composition has fallen, the music of Mr. Griffes challenges the closest study and analysis. It is not easy material to absorb at a single hearing, but invariably there is the feeling that it is worth hearing again. His first considerable success with an audience was scored recently in New York through a "Poem" for flute and orchestra, introduced by George Barrere and the New York Symphony Society at Aeolian Hall in a Sunday afternoon concert. The new composition is in keeping with the consistent seriousness of his efforts, and may well be considered his most significant contribution thus far to the literature of absolute music.

The words "absolute music" are used with some hesitation, for Mr. Griffes has in the past been definitely programmatic in his creations, and by his own confession he finds it far easier to write with some visual image in his mind, to be put, however vaguely and impressionistically, into audible form. In the case of his new "Poem," also, he admits that he intended to convey more than a merely formal design of melody and harmony, certainly more than the meretricious union between a solo instrument and its accompaniment, for the glorification of the former alone. But he is unable to put his underlying idea into concrete form, and the chances are that his hearers will supply the deficiency in an amusing variety of ways.

To Walter Damrosch, who conducted the orchestra at the initial performance, Mr. Griffes' Poem seems Greek in spirit, distinctly a compliment from one who has himself experimented successfully with the production of Greek drama, and the composition of incidental music for it. To the majority of listeners, however, the predominant mood must inevitably have been Oriental, in the accepted sense, perhaps even African rather than Asiatic. The languorous minor strains which open and close the piece might equally well portray the dawn and evening of a day in the desert, or the introduction and epilogue to a sensuous harem scene, while the intervening dance rhythms could apply to sheiks and whirling dervishes as easily as to houris and experimental sultanias.

Yet one seldom writes for the flute without becoming actively pastoral in spirit, and when all the guesses have been made

and all the imaginations strained, it is to a basically pastoral idea that Mr. Griffes must confess, if he is as honest as his music bespeaks him. That he has enveloped his nymphs and satyrs in the gaudier trappings of Scheherazade and her tribe is nobody's business but his own. Mr. Griffes composes naturally and involuntarily in Oriental idiom, quite as the majority of other American composers express their deepest thoughts automatically in ragtime or the melodious ballad form. Practically all of his previous work has been tinged with this exotic coloring, in particular the exceedingly interesting ballet music that he prepared for Adolf Bohn and Michio Itow, and certain strange, elusive songs of Stravinskian flavor.

Whatever pictures and impressions Mr. Griffes's poem may produce in the imagination, the fact remains that it is a remarkably well-wrought composition, dignified and serious in intention, articulate in design, and of a rare fitness for the instrument which it honors. Obviously its creator did not say, "Go to, I will write a piece for the flute." Rather did he work out of his imagination a series of tones which cried aloud for a flute to interpret them.

The instrument is given every opportunity to display its individual properties, yet never is there any suggestion of a straining for effect, or the artificial insertion of mere technique for its own sake. Both in the slow parts, where broad, mellow tones float languidly above the orchestra, and in the rapid, cleverly rhythmized passages, in climatic accelerando, with the whistling treble still piercing the accompanying hubbub, the Poem is admirably suited to the art of George Barrère, and his fine interpretation was exceedingly helpful to the favorable reaction of the entire audience, which overwhelmed both the composer and the performer with applause.

Upon the fly-leaf in the manuscript score of "The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan" stands as clew to the music a brief quotation from Coleridge's dream-drenched, perhaps opium-drenched, poem, to wit:

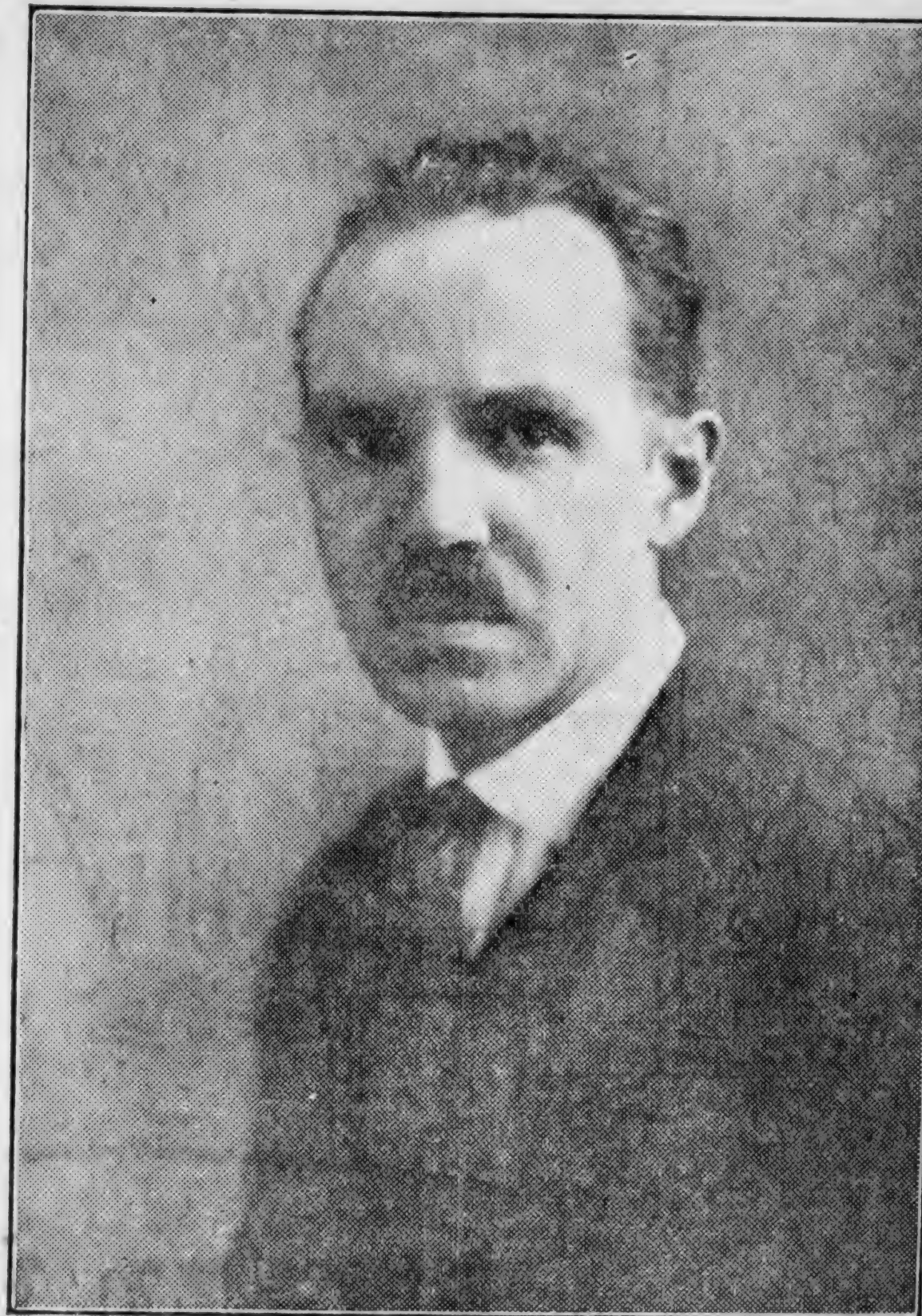
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:

And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

Then follows the tone-poem, a relatively short piece written for the usual orchestra, plus a celesta and piano—"to be blended with the other instruments"—with frequent division of the strings, with occasional use of violin and oboe as solo voices. Mr. Griffes's workmanship is "ultra-modern" in the common and convenient usage of the words, evenuating in music that is an iridescent web through which occasionally pierce or flash—as it seems in a reading of the score—sharp-set and imaginative harmonies, graphic and imaginative modulations, as keen and felicitous contrasts and combinations of instrumental timbres. Mr. Griffes apparently has no taste for the thick-woven luxuriance, melodic, harmonic, instrumental, of the Wagnerian and the Straussian day. For him as for Mr. Loeffler in his later pieces and for Mr. Carpenter, a relatively thin music, ascending from brief motifs, yet of clear and plastic progress, of fine and adroit facture, vivid with color and implication, swimming in atmosphere. Again, so far as the reading eye may gather the quality of the tone-poem, Mr. Griffes is not insistently and definitely oriental in the Russian manner. Rather, such oriental suggestion as the music may convey, is but one thread in a web which would be tapestry, like Coleridge's verse, of fantastic vision. Nor is Mr. Griffes minded to delineative progress through Coleridge's lines after the fashion of pedestrian composers. It is possible to detect in his tone-poem "the mingled measure from the fountain and the caves," the contrasts of "sunny pleasure-dome" with "caves of ice." No print, no diagram, however, is Mr. Griffes drawing in tones. Instead, he is transmuting into them, in his own voice and manner, a vision and an atmosphere. "You will be surprised," said Mr. Toscanini, as the invited audience trooped into the dress-rehearsal of Montemezzi's opera, "The Love of Three Kings" at the Metropolitan. "You will be surprised," Mr. Monteux might as reasonably say to his hearers, when he opens the score next Friday of "The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan."

Voice of the Orient: Means of the Occident



C. T. Griffes

Whose Tone-Poem, "The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan," Was Played
for the First Times at the Current Symphony Concerts

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Nov. 29, 1919

A NOTABLE NEW PIECE FROM MR. GRIFFES

"The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan" Discloses No Routine or Insignificant Composer — Music of Mind, Imagination, Skill and Individuality — Chabrier's "Bourree Fantasque" Disappointingly Revived—Chausson's Grave Greek Symphony and Interludes of Song from Mme. Homer

OUR grave and reverend Bostonian composers, for the most part well forward in middle age, rise with dignity from their places in Symphony Hall and bow solemnly to the applauding audience welcoming and rewarding new pieces from their hands. Not so in like circumstance the younger and sprightlier souls that in turn have fetched their music from New York or from Chicago for the Symphony Orchestra to play. Frankly pleased they skip through corridor and ante-room to the stage, smilingly stride it, beam acknowledgement to all and sundry, shake the conductor's hand, receive also his congratulations. So did Mr. Carpenter in a business jacket (as the tailors say) when his symphony was played for the first time in Boston in the spring of 1918; and so yesterday afternoon did Mr. Griffes, likewise in a business jacket, when his tone-poem, "The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan," was played for the first time anywhere. It was good to hear the listeners applauding warmly the music of a youthful and little-known composer because it had manifestly pleased and impressed them. It was as good to see him honestly pleased by such fortune. Though the Symphony Concerts are public functions in Boston and in New England, they can, on occasion, be agreeably human. They were yesterday—and the oftener the better.

Mr. Griffes's music, moreover, clearly deserved such reward. His tone-poem is a brief piece, since Wagnerian and Straussian lengths are out of the fashion with the younger composers the world over. By the same token, it is also laudably concentrated in a mingled economy and astuteness of means. Following suggestions from Coleridge's prompting verse, "The Pleasure-Dome" falls readily into successive sections—the introduction visualizing, as it were, the site and the prospect.

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea;

the second division, wherein the dome rises, so to say, upon the tonal ear and eye, set about with garden and fountain, wall and tower, scent-breathing forest and smiling meadow; the third division, wholly of Mr. Griffes's invention, in which the murmur of revelry within rises to festal clang; the end as in wan echo of "the mingled measure from the fountain and the caves," and wan fading of the vision—"a sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice."

Throughout hardly a measure seems to be "filling"; while not a modulation, a progression, a play of harmony or timbre fails to do its office. There are discernible motifs whence the tonal fabric springs; as in the music of Debussy a rhythmic continuity seems to bind the whole together; but there is no "development" in the old fashion for "development's" sake. No more is there any juggling with harmonic and instrumental color as feat of resource and agility which is the newer mode. Mr. Griffes perceives clearly the form in which he would cast his tone-poem, the design which he would unfold, the visions he would summon. With surety, with economy, he chooses and applies his means to those ends. Everywhere the outcome is clear, the impression tense, the atmosphere sustained, the illusion compassed. So to compose is to compose with a mind that discerns, sorts, controls. It is a rare, a precious possession for a composer still in relative youth.

Mr. Griffes also composes with imagination. It is not necessary to have ridden the Arizona deserts at dawn when a gray and misty solitude trembles into iridescence, when sand and summit, cliff and canyon, shimmer into fantastic shapes and color, when the pulse of expectancy seems to beat in the very air, to find in the composer's prelude like insistent quiver of mystery into light, of a void into shewn and substance. Only not in Arizona but in an oriental Xanadu. Mr. Griffes lays the tonal scene. His means are the means of the composers of this, our fortunate day—thin strands, reiterated rhythms, shadowy harmonies, dusky instrumental colors tremulously tinged brighter. No mere mechanics mixes, manipulates them. (Recall the haunting piano part!) The harmonic mists clear; and then rises the "pleasure-dome" in music of firmer line, opener texture, glinting, glamorous, sun-shot and heavy; dream-drenched still. But life stirs in the visioning. Though it be dawn, they feast within the dome. The music opens in oriental interval, beats to oriental rhythm, is languorous or pungent with oriental color. The clang sharpens; the climax pierces. It is as though upon the instant the dome—and the vision—were shattered. "The mingled measure" tinkles ghostly. As into the caves of ice, the music shivers into silence.

Here and there, the tonal revelry has fallen into routine—for half a moment, but the end is tonal magic again. Music of a mind at every turn of the facture, music of imagery at almost every turn of the illusion, music throughout of a talent and a temperament taking their own visioning and expressing way, music unlike that of any other American composer, yet uncommonly vivid in immediate impresson. Mr. Griffes has done well to wait until the mistrustful conductors were ready to accept him. Neither an audience in New York over the "Poem for Flute" nor an audience in Boston over "The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan" has mistrusted at all.

Another orchestral number of the day has gone so long unplayed at the Symphony Concerts that it sounded almost new—Chabrier's "Bourree Fantasque," as brief as "The Pleasure-Dome," but, in contrast, somewhat disappointing in outcome. It was human nature—and this was an uncommonly human Symphony Concert—to expect another "España" and to be chilled when no such music emerged. Possibly, had Chabrier himself originally written the Bourree for orchestra, he would have clothed it in like glowing colors and whipped it into like seething rhythms. He, however, was content with it as piano-piece; and not until after his death did his friend, Mottl, the illustrious conductor of Karlsruhe and Munich, so transform it. Mottl was practiced in orchestral resource and device; he had acquired in degree harmonic and instrumental imagination. He did the good job of an expert friend when he scored the Bourree, but perhaps he discovered, as did many a hearer yesterday, that the two motifs whence it springs are no flaming, prancing Spanish measures; that the rhythmic possibilities are limited; that not always was Chabrier's fantasy a devouring fire. As has been said, Mottl did a good job; so also did Mr. Monteux and the orchestra; so originally did Chabrier himself. There are agreeable contrasts between the animated and the wistful divisions of the piece; the dance rhythm pleases, the orchestral voices "sound"—and that is all.

To the Parisian nineties, Mr. Monteux went also for the symphony of the afternoon—Chausson's, first brought into the repertory by Mr. Gericke, restored again to it by Dr. Muck. Chausson was a pupil of Franck; dwelt and worked in a Franckian circle; followed the Franckian formulas as in this very symphony; fell now and then inarticulate when he would speak in tones. No wonder, then, that in various measures he let good Father Franck speak for him. Chausson's composing day was

the day in which the Wagnerian tide was sweeping into France and deep in it were swimming some of his compeers. At times in his music-making Chausson groped to find the way. No wonder, again, that at such haltings of his symphony he let Wagnerian procedures clear the path. Admit also that once and again they also left him groping. Agree finally that Mr. Monteux was too heavy-handed in performance; that he obscured outline in too solid, too square-cut masses of tone; that he thickened and shadowed where he might have thinned and illuminated; that an insistent intensity of expression was everywhere his quest. None the less the symphony remained a music of finely chiselled contours, of delicate ornament, of sober and symmetrical progress, a frieze-like music were it not that exaltation often warms and passions it. Throughout it speaks nobly of the composer's soul.

Frieze-like indeed is the introduction gravely carved against a pale, fine-lined, harmonic background, like to a fresco of Puvis de Chavannes. Then warmth enters or less warmth than luminosity; for the succeeding division swims in the clear cool light of autumn sunshine and autumn air. There are zest, exhilaration in the music, but once and again melancholy tinges and shadows it; while always the emotion is akin to a grave and tranquil happiness. If it is joy that Chausson would paint in tones, then he paints with the serenity of classic painters. Again it is as though Chavannes were working in the medium of music. True, when Chausson would make an opera, he sought his subject-matter in romantic Arthurian legend; true, his familiar Poem for violin and orchestra seems clearly a romantic music. Yet the second movement of his symphony, surely the voice of woe, is of the woe that Antigone bore on her young shoulders within her black mantle when she went forth to death condemned.

Here is no music of Wagnerian frenzies, disposed as Mr. Monteux was to play it so; no more is it music of Franckian despair, intimate, personal. Rather it is lofty, solitary, remote, a sorrow-stricken music of Greek tragedy, of the Sophocles of this Antigone. So again with the finale. Overdrive it as Mr. Monteux did, he could not make the end ascend to elation. Rather the choral-like progress halted in sunlit calm, in the seats of the happy immortals. No; the Wagnerian, the Franckian similitudes in Chausson's symphony are relatively accidental. Rather he wrote in the nineties in Paris a symphony that gains the Sophoclean beauty of mood and progress, the Sophoclean symmetry of outline and fineness of detail; the Sophoclean purity of passion. As Chausson wrought in his music, so, in his own time, Puvis de

Chauvannes wronged in his success. Years ago, as it now seems, Mr. Gerloke, better known than Mr. Monteux, played Chausson's symphony in such voice and said that from d'Indy he had taken cue. Yesterday in spite of a very different reading the Greek impression persisted.

And there were interludes of song, sure to mar the symmetry of a symphony concert, but sure also to pleasure the audience. Mme. Homer provided them with three pieces she had sung of old at these very concerts—the air from Handel's opera, "Xerxes," universally known as his Largo from which sentimental transcription the singer bore sundry measures into the accompaniment; an air, "My Heart Ever Faithful," from a cantata of Bach; and a soliloquy of the opera house, the Princess Etol's "O Don Fatale" from Verdi's "Don Carlos." For newer matter she added Beethoven's hymn "The Heavens Are Telling." Beethoven she sang la gely; Handel too amply; Bach haltingly; Verdi with force and thrill of the theatre. Becomingly Mr. Monteux accompanied her. Great was the joy of their hearers. With them Mme. Homer's singing is institutional, even when a hint, at least, of thinness, a suspicion of stridency, a momentary shortness of breath, now and then cross tones that were once richer, if less pliant than they are today. Relentless fleet the years.

H. T. PARKER

MME HOMER SINGS WITH THE SYMPHONY

Globe — Nov. 29/19
New American Composer
Has a Brilliant Introduction

Mme Louise Homer, the soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert, sang four familiar numbers: "Nature's Adoration," Beethoven; "My Heart Ever Faithful," Bach; "O, Don Fatale," Verdi, and "Ombra Mai Fu," Handel, better known as "Handel's Largo." Her choice of selections gave great pleasure to the numerous concert goers who prefer to hear over and over again numbers they have learned to like, but disappointed the seekers for novelties.

Her singing was not at its best yesterday. Her breathing was often labored and her tones sometimes forced and unsteady. Only for moments did her voice regain its old-time splendor. Her interpretations were workmanlike.

Chausson's Symphony in B flat major was superbly played. Mr Monteux excels any recent conductor the Symphony has had in music of this sort, which calls for fire and expressiveness without sentimental emotionalism. There are moments in this symphony as good as the best of Franck, but its structure is confused rather than intricate and there are too many echoes of the moods of Wagner.

It shows great promise rather than triumphant achievement. The composer's untimely death left him, as far as the larger forms are concerned, still groping, unable to organize his fine musical material into a masterpiece.

Chabrier's "Bourree Fantasque," a piano piece orchestrated effectively by his friend Mottl after his death, is an agreeable trifle which has added little to his reputation. Mr Monteux and the orchestra made the most of it, and were well applauded for their pains.

The most significant item on the program was the first performance anywhere of a new piece by an almost unknown American composer, who is beginning of late to acquire a deservedly wide repute. Charles T. Griffes' tone poem, "The Pleasure Dome of Khubla Khan," is not a supreme masterpiece, but it shows genuine originality and power of a sort that entitle its composer to be judged by the same standard as men like Ravel, Rachmaninoff and Stravinsky, not by that usually applied to orchestral works by unfamiliar Americans.

It is never imitative, pedantic, bombastic nor sentimental. Few are the works of American composers which succeed in avoiding all four of these pitfalls, and in calling forth an outburst of genuine applause instead of the routine polite hand-clapping. Mr Griffes was obliged by the insistence of the audience and the friendly compulsion of Mr Monteux to come on the stage and bow his acknowledgements.

The orchestration of this tone poem is often masterly. The piano becomes what it almost never is, an orchestral instrument instead of a more or less superfluous "added attraction." Like Berlioz and Rimsky Korsakoff, Mr Griffes proves the saying that the highest form of art is to conceal art, by gaining his effects in ways which are not immediately obvious to the listener.

Best of all, they are never effects for the sake of effects, but always subordinate to his genuine and individual creative impulse. It is to be hoped that this piece will be repeated during the present season, and others by the same composer added to the active repertory of the orchestra. This concert will be repeated tonight. There are no more Symphony concerts until Dec 19 and 20.

Symphony Hall.

Mme. LOUISE HOMER (Mrs. Sidney Homer) was born at Pittsburgh, Pa. Her maiden name was Beatty. She studied singing in Philadelphia, but her chief vocal teachers were Mr. William L. Whitney of Boston, then a member of the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music, and the late Fidèle Koenig of Paris. A student in Boston, she sang in Mr. G. W. Chadwick's choir at the Columbus Avenue Universalist Church. In 1895 she was married to Mr. Sidney Homer, the composer, and the next year she went to Paris, where she studied eighteen months with Koenig and with Paul Lhérier* (for dramatic action).

Her first appearance in Paris was at a symphony concert, when she sang a work composed for her by Antoine Savard. The conductor was Vincent d'Indy. She made her début at Vichy in June, 1898, as Leonora in "La Favorita." She also took the parts of Delilah, the Queen in "Hamlet," Ortrud, and Margared in "Le Roi d'Ys" during the season of three months at Vichy. An operatic season of six months at Angers followed. From Angers she went to Covent Garden, London, where she made her first appearance as Amneris, May 14, 1899. The following winter she was engaged as first contralto of the Monnaie at Brussels, and she was the first to impersonate Mme. de la Haltière in Massenet's "Cendrillon" at that opera-house. She returned to Covent Garden in the spring.

Mme. Homer made her first operatic appearance in America as a member of the Metropolitan Opera House Company, of New York, at San Francisco, November 14, 1900, as Amneris. She has sung at festivals, in orchestral concerts, and in recitals throughout the country.

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Mr. Griffes studied the pianoforte with Mary S. Broughton of Elmira. Having been graduated from the Elmira Academy, he went to Berlin, where he studied four years: pianoforte with Ernest Jedliczka and Gottfried Galston; composition with Philipp Rüfer and Engelbert Humperdinck. He gave private lessons in Berlin. Returning to the United States, he became in 1907 the teacher of music at the Hackley School for Boys at Tarrytown, and he gave private lessons in New York.

The list of his compositions includes: "The Kairn of Koridwen," a dance-drama for five wind instruments, celesta, harp, and pianoforte (Neighborhood Playhouse, New York, 1917); "Schojo" Japanese mime-play (performed by Michio Itow at A. Bolm's Ballet Intime, Booth Theatre, New York, 1917); Poem for flute and orchestra (New York Symphony Society, November 16, 1919—Georges Barrère, flutist); a set of orchestral pieces rearranged from pianoforte works (announced for performance this season by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra); a set of Japanese folk-songs harmonized and provided with an accompaniment for miniature orchestra (announced for performance in New York this season); Three Songs for soprano and orchestra, Op. 11 (Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra with Marcia Van Dresser, March 24, 1919); Two Pieces for string quartet (played by the Flonzaley Quartet, season of 1918-19); sonata for pianoforte, Three Tone Images, for voice and pianoforte, Op. 3; Two Rondels for voice and pianoforte, Op. 4; Three Tone Pictures for pianoforte, Op. 5; Three Fantasy Pieces for pianoforte, Op. 6; Roman Sketches for pianoforte, Op. 7; Three Songs, Op. 9; Five Poems of Ancient China and Japan, for voice and pianoforte, Op. 10.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919--20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

EIGHTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, AT 8 P. M.

BALAKIREFF,

SYMPHONIC POEM for Orchestra, "Thamar"
(after a Poem by Michail Lermontoff)

MACDOWELL,

CONCERTO No. 2, in D minor, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, op. 23
I. Larghetto calmato
II. Presto giocoso
III. Largo; Molto allegro

SCHMITT,

SUITE for Orchestra, "The Tragedy of Salome;"
(after a Poem by Robert d'Humières)

Soloist:

LEO ORNSTEIN

Knabe Pianoforte used



Leo Ornstein, Pianist.

EIGHTH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Balakireff, MacDowell and
Schmitt Form Pro-
gram

PLAYERS GIVE BRILLIANT MATINEE

Herald Dec. 20/19
By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 8th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was as follows: Balakireff, Symphonic Poem "Thamar"; MacDowell, Concerto No. 2, D minor, for piano (Leo Ornstein, pianist); Schmitt, "The Tragedy of Salome," suite for orchestra.

Two noble dames, Salome and Thamar, in one afternoon! If Messalina and Catherine of Russia had also been portrayed in music, our joy would have been full. No doubt, the poets, novelists, painters, musicians have done Salome a grievous wrong. She was probably a slip of a girl, and her dance not so sensuous as those observed by unprejudiced spectators at balls patronized by "our best people." It is true she came to a sad ending, for she was married twice, had three sons by her second husband, and no doubt died highly respected.

Balakireff's music seems more picturesque and finely contrived when it is used for the superably barbaric Russian ballet than when it is heard in a concert hall. The spectator, engrossed by the sensual and tragic doings on the theatre stage, does not then notice the vain repetitions, weak measures of transitions, the fatiguing tossing of a theme or a fragment of a theme from one solo instrument to another—an annoying trick of Tschaiikowsky's, by the way. These are clearly revealed when the same spectator sits in an orthodox concert hall. Yet when all is said in objection, this "Thamar" as a symphonic poem, written for the concert stage and without any thought of a ballet, is a fascinating work. Perhaps the orgy is

the weakest part of it; it surely is inferior to the sections depicting the rushing waters of the Terek and the arrival of the ill-fated guest; far inferior to the magnificent close. Yes, this little man Balakireff, whose appearance seemed mean to Turgeneff, who was as bigoted religiously and as superstitious as Louis XI, had imagination. There was a rich vein of poetry in his soul. Perhaps Queen Tamara haunted him, as visions of fair women disturbed the pious slumbers of St. Anthony in the desert.

The question came up twice yesterday: Does music used for a ballet lose irreparably when it is transferred to the concert hall? Schmitt's "Salome" was written for a mute drama, for pantomime and dancing; Balakireff's "Thamar" was composed as a concert piece; yet we remember the latter as ballet music, and Schmitt's music, ingenious and fantastical as it is, does not come up to d'Humiére's prose poem which it portrays in tones.

The Prelude, the "Dance of Pearls" and "The Enchantments of the Sea," are singularly impressive; after them the thunder and lightning business, Mount Nebo vomiting flames and the "infernal frenzy" of Salome left us cold; without a touch of goose flesh, without the disarrangement of a hair. We were conscious of a mighty pothor on the stage. Perhaps 50 years from now, or even 25, this music will shake the souls of hearers, when the tragedy is enacted as a film-drama high up above the orchestra.

Mr. Monteux and the players, after a most successful trip of a fortnight, gave a remarkable performance of the two compositions, a performance remarkable as a technical display, supremely euphonious, wonderfully elastic. The city may well be proud of this orchestra as it exists today; the city may well be proud of Mr. Monteux. And yet the audience yesterday was sluggish, almost churlish in appreciation of an uncommonly brilliant concert.

This audience, however, recalled Mr. Ornstein several times. He well deserved the tribute, for he played the concerto in a masterly manner. Especially delightful was his reading of the tricky Scherzo, designed originally as material for a symphonic poem, "Beatrice and Benedick." The concerto is a dazzling virtuoso piece. Mr. Joseffy once told us he considered MacDowell's first concerto more individual. Many would have been glad to write the second.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 1, C minor; Handel, Concerto for organ and orchestra, F major, No. 4 op. 4 (Joseph Bonnet, organist); Liszt, "The Dance in the Tavern" (Mephisto Waltz).

EXCITING PIECES BY SYMPHONY

"Thamar" and "Tragedy of Salome"—

Ornstein, Soloist

Post — Dec. 20/19

BY OLIN DOWNES

Balakireff's "Thamar," tone poem for orchestra, is inspired by the Russian legend of the Queen, as sinister as she is seductive, who, in her castle which towers over a wild gorge in the Caucasus, lures unwary wanderers to a night of revelry and death. In the morning the waters of the River Terek, "mad with fright," carry away a lifeless body. The Queen, "cruel, cunning, yet divine," prepares to receive her next victim. This tone poem, and other fascinating music, was played at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The performance was masterly. The music is irresistible in its barbaric splendor.

EARLY "NEO-RUSSIAN"

This tone poem, "Thamar," while one of the early products of the then "Neo-Russian" school of the '50s and '60s, while surpassed in workmanship, in perfection of form, by later compositions such as the "Scheherazade" of Rimsky-Korsakoff, is the Alpha and Omega of a certain wonderful orientalism which the later-day Russians developed with such picturesqueness and suggestive power.

There are the superb opening pages

which portrays the flowing river—pages in which the note of what is strange, fateful, preordained, is struck. There are the maddening dances, through the mazes of which, as one might say, the theme of Thamar herself is heard. There are striking musical metamorphoses of these motives—metamorphoses which anticipate what later Russians than Balakireff were to do with this system of the transformation of motives and melodies, which the Russians had learned Berlioz and Liszt. At the last there is heard again, in a passage which will never grow old, the farewell of Thamar to her victim, and the music of many waters.

Actually Heard First Time

Why all this about a work which has been played before, though at too rare intervals, at these Symphony concerts? Because the music was actually heard for the first time yesterday. Dr. Muck never understood it. Mr. Monteux's reading was a revelation of the colors in the score, a display of supreme musicianship in the choice of tempi, and an accomplishment of temperament and imagination which overcame the reserve of the coolest and most critical listeners.

At last there was the voice of fate in the introduction, as well as the most beautiful and ingenious depiction of the flowing river; at last the dances were impolite and abandoned, furiously sensual in the oriental manner, until at a climax, the orchestra was as a pack of howling beasts; at last the majesty and the fatalism of the conclusion was felt. This is not to say that "Thamar" is a composition wholly without faults. Its faults are principally those of form. There are too many good ideas, without sufficient economy of presentation. There is excess of excitement and sensation. This is typical, perhaps, of the imagination of the Slav whose hide you scratch only to find that directly underneath he is an Oriental. With all this, "Thamar" is intoxicating music, full of fire, color, imagination, genius.

Leo Ornstein's Playing

Then Leo Ornstein, who used to play "Wild Men's Dances," which he had himself composed, and look like a wild man as he played them, gave a very admirable performance of MacDowell's D minor piano concerto. It was as sane a performance—though also highly imaginative—as one would wish to hear. It had proportion, balance, repose, as counter elements to the virtuosity and individuality which this young man of 24 had long before he had reached his 24th year. Mr. Ornstein was modest in demeanor, assured in musical intention, and so much the greater a musician than he had ever appeared before.

It was a great pleasure to listen to

him, and to MacDowell's poetic and legendary music. It was a pleasure to applaud an unusual talent which appears to be achieving more and more normal development and thus coming into its own. Mr. Ornstein, by his self-restraint in performance, his careful balance with the orchestra, his elimination of the pettily personal equation, gained a notably and richly deserved triumph.

Schmidt's "Tragedy of Salome"

Finally came the music to "The Tragedy of Salome," for orchestra, after a poem by Robert d'Humiers, by Florent Schmidt, who, sadly enough, was killed while fighting for France in 1915. This music was originally written for "a mute drama in two acts and seven scenes" by Robert d'Humiers, and thus performed at the Theatre des Arts, Paris, Nov. 9, 1907. Later it was arranged as an orchestral suite in two movements, and also as a ballet. The audience was in doubt yesterday as to when it should leave the hall, since the programme did not state that the orchestra was going to play the suite in two movements, and there are seven divisions of the scenes described by d'Humiers. Again Mr. Monteux accomplished wonders with the music. And what strange music it is!

Honor to the great who died for France. Nevertheless, we are now talking of music. Candor compels the acknowledgment that this music is to us as brilliantly written as it is both cerebral and morbid in its character. We do not often employ the latter adjective. Strauss' much discussed music to "Salome" does not seem morbid, but on the contrary, very effective and expressive music to a drama which one may or may not like or approve. But there is a flavor of that which is a little mad and perverse in this score of Schmidt. It could not be otherwise when a composer who set out to write music for the poem of d'Humiers, which is as a feverish, splendid, troubled dream, in which nature itself takes on strange shapes and terrible images, "old crimes recognize Salome and call to her in brotherly fashion," and there are lightnings and cataclysms as the evil virgin dances as if "swept about by an infernal frenzy."

It is a splendid score, and one can easily see how exciting it would be with the stage spectacle. It is dramatic music, while the workmanship is that of musical decadence. One is fascinated by this hard-headed, morbid music which one does not like, and this music, which one does not like, one is unable to forget.

MUSIC

Dec. 20/19
Musical Affairs in Boston

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts — Balakireff's "Thamar" and Florent Schmitt's "Tragedy of Salomé"—works theatrical in character, if not written primarily for the theater—formed the greater part of the eighth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on December 19. Between them Leo Ornstein played MacDowell's second pianoforte concerto. Between "Thamar," first performed in 1883-84, and "The Tragedy of Salomé," first performed in 1911, there is not so great a difference in style and method of composition as might be supposed from the difference of 27 years in the dates of their first performances. Of course Schmitt, writing since great improvements in the technic and mechanism of orchestral instruments have been made, is able to evoke many strange and novel orchestral tints impossible to the earlier Balakireff, restricted to the more limited orchestral resources of his day. Yet we find in both works the same theatrical emotionalism, the same exaggerations, the same gorgeous, intense coloring; and who will say that after all Balakireff with his simpler harmonic and melodic scheme does not succeed in making a more direct and vivid appeal to the imagination than Schmitt with all his complexity? The close proximity of these two works on the same program could not fail to make each lose a part of its complete effectiveness.

MacDowell's familiar concerto did not prove a sufficient relief. Mr. Ornstein played his part of the concerto without distinction. The scherzo was taken at so rapid a pace that its outlines were blurred and its rhythm indistinct. The more romantic portions of the first and last movements were played coldly—the brilliant passages with precision and accuracy. The orchestra played with more than its accustomed virtuosity in the "Tragedy of Salomé," and Mr. Monteux, in evident sympathy with the music, conducted with warmth and vigor.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

A GLANCE UPON MR. MONTEUX'S PROGRAMMES

Interesting Always, They Also Disclose Two Singularities — Balakirev's Tone-Poem, "Thamar," as Never Before to Bostonian Ears — The Contradictory Matter and Manner of Schmitt's "Salome"—Mr. Ornstein as Master of Touch and Tone with the Piano

SINCE Mr. Fiedler's dimming day no conductor at the Symphony Concerts has assembled such interesting programmes as, thus far, has Mr. Monteux. He shuns the hackneyed pieces that it is conventional to label "thrice-familiar" and polite to salute as "ever-beautiful." He re-discovers and restores to the active repertory numbers long and inconsiderately overlooked. He wanders interestingly into by-paths of the classics, humanly perceiving that a diet of masterpieces may sometimes cloy. He is open-minded toward new music and usually happy in his choices from it. He holds the balance relatively even between ancient, modern and ultra-modern items, tipping it no more than the curious and interested, the young and the ardent, desire toward the composers of a recent or a present day. Catholic by inclination and practice, he chooses impartially among the French, the Germans, the Russian, the Szechs and the Americans, in good time, doubtless, minded to add the young Italians to them. Not one of his first ten programmes—for the course of the tenth is already known—has run in a rut; not one has been overlaid; not one has failed to interest and stimulate most of his hearers.

So far, however, Mr. Monteux's programme-making has disclosed two singularities. For some reason, not easy to detect or surmise, he seems to shun overtures. Through ten pairs of concerts, he has played but one—Beethoven's to the pageant-play of "King Stephen"—unless there be also included the overture that was one of the chosen numbers from Beethoven's ballet of "Prometheus." Like most conductors schooled in the theatre and with a keen sense of effect upon their hearers, Mr. Monteux likes to end a concert with a highly colored, sharply rhythmical music. Many an overture might serve this purpose; yet but once, in "King Stephen," has he chosen such a piece. Few have noticed this singularity; still fewer, probably, have regretted it.

Through the long days of Dr. Muck even into the brief days of Mr. Rabaud, classic and semi-classic overtures were repeated to excess at the Symphony Concerts, often for no other reason than convenience to the conductor in his programme-making. Mr. Monteux is too scrupulous, too ambitious, so to take the easiest way; while he is wise to put by these over-played overtures in relief alike to orchestra and to audience. The one played them often in routine; the other heard them mechanically.

The second singularity of the conductor's programmes is his inclination toward music of the dance. In eight pairs of concerts, he has played six such pieces; at a ninth he will add to them Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz"; at a tenth, Debussy's little ballet of "Jeux." Leader for some years of the orchestra of Mr. Diaghilev's ballet, leader, thereafter, of the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Monteux succeeds well with such music, often visualizes it to himself and upon his hearers, displays no more than a natural fondness for it. Already, however, a few are beginning to demur to what they are pleased to call an excess of "dance-pieces" upon the conductor's lists; while, yesterday, in particular, they found serviceable text in a programme that, outside the pianist's concerto, traversed only Balakirev's tone-poem of "Thamar" and Schmitt's Suite from his mimodrama, "Salome's Tragedy," both intrinsically music to dance-rhythms. These mild grumblers forget, however, that nearly all this music of the dance is well-reputed and has proved interesting in performance; while one example of it—the Suite from Stravinsky's ballet of "The Fire-Bird" passes for a masterpiece of our time.

Doubtless, Balakirev worked at "Thamar" through the seventies without a surmise that thirty-odd years afterward other Russians would be dancing and miming to his symphonic poem in the hot reds of Bakst's setting of a topless tower. As little may the composer have anticipated that French, English, American audiences would some day be listening to his music and, least of all, that many a hearer's background for it would be the visualized action of Mr. Diaghilev's and Mr. Fokine's stage. Even so by far the larger part of "Thamar," as symphonic poem, is music in dance-rhythms—the music of feast and fête to which the Caucasian queen—cruel, lustful, perverted—bids her way-faring and fated lovers of a night. These dances, sharp with oriental rhythms, pungent with oriental harmonies, tingling with oriental iterations, keenly imagined, vividly accomplished, gave shape and color to the music of revelling, penetrate the hearer with illusion, are graphic background alike to the erotic or the fateful measures that once and again still and

over-pass them. The tone-poem is not least music of sharply invoking and highly delineative imagination, when it stirs into being as out of mysterious mists, reiterates the fume and rumble of the wild river, uprears Thamar's sombre abode, confused though that be, inevitably, inextricably, with Bakst's red tower unforgettable. Balakirev diminishes not a whit as composer of imagination in the final periods of the doom of the slain lovers, of the re-awakening of Thamar's trapping desires, of the ceaseless obligato of the rushing stream.

Yet intrinsically both the prelude and postlude are mimodrama expressed in tones, while all between is mimodrama expressed in the dance. As such a music, Mr. Monteux played the piece, as though background, action, drama and all within of passion and of fate were unrolling themselves upon an imaginary but visioned stage, as though he would lift the curtain likewise to his hearers. Seldom in two months of Symphony Concerts has he seemed so sensitive to musical line, alert and supple to rhythm, apt in harmonic and instrumental color, just and fine of ear, at once both clear and forceful. What he was fain to do with the inferior orchestra of the Russian Ballet, he could now accomplish with the superior orchestra ready to his hand, ear and imagination. Never before has Balakirev's music sounded with such illusion upon Bostonian ears. The Higginsonian arbiter of the quality of the concerts might well be content with such a performance.

Evidently Schmitt's music of "Salome's Tragedy" baffled the audience. Not in years has a piece at the Symphony Concerts, at beginning, middle or end of a programme, been so meagrely applauded. Until, indeed Mr. Monteux left his place, many a listener hardly knew whether the mimodrama was, or was not, concluded. A few hands clapped perfunctorily, then persistently, until they had recalled the conductor—slender reward for the devoted and fruitful pains he had spent upon the performance, almost supercilious negation of his obvious admiration for the music. Yet, like so many of Schmitt's pieces, as Boston has heard them, this Suite of the theatre somehow failed to come completely off. On frequent occasions in the past, shortcomings of performance have obviously brought such fate upon him. It is still possible to recall good old Dr. Mees and the groping, thin-voiced self-conscious choir of The Cecilia messing timidly about in the barbaric intensities of Schmitt's music, to the forty-sixth Psalm of Israel's fierce and pagan triumph. Fresher still in memory is le bonhomme

Rabaud plodding dutifully, laboriously, through the "Open-Air" pieces of last spring. Nor are sundry performances in this town of the ironic "Viennese Rhapsody" or of the moody and salient "Songs for Four Voices" to be remembered for revelation and edification. No; only with this Suite from "Salome's Tragedy" has Schmitt come to true, revealing and enhancing voice in our concert-rooms. Six years ago Dr. Muck was eloquent with it yesterday, Mr. Monteux kept pace with him. Yet again only confused impression and clouded illusion remained.

Possibly there is clew to this double outcome in the two-fold Schmitt that seems to play through much of his music as hereabouts we have come to know it. There is a Schmitt who develops motives with fertility into significance, who directs rhythm, modulation, pace, emphasis to illusory ends who arrests the ear and stirs the imagination with his play of harmonies—a Schmitt who uses all these means to compass atmosphere and suggestion, frequently to gain power, occasionally to summon beauty. This Schmitt wrote more than half of the music to "Salome's Tragedy"—music that evokes the ominous scene by the Dead Sea the baleful lights and winds, the menacing blackness of the stifling night. Music, again, that flutters and flickers with the jewels that drop from the hand of Herodias or that gleams with the white young flesh of Salome glimpsed athwart the dark. Music, once more, that pierces with the insidious longings the perverse fascinations of the princess; music that the lusts of Herod may as quickly sear. By so much this "Tragedy of Salome" is the most artful, the most moving music yet borne hither from the composer's hand.

In contrast another Schmitt, almost seems to have written the final diversions of the mimodrama, when once the balefully echoing, chanting voices of old sins have died across the Dead Sea, when storms of the skies and of the passions break upon the terrace, when Salome dances the dance of the lightnings and of fear. Then does the music become rude-voiced, coarse-fibred, crass, strident, a sound and fury signifying little but the impotence of the composer to find and measure his means, to achieve his ends. Din is seldom illusion, no matter how twenty conventional resources of music may swell it; and din and little else are many a page toward the end of "Salome's Tragedy." Where mimodrama and music should rise highest in horrific suggestion, they fall lowest. The impotence of this end blots out the puissance of the beginning. But was not Salome ever a riddle when once the nineteenth century from Heine to Wilde

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had called into exotic, erotic, perverted and fantasmal being the child-like daughter of Herodias whom the Evangelists almost ignored, but whose rep'acant—pure or impure work of literary and pictorial imagination—the fond fanatics solemnly and sillily believe to be Biblical!

Between the animated exercises of these two interesting ladies and the composers who so signally served them, Mr. Ornstein, new but deserving comer to the Symphony Concerts, played the piano part in the second of MacDowell's youthful and displayful Concertos. He played it first of all, as rare master of touch and tone. Hardly Mr. Hoffman himself can summon a brighter, a more pellucid beauty into the voice of the piano than Mr. Ornstein shed upon the lighter measures. As near to Mr. Hoffman is he in the shadowed beauty that he outpoured, but also chastened, upon the darker, slower-paced, more songful periods. Appropriate loveliness of tone, at once so limpid, edgeless, freely moving, delicately or deeply textured, might, with the piano, hardly further go. Akin were Mr. Ornstein's light fleetness, like to a motion of the air; his darts of rhythm in the intermediate rondo, flashing like quick, keen rays through the music; the rounded voice of his song, when MacDowell condescended to it in a music, designed for brilliance and effect; the cumulating pace, propulsive and plastic, that he lent to the final movement.

If intent listening and eager applause were tokens of understanding and appreciation, the audience knew that it was hearing a pianist who is signal and sensitive master of tone, who can transfigure into bright beauty, into lightly running power the resources of the piano, who can compass these things not only with ease and elegance but with a nervous and imparting grace of the imagination. In spite of symmetry of outline, diversity of contents and supple progress from voice to voice and mood to mood, this Concerto in D minor now sounds only as a slender-bodied, charmingly fancied, brightly adorned music. There is no more for pianist to do than play it with Mr. Ornstein's just understanding, intuitive sympathy and guiding taste and then summon Mr. Ornstein's beauties and felicities of touch and tone, rhythm and modulation—if he can.

H. T. PARKER

SCHMITT'S "SALOME"

MR. MONTEUX PROPOSES ANOTHER NOVEL PIECE

The Mimodrama That the Music Originally Clothcd and Enforced—The Russians' Perversion of It—Playwright and Composer's "Argument"—Oriental, Barbaric, Sensual

AT the Symphony Concerts of tomorrow and Saturday, Mr. Monteux and the orchestra will play the Suite drawn by Florent Schmitt from his music to Robert d'Humièr's mimodrama, "The Tragedy of Salome." Six years ago Dr. Muck set the piece on the programme of two Symphony Concerts, probably for the first times in the United States. He did not repeat it; Mr. Rabaud, of course, ignored it; it was hard to grasp and difficult to recall; therefore it now comes virtually as a new piece to the public of Symphony Hall. Unlike many a living Parisian composer, Schmitt has been slow to make way with American hearers. Once and again the dutiful conductor set forth one or another of his orchestral pieces, which are not few. For half an hour the audience hears Schmitt; then for half a year and more it forgets him. Yet he has clear, individual profile. "He traverses French music today," writes Jean-Aubry in his book about it, "like a wild boar from the Vosges"—Schmitt was born in Lorraine—with the healthy robustness of a sensitive and crabbed nature, disdaining all coteries, dogmas and ready-made religions or organized enthusiasms. . . . He submits to a strong discipline, but desires to accept it from none but himself, and therefore mingles, at his convenience, his recent predilections with the lessons of the past. He is a singular mixture of a passion for independence and an innate respect for rules. His choice tends wholly towards freedom, one might almost say towards anarchy; and his nature inclines him towards submission to principles. Florent Schmitt's originality lies in this rugged conflict fought with ardor. . . . His "Tragedy of Salome," in conception and in realization is a manifestation of his complex art and of all that it contains: once of allurements and of violence, of ruggedness and refinement, of solidity and of rich color."

At the Hands of the Russians

As mimodrama, "The Tragedy of Salome" has been represented in Paris at the Théâtre des Arts in 1907, when the actor whom we now know as Lou-Tellegen mimed, as Lou van Tel, the part of the Baptist; at the Châtelet in 1912 by the singular and sophisticated Miss Thouhanna and at the Champs-Élysées in 1913 by Mr. Diaghilev's ballet with Miss Karsavina as Salome. As recently as last winter it was revived at the Opéra with the celebrated Ida Rubinstein as the interesting daughter of Herodias. She did not fare well in the part. As produced by Mr. Diaghilev's company, in the days when various bold young Russians rather than the more discreet Fokine determined its ways, Schmitt's mimodrama baffled many a beholder. In Symphony Hall we shall hear his music but see neither the action embroidered upon it nor the settings that framed it. Here, then, is an account of a performance in Paris in the summer of 1913:

Soudelkine's act-drop is beyond comprehension. So also is the scene upon which it rises—a platform enclosed by giant foliage of formal design. Much exuberance is suggested, but exuberance of what is not so clear. In the middle of the stage is a tall column, upon the top of which an object, presumably the Baptist's head, is dimly seen. Behind stands a curious pyramidal staircase. Eight negro slaves are discovered grouped about the column and its burden. Their woolly pates are white, white ostrich plumes are girt about their middles, and round their ankles are clasped what looks suspiciously like white spats. The lime-light streaming on their naked bodies imparts a greenish tinge to the brown flesh, and gives them quite as nasty an appearance as one supposes the designers intended.

To strident music which one feels sure must be expressive of hectic passion and horror, the green and white negroes posture and run about the stage. Their antics are engaging and expressive of whatever the spectator chooses to think. They are joined presently by four executioners, who would do credit to any professional dreamer of nightmares. Like the negroes, these also have spats on their bare legs. They wear very little else, but carry large swords which obviously are meant for dark and bloody deeds. They are tall and lank, grim, sinister. In a business-like manner they divest themselves of the weapons of their office, and eclipse the efforts of the negroes in the game of Here-We-Go-Round-The-Baptist's-Head.

The music now, with relentless importunity, insists upon an impending climax. Negroes and executioners fall beautifully into place, a portion of the backcloth drops swiftly, and Salome is seen standing on the top of the staircase before a dim background of blue and mysterious starlit depth. She is shrouded in the voluminous folds of an immense cloak, and at first sight might be taken, as a witty observer remarked, for Mrs. Grundy come to put

a stop to the proceedings. The music now breathes more easily, and Salome slowly comes down the staircase. The robe with which she is covered has an immense train—black with glittering embroidery of gold. As she descends the steps the train drags magnificently behind her. One suffers an uncomfortable anxiety lest it should topple down before its time and sweep its hapless wearer off her feet. But Soudelkine and Romanov have seen to this, and it is not until Salome has reached the stage, and is already advancing across it, that the enormous garment, with proper effect, comes flashingly tumbling after. Salome, with her grotesque retinue circles in solemn procession round the central column, and the train makes the most of its opportunities. Then the negroes leap forward, fastenings are loosened and as the robe falls into her attendants' outstretched arms, Salome steps forward for the dance.

Regard Beardsley's drawings as fashion plates, and the reader will arrive at a very fair idea of Karsavina's appearance as Salome. Her costume is exiguous—disclosing one thigh but not the other; her legs and arms are bare, with a blood-red heart and other devices stencilled on them. A high head-dress surmounts the tiny face of one of Beardsley's women, with blue smudges for eyes and wee vermilion lips. Of Karsavina's dance it is quite impossible to write with any detail. It is devised in the same pseudo-macabre spirit as the rest of the ballet, and is more remarkable as a feat of acrobatic agility and physical endurance than as an artistic performance. One is told that the dance is "at first frantic and insane; then more parod and sorrowful, more remote and ecstatic. It is the expression and avowal of her sensual torment and of her atonement through the very misery of her unsuageable desire." Maybe it is all that; perhaps something more, perhaps a great deal less. For myself, I should have been interested to learn at what point the insanity died down and pride and sorrow took its place. Of ecstasy I could find no real suggestion, though the counterfeit was plausible; and the only remoteness was when the dance unexpectedly ended and the curtain went down.

As Originally Intended

All this was rather a Russian overlay and decoration of the play of d'Humières and the music of Schmitt than the course of the one and the suggestion of the other. What playwright and composer sought to set before the imagination of an audience best appears in their own "argument." Even so, it is lurid enough:

A terrace of Herod's Palace, overlooking the Dead Sea. The mountains of Moab shut in the horizon, rose-colored and russet-hued, dominated by the bulk of Mount Nebo, on which Moses, at the threshold of the Promised Land, saluted Canaan before dying. The sun is sinking. John slowly walks across the terrace and disappears.

Torches light the stage. Cloths and jewels which overflow from a precious coffer sparkle under the glare. Hero-

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dias, deep in thought, plunges her hands into the mass, raises on high the necklaces and the veils spangled with gold. Salome, as one fascinated, appears, bends over the chest, adorns herself, and with a childish joy outlines her first dance.

Salome has disappeared. Herod, enveloped by the darkness, is lost in thoughts of lust and fear, while the watchful Herodias spies him. Then on the cursed sea mysterious lights flicker and seem to arise from the depths. The buildings of the engulfed Five Cities are dimly revealed beneath the waves. One would say that old crimes recognize Salome and call to her in brotherly fashion. It is like a projection on a magic looking-glass of the drama that is playing in the brains of the couple seated there and silent in the night. The music comments on the demoniacal phantasmagoria.

Snatches of ancient orgiac ditties, choked by the rain of bitument and ashes on the terraces of Sodom and Gomorrah, are vaguely breathed. Dance measures, the shivering of stifled cymbals, the clapping of hands, sighs, and laughter that spreads and dies away. Then a voice arises from the abyss.

Herod is overcome. He hearkens. Mists now come up from the sea, enlaced figures assume a shape and mount from the depths, a living cloud from which, as brought forth by the dim dream and the ancient sin, Salome suddenly springs up, irresistible. Far off the thunder rolls. Salome begins to dance. Herod starts to his feet, and

Total darkness covers the stage, and the rest of the drama is seen imperfectly by flashes of lightning. There is the lascivious dance, Herod's pursuit, the amorous flight, Salome seized, her veils plucked off by the Tetrarch's hand. For a moment she is nude, but John suddenly appears, steps forward, and covers her with the anchorite's cloak. The furious gesture of Herod is quickly interpreted by Herodias. Her signal delivers John over to the executioner, who leads him away, and soon reappears, holding John's head on a brazen charger.

The triumphant Salome takes the trophy and outlines a step, laden with her funereal burden. Then, as one feeling sudden uneasiness, as if the voice of the beheaded had whispered in her ear, she runs swiftly to the edge of the terrace, and hurls the charger over the battlement into the sea. And the sea turns to the color of blood, and Salome falls in a swoon, while mad terror sweeps away Herod, Herodias, and the executioners in frantic flight.

Salome comes to herself. The head of John appears, stares at her, then disappears. Salome quakes and turns away, in anguish. The head again gazes at her from another part of the stage. Salome wishes to steal away. And the heads, arising, are now everywhere. Salome, terrified, turns about to escape the bloody vision.

As she dances, the storm breaks. A furious wind envelops her. Sulphurous clouds roll about the precipice; the tempest rocks the sea. Pillars of sand rush in the desert places. The tall cypresses writhe tragically, and break in pieces with a crash. The bolt falls, and shatters the stones of the citadel. Mount Nebo vomits flame. The chain of Moab is on fire. All things burst on the dancer, who is swept about by an infernal frenzy.

Schmitt's Music

Schmitt's individuality in "Salome" consists in his ability to blend excellent thematic material (and little enough of it usually) with cogent and penetrating harmonization. The melody, often no more than a phase or two repeated over and over, is always eloquent and distinguished. The harmony taken by itself, is a symphony in its own right, continually varied, continually free and incisive, yet so held together by the logic of its individual voices that it seems inevitable. It seems not written to support the melody any more than the melody is written to decorate the harmony. Yet the two become one as though they were evolved in one and the same creative process, as doubtless they were.

In this purely musical procedure there is abundant use of all sorts of means to sensuous effect, pure chords emphasized solely for their effect on the nerves, varied tempo (there is one passage marked $3\frac{1}{2}$ -4), mysterious pauses and poetic dissonances. Yet no single effect seems to exist by itself each seems to be an evitable part of the symphonic texture. The technical means employed by the composer are of many sorts. There is one chromatic downward passage composed entirely of the chord of repeated major thirds, a device capable of more barbarous effect than any other of the modern French school. When this downward passage later becomes complicated with an upward chromatic line in the bass the effect to the ear is no better than tonal jargon.

In seeking "Oriental color" Schmitt uses the familiar device of the skip of the augmented major second. But he uses it less as a matter of routine than do most composers. Sometimes he prefers subtle harmonic tinctures in a manner somewhat recalling the earlier pieces of Debussy. Here he is equally happy and somehow equally individual. Soft, pure chords, with their delicate crossing harmonies, rest the ear while constantly stimulating the attention.

The wild dance which ends the suite is a remarkable piece of writing. It is not in the least like Strauss's dance in "Salomé," which is a marvel of polyphonic deftness. Schmitt's Salomé is an animal, and has no existence outside her senses. She dances to an insistent 3-8 rhythm, while the orchestra continually sings a scrap of barbaric melody over no less barbaric harmonies. The emotional pressure never subsides. It mounts in its frenzy, now pounding out its fury in huge repeated chords, now striking terror with a savage theme in the bass, always accenting its fierce physical motion above all its music, as though in the mere savagery of motion the Oriental animal wished to give up her soul.

ORNSTEIN SOLOIST WITH THE SYMPHONY

9 Globe — Dec. 20/19
Pianist's Performance / Is
Extraordinarily Competent

Leo Ornstein, the much discussed Russian-American pianist, was the soloist at yesterday's Symphony Concert. In spite of his reputed bent for ultra-modern music, he elected to play an early work of MacDowell, the Second Piano Concerto, which dates from 1885.

His performance showed extraordinary technical competence, but he was too cool and collected to convey much of the limited but genuine wistfulness and glamour in the music to his hearers. The careful artistry of MacDowell is well illustrated by his choice of thoroughly congruous themes for the several movements of this concerto. He emphasizes its essential unity by recurrence in the last movement to the material used in the first.

One wonders how many listeners could divine, even after repeated hearings, anything of the stories supposed to be told by the music of such works as Balakireff's "Thamar" and Florent Schmitt's "The Tragedy of Salome," played yesterday, if they heard them without having read a program. When danced by the Russian Ballet, both pieces are doubtless vivid and engrossing. In the concert hall they sound muddled and groping, because the themes are fragmentary and development is sacrificed to expressiveness.

The texts by Lermontoff and D'Humieres, on which they are based, appeal primarily to the visual imagination of the reader. Neither author motivates or characterizes his personages. He only tries to make you see, hear and even smell strange remote and romantic scenes.

Although it is an experimental fact that music, like poetry, makes many people see pictures, especially people without intellectual interest in music, who go to concerts primarily to bathe in sounds, psychologists also have observed that no two people ever see exactly the same pictures when listening to a given piece of music.

The appeal of the great classics, furthermore, is to the intellect and to the formal imagination of the listener. Bach and Beethoven lose, rather than gain, when danced by a ballet. Wagner's "Tristan" and Debussy's "Pelleas," the most perfect operas yet written, have music which is better able to stand alone in the concert hall than lesser works like the two heard yesterday, simply because it is at bottom far

more formal. The fact that tone poems gain power in the danced versions, while absolute music suffers, seems to show that program music rests on an unintelligent confusion of the arts of poetry, drama, music and dance.

The orchestra and its leader gave competent and at times brilliant interpretations of the chosen numbers. The female chorus which assisted in one of the episodes in Schmitt's "Salome" performed a difficult task well.

This program will be repeated tonight. At the next concerts Joseph Bonnet will play Handel's Fourth Concerto for Organ. The other numbers are to be Brahms' First Symphony and Liszt's "Mephisto" Waltz.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Did you ever take a Huntington-av car past Symphony Hall Friday noon in Winter and watch your fellow-passengers crane their necks to look at the chilly but cheerful crowd camping on the steps waiting for the 25-cent rush seats at the afternoon Symphony concerts?

"I wouldn't wait in line an hour with the mercury 15 above—not even to get a free box seat for next year's 'World's Series!'" a male passenger declares emphatically.

"Nor I even to be first at the biggest bargain sale ever," answered his feminine companion.

Yet if Kreisler or Melba is announced as soloist, the Symphony line begins to gather by 10 a m for a concert at 2:30. People bundle up in their warmest clothes and bring newspapers to stand on and patiently endure three hours of Winter cold on the bare stone steps of the hall until the doors open at 1:30, and another weary hour inside to hear a concert an hour and a half long.

I said they were patient. Of course it's true they grumble against the management. They want to know why you can't get a ticket of admission in advance, instead of being able to get in for a quarter only on the "pay as you enter" system.

They object because the collector at the door refuses to stop and change \$10 bills while the whole line is held up. If you haven't your quarter in your hand as you go in the door you may get yanked out of the line and lose the place you nearly froze to win.

Perhaps the fatal number 505 is reached before the collector has time to attend to your case, or before you can find out which pocket you lost the precious coin out of. Then the doors are shut—and you are "out of luck." There are only 505 seats in the second balcony and no standing room is ever sold at Symphony concerts.

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Mr. LEO ORNSTEIN, pianist and composer, was born at Kremenchug in Southern Russia on December 11, 1895. As a boy he studied music with his father, a rabbi, who had been a synagogal cantor. In 1902, recommended to the Petrograd Conservatory, he was accepted at the Kiev Imperial School of Music, Vladimir Pulchalski, director; returning home, he studied with local teachers, but in 1904 he went to the Petrograd Conservatory. He studied harmony and theory with Medemi. Talk of a pogrom drove him home, and in 1907 the family came to New York. There he was given a scholarship in the Institute of Musical Art. His pianoforte teacher was Mrs. Bertha Feiring Tapper; he studied composition with Dr. Percy Goetschius and R. H. Woodman. In 1911 he visited European cities with Mrs. Tapper. His first recital in New York was at the New Amsterdam Theatre, on March 5, 1911. He gave concerts elsewhere. In 1913 he found his "true idiom of expression" as a composer, writing his "Dwarf" Suite. In 1913 he again visited Europe. He played in Berlin and in Norway. For a while he taught in Paris. His first recital in London was on March 27, 1914. In 1915 he gave in American cities his four recitals of ultra-modern music. The list of his compositions, which have excited attention by reason of their "revolutionary" nature, is already a long one, embracing orchestral pieces, a pianoforte concerto; sonatas and smaller pieces for violin, pianoforte, violoncello, also, for flute; chamber music, choral works, many piano pieces, and songs. His piano pieces, "March Funèbre" ("Dwarf" Suite) and "À la Chinoise," orchestrated by him, were played at concerts of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra on March 7, 8, 1919. One of his latest works is a pianoforte suite, "Poems of 1917," embodying impressions of the war.

In Boston he has given these recitals:—

1911, November 9. His "Paris Street Scene at Night," Nocturne, and "In the Style of Scarlatti," with Schubert's Sonata in A minor, and pieces by Chopin and Franck.

1915, November 16. His programme included his own Improvista, Impression de la Tamise, Wild Men's Dance; Cyril Scott's sonata; pieces by Ravel, Albeniz-Korngold; his own "The Waltzers" and "The Night," attributed to the composer "Vannin."

1915, December 7. His "Deux Impressions de Notre Dame"; pieces by Korngold, Ravel, Schönberg, Albeniz, Grondahl, Scott.

1916, January 11. His "Dwarf" Suite; pieces by Franck, Scott, Schönberg, Novak, Debussy.

1916, February 9. His Sonatina; Three Burlesques, Two Preludes, "Three Masqueraders," pieces by Debussy, Bach-Busoni, Schumann, Liszt, Ravel, Albeniz, Chopin, Rubinstein.

1916, February 22. His "Impressions de Notre Dame," Wild Men's Dance; pieces by Debussy, Scriabin, Schumann, Leschetitzky, Grieg, Ravel, Albeniz, Chopin, Mendelssohn-Liszt.

1917, March 3. Recital in aid of the Bertha Tapper Club Scholarship. Music by Chopin and Ravel.

1919, November 24. Mrs. McAllister's Musical Morning. His Sonatina, and "Impression of Chinatown"; music by Chopin, Debussy, Liszt.

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Conquer



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(Photograph by Apeda)

Tomorrow in His First and Deserved
ay Orchestra

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In Boston he has given these recitals:—

1911, November 9. His "Paris Street Scene at Night" and "In the Style of Scarlatti," with Schubert's Sonata and pieces by Chopin and Franck.

1915, November 16. His programme included his "Vista," Impression de la Tamise, Wild Men's Dance; sonata; pieces by Ravel, Albeniz-Korngold; his own "The Night," attributed to the composer "Vannini."

1915, December 7. His "Deux Impressions de la Tamise," pieces by Korngold, Ravel, Schönberg, Albeniz, Gronow.

1916, January 11. His "Dwarf" Suite; pieces by Schönberg, Novak, Debussy.

1916, February 9. His Sonatina; Three Burlesques, "Three Masqueraders," pieces by Debussy, Bach-Busoni, Liszt, Ravel, Albeniz, Chopin, Rubinstein.

1916, February 22. His "Impressions de Notre Dame," Dance; pieces by Debussy, Scriabin, Schumann, Lescop, Ravel, Albeniz, Chopin, Mendelssohn-Liszt.

1917, March 3. Recital in aid of the Bertha Tapper Relief Ship. Music by Chopin and Ravel.

1919, November 24. Mrs. McAllister's Musical Evening. Sonatina, and "Impression of Chinatown"; music by Liszt.

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He Stoops to Conquer



Leo Ornstein, Pianist

(Photograph by Apeda)

As He Will Be Seen — and Also Heard — Today and Tomorrow in His First and Deserved Appearances With the Symphony Orchestra

MR. ORNSTEIN JUSTIFIES HIMSELF AND A POLICY

Transl. — Dec. 22, 1919
His Promise as Pianist Fulfilled and Youth in Deserved Place at the Symphony Concerts—The Annual Christmas Rite of "The Messiah" Duly Accomplished—Debussy's "Jeux" and Glazunov's "Stenka Razin" in Prospect—Mme. Frijsh and Notable Songs from Musorgsky—Mr. Thibaud and a Rarely Played Piece

ON more scores than one, it was pleasure to see Mr. Ornstein sitting gravely at the piano on the stage of Symphony Hall last Friday and Saturday, and to hear the public of the Symphony Concerts applauding warmly his playing of MacDowell's Concerto in D-minor—a piece nowadays more displaying the pianist than the composer. By all means a searching and exemplary standard should determine the coming of an "assisting artist" to the Symphony Orchestra at home. The invitation should be kept, as it has long been, a signal honor, awarded only when some protégé was forced unworthily into the concerts and immediately and coldly discovered as such by a practised audience. In double fashion, however, should that standard be applied. It should measure the best of the youthful talents in our concert-rooms and the best of the matured abilities. When both have been sifted, then both should be summoned to Symphony Hall. In the final years of the Higginsonian régime, far too many of the "soloists" were "old stagers" from whom the listeners knew precisely what to expect in personality and performance. Fortunate in those days was the youngster for whom the door was set ajar. Able and interesting as he usually proved himself, it was hard not to believe that he was somebody's protégé. Wisely the new management has sought deserving youth for "soloists," as in other respects it has transfused new blood and young blood into the Symphony Concerts. Last season, for example, it called Mr. Heifetz and Mr. Levitzki; while this season it has already brought Mr. Spalding and Mr. Ornstein. To all four the audiences have returned long and loud applause. Clearly no wish have they, for the most part, that the Symphony Concerts become a "closed shop"—either on the stage or in the auditorium—for the elderly.

The pleasure of Mr. Ornstein's presence and playing ran the higher because a few years ago, "the safe and sane," who are quite as numerous as they should be in the public of Symphony Hall, counted him no more than a passing "freak." In those days, Mr. Ornstein undertook recitals of his own in Boston and divided the programmes between pieces by the ultra-moderns and pieces by himself. His Schönberg and Scott, his Ravel and Korngold were interesting to hear. So, also, however strange, were his own numbers. Mr. Ornstein was then barely out of his teens; in them he had written much music in which he had expressed mood, picture, emotion, impression, the piano, himself, vehemently, outlandishly, extravagantly, but always sincerely, and, as some of us chose to believe, often with imagination, range and individuality, and never with the prudence and the predilections of mediocrity. Moreover, the quality of Mr. Ornstein's ultra-moderns and his own quality as composer were one thing, while the merit and the promise of his playing were quite another. Few who heard him in Boston in the winter of 1915-16, if they had open ears to hear and open minds to judge, could have doubted that he was a pianist even then in rare command of touch and tone, versed in his instrument, sensitive and imaginative with it, as responsive and resourceful with the music in hand. In four short years, he has ripened and deepened his finer instincts, traits, abilities. It was a distinguished pianist in many an attribute that the audience of Friday and Saturday heard and applauded. Mr. Ornstein might well have waved away the nervousness that plainly beset him. For in the ears of all who heard, his promise stood unmistakably fulfilled.

A FEAT FROM MR. MONTEUX IN CAMBRIDGE

Transl. — Dec. 19, 1919
Two Fragments of "Tristan" in Thrilling Performance by Conductor and Orchestra Both — A Gentle Pianist and His Gentle Concerto—Miss Crosby Sings Interesting Songs—A New Symphony from Mr. Converse—Mme. Frijsh in January

ADMITTEDLY the monthly concerts in Cambridge of the Symphony Orchestra are a part of its routine-work; while outside the numbers chosen by the "assisting artists," the programmes usually traverse pieces already heard or soon to be heard in Boston.

Occasionally, however—the "soloists" again aside—something befalls in Sanders Theatre which has not come to pass in Symphony Hall and which may never occur there. Quite unexpectedly, such happening signalized the Symphony Concert of last evening—the third in the current series—on the further side of the Charles. The final item upon Mr. Monteux's list was the Prelude to Wagner's opera, "Tristan" to which was joined, as often, the arrangement for orchestra of Isolde's last speech—in the sunset, above her dead lover, in the final clearing of her racked heart and confused world. The conductor had included both pieces in the recent concert in Boston for the Pension Fund of the band and had succeeded but measurably with them. Through the journey of the last fortnight southward and westward he set them on various programmes. The outcome of these repetitions and, doubtless, of a swift flair of the moment in both leader and orchestra, was a more impassioned and impressive performance of both Prelude and Closing Scene than Bostonian ears have heard since the relatively distant days of Mahler and Toscanini in the opera house. For Dr. Muck, it will be readily recalled, was less eloquent with music from "Tristan" than with any other Wagnerian fragment.

The orchestra had hardly sounded the first measures of the Prelude—Isolde's soliloquy of love and fate in the first act—before it was clear that the conductor and his forces were on their mettle. The declamation of the violoncellos might have been the expressive tones of Miss Ternina or Mme. Fremstad. The succeeding nervous suspense before the Prelude turns into music of the desire that is stronger than death or destiny, tingled upon ear and emotions as Mr. Monteux and the wind-choir gave it voice. The transition itself missed no whit of tragic accent. Through the music of desire mounted and mounted the unsated passion, ever renewed, the twined voices of the lovers. Only a little, in rare instants of excess of zeal, did Mr. Monteux blur a strand, while not once did he rein his brass-choir too freely. Since Mr. Toscanini's day the music has not moved in such beauty, thrill, illusion, holding the senses rapt. It fell away and Mr. Monteux passed to Isolde's apostrophe. He missed not one of the tragic voices that it weaves out of the opera into a final web of tonal passion and splendor. At every turn the orchestra, individually and choir by choir, caught his eloquence. The music rose, expanded as in Mahler's radiant intensities; the climax, so hollow at the concert for the Pension Fund, was full-throated to the last inner voice; the end paled into peace. After all, Mr. Monteux can do his feats; has his moments when he is above himself. For near twenty of them he and the orchestra had held their hearers, emo-

tionally, in the hollow of their hands. Not German music, in spite of the American Legion, but genius-music, universal, possibly everlasting.

The concert began with Chaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony likewise garnered from the programme for the Pension Fund and the recent journeyings. Mr. Monteux has no mind to the music as Slav melodrama, according to the voice of most Russian conductors. No more can he give it the tragic accent which somehow Mr. Nikisch used to impart. Soundly and roundly, obviously and straightforwardly, the Parisian plays it and leaves the rest to the inventor of the squeezed melody of the first movement, the clipped and reluctant waltz of the second, the exuberant quickstep of the third, the desolation of the fourth. And listening ears and answering minds thought—what they thought; judged each according to themselves. It is the very newest fashion to call this tonal self-torture, this tonal self-revelation, this intrinsically personal music of mingled passion and hysteria, "Bolshevistic," though Chaikovsky set it to music-paper twenty-five years ago when the Tsars and "Holy Russia" seemed nearly as unshakable as the wintry stars. So may frightened minds go addled. It is a less recent fashion to call the symphony stale, overrated, outmoded. Praised and played to excess it was in the stirred and unquestioning nineties, when it was the newest, the best-liked of contemporary symphonies. Outmoded it may be, but less than many another piece of Chaikovsky in these days of subtler, sharper ways with tones. Possibly an older verdict is the sanest: The symphony is music of Chaikovsky's opened heart; and its passion of self-revelation is its salvation. The Russian lays bare in tones the very entrails of his spirit. We Anglo-Saxons, as curious a race in our way as the Russians in theirs, find the process exciting in the concert-room.

Between Chaikovsky and Wagner—uneasy, perilous place—stood Mr. George Frederick Boyle of Baltimore, pianist and composer, in a Concerto in D minor heard for the first time in this vicinity. It is a concise, compact, neatly made, wholly unpretentious music. It "exposes" certain motives, as the analysts like to say; it "deals with them"—to quote again the patois of programme-books—in mildly interesting fashion. Mr. Boyle is minded to a gentle harmonic coloring, flowing measures, simple euphonies. Smoothly he coordinates piano and orchestra; wisely he eschews both the rhapsodic and the displayful veins. As composer, as pianist, his hand is light, his touch crisp. Not too deep or exacting are his moods; everywhere he writes a transparent, unemphatic, courteous, almost smiling, music. Like the pianist in and out of Cambridge, it comes, it goes in a polite thirty minutes. H. T. P.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919-20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

NINTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, AT 8 P.M.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY No. 1, in C minor, op. 68

- I. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro
 - II. Andante sostenuto
 - III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso
 - IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio
-

HANDEL,

CONCERTO for Organ No. 4, in F major, op. 4

- I. Allegro
 - II. Andante
 - III. Adagio; Allegro
-

LISZT.

SECOND EPISODE from Lenau's "Faust".
The Dance in the Village Tavern. (Mephisto Waltz)

Soloist:

JOSEPH BONNET



Joseph Bonnet, Organist

SYMPHONY OF BRAHMS IS PLAYED

'Mephisto' Waltz and
Concerto Also on
Programme

Post

Dec. 27/19

BY OLIN DOWNES

The heroic symphony of Brahms in C minor opened the programme of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Joseph Bonnet played the organ in the performance of a Handel concerto in F major for organ and orchestra. Liszt's "Mephisto" waltz brought the end of the concert.

WORK A CLASSIC

Mr. Monteux's interpretation of the Brahms symphony showed again what a serious and ardent student of classic masterpieces he is, and the Brahms of the C minor symphony is certainly a classic today, romantic as are many pages of this extraordinary work.

A work so extraordinary in its dramatic outbursts, its frequent passages of nobly lyrical feeling, that one wonders what this first symphony would have turned into had Brahms been just a little less reverential in his attitude toward the orchestra of Beethoven and the virtue of symphonic form. In the first place the music, no matter how sympathetic one feels toward it, seems to cry out for richer and more telling instrumentation.

Then as to form: If only there were not so conscious a girding of the loins

There will be no Public Rehearsal and

in the finale and so lofty an attitude of goodness in the slow movement. We prefer to this movement the slow movement of the second symphony. It is as deep, as reflective, as Brahmsish as anyone could wish, but it is profoundly and intrinsically Brahms, whereas the slow movement of this first symphony appears to us as Brahms rather deliberately donning the toga of Beethoven. It also appears as if Brahms in place of a scherzo which could be grim, domineering, but lively in pace, was afraid that if in this gray and heroic work he indulged in a scherzo he might by some chance laugh. Perhaps he had in mind a Boston audience when he wrote the movement, for he does not laugh. He goes walking along through the country with a dignified demeanor and an autumnal smile. If there were a little less material in the finale, if the main lines of this great movement were a little less sub-divided in details—details so rich, so important, so intimately related to all the rest—the powerful sweep of the music would be less difficult to maintain.

Shows Understanding

Mr. Monteux, as we have said, shows his depth of understanding of the great symphonic works whenever he touches them. He has a very strong feeling for their proportion, their logic and continuity of thought. Some conductors make a prodigious effect with the introduction of this symphony, then rush madly through the main body of the movement. Mr. Monteux did not exaggerate the characteristics of either section. By admirably chosen tempi he made the entire movement indivisible and also brought out into full relief the lyrical phrases which frequently occur and which are as frequently neglected by conductors. There were new nuances, wholly appropriate to the thought in the slow movement, and beautiful orchestral colors. For us the pace of the third movement was too slow, but there were those who felt that they had heard the right tempo for this movement for the first time in many seasons.

Mr. Bonnet rates the Handel concerto very highly. He certainly played the organ beautifully and with musicianly authority, arousing great enthusiasm by his performance. For the writer the high lights of the concerto are the slow movement and the introduction to the last. He finds the opening very commonplace and pedestrian in the manner of Handel's time. The fugue is brilliant and well made, and the organ sounds bravely. Mr. Bonnet was recalled fully half a dozen times.

Concert next week.

Irreverent by Comparison

Irreverent, if not indelicate, was the pot-house music of Liszt after those eminent worthies, Handel and Brahms, who had preceded him. The "Mephisto" waltz, which Mr. Monteux played with abounding devilry, seemed to stick its tongue in its cheek and make faces at what had gone by. This waltz is pretty "old hat" today. We are no longer alarmed as we listened to music inspired by the scene from Lenau's "Faust," the scene in which Mephistopheles throws Faust into the arms of a black-eyed village wench and fiddles till the very walls totter and turn pale because they cannot join in the dance. Just the same, the opening—Mephistopheles tuning his fiddle—has a flair. Mr. Bedetti's gorgeous tone graced the passage which today is almost maudlin, senile in its sentimentality, its pseudo-amorousness. At such a lover the wench of Lenau would have snapped her fingers. But this one can note and at it marvel: Liszt's amazing mastery of form, his wit, his spirit, his originality in instrumentation, tarnished and tawdry as some of it sounds today, more than half a century after it was conceived. After all, it is the music of a genius.

SYMPHONY CONCERT Trans. Dec. 26, 1919 THE AFTERNOON OF BRAHMS AND BONNET

Mr. Monteux Succeeds Well, in Spite of Occasional Shortcomings, with the German's First and Eloquent Symphony—The Organist Exalts a Concerto by Haendel Already Exalted, and Last Liszt as Devil's Advocate in Devil's Dance

WHEN, at the Symphony Concerts, the new régime of French conductors succeeded the old régime of German, there was ominous shaking of heads among the devotees hereabouts of the music of Brahms. We shall never hear it again, they said one to another lamenting. For in the Teutonic view or the pseudo-Teutonic view—both not unknown in and around concert-halls in these United States—it is unthinkable that a French conductor should, of his own motion, play one, two or three of Brahms's symphonic pieces. If he did so, continued the mourners, striking appropriate attitudes around the bust of the Founder and Sustainer on the easterly side of Symphony Hall, he would yield only to the traditions of the orchestra or to the obvious expectation of its public. None the less, a symphony by

Brahms—the pleasurable second—graced one of Mr. Rabaud's programmes last winter, while, yesterday, the more stirring first began the music of the afternoon. Between whiles, it may be recalled, Brahms's second Concerto for piano and orchestra was somehow squeezed into the commemorative concerts a week after the death of Mr. Higginson. By report of kinsfolk and friends he liked the piece. There is not a whit less reason to believe that Mr. Rabaud liked the second symphony and Mr. Monteux the first, though, doubtless, either conductor made his choice with thought of a rounded repertory for a long series of concerts. Neither, it is safe to say, chose his symphony perfunctorily or with uneasy notion of obligation. The deepest-dyed "Brahmsianer" as the Germans say, need have no fear for the future of his favorite composer at the Symphony Concerts, even if that composer's name recur not quite so frequently on programmes as it did in the days of Gericke, Fiedler and Muck. There are others—interesting others—whose names have hardly recurred at all under those dispensations. Mr. Monteux makes diligent and fruitful quest for them.

Moreover, Mr. Rabaud's version of the second symphony and Mr. Monteux's version of the first gave distinct pleasure to open-minded hearers. Mr. Rabaud's in particular, was a notably individualized performance that lent a grace, a charm, a sentiment to the music that many a conductor, more Teutonic, had overlooked. After all, Brahms, light-voiced and seemingly fanciful, was good to hear. In turn, Mr. Monteux's version of the first symphony yesterday, had clear merits and yielded unmistakable satisfactions, even if his was a less individualized "reading" of the music in hand than was Mr. Rabaud's. The relative pace of different conductors with a symphony played at long intervals, is a "pesky" thing to recollect. Possibly, Mr. Monteux took the first movement, especially at the beginning, somewhat more swiftly than Dr. Muck used to do, and with no appreciable gain—indeed with some loss—of eloquence. Possibly also, the Parisian correspondingly stayed the pace of the Andante, but here with audible advantage to the music. Indeed, the longest memory may hardly recall this slow movement played with such loveliness of tone, quiet grace of progress and contrast and suffused melancholy of mood as it was yesterday by Pierre Monteux of Paris and, as it fortunately happens, of other parts of Europe and a fraction of America.

On the other hand, the conductor missed the rhythmic life, the upspringing elasticity, the leaping exuberance with which the joyous finale can be and, in the ears of many of his hearers, has been made to sound. Yet with this reservation and even another over certain harsh tumults of sound in the first movement, Mr. Mon-

teux's "reading" gave recurring pleasure. He caught the streaming progress, the rich harmonic coloring of the very first measures of the symphony; nor did he lack freedom or eloquence with the moody transitions that follow; while especially vivid was he in the return of motifs or melody. The Scherzo moved in the shadowy harmonic mist and at the pensive pace altogether characteristic of Brahms. In the celebrated preluding to the Finale Mr. Monteux gained distinctly more tonal suspense than he did in the like transition in Beethoven's fifth symphony. Over-drive the brass as he sometimes will, thicken as he now and then does outline and coloring, he was steadily graphic and often eloquent with this symphony in C minor. If adroit detailing and a conductor's little characterizing touches upon a cherished music were missing, the larger contours, the opener progress, the ampler eloquence of Brahms stood clear. Moreover, at every turn, the orchestra seconded the leader. The strings were a marvel of soft-textured and luminous tone through the Andante, the wood-winds were of like quality; while the new horn-player, Mr. van den Berg, clearly knows the secrets of Brahms's pet instrumental coloring.

Then ensued what to many a hearer was the event of the day. Once more an organist was "soloist" at the Symphony Concerts, and an organist of no less proved quality and deserved reputation than Mr. Bonnet, virtuoso of strange fortunes in this town of ours. First he played in a church to an audience of fellow-organists and students of the organ. Next he advanced to a Concerto and, possibly, miscellaneous pieces, at a concert for war-charity and found himself cut abruptly short by the relentless fuel-dictator. Then others than organists filled a church to hear him; and now, this season as last, he is in full vogue at the Symphony Concerts. Intent silence while he played, loud applause when he had ended, once more attested the public interest and the public favor. Fortunately, however, were the connoisseurs in the music that Mr. Bonnet finally played—Händel's Concerto in F major (Op. 4, No. 4) in lieu of the announced Concerto in D minor (Op. 7, No. 4). He played it, moreover, with no more than the original accompaniment of strings and oboes that Händel himself put, almost completely, to paper. From him so choosing, so playing, many a listener heard for the first time the pure voice of the organ, unalloyed, unclouded, unforced, sensuously beautiful upon the ear and spiritually beautiful upon the imagination.

Far enough is this Concerto from the bedaubed, bespangled, pseudo-orchestral, altogether displayful stuff that many a modern organist intricately and besottedly writes. Hardly less remote was it from the organ as the sentimentalized instru-

ment of "Meditations," "Adorations" and "Visions," wherein one suspects the late Monsieur Massenet, fresh from "Phais" and "Le Jongleur," as persistent organist. Here in Händel's Concerto was limpid beauty of melodic line, occasional loveliness of sparing ornament, the controlled voice of instrumental song now upswelling but still measured, or else in subdued and pensive glow. The little orchestra wrought its contrasts; the organist wove and colored his patterns; now and again they joined their voices; while once to him alone fell the measures, leading into the Finale, wherein Händel's gentle exaltation rises highest. For here is no music of the bewigged and striding Händel composing pompous Concerti Grossi or ceremonial ode and anthem for the proud and pious nobility and gentry of a Georgian England; but a Händel achieving the spiritual beauty that may dwell in music and that the voice of the organ may impart and intensify. And here also was Mr. Bonnet, for the time no virtuoso-organist, but priest to summon that beauty by the devotion of head and heart, by the skill of unnoted hand and half-hidden foot out of the shrine in which it waited. Yet doing so, he was the more the master-organist. Seldom has the pure voice of music in spirit and in truth been so lifted in Symphony Hall as it was in this organ-concerto of yesterday.

Last, as in certain ceremonies of the medieval church, came the turn of the Devil's Advocate. Needless almost, to say, Liszt was at hand to play the part; while the costume that he wore on this occasion was the familiar music of the orchestral the rustic merry-makers filled the tavern with their clumsy romping. Again there was something uncanny in the air, as well as in the empty fifths of the double-basses. Again the hand and the spirit of the fiend somehow penetrated the music. Once more, the violoncello intoned its sensual measures, thrust into the tonal mass like a bold caress. Once more the oboe touched in the sting of voluptuous delights. Loud in the tuba guffawed Mephistopheles and in the tumult out into the woods Faust swept Lenau's willing girl of the black hair. Music of diabolic as well as sensual beat and tang, if the hearer chooses so to regard it—music that once shocked the blue-eyed fathers of symphony concerts in this town. The diabolic in tones, however, has gone a deal farther since the days of the quavering Dwight, since the days, even, of Liszt himself. Strauss has tried his hand at it and so has a certain Monsieur Ravel—each with no slight success and with no little response from the children of darkness, dwelling in this twentieth century. The "Mephisto Waltz," however, remains a vividly theatrical music and with such pieces Mr. Monteux excels.

H. T. PARKER

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Dec. The Music of Boston 27, 1919.
Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place on December 26 with the following program:

Brahms—Symphony No. 1.
Handel—Organ concerto No. 4 in F major.
Liszt—Second episode from Lenau's Faust (Mephisto Waltz).
Joseph Bonnet was the soloist.

Yesterday's performance of the symphony was the first since November 10, 1916 and is was interesting to note its effect after so long an interval. It would seem that one either admires Brahms' music warmly or coldly respects it. Those who are moved by admiration must have felt that admiration increased after yesterday, and those who are moved by respect must have felt their respect, let us hope, not diminished. The playing of the symphony could have aroused nothing but enthusiasm. The whole conception of the piece both on the part of the conductor and the orchestra was clear and the execution well balanced.

The more we hear of Handel's music the more we regret that there are still so many of his compositions which are neglected—arias, orchestral pieces, concertos—a perfect mine of beautiful music awaiting discovery by some musical adventurer. The concerto for the organ was a delight from beginning to end—that is as played by Mr. Bonnet, who gave the needed grace and charm to its flowing eighteenth century phrases. His registration contained many happy effects, especially near the close of the andante, and he displayed throughout the work the qualities of taste and refinement for which he is so justly renowned. Liszt's Mephisto Waltz brought the program to a brilliant close. Little by little we are beginning to realize Liszt's greatness as a composer—perhaps the greatest of the romantic school—and we are gradually coming to see him as a great innovator in harmonic and orchestral coloring, the originator of many of the devices deemed novel by present-day compos-

ers. As we are introduced to one so-called novel effect after another in the music of the moderns, it becomes more and more interesting to trace their origins in the music of the great Abbé. The performance was brilliant, rhythmic and poetic and proved Mr. Monteux's fine understanding of Liszt's music, if further proof were needed after his superlatively fine reading of "Les Préludes" earlier in the season.

MR. ELLIS TO RETIRE AS CONCERT MANAGER

Dec. 27, 1919.
Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—It has become known that Charles A. Ellis, for many years one of the best known concert managers of the United States, and from 1885 to 1918 manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is planning to retire from business at the end of the current season. Of the artists under his management, two, Fritz Kreisler and Sergei Rachmaninoff, will be under the direction of Charles E. Foley, who has been Mr. Ellis' assistant. It is not yet known who will manage the others, including Geraldine Farrar, Rosita Renard and Arthur Hackett. Mr. Ellis in his long career as a manager has become known as a man of his word and as one with whom artists have liked to be associated. His departure from the field will be regretted.

INSURE MEMBERS OF BOSTON SYMPHONY

The trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have taken out group insurance for the members of the orchestra to the amount of \$100,000. The insurance covers the eventual death or total disability of any member, and is entirely distinct from the pension fund, which remains. *Herald Dec. 26, 1919.*

Philip Greeley Clapp Married

Mr. and Mrs. William Chamberlain announce the marriage in New York city, of their daughter, Gladys Elizabeth, to Philip Greeley Clapp, professor of music at the Iowa State University, where he went last October. Mr. and Mrs. Clapp are to be "at home" after Jan. 15, at 334 South Summit avenue, Iowa City. *Trans. — Dec. 30, 1919.*

9TH CONCERT OF SYMPHONY

Dec. 27, 1919.
Compositions by Brahms,
Handel and Liszt Prom-
inent on the Program

ORGANIST BONNET WINS APPLAUSE

The program of the ninth pair of Boston Symphony concerts, Pierre Monteux, conductor, the first of which was given yesterday in Symphony Hall, follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 1 in C minor; Handel, Concerto in F major No. 4 (organist), Joseph Bonnet; Liszt, "The Dance in the Village Tavern" (Mephisto Waltz), from Lenau's "Faust."

Undeterred by the holidays, the concert patrons were present in full number to enjoy the good, solid, foundational music of Brahms, Handel and Liszt. Joseph Bonnet, a devoted exponent of the older and finer organ music, is to be commended for choosing the Concerto in F major No. 4, which in no part is "lesser" Handel. It was perhaps Handel's genius that made the display in the first movement plausible and impressive, the ornament felicitous in all its elaboration. The Andante, dignified and serene, is wonderfully rich in treasure, and the final Allegro, nobly ushered in, piles up in power by contrapuntal skill to a high flood of joyousness. Complemented by the singing strings about him, Mr. Bonnet's playing was ideal to the purpose—clean, delicate and poised, always regardless of the ensemble. Judging from the many bows he had to make, he must have provided as much pleasure as many a pianist and singer.

Applause also indicated a great satisfaction in the first Symphony of Brahms, always eagerly returned to, which on this occasion had a robust and sonorous performance. In the famous solo passage for the French horn, Mr. Van Den Berg, newly come to the orchestra from Europe, disclosed a smooth and lustrous tone which fully qualifies him to sit with such distinguished virtuosi as Messrs. Longy, Sand, Laurent and Fradkin, who glorified the exquisite episodes allotted to them, and were again well heard in the

music of Liszt. The "Mephisto Waltz" cannot compete with certain symphonic poems if only a tune is desired, but the devil described in it is interesting—the more so for his trumpery and sleight-of-hand. As orchestration the piece remains splendid to hear with effects unsurpassed.

The program for the Symphony concerts of Jan. 2 and 3, follows: Mendelssohn, Symphony No. 5 ("Reformation"); Debussy, "Jeux" ("Play"), a danced poem; Glazounoff ("Stenka Razin"), symphonic poem.

BONNET SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Dec. 27, 1919.
Parisian Organist Assists in
Handel Concerto

Joseph Bonnet, organist of the Church of Saint Eustache in Paris, was the soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert. He is well known in Boston from several appearances here in recitals and as soloist at a pair of Symphony concerts last season. A note which he contributed to the program book explains that he has made very few additions and changes in Handel's score of the Concerto in F major, op 4, no 4.

He deserves commendation for thus refraining from introducing the modern "improvements" in the shape of an augmented orchestration and "brilliant" cadenzas which disfigure so many performances of 18th century music nowadays. His technical skill is phenomenal. Few indeed are the organists who can play legato passages deftly and rapidly without blurring a single note, and without lapses into staccato.

His runs are like those of a great pianist bent on perfecting his technique. But the technical problems of organ playing seems to absorb most of his attention. He neglects nuances in his interpretation.

The real feature was the Brahms Symphony in C minor, No. 1. It seems almost incredible that the supposed dullness and crudeness of Brahms should ever have lent point to the jest that the fire escapes in Symphony Hall ought to be labeled "This way out in case of Brahms." Yet the vehement applause which compelled the orchestra to rise in acknowledgment as the end came mainly from the younger portion of the audience, to whom, of course, that composer seems thoroughly com-

parable to Beethoven, Bach and Wagner, and as surely immortal as any one of the three.

The finale of the symphony, which shows the influence of the symphonic poems of the romantic composers in its comparative freedom of structure, surpasses them all both in perfection of workmanship and in emotional intensity. It needs no literary program or rhapsodic commentary to make it enthralling. It is more powerful, if less perfect, than the other symphonic movement, which is the highest achievement of Brahms, the first one in his Fourth Symphony, a masterpiece of construction.

Mr. Monteux' interpretation showed that he felt strongly and understood perfectly the power of the themes. In development passages, however, he often quickened the tempo and sometimes chopped up the phrases either

through nervousness or in a mistaken endeavor for expressiveness.

The true eloquence comes from steady lengthening and broadening of the phrases. The episodes must be subordinated to the total effect of the whole movement. Halt at least of the excellence of Dr. Muck as a conductor of such music was due to his perception of the fact that the variety in great symphonic movements is there only because it really contributes to their essential unity.

Liszt's "Mephisto" waltz was brilliantly played. This program will be repeated tonight. At the concerts next week Mendelssohn's forgotten "Reformation" Symphony will be revived, Debussy's "Jeux" will be given for the first time in America, and Glazounoff's "Stenka Razin" will be played for the first time at these concerts.

Monteux, Head of Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Action



Mr. JOSEPH BONNET, organist and composer, was born at Bordeaux, on March 17, 1884. His father, organist of the church of Sainte Eulalie, gave him his first music lessons. When he was fourteen years old, Joseph was made organist of the church of Saint Nicolas at Bordeaux, later of the church of Saint Michel. He gave a recital that attracted attention. Entering the Paris Conservatory, he studied the organ with Guilmant. In 1906 (July 6)

he was awarded a first prize for organ playing. First prizes were that year to Messrs. Barié and Vierne. The subject was given by Gigout; the subject for free improvisation

Before Mr. Bonnet was awarded the prize, he was a competition (March 23, 1906) organist of Saint Eustache in order to pursue without interruption his studies in the conservatory he did voluntary service in the army when he was a half year old instead of awaiting the regular age of twenty-one. He soon became known throughout Paris

at the concerts of the Société Nationale, the Société Bach, the Société de Musique, and the concerts of Lamoureux and Colonne. Mr. Bonnet was named organist of the Société du Conservatoire. In the season of 1910-11 he gave many recitals at Saint Eustache. He has given recitals in London, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, and his compositions for the organ are many, and he is the first to play at his series of five historical recitals. He played for the first time in this country in the Great Hall of the city of New York, January 30, 1917.

In 1917, Mr. Bonnet gave a recital at the new Old

On January 23, 1918, he played in Symphony Hall, which took place for the benefit of the Edith Wharton

His associates were Mme. Gabrielle Gills, soprano, of the Société des Instruments Anciens. He then played pieces by Beethoven, Grigny, and a concerto by Handel. He gave a recital at Emmanuel Church, March 17, 24, 1918.

He was at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on December 13, 14, 1918 (Guilmant's Symphony No. 1, D minor, for organ and orchestra.)

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On April 16, 1917, Mr. Bonnet gave a recital at the new Old South Church. On January 23, 1918, he played in Symphony Hall, where a concert took place for the benefit of the Edith Wharton War Charities. His associates were Mme. Gabrielle Gills, soprano, and the Société des Instruments Anciens. He then played pieces by Bach, Clérambault, Grigny, and a concerto by Handel. He gave recitals at the Emmanuel Church, March 17, 24, 1918.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919-20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

TENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, AT 8 P.M.

MENDELSSOHN,

SYMPHONY No. 5, "Reformation," op. 107

I. Andante: Allegro con fuoco

II. Allegro vivace

III. Andante; Andante con moto; Allegro vivace; Allegro
maestoso

DEBUSSY,

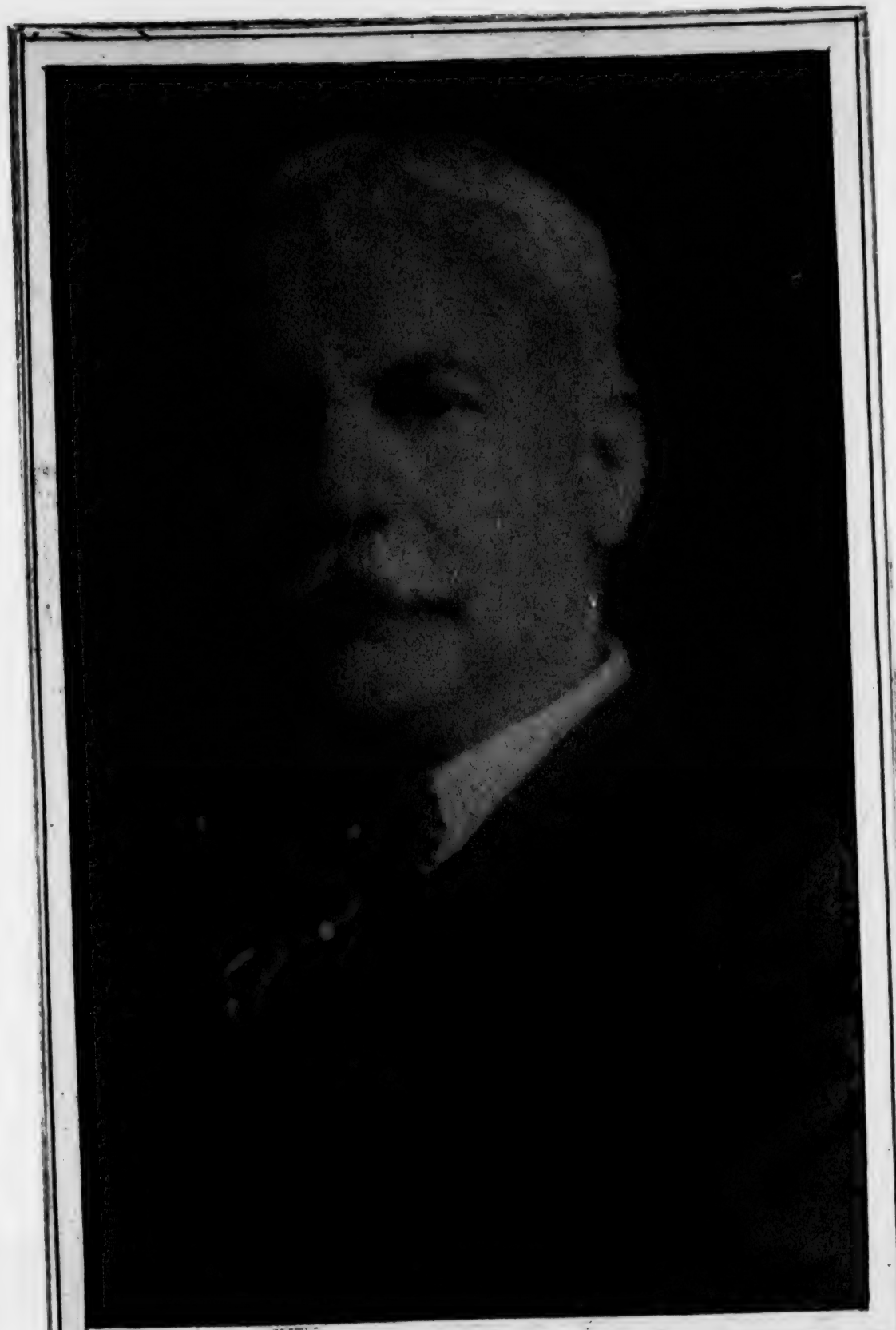
A DANCED PLAY, "Jeux," (Play)

(First performance in America)

GLAZOUNOFF.

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Stenka Razin," op. 13

[First time at these Concerts]



Philip Hale. Not a Composer, but Probably the
Most Authoritative Music Critic of the Country.
(Photograph by Bachrach.)

10TH CONCERT OF SYMPHONY

Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Work Has First Place on Program

DEBUSSY'S "JEUX" ANOTHER FEATURE

By PHILIP HALE

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program included Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony, Debussy's "Jeux" and Glazounoff's symphonic poem, "Stenka Razin." "Jeux" was performed probably for the first time in this country. Glazounoff's tone-poem, first performed here at one of Mr. Lang's "Chickering Production Concerts" in 1904, was heard yesterday for the first time at a Symphony concert.

Mendelssohn's symphony was new to the great majority of the audience. The first performance in America was at a Handel and Haydn concert in 1868, the year that the score was published. Mendelssohn evidently did not think much of his work, for he did not wish it published during his lifetime, nor did he like to hear of performances. The Harvard Musical Association played the Symphony in 1868 and in later years gave three performances of the Scherzo. There were at least two performances by the Boston Symphony Orchestra; the last was in 1886, if we are not mistaken. The Scherzo was played here twice by Theodore Thomas's orchestra.

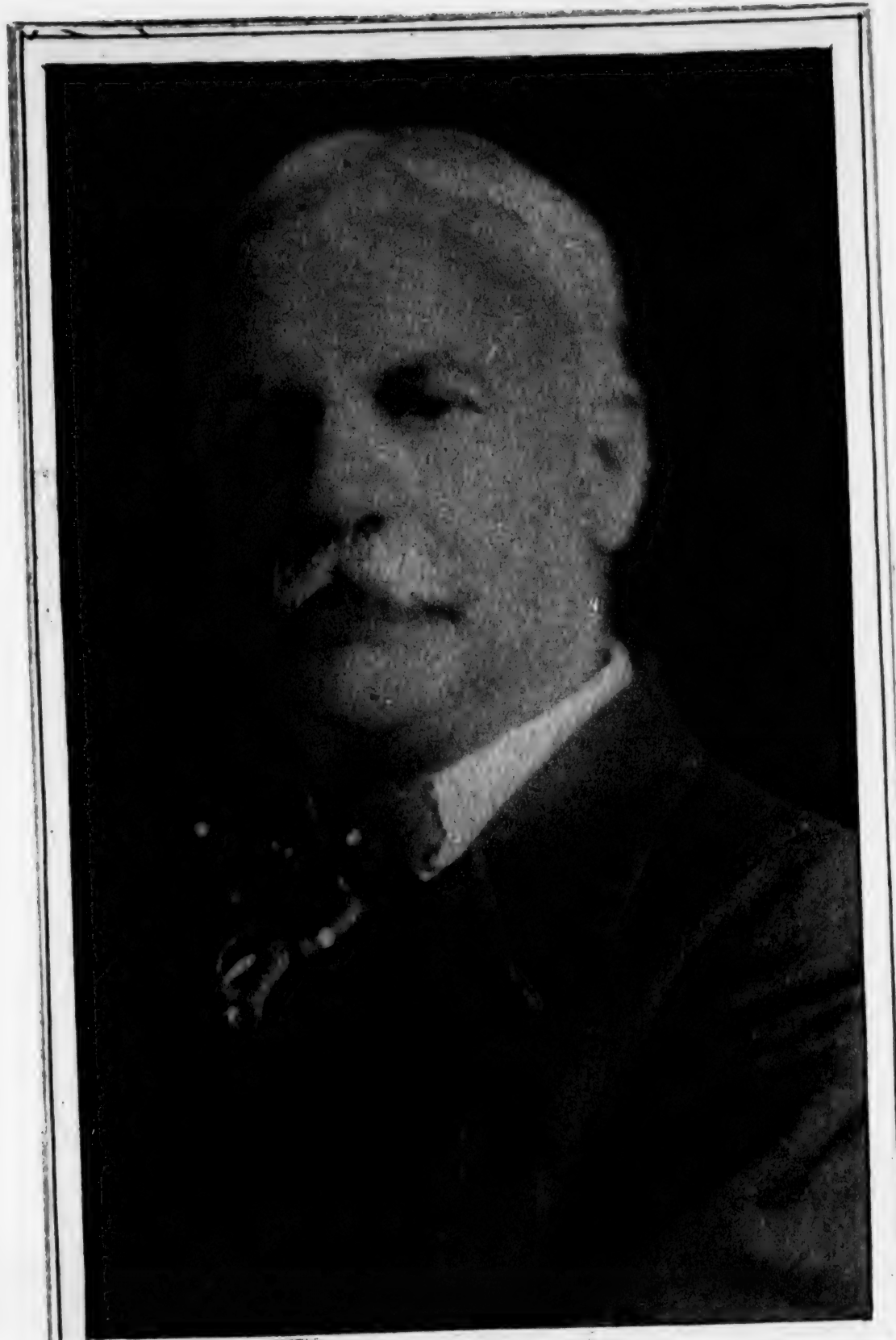
The reason for this neglect is not far to seek: The music is for the most part perfunctory and deadly dull. The only measures of interest in the first movement are those of the "Dresden Amen," used years afterward by Wagner in "Parsifal." The Scherzo shines by contrast with the other movements; it is suave, graceful, eminently Mendelssohnian in its scherzo character. The andante is as sentimental as the most sentimental of the "Songs Without Words." The treatment of Luther's choral, "A Safe Stronghold," is not impressive, and the finale with its pedestrian counterpoint might have been written by some English doctor of music for his oratorio "Jeroboam" or "Keren-happuch." Mr. Monteux and his merry men did their

best to make the dry bones live, but only the Scherzo gave pleasure. Still it was worth while to revive the symphony, if only to show what arid music could be written by a composer of certain romantic and charming works.

Debussy's music was sadly in need of the stage effects and the miming of the dancers. It was written for a singular ballet. The composer, it is said, was greatly harassed by the demands of Nijinsky. Here again a filmed representation of the ballet displayed yesterday might have "explained" and emphasized the music, but the audience would probably have strained eyes, not ears. As a concert work, "Jeux" interests by its orchestral tints and demi-tints; its instrumental combinations and contrasts; and at times harmonic progressions, unusual even in Debussy's other compositions, arrest attention; but away from the theatre, "Jeux" cannot be ranked with earlier music by Debussy. There is a paucity of ideas; the suggestion that a composer was endeavoring to imitate Debussy and succeeded only in aping certain mannerisms, certain tricks of idiom. Mr. Monteux, who had conducted the ballet in Paris and London, no doubt yesterday again saw the stage, Nijinsky and the two young women. To him this music had significance. The performance was brilliant.

Glazounoff wrote his "Stenka Razin" when he was 20 years old; when he was romantic; when he was imbued with national spirit; when Balakireff and Rimsky-Korsakoff had hope of him as a successor. Crude as "Stenka Razin" is in certain respects, it is to be preferred to the academic works of Glazounoff, who became Germanized, and wrote with fatal fluency and painful scholasticism. The wildness and audacity of the opening descriptive of the Volga, with the use of the barge-men's song; the oriental coloring of the section portraying the adored but ill-fated princess; these console one for measures of artless padding, measures in which Glazounoff merely treads water (in the marvellous Volga) and for the comparative tameness of Stenka's music, tame in spite of the strenuous endeavor. And so "Stenka Razin" is today a work that gave rich promise not to be fulfilled. It is said that a few years ago this music was used for a ballet in Russia. How was the scenario arranged? Was the dancing all on Stenka's boat?

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program for Jan. 16, 17, is as follows: Stojowski, Symphony in D minor, op. 21 (first time in Boston), Songs with orchestra: Brahms, "Ever Lighter Grows My Slumber"; Schumann, "Mother, Can I Love Thee the Less" and "Leave Me in His Arms Endearing"; Schubert, "Erlking"; Wagner, Funeral march and Immolation scene from "The Dusk of the Gods." Margaret Matzenauer will be the singer.



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Feature of Symphony Slav Poem

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

PROGRAM.

Mendelssohn. Reformation Symphony. D minor
Debussy. "Jeux." A Ballet.

Glazounoff. "Stenka Razine." Symphonic Poem

WHOLLY orchestral and the first half very tame. What on earth was in M. Monteux's mind when he resuscitated the very watery Reformation Symphony? Mendelssohn himself, after directing it a single time, never tried it again. Habeneck rehearsed it in Paris and laid it aside without a performance. It was a made-to-order work, without any inspiration. Written to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the establishment of the Augsburg Protestant Confession, in 1530, but not performed until two years later because of political agitation in Germany. It was about as dead, after its single performance, as Mendelssohn's opera, "Camacho's Wedding," which, by the way, was resuscitated in Boston, for one single and very boring performance.

The first movement presents two themes in conflict, portraying Catholic and Protestant, and one might apply to the Reformation Symphony the sarcasm which Saphir pointed at "The Huguenots"—"The Catholics and Protestants kill each other in it, and the Jews make music to it!" We have infinitely greater tumults in modern music. It is merely a very feeble imitation of the combative style of the Heroic symphony, the Protestant theme being the well-known "Dresden Amen." But the scherzo is better. In fact, it is the only part of the work worth preserving and we could have forgiven M. Monteux if he had played this movement only.

Mendelssohn was the prince of scherzo writers and there is a geniality here that makes it worth while, although it is not nearly so fine as the Scotch Symphony scherzo. It is in the conventional song-form with trio shape and the three-quarter rhythm which Beethoven established for the earliest forms of this movement.

There is no regular slow movement in this symphony unless we take the little, diluted song-form which follows the scherzo as a movement, which it is not.

The finale presents a very carefully prepared lesson in counterpoint. It has much fugal work on a very clear subject, which is derived from the great Lutheran chorale—"A Strong Castle Is Our Lord." Now this chorale was the very embodiment of the Reformation, its actual war-cry, and it was very fitting that Mendelssohn should bring it in. But it was not fitting that, to make a gradual crescendo, he should begin the finale by tootling this grand theme on the flute alone! When Wagner used it in the Kaiser March he thundered it out on trombones.

Mendelssohn loved the flute and even tried to imitate its ancient use in "Oh Be Gracious, Ye Immortals," in "St. Paul," but certainly he never made a more unfitting use of it than in the beginning of this finale. The counterpoint which follows is correct but uninspired, and the whole work shows that Mendelssohn could not rise to the height of his subject. Let the symphony rest.

We get something of the highest class of dance music in almost every one of M. Monteux's programs. This is nothing to complain of; on the contrary, it gives spice and variety to the concerts. "Jeux" was written as a ballet for M. Diaghileff and its action was devised by M. Nijinski. Thus it was given in Paris. But it was also given there as a concert selection, as it was on this occasion, although it requires more or imagination to follow its meaning in this guise.

Like much of Debussy's music, it juggles with rhythm and gives more of suggestion than of worked-out ideas. But we can imagine a degree of fitness to this setting of a tennis flirtation to music; we can fancy the bounding of the balls over the hedge, and the youth carrying out the difficult task of making love simultaneously to two maidens is pictured with appropriately tangled rhythms. The sub-division of the strings suggests a Gallic "Waldesweben." The percussive instruments are often employed, however, to accent rhythms that might otherwise be difficult to follow. In short this is more comprehensible than the composer's picture of the sea or of the unhappy faun. It runs the gamut from languor to frenzy and its picture of "Amore a tre" is sufficiently amorous. It is sometimes more emphatic and powerful than one expects of Debussy, but what would a tennis game be without a racket! It was very calmly received by the audience.

Much the best work of the concert was its last number, Glazounoff's "Stenka Razine." Two of its three themes were in fine contrast to each other, the brief barbaric one which pictures Stenka himself, and the tender, languishing one which portrays the Persian princess. But better than these is the Volga boatmen's song, a theme which has in it all the simplicity, sadness, yet strength of Old Russia. Its weird monotony permeates the entire work and it gives a sombre dignity to the whole symphonic poem that is indescribably characteristic. It is Russian to the core.

Stenka battles with the river, and the contest is well portrayed, and the Volga and its mighty theme win the victory and the princess besides. Even the kettledrums had a mighty share in developing the Volga theme, and at the end the whole of the boatmen's song rang out in a fierce climax, as if the river had swept everything before it. The work was a glorification of the mighty Volga, rather than of the puny mortals upon it.

DEBUSSY'S "JEUX" AT THE SYMPHONY

Ballet "Poem" Given First
American Performance

Orchestral Music by Mendelssohn
and Glazounoff Revived

All three numbers of yesterday's Symphony Concert were new to nearly every one in the audience, though Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony is a revival, and Glazounoff's "Stenka Razine" was composed in 1885, and first played in Boston in 1904.

Debussy's "Jeux," which is his arrangement for concert performance of music written for a danced "poem" given by the Russian Ballet in Paris and London in 1913, was first played in Paris in 1914. The audience yesterday found it so very novel that only a few youthful enthusiasts ventured to applaud the first American performance, despite the supposed vogue of Debussy in Boston.

Mr. Monteux and the orchestra deserved a round of applause for an unusually brilliant performance of the extremely difficult music even from those who

found it only a disagreeable noise. Mr. Monteux, who conducted the original performances of the ballet, consulted frequently with the composer and is thus in a position to give an authoritative reading. The vehemence of the "saving remnant," much of it in the second balcony "rush seats," compelled him to bow repeatedly, and possibly persuaded him that the pains spent on preparation were not wasted after all.

Shows Mastery of Technique

It is impossible to judge such music as "Jeux" finally from a single hearing. Debussy here as always uses the orchestra as a single instrument whose technique he has mastered. In "Jeux" it would be as absurd to separate his orchestra into "strings, woodwind, brass and percussion" for purposes of analysis as it would be to divide the keyboard of a modern pianoforte into four sections in order to talk about piano style.

He writes for orchestra as effectively as he writes for piano, always securing precisely the effect he desires with the greatest possible economy of means. He has a similar mastery of the technique of composition. For example, he knows how to weave rhythms into a well-developed climax. In "Jeux" he seems to have substituted this rhythmic development for the orthodox thematic development. The themes are fragmentary, and not melodic at all according to received notions of melody, which are, of course, based on precedent rather than on any scientific principle.

Technical skill, however great, will not make a masterpiece, but there is genuine imaginative power and emotional intensity back of the skill displayed in "Jeux." The piece is more daringly dissonant than Stravinsky's "Firebird," played at a recent concert. It proves that Debussy went on developing as a composer up to his very last years. The reputed sterility of his later works may prove, as has been the case with Beethoven, to be in the imagination of the critics, not in that of the composer.

Glazounoff's Poem

Glazounoff's symphonic poem, written at the age of 20, is the work of a phenomenally able pupil of Rimsky Korsakoff. It shows the influence of that teacher strongly, except in the orchestration, which has little of his superb skill. An audience which has finally learned to love his "Scheherezade" received his pupil's work with considerable applause.

Mendelssohn's symphony, which he tried vainly to suppress, is, except for the pretty scherzo and part of the treatment of Luther's Hymn, totally unworthy of the composer of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Elijah."

Mme. Matzenauer will sing songs by Brahms, Schubert and Schumann, besides the final scene from Wagner's "The Dusk of the Gods," at the next concerts, Jan 16 and 17. The symphony will be Stojowski's in D minor.

TENNIS AS PLAYED BY SYMPHONY

Debussy's Ballet Is Heard—Three Novel- ties on List

BY OLIN DOWNES

Should the sporting editor of the Post have attended the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, and reported the matter in his own inimitable style? A leading feature of the programme was Debussy's music for the ballet "Jeux" ("Play"), which was mimed on the stage in Paris, May 15, 1913, by dancers in tennis costume. But Mr. Monteux did not conduct with a racquet, therefore the present scribe takes up his accustomed pen.

FOR FIRST TIME HERE

This music of Debussy was played for the first time in Boston. Mr. Monteux conducted the premiere of the stage work in Paris, when the famous Nijinsky was the man tennis player and the two girls were Mmes. Karsova and Schollar. The game as mimed on the Paris stage was a cute if not exactly open-air and sportsmanlike affair, and Mr. Nijinsky is held responsible—he has a waggish disposition—for the statement to the press that "All Sorts (apologies to Mr. Newton Newton!) is the ballet—'tis a broad vista, The Dance of Rockefeller at Golf." The mounted ballet in a polo game and the rhythmic swivel, side-step and swat of the "Ballet du box." But it would take another Wagner to compose the music for an affair of gorgeous Amazons in the crunch and scrap and rough and tumble of the "Ballet de Fureur du Football."

O well! Tennis is not the strangest thing to have inspired musical composers. Richard Strauss wrote of a flock of baa-ing sheep in his "Don Quixote," and in another place in the same work of a windmill, and in "Salome" of the dropping of blood and in "Electric" of the lashing of whips and other elevating things.

Unlike Debussy

Debussy has lightly suggested the click of the racquets, the soft impact and bounce of the tennis balls, and there are passages of playful fancy and humor in the music. The opening and close are poetic. The situation on the stage was a game of tennis, as evening fell, which developed into a scene of coquetry and love between the man and the two girls. At the last "a tennis ball falls at their feet; surprised and frightened, they go bounding away, and disappear in the depths of the nocturnal park."

First impressions of a first performance may well be discounted, so far as accuracy and conclusiveness are concerned. But first impressions are what a reviewer is expected to write down, and sometimes these first impressions are fully as reliable and much more vivid than later ones. Be it said here, then, that this music of Debussy, as a whole, seems forced, unoriginal, without very much organic quality and about as far-fetched as the artificial and sophisticated scenario of the ballet for which it was written.

Borrows From Stravinsky

And, furthermore, this is no longer the actual Debussy. This is Debussylized Stravinsky. The score is redolent of the Stravinsky of the exquisite music for the ballet, "The Firebird," and the willingness with which Debussy has here helped himself to Stravinsky's instrumental scheme and to a number of the pet harmonic mannerisms of the celebrated Russian appears merely another proof of the waning creative powers of the Frenchman in the last years of his career, when his invention was getting more and more feeble, as his workmanship increased in ingenuity and dexterity. The day may come when a tennis game will appear poetic and legendary and inspire music of like quality. But the impression given by yesterday's performance was that of a composer extremely skilled in orchestral usage desperately in need of new ideas.

Of course there were Debussyites, for whom anything and everything the man wrote is incredibly wonderful, who applauded obstinately.

The "Reformation"

There were two other novelties on the programme. We use the word "novelty" intentionally when speaking of Mendelssohn's "Reformation" sym-

phony, not heard in many years in Boston, and composed in 1829. To the generation present yesterday the symphony proved a novelty and a bore. Its points of interest are the execrable facility with which Mendelssohn, a youth of 20, penned this sonorous work, and the use of certain Lutheran themes, as the "Dresden Amen," which Wagner employed so significantly in "Parsifal," written years later than the "Reformation" symphony, and the theme of the Lutheran choral, "Ein feste Burg." The use of the "Dresden Amen" is striking in this: It recurs three times in the first movement, twice in the introduction and once again toward the end of the movement; it has always the same instrumentation—the violins—and the impression on the ear—we do not know the score—is that it reappears in the same key.

"Ein feste burg," employed by so many composers, is intoned in the last movement as a melodic phrase without harmony, then with more and more of the wind instruments added, as the voices first of a choir, then of a congregation, might take up such a melody. And the rest is glib Mendelssohnism. The scherzo is especially characteristic in the most conventional manner. But it is only just to the composer to say that Mendelssohn himself did not care to have this symphony published nor to discuss it. It was published after his death as a posthumous work.

Interesting Tone Poem

By far the most interesting music of the programme was Glazounoff's early symphonic poem, "Stenka Razin," after the story of the dreaded pirate of the 17th century in Russia, a terror to the countryside, who, sailing on the Volga, saw one day that capture by pursuers was inevitable. Seated in splendor on the deck of his vessel was his mistress, a captive Persian princess. She had told her companions of a dream that Stenka was killed, that she was drowned in the Volga.

And this dream came true. The pursuers of the Czar came nearer. The chieftain said to his comrades, "Never, during all my 30 years of my going up and down Mother Volga, have I made her a gift. Today I shall give her what is in my eyes the most precious of earthly treasures." He threw the princess into the Volga, and with his followers rushed on the soldiers of the Czar.

Full of Color and Force

The celebrated folk-song of the Volga boatmen predominates in this work. There is a savage phrase for Stenka Razin, and a seductive melody, gorgeously instrumentated, for the princess. There is the thought of the flowing Volga, of approaching conflict. The princess tells her tale. At the end the Volga theme is chanted wildly by

instruments of brass through orchestral tumult.

The music is full of color and force. This is not a mature work. Themes are developed in a fragmentary way, form is none too clear, the musical thought is not enchainé. Although themes are repeated they do not lead, inevitably, one into another. And yet the music has real force, imagination, fantasy, and it should be often heard. It has the true creative quality; it is of Russian imagination, and is incomparably superior in these characteristics to later and much more highly polished compositions which Glazounoff turned out in older and more polite days. The reason for this is that even in art, where so much attention must be paid to beauty and durability of workmanship, the vision and the intention of a creative nature hold first place, and questions of technic and even of esthetics are secondary.

UNANTICIPATED PLEASURES FROM

MENDELSSOHN

Jan. 5, 1920
The Resurrection of His "Reformation Symphony" Proves No Rattling of Dry Bones—Mr. Heifetz Outdoes Himself in Bach's Chaconne and Then Takes Refuge Into Routine — Miss Baird as Expert Young Pianist—Ysaye and Elman to Be Heard Together

BOTH to lay and expert listeners at the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday, Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" distinctly belied expectations. Scarcely a hearer, unless he were uncommonly ripe in years and retentive of memory, could have had any clear recollection of the music. It was three and thirty years since it had been played in Boston; not by one chance in a thousand, nowadays, was the persistent wanderer of concert halls likely to have heard it, either in Europe or in America. Nearly everyone, moreover, who dared to anticipate the performance gave the symphony a bad name. Mendelssohn himself had never really liked it, had withheld it from publication through his life. Picked from his papers in the sixties, it had then been played merely as a curiosity, quickly falling from "active" repertoires. The very biographers and commentators were shy of it. Never had Mr. Monteux made so futile a resurrection. So forth and so onward. Yet at both concerts, from the sophisticated and exacting of Saturday evening no less than from the easygoing and incurious of Friday afternoon, more applause answered Mendelssohn of the "Reformation Symphony" than rewarded Debussy for "Jeux" or Glazounov for "Stenka Razin."

Needless, almost, to say, this "Reformation Symphony" is no perennial masterpiece like Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; while, outside the Scherzo there is no place in it for the grace of fancy and of handiwork that keeps his overtures of Scottish seas and Scottish Islands still pleasurable. Yet, in the comparisons of memory, while the "Scotch" and the "Italian" symphonies may at moments rise higher, they wither not less often, in the ears of 1920, into contrapuntal and fugal dryness. There is agreeable suggestion of stately ceremony, without a hint of pomposity, in the slow movement at the beginning of the "Reformation Symphony." The ensuing Allegro played as warmly and vividly as Mr. Monteux and the orchestra played it, still strikes dramatic fire. In fact, it was hard to recall Mendelssohn so ardent in tonal conflict, so vigorous of tonal tumult, so minded to catch the hearer into the full-voiced march of his music. His Lutherans have clearly gone crusading, with the soft "Amen" of Dresden—and of "Parsifal"—to bless them; and more than a whiff of their fire touches the composer. The Scherzo is charming, alike in the play of melodies and rhythms, in the brightening harmonies, in the pretty strokes of instrumental color. Not until he enters upon the Finale and his Lutherans seem to begin a footless promenade of the streets of Augsburg, does Mendelssohn become dry, mechanical, empty. About and about to a pedestrian fugato march his whilom crusaders—and no fruitless use of "Ein Feste Burg" and no pompous "Maestoso" will save them from futility. The legend is that Mendelssohn buried the "Reformation Symphony," dreading comparison with the Meyerbeer of "The Huguenots." But only in this Finale does Felix of Berlin drop to the level of Jacob of Paris. Once more Mr. Monteux has not rattled dry bones in vain. Rather he set tonal flesh and blood upon them. H.T.P.

MUSIC

Music by the Boston Orchestra

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its tenth program on January 2. The following pieces were played:

Mendelssohn.... "Reformation" Symphony
Debussy.... "Jeux" (play) a danced poem
Glazounoff..... "Stenka Razine"

Debussy's piece was played for the first time in Boston. Glazounoff's symphonic poem was played for the first time at these concerts.

It is the present fashion to turn symphonic poems into ballets and bal-

lets into symphonic poems. It is a matter of opinion whether or not the music does not suffer in either case. Still, the symphonic work transferred to the theater is the less likely of the two to lose in effectiveness. Designed without thought of pantomime, scenery, or dramatic action, the addition of these elements, while tending to distract the attention from the purely musical side of the composition, never wholly mars its beauty or clouds its meaning. On the contrary, music primarily designed to accompany and comment upon a stage scene or picture tends to lose in effectiveness when transported to the concert room. Phrases and motives which most aptly intensify and illustrate a dramatic situation are not necessarily suitable to stand on their own merits as pure music. Whereas the symphonic poem creates a mood and then allows the listener to supply the detail of the dramatic action according to the dictates of his imagination, the music of the theater is only one of the many elements which unite to produce this effect. Many passages from Wagner operas are an apparent exception and for this reason many have declared that Wagner was greater as a symphonist than as a dramatic composer. It is possible, however, that the situations to which the selections customarily played in our concert rooms serve as a commentary, are so familiar to the average concert goer that he unconsciously supplies the atmosphere of the theater from the storehouse of his past impressions.

Debussy's "Jeux" would seem to be a case in point. The scenario which it is designed to accompany is not in itself of striking character, and the music suffers from this lack of definite mood. It is fanciful; it contains many novel effects of color; it bears the imprint of a master of harmonic and orchestral resources and undoubtedly in conjunction with the stage action it elucidates the somewhat slender plot of the ballet. As music pure and simple, however, it is difficult to catch its meaning. Of striking themes there are none, and in it we fail to perceive the Debussy of "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," of the "Sea Pieces."

The performance was a remarkably fine one. Such music must be played with the delicacy and clarity of Mo-

zart. Mr. Monteux undoubtedly excels in such music and is able to impart his enthusiasm for it to the orchestra.

Glazounoff's "Stenka Razine" is a welcome addition to the repertory. The orchestration is brilliant and there are several impressive climaxes.

Mendelssohn's "Reformation" symphony was heard again after many years of neglect. While it in no way compares with the "Scotch" or "Italian" symphonies, it proved a welcome change. The scherzo still has the power to charm. The finale is sonorous even in these days of imposing orchestral masses. Some speak slightly of Mendelssohn's music, yet there are few composers who have equaled it in fineness of workmanship, in exquisite sense of proportion, or elegance of style. It was not in Mendelssohn's power to express the deeper emotions, yet in grace and fancy there are few to compare with him.

Although not quite half of the Symphony concerts have as yet been given, and it is as yet too soon to form any just estimate of Mr. Monteux as a conductor, it is yet possible to take note of certain characteristics of his work. When Mr. Monteux came last year to conduct a few concerts at the beginning of the season, he found the orchestra in a low state of efficiency. During those few weeks he succeeded in reorganizing the orchestra and in restoring many of its past virtues. The public immediately realized that he was expert in all matters pertaining to orchestral technic, but it did not have time to judge of his capacities as an interpreter and program-maker.

At the present time, however, it is a pleasure to note the steady progress which the orchestra has made under his skillful leadership and the interesting character and variety of his programs. Mr. Monteux is apparently interested in the music of all schools. In the course of the past 10 programs we have heard music of all styles presented with unfailing care and sympathy. We have heard several novelties, yet the old and tried has not been neglected. Mr. Monteux shuns the spectacular. He is modest and unassuming, yet, as the concerts have succeeded one another, the power of his quiet but whole-hearted devotion to a

high artistic ideal is being felt more and more. The remaining concerts of the season will be looked forward to with all the greater pleasure because of the feeling of confidence and respect which his sincerity of purpose has inspired.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BALLET-MUSIC AND A PERPLEXED AUDIENCE

With the Best Will in the World, Debussy's "Jeux" Puzzles It, Like Similar Pieces of the Season—A Piece, None the Less, of Rare and Subtle Quality, with Many a Mark of the Composer's Later Years—Sensuous Charm and Sophisticated Workmanship—The Contrasts of "Stenka Razine"

ABOLD, brave man within his quiet bearing and gentle speech, Mr. Monteux dares to ask of his hearers imagination and, in the case of Debussy's "Jeux," an imagination particularly difficult for them to summon. The Bostonian public, in or out of the Symphony Concerts, is not familiar with the ballet as the Russians of Mr. Diaghilev have long cultivated it. Their pictorial fantasies and graphic mimodramas it knows only by the scant fruition of fifteen performances nearly four years ago and now fast receding in even retentive memories. It may yet recall enough of the action that Fokine and Bakst set to a patchwork of music from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade," to find the recollection troublesome when that glowing and impassioned Symphonic Suite is played in the concert-hall as the composer put it to paper. A few minds may still visualize the personages and the progress of "The Fire-Bird" in the theatre, when the sound of Stravinsky's music from Mr. Monteux and the orchestra blows into thin flame this or that smouldering memory. A few more, perhaps, may set Bakst's tower of molten red, Mr. Bolm's figure of the fated wayfarer, as pale and sombre as some spectre of old ballad, the barbaric garb and the barbaric dances of Tamar's train, as background to Balakirev's tone-poem, heard as symphonic piece. There, recollection of a visible stage, aglow with color, alive with action, halts as necessary handmaid to the ballet-music played at the Symphony Concerts since Mr. Monteux took command of them. Dukas's "Peri," which he included in his programmes of 1918, has never been set upon the stage in

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America and none too often represented in Paris. Schmitt's "Tragedy of Salome," more recently played at Symphony Hall, is unknown to the American theatre; while Debussy's "Jeux," heard yesterday at the Symphony Concert, vanished from the repertory of the Russian Ballet itself after no more than six or eight performances divided between Paris and London.

With these three pieces, the sympathetic hearer, unless he has stumbled upon them in some European journey, must set sparks to his imagination from no better flint and steel than prefatory "arguments," printed description, and chance photographs and drawings. At best, there are no very brisk kindling in comparison with memories of actual and graphic performance; while to many a willing imagination they are quite cold and lifeless. As practised conductor of ballet and opera, long in the service of the Russians themselves, Mr. Monteux possesses this visualizing faculty. By the same token, he may forget how relatively rare it is among his hearers. It is quite true that, more or less remotely, Dukas anticipated the performance of "The Peri," Stravinsky the performance of "The Fire-Bird," and Debussy, the performance of "Jeux" as symphonic pieces in the concert-hall. It is as true, however, that when they were designing, moulding and coloring their music, they were at work upon it as music of theatre to clothe, sustain and enhance a visible and illusory action, to be within a decorative and atmospheric frame. Exactly as the composer of an opera in the modern sense of the word must write many a page in order to "get on" with the dramatic narrative, so the composer of a ballet or a mimo-drama, again in the current fashion, must put more or less notes to music-paper merely to point the details of a pre-determined action.

Such measures, often brief, but not always few, are sure to sound empty and meaningless in the concert-hall. In "Jeux" the empty garden by night. A few measures are not many; but they are also easily recognizable; while for the moment they jolt the hearer out of the atmosphere and out of the illusion it is no questioning the beauty of the music summing, out even of its progress and continuity as a symphonic web. Moreover, winding and unwinding, ever parting and these passages, aside, there is no questioning, of a sudden coalesce into a fewing the fact that music for a ballet or measures of sustained, diaphanous, ex-music for a mimodrama, unless it be prettily decorated, elementary dance-tunes, shimmering arabesques of harmony, swim-as in Chalkovsky's "Nut-Cracker," is little more than half itself unless it is accompanied by the action and framed by the settings for which it was written. Tone-ball, which never was and never could be poem or no tone-poem, imagination or no tennis-ball, falls into the garden from imagination in the hearer, the analogy of nowhere. At the end, a similar ball similar play of the spoken word holds good. A larly descends. One mime carries a piece for the theatre is a piece within the theatre and puts it by, as Jean de Rezzké theatre or otherwise only its diminished self. For no other No. Debussy's music is concerned with reason, "The Peri," "Salome's Tragedy," in the sensuous impulses, the amorous play, measure "The Fire-Bird" and now "Jeux" the little piques and the little coquetties have all failed as symphonic pieces to im-

press, perhaps to interest, the average hearer in Symphony Hall. It is mere irritation to call him dull and stupid; often indeed he has tried his best to visualize the action that the music should clothe. It is rank injustice to lay blame upon Mr. Monteux, since in such music he excels even his usually able self. The fate of such ventures, unless they be made upon an audience to which the visualization of the ballet or the mimodrama has become second nature, is intrinsic in the ventures themselves. Even the most eloquent fragments of Wagner's music-dramas suffer when they are wrenched from operative foreground, background and actuality and played detachedly in the concert-hall. How ill, then, may the less familiar, the more intricate, the more subtly delineative music for the theatre of Dukas, Stravinsky and Debussy bear such transfer!

The interest and the pleasure of "Jeux," in performance as a tone-poem of the concert-room was, therefore, an interest and a pleasure for the sophisticated, the studious and the curious. They deserve their inning at the Symphony Concerts, no less than do those who prefer more transparent and elementary satisfactions from the music they hear. These connoisseurs were amply and finely rewarded; not a few will return this evening to hear "Jeux" anew; and in such response Mr. Monteux may well find compensation for the pains he spent in preparation of the performance, for the hopes he cherished of it. Through no shortcoming of conductor or orchestra, who indeed surpassed themselves with the music, did Debussy's ballet remain "Caviare to the general." Rather, to semi-prepared, readily responsive and finely sensitive hearers, it gave immediate and keen delight. There is no mistaking, for example, the loveliness of the music that, at the beginning and again at the end, evokes the solitude, the mystery, of the empty garden by night. A few measures—such is Debussy's economy and concentration of means—weave atmosphere and atmosphere of fantasy. Again, there is no questioning the beauty of the music when Debussy's threads of motifs, ever winding and unwinding, ever parting and twining, of a sudden coalesce into a fewing the fact that music for a ballet or measures of sustained, diaphanous, ex-music for a mimodrama, unless it be prettily decorated, elementary dance-tunes, shimmering arabesques of harmony, swim-as in Chalkovsky's "Nut-Cracker," is little more than half itself unless it is accompanied by the action and framed by the settings for which it was written. Tone-ball, which never was and never could be poem or no tone-poem, imagination or no tennis-ball, falls into the garden from imagination in the hearer, the analogy of nowhere. At the end, a similar ball similar play of the spoken word holds good. A larly descends. One mime carries a piece for the theatre is a piece within the theatre and puts it by, as Jean de Rezzké theatre or otherwise only its diminished self. For no other No. Debussy's music is concerned with reason, "The Peri," "Salome's Tragedy," in the sensuous impulses, the amorous play, measure "The Fire-Bird" and now "Jeux" the little piques and the little coquetties have all failed as symphonic pieces to im-

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In the intoxication of a fair midsummer night and of their own wanton promptings. The music when it sounds like a mere succession of harmonic, instrumental rhythmic points, is tremulous with these youthful and sensuous quiverings. When it spins itself into the finest of tonal threads, it seems to undulate to these amorous impulses. When, for a moment, it sustains itself in clearly melodic measures, it is warm and bright with this playful passion. As some will have it, Debussy is minded here and there to mock these youthful amorists. Possibly, though these ironies are easy to detect, except when he gently mocks the pique of one or the other pouting girl.

Much more easy for the practised ear to discover is the intricacy and the sophistication of the music. Hardly anywhere else, even in these later pieces, has Debussy so divided and sub-divided both his motives and his orchestra, so delicately and dexterously interwoven his melodies and counter-melodies, been so light and adroit of harmonic and instrumental stroke, fanciful of arabesque, subtle of rhythmic suggestion. If in his younger days he wrote music in iridescent stream, now he writes a music that seems all gleaming, titillating points. Yet, by these means, he gains, even in the concert-room, not merely illusion of time, place and personages, but of the very impulses stirring from instant to instant in them. He has written in "Jeux" not only a music of subtle and shimmering fantasy, but also a music of penetrating sensuous charm and at instants of warm sensuous beauty. The keener the charm and the brighter the beauty because at moments it is bitter-sweet. Rarely, and only rarely, has he fallen into the temptation of such a score, which is to write music for eye on the engraved page rather than for ear in the concert-hall.

The contrasting piece, as the movie programmes like to say—contrasting, besides, in more senses than one was Glazunov's tone-poem, "Stenka Razin," written in the days in which ancient Russian legend kindled his imagination and o'd Russian folk melody stimulated his invention. In tones, he would retell the tale of the brigand, who sailed the Volga and strode its bank pillaging and harrying alike on land and water. In time came the day of reckoning, when the troops of the Czar pressed upon Razin and his outlaws. Upon the Volga, the mighty Volga, he bethought himself, he had long flourished, yet had he bestowed nothing upon the river. Into the stream forthwith he cast his fair Persian m'stress. As though the might of the river renewed their might, his men then and there beat back the threatening millions of "law and order." A pleasant, a pliant, a characteristically Russian tale, of which, however, Glazunov has made

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less in his music than there was reason to expect, alike from the promise of the material and the curious repute of the tone-poem itself. Thereon, it is the custom to say, the listener may hear the youthful, the imaginative, the vitalizing Glazunov before he came o'd, academical and shrunk into quasi-Teutonic grooves.

Yet, somehow, the music of "Stenka Razin" is impressive and alive only when the composer, like the brigand of his tonal tale, has to do with the Volga. There is a motive for the pirate—"short, savage, bizarre," according to the programme-book; yet in actual hearing by no means arresting to the ear, and scarcely more significant when on occasion it flashes and flails through tumultuous measures. There is motif, likewise, for the hapless Persian princess—a motif that becomes a melody dipped in oriental harmonies, beating to oriental rhythms, yet not quite stirring the imagination, even under elaborate "working," as do Rimsky-Korsakov's magical eastern measures. There is also a motif of the Volga—no other than the folk-tune, rising, falling, swelling, vanishing, of the drudging, trudging boatmen. It seizes the ear, penetrates the admiration, enkindles Glazunov, dominates the tone-poem. Again and again it recurs, and at each return it bourgeons into music pictorial of the great and glowing river or voice and image of its might. True Glazunov is prone to repeat his pictures and to reiterate his imagery. But with the one he is vivid and with the other he is eloquent. Not to the glory of Stenka Razin but to the glory of the Volga runs his tone-poem, and to his own glory in the day when he could still write the music of a fired composer and not of thoughtful pedagogue.

H. T. PARKER

Dr. Karl Muck, who was forced to leave America and the Boston Symphony, is now being made of a great deal in Berlin. He declares to his German admirers that he "was hounded by ignorant American officials on the ground that his innocent musical scores contained a code of communication." He is toasted and cheered on all public occasions.

Thursday evening, Jan. 15, in Sanders Theatre at Cambridge, the fourth of the current series of concerts by the Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Monteux. The first violoncellist, Mr. Bedetti, will be heard in a Concerto.

DEBUSSY'S "JEUX"

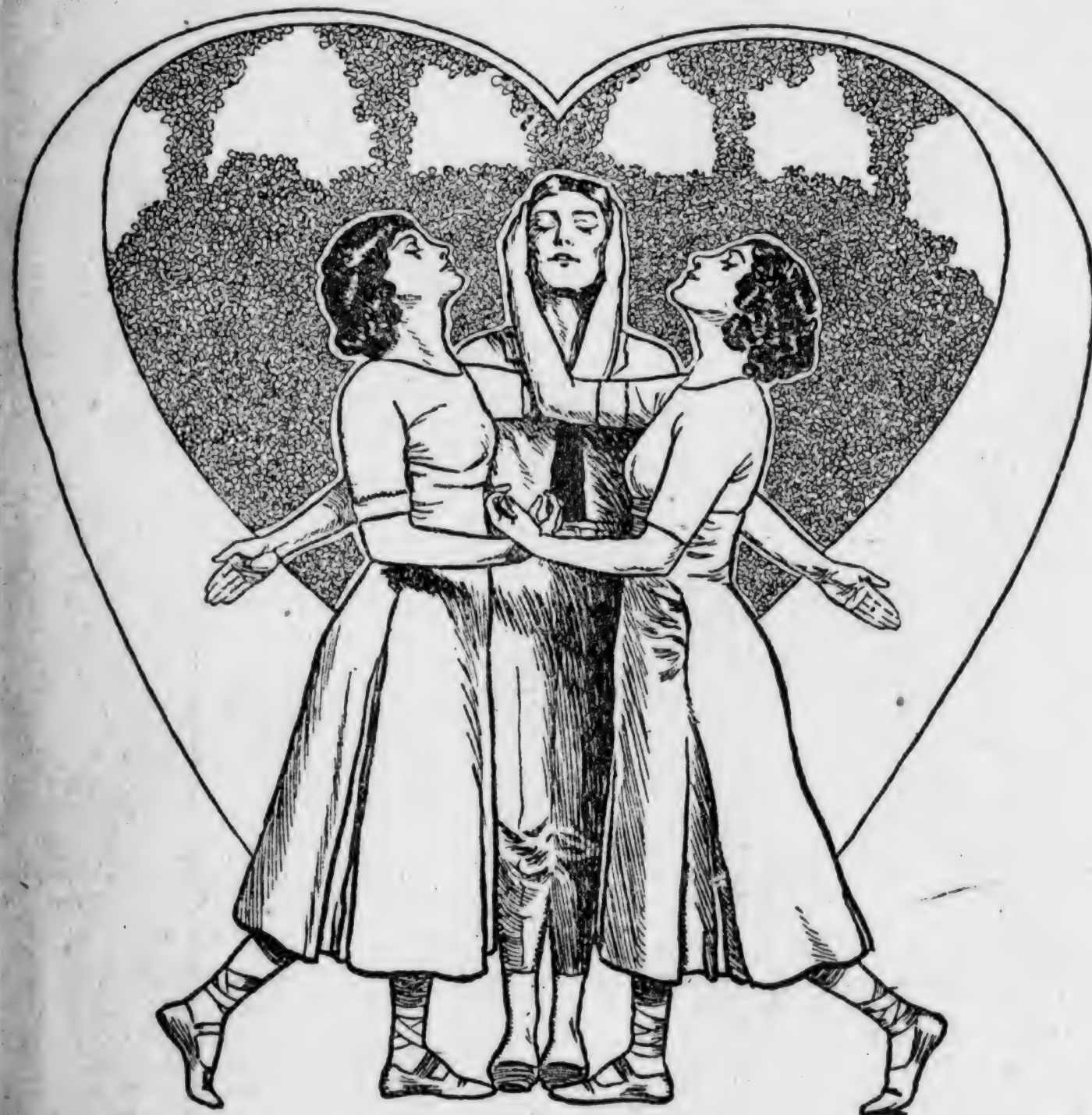
MR. MONTEUX PROPOSES ANOTHER NOVEL PIECE

The Ballet as Tone-Poem for the First Times in America—The Fracas Over It Six Years Ago in Paris—The Composer's Music Versus Nijinsky's Action—A Deli-

When the fracas over it was at height, the defenders of the music against the "choreography" declared that it would readily gain and maintain place as a tone-poem for the concert-hall. In fact, it has seldom been heard anywhere since the summer of 1913, in which Mr. Monteux, with Debussy at hand for suggestion and also approval, first produced it.

The Original Fracas

After the first performance of "Jeux" in Paris, Monsieur Lalo, reviewer for *Le Temps*, returned to his desk in a fury



"Jeux"—The Triple Kiss

phony Concerts, here in Boston, Dr. Muck played in two suites substantially the whole of Ravel's setting of "Daphnis and Chloe"; while in the autumn of 1918 Mr. Monteux played in toto and as a symphonic piece, Dukas's "Peri." At the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday next he will do likewise by Debussy's "Jeux," for the first hearings of the "poème dansé" on this side of the Atlantic.

merely exacts an arbitrary system of his own. Willfully he chooses ugliness and freakishness instead of the demanded, the desired, beauty. Why, in Heaven's name, has he been permitted to impose on Debussy's subtle, delicate, fluid music this geometrical, stifling, heavy-handed 'choreography'? At moments, by sheer instinct, he and Miss Karsavina and Miss Schollar escape their 'system' and dance charm-

ingly, but few in a short piece are these returns to common sense."

A month later in London, the reviewer for *The Times* was only a little less severe:

Every one knows by now that Debussy and Nijinsky between them have concocted a "tennis ballet." There was little need in reality to be so precise about the game, for the tennis (such as it is) is entirely irrelevant. It has not even conditioned the convention in which the movements are conceived and carried out. They seem rather to be designed by a freshly invented convention

The reduction for piano, however, specifies the "choreography" in recurring annotation above the staves. It follows herewith, printed continuously as an "argument":

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"Jeux"—Discoveries

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DEBUSSY'S "JEUX"

MR. MONTEUX PROPOSES ANOTHER NOVEL PIECE

The Ballet as Tone-Poem for the First Times in America—The Fracas Over It Six Years Ago in Paris—The Composer's Music Versus Nijinsky's Action—A Delicate, Subtle, Fluid Score in His Super-Sensitive Manner

NO sooner had Mr. Diaghilev's Russian Ballet gained a footing in Paris, say ten years ago, than he proposed to various French composers that they undertake pieces for it. One and another—Ravel, Dukas, Hahn, Debussy—accepted the invitation. It opened a new field to them; it tempted their imaginations alike with the prospect of composition and of performance; while, for the time, no form of music was so much the fashion, so much "in the air," so much acclaimed in present estate and future promise as the ballet, the mimodrama, the "poème dansé." Receiving their commissions, Ravel set to "Daphnis and Chloe"; Dukas to "The Peri"; Hahn to "The Blue God," and Debussy to "Jeux," officially translated "Playtime." In due course, the Russian Ballet produced "Daphnis and Chloe" whereupon Ravel and Diaghilev quarrelled bitterly over the use or the disuse of an invisible chorus. Dukas, quarrelling likewise with the director, repented his bargain and other hands ultimately set "The Peri" on the stage. "The Blue God" was mimed and danced—and Hahn and Diaghilev kept the peace. "Jeux" was tranquilly produced; but forthwith a furious hubbub arose over a "choreography" devised and enforced by Nijinsky, but declared by the partisans of Debussy to be wholly at odds with the music. To the discordant tune of this controversy, "Jeux" was represented for a few times in Paris and in London in the summer of 1913 and thereafter quietly dropped from the repertory of the ballet.

None of these pieces has yet been set on the stage in the United States, though the Russians at their second visit promised "Daphnis and Chloe" and "The Blue God." Hahn's music, such as it is, remains unknown to American ears; but at the Symphony Concerts, here in Boston, Dr. Muck played in two suites substantially the whole of Ravel's setting of "Daphnis and Chloe"; while in the autumn of 1918 Mr. Monteux played in toto and as a symphonic piece, Dukas's "Peri." At the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday next he will do likewise by Debussy's "Jeux," for the first hearings of the "poème dansé" on this side of the Atlantic.

When the fracas over it was at height, the defenders of the music against the "choreography" declared that it would readily gain and maintain place as a tone-poem for the concert-hall. In fact, it has seldom been heard anywhere since the summer of 1913, in which Mr. Monteux, with Debussy at hand for suggestion and also approval, first produced it.

The Original Fracas

After the first performance of "Jeux" in Paris, Monsieur Lalo, reviewer for Le Temps, returned to his desk in a fury and wrote: "The action of 'Jeux' is altogether simple. By night into a garden lighted by electric lamps, come a youth and two maidens dressed for tennis. The youth flirts with one of the girls, while the other looks on pouting. He then flirts with the second damsel, while the first pouts in her turn. Finally he flirts with them both, and all three, stretched on the turf, exchange a sort of triple kiss. Of sudden in bounds a tennis ball that scares them away. . . . Of Debussy's music I regret that I can tell you next to nothing. It is difficult to hear it; it is well-nigh impossible to heed it. In itself, it is economical, adroit, elastic, flowing, evanescent, fine-fibred, discreetly woven. It has, however, pleased the Russian Ballet to join it to a heavy and freakish background and to clothe it in a rude 'choreography.' Under this double burden Debussy lies stricken and suffocated. The setting and the action are so exasperating, so brutally freakish that they overwhelm the attention and the music passes almost unnoted."

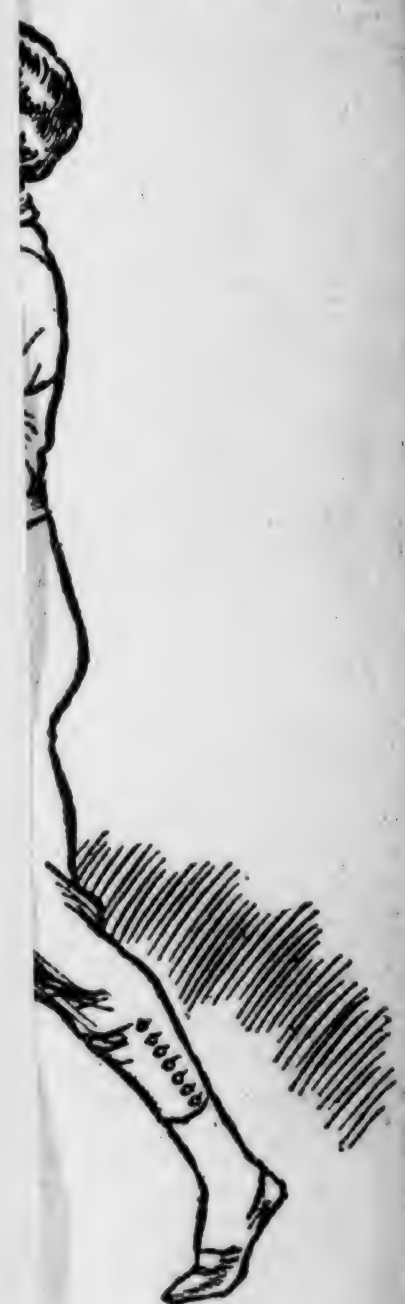
"Choreography by Monsieur Nijinsky; setting by Monsieur Bakst"—and both are in shrieking discord with Debussy's clear intent. Following the precedent of his version of "The Afternoon of a Faun" Nijinsky imposes on the three youngsters—himself and Mes. Karsavina and Schollar—stiff and mechanical poses, angular and wizened gestures, geometrical of line, rude, jerky, wilfully begun, as arbitrarily checked or broken, derived obviously from primitive Grecian vase-painting. In "The Afternoon of a Faun" such miming was far enough from Debussy's music as Mallarmé's verse; but it had a measure of justification in the archaic suggestion of faun and nymphs. In "Jeux" it is without excuse. What have these rigid posturings, these sharpened silhouettes, this mincing play of arm and hand to do with the flirtation which is the beginning and the end of Nijinsky's action? In spite of his partisans, he 'stylizes' nothing; merely exacts an arbitrary system of his own. Wilfully he chooses ugliness and freakishness instead of the demanded, the desired, beauty. Why, in Heaven's name, has he been permitted to impose on Debussy's subtle, delicate, fluid music this geometrical, stifling, heavy-handed 'choreography'? At moments, by sheer instinct, he and Miss Karsavina and Miss Schollar escape their 'system' and dance charmingly, but few in a short piece are these returns to common sense."

A month later in London, the reviewer for The Times was only a little less severe:

Every one knows by now that Debussy and Nijinsky between them have concocted a "tennis ballet." There was little need in reality to be so precise about the game, for the tennis (such as it is) is entirely irrelevant. It has not even conditioned the convention in which the movements are conceived and carried out. They seem rather to be designed

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Perhaps Nijinsky will some day discover and learn the whole alphabet of which at present he has acquired only the partial use; at present his results are too tentative, and, though we may admire him for attempting to strike out into new paths by inventing fresh conventions, we cannot be insensible to the ludicrousness and the ugliness of much of what he has designed. . . . One longed to be able to unbuckle the limbs of the dancers and set them free from the rigid ties by which they were bound. Their faces, too, were rigid, for it is part of the convention that they should express no emotion, and this made one want to have them covered with masks. It was tantalizing to see the faces of Nijinsky, Karsavina, and Schollar with all the humanity drawn out of them. The whole thing, in fact, was unsatisfactory aesthetically because hampering restrictions were placed by an arbitrary convention without bringing any compensating powers of expression.

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. . . In turn the other dances. The girls stop, perturbed by the rustle of leaves pushed aside. . . . The youth is seen at the back trying to screen himself. He watches the movements of the girls. He draws near and stands in front of them. . . . They are ready to run away, but he detains and invites them. . . . He begins to dance. The first girl runs toward him. They dance together. . . . He asks a kiss. She eludes him. He asks again; once more she turns away. . . . then rejoins him consenting. . . . Pettishly, jealously, the second girl watches these amorous ecstasies and mocks them in ironic dance.

The youth begins to heed the girl's dance inquiringly, interestedly. Soon he forsakes the first girl, unable to resist the desire to dance with the second. . . . "It is thus we dance." [The first figure of the much-applauded waltz.] The second girl repeats the figure. "Don't make fun of us." . . . And they dance together. . . . The dance becomes more caressing. The girl runs away and hides in the shrubbery. The youth follows her. In a moment they return with the boy in chase of the girl. Again they dance together. . . . In their excitement and preoccupation with each other they have not noticed the mood of the other girl. She has hidden her face in her hands and is ready to run away. Her friend tries vainly to detain her. She will not hear a word. The second girl finally takes her in her arms. Presently the youth intervenes, gently parting them. "Look around. The

beauty of the night, the joy of the light bid us yield to our fancies." Forthwith all three dance together. . . . With an eager movement the boy draws their heads together and a triple kiss fuses their amorous intoxication. . . . A tennis ball falls at their feet. Surprised, alarmed, they spring away and vanish into the depths of the garden. . . .

There remains a word about the music, as the orchestral score discloses it. Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill has written it as hereunder:

And Last the Music

Debussy, an innovator in musical and harmonic inventions, shows a corresponding faculty for clothing his ideas in new orchestral garb. Whether, as in other respects, he was quick to fertilize a hint from the Neo-Russians or from his French contemporaries, notably the "Monsieur" Massenet of irreverent Parisian youth, his

orchestral works show a progressive mastery in subtilizing the resources of the orchestra. From "The Afternoon of a Faun" through the "Nocturnes," "Pelleas and Mélisande," "The Sea" and finally the "Images," he was continually exploring new tonal synonyms for delicacy, fresh shadings of evanescent poetry, and impalpable suggestions of "atmosphere." There are numerous anecdotes of his tireless experiments in orchestration after music was in rehearsal, to the annoyance of conductors and the confusion of copyists. Often apparently satisfied, he would meditate re-scorings up to the last possible moment. Thus Mr. Rabaud introduced into his performances of the "Nocturnes" in Boston last season revisions, which materially improved the effect of many details to the sensitive ear.

"Jeux," irrespective of its musical charm, is one of the most felicitous, if possibly the latest, instance of Debussy's orchestral finesse. Studied in a piano version, the music comes upon occasion perilously near to slightness, to use no more derogatory an epithet. But ballet-masters require a "practical" version for rehearsal, and thus it is only from the orchestral score that one can gain an adequate idea of the musical as well as the orchestral value of this piece. For Debussy has added innumerable arabesques and counter-melodies of expressive importance. He has clarified "voice-leading" which are at best only barely indicated, and sometimes are hardly sketched. He has intensified the rhythms, through the judicious employment of instruments of percussion, and furthermore has often continued and coordinated them in a manner that adds immeasurably to the architectural "lines" of the piece itself. Thus the piano version is perforce the sketch, and the orchestral score the finished picture.

To the well-nigh conventional list of instruments which the modernist French composer deems essential to obtain variety and refinement of orchestral color, Debussy only adds a second piccolo, which, with the first, can obtain soft, acute effects impossible to the flutes, and a third clarinet. The more tractable sarrusophone replaces the more cumbersome contra-bassoon. The half-dozen instruments of percussion, used deftly, though with economy, are all as familiar as the two harps and celesta. But the strings are subdivided to an unwonted extent, sometimes merely in the interests of delicacy, sometimes to secure sensitive complexities, which would

otherwise be too concrete and baffling for dramatic illusion.

But against this background of normal equipment Debussy has made excursions into novelty which are unusual even in his career of exploration, and patient experiment. If the scenario of "Jeux" comes dangerously near the ridiculous, and if the material of the music comes close to Debussy's limit as concerns exiguousness, the disposition of his orchestral resources helps to heighten poetic and dramatic illusion to an extraordinary degree. After the tennis ball bounds on the stage, the gestures of the apprehensive and curious young girls is mirrored in the light and ethereal strings, with the background of wind chords. When the young man who sought the tennis ball, curious in his turn, parts the branches of the bushes to watch the young girls' dance, the shimmer of highly sub-divided strings brings a graphic illusion in orchestral tone. The embrace of the young man and a girl brings a moment of intensity and coloristic sonority, only equalled by the graphic irony of the choice of instruments in the following passage in which the second girl exhibits jealousy and mocks the dance of the others. Again when he first girl hurt in turn, tries to flee, her chagrin and injured vanity find subtle equivalent in the shrinking music given to a few desks of violins, violas and violoncellos in alternation with wind instruments. These are only a few tangible episodes in a work replete with imaginative touches in coloristic detail.

The mutual reconciliation of the two girls and the young man and their final dance brings a gradual increasing massing of instruments still relatively subtle, but so adroitly handled that the final climax gains additional force. To point this out in detail would necessitate a departure into technical explanation which would inevitably be tedious and possibly fruitless. After the flight of all his characters, Debussy rings down his dramatic and orchestral curtain by recalling the misty and vague prelude with which he began, embellished with some appropriately impressionistic figures in the strings against woodwind chords. Whatever discussion may arise as to the music, there can hardly be two opinions as to the supremely successful manner in which Debussy has set his music in the orchestra. Color, poetry, subtilized emotion and rhythm are there with a mastery which he has never exceeded.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919--20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

ELEVENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, AT 8 P. M.

STOJOWSKI,

SYMPHONY in D minor, op. 21

- I. Andante; Allegro moderato
- II. Andante
- III. Scherzo: Molto vivace
- IV. Finale; Allegro con fuoco ma non vivace
(First time in Boston)

SONGS with Orchestra

- | | |
|--------------|--|
| a) BRAHMS, | "Ever lighter grows my slumber" |
| b) SCHUMANN, | Bride's Song, No. 1, "Mother, can I love thee the less?" |
| c) SCHUMANN, | Bride's Song, No. 2, "Leave me in his arms endearing." |
| d) SCHUBERT. | "Erl-King" |

(English version of texts by H. E. Krehbiel)
(Orchestration of songs by Leopold Stokowski)

WAGNER,

EXCERPTS from "The Dusk of the Gods"

- a) Funeral Music
- b) Immolation Scene. (with Soprano)

Soloist:

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There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

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MARGARETE MATZENAUER

Phenomenal Prima-Donna Soprano
METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY

11TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald Jan. 7, 1920

Paderewski Prize Piece by
Stojowski Introduced
to Boston

KREISLER SOLOIST FOR NEXT WEEK

By PHILIP HALE

The 11th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Stojowski, symphony in D minor (first time in Boston), songs with orchestra; Brahms, Ever Lighter Grows My Slumber; Schumann bride's songs—Mother, Can I Love Thee the Less; Leave Me in His Arms Endearing; Schubert, Erlking, Wagner; Siegfried's funeral music; Bruennhilde's immolation scene.

Mr. Stojowski's name has long been known in Boston. He and Mr. Hess played his violin sonata 10 years ago; he and Mr. Schroeder played the violoncello sonata. His symphonic rhapsody for piano and orchestra was heard at the Boston Opera House seven years ago, when he was the pianist. A vocal composition of his was performed by the Boston Singing Club in 1906. His piano concerto was played by Mr. Paderewski at a Symphony concert in March, 1916.

But Mr. Stojowski was first known here as a pianist. He played with the Kneisel quartet in 1906, and in the same year gave a piano recital.

The symphony performed yesterday took some 29 years ago a prize in a composition founded by Mr. Paderewski for Polish composers. It is the work of a serious, high minded musician, but, with the exception of the Scherzo, it

shows labor rather than inspiration. The opening of the first movement arrests attention and in this movement as in the finale there is some salient thematic material. It is in the development of this material that a paucity of invention is disclosed. The Scherzo is charming throughout, pleasingly fantastical, and deftly orchestrated, in which respect it is in strong contrast to the other movements. The Symphony was finely played; the performance of the difficult Scherzo was remarkably clear, light and graceful. Boston should be proud of its orchestra which has just returned from a trip, having won the enthusiastic praise of critics and audiences. And Boston may well be proud of Mr. Monteux, who has brought this orchestra to its high state of proficiency, whose interpretations of classic and romantic music are most eloquent.

Mme. Matzenauer, who for some time has been lustily proclaiming her undying devotion to the American flag—"the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light"—chose for her first appearance here at a Symphony concert songs by three Germans and one Austrian. Fortunately she sang them in English, translations made for her by Mr. Krehbiel. She sang the songs of Brahms, Schumann and Schubert with an orchestral accompaniment invented by Mr. Stokowski of Philadelphia. Berlioz years ago orchestrated the accompaniment of the "Erlking," and it is said that he had some skill in writing for an orchestra. Singers have been hitherto contented with his "Erlking." Liszt, also, orchestrated Schubert's accompaniment and he, too, had some talent in this field.

The songs of Brahms and of Schumann, being of a more intimate nature, are more effective in a small hall with the accompaniment of a piano. Mme. Matzenauer, with her beautiful voice, sang them expressively. She chose the ventriloquistic reading of the "Erlking" so that at the end one unavoidably thought of Mr. Fred Stone with his phrase of praise, "Very Good, Eddie."

Mr. Stokowski, after the performance of his symphony, was called upon the stage.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will comprise Vincent d'Indy's Symphony in B Flat, No. 2, and Brahms's Violin Concerto. Mr. Kreisler will be the violinist.

MEMORABLE CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Post — Jan. 17/20
Mme. Matzenauer Is
Eloquent in Wag-
ner Numbers

BY OLIN DOWNES

There is but one Richard Wagner. Exigencies of the war, the atrocious conduct of a Prussian government, necessarily made silent for a while, in concert halls, the great voice which was always raised, during Wagner's life-time, against Prussianism. But yesterday afternoon Mr. Monteux, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, put on his programme the music of Siegfried's death and the scene of Brunhilde's Immolation from Wagner's "The Twilight of the Gods," and the effect was little short of sublime.

It would not have been what it was lacking the presence of Margaret Matzenauer, a superb woman, a supremely dramatic singer, to deliver the lines of Brunhilde's sacrifice and atonement. In truth, it has been many years since this music has been sung in so grand a spirit, by an artist with a voice of such phenomenal capacities, a voice nobly equal to the task Wagner has set his soprano in this famous scene. The rehearing of this music, the inspired manner in which it was sung, made one of the most memorable moments of many seasons of Boston Symphony concerts.

IS A GREAT ARTIST

Mme. Matzenauer has long been known as the possessor of a voice of astonishing range, which has made it possible for her to sing both contralto and soprano roles in opera. In addition to its range—and the circumstance is indeed rare good fortune—the voice has the most uncommon resources of color and sonority throughout its registers. And finally Mme. Matzenauer has developed remarkably as a mistress of song and as an emotional interpreter until today she stands as one of the greatest operatic artists of this generation.

She is essentially of the operatic stage. Standards of concert deportment as established in cold roast Boston do not particularly commend her spontaneous gestures, though these gestures are always interpretive of the music and in the picture. Even when she sang songs of Brahms, Schumann, Schubert, she was an artist of the stage, albeit one who had carefully studied the art of song, the power of restraint and the finest shades of vocal interpretation. There are singers who bawl out the confidences of Schumann's bride-to-be as if they were soap-box orators on the Common.

Schumann's Bride's Songs

Mme. Matzenauer gave the two "Bride's Songs" the simplicity, the tenderness, the intimate appeal so characteristic of a certain side of the genius of Schumann, as well as of the subject. She gave voice to the bitter melancholy of Brahms' "Ever Lighter Grows My Slumber" with a discretion and poignant simplicity which made the end of the song especially unforgettable.

We personally liked least her singing of Schubert's "Erl-King." Not that it lacked intelligence, or failed to follow approved standards of interpretation. That was just the trouble, we get tired to death of hearing these imitations of the little boy's voice and the father's voice and the voice of the Erl-King. We would like to see more suggestion and less realism in the interpretation of this romantic song. We would like to have something left to the imagination of the hearer.

Looked the Part

It was in the music from "Die Gotterdammerung" that Mme. Matzenauer reached her full height and gave an overwhelming performance. It is not entirely irrelevant in this place to remark that since her last Boston appearances some seasons ago she has eaten and grown thin, or something of the sort, and has emerged from the process a very impressive and eloquent figure on the stage—in physique, the type of artist which Wagner would have acclaimed for his heroine. She stood the part, she looked it as she sang it, and

she put the grandeur and the noble pathos of the music into her tones. That glorious voice surged through or over the most tumultuous effects of the orchestra which was hymning the downfall of old gods, the rebirth of the world, the all-consuming triumph of love. Mighty music! Mr. Monteux conducted with all enthusiasm and sympathy, and he had a wondrous voice, and a woman who could sing, to crown his efforts.

Composer Brought Out

In retrospect of this concert, one recalls the first performance in Boston of Sigismund Stojowski's Symphony in D minor, an ambitious work which won the Paderewski prize in a contest presided over by Arthur Nikisch. This symphony was also applauded to the echo, and the composer was brought out on the platform by Mr. Monteux.

It will seem crabbed and opinionated, in the face of the tremendous enthusiasm shown yesterday, for a mere humble reviewer to state that in his own honest and deliberate opinion the Stojowski symphony is one of the most conventional and unimportant works he has heard for some time. But that is the case, and the work of a reviewer of music calls for such frankness of statement.

Little Individuality

We think this symphony of little value, because in the first place the themes themselves have little force or individuality. The first theme of the first movement, it is true, has a certain rhythmic force which is helpful in its development. But it is mock vigor. The thing does not ring very true. The second theme is sugary and banal. There are yards and yards of development of the kind that hardworking German composers have turned out by the ton for 50 years.

The orchestration is full and sonorous, but it has little variety of color: it is orchestration in chunks. One chunk of instruments is used here, another there. Nearly everything is kept going most of the time. It sounds perfectly well. That is, it sounds sonorously, brilliantly, euphoniously as you will. But that is not necessarily enough to make original orchestration or original music. An orchestra is such a marvelous thing anyway that the composer with a few stock tricks up his sleeve can make it sound positively magical to the ears. It requires more than all that to make a great symphony.

Second Movement Best

The second movement of this symphony seems to us the best, because we think that Mr. Stojowski has a melodic vein, which is not very virile, but is sweetly if somewhat innocuously melodious, and he has here written a kind

of a song without words which is scarcely of symphonic calibre as regards the nature of the musical thought, while on the other hand it is pretty and pleasing. The scherzo is pretty, too. The finale is filled to the brim with outworn symphonic formulas.

As a glib talker often makes on first acquaintance an excellent impression which does not last, so we think that this symphony, applauded yesterday with the most genuine and spontaneous enthusiasm, representing a personal triumph which must have been—and may it continue to be—gratifying in the highest degree to the composer—will not hold a distinguished place in the symphonic repertory.

Matzenauer in Fine Voice at Symphony

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

PROGRAM.

Stojowski, Symphony in D minor.
Songs with Orchestra.
Soloist, Mme. Matzenauer.
Wagner, Death March and Finale from
"Goetterdaemmerung."

FOR once the program had a Teutonic cast, since the songs by Mme. Matzenauer were by Schubert, Schumann and Franz, but the new Stojowski symphony gave Polish to the concert.

There were several commendable points in the new symphony. First, it is not so prolix as some modern works. Most of the recent symphonists take an extraordinary time to unfold their tale. Secondly, although Mr. Stojowski uses a very large orchestra, including English horn, bass clarinet, harp, bells, triangle and cymbals, he employs these in ever-changing combinations and seldom hurls all his forces at the auditor at once.

Also the composer does not deal in the complicated juggleries of rhythms which puzzle the auditor in almost every large modern orchestral work. But there is not a great amount of melodic charm in the new symphony.

Mr. Stojowski evidently prefers skill to direct emotion. There is constant figuration and the strings are given florid figures enough to cause them to thoroughly earn their salary. The work begins strikingly

enough with a weird phase upon bass clarinet (afterwards becoming a theme), in the deepest depths, echoed upon English horn, but it speedily works up from this simplicity to some very forcible climaxes and the ending of the finale gives fortissimo trills leading up to a cymbal clash.

At a first hearing we found the Scherzo much the best movement, having many good effects of orchestral coloring and considerable piquancy in its very rapid measures.

That the work does not lean much to the lighter vein may be judged by the subtle distinction made in the tempo mark of the finale—"Allegro Con Fuoco, ma non Vivace"—a difference that amounts to an instruction to the conductor.

The Andante seemed the least powerful movement of the four. The transferences of thematic material from the first movement through the later parts of the symphony gave a certain continuity to the work, but few of these themes are likely to linger in the memory except the broad chief theme of the finale and the Queen-Mab-like one of the charming Scherzo. The composer was brought forward by Mr. Monteux, in response to continuous applause, three times at the end of the work on Friday afternoon.

Mme. Matzenauer with her broad and dramatic voice made much of the two Brides-songs by Schumann and of Brahms, "Ever lighter grows my clumber," but won her chief triumph in the "Erl-king." Yet we always prefer Schubert's ballad given by a male voice, for which he intended it. The German language being temporarily under an eclipse (although our chief version of the Scriptures is founded directly upon it) causes these songs to be heard in a rather diluted form.

We recall one of the crimes of translation in connection with the English version of the "Erl-King," published by Augener of London, where "the pale willows that danced to the Moan" are seen in the midst of a rain storm, and where the sentences of the father and the child are transferred, with the result that the child sings in deep tones—"Oh, father, look yonder, look yonder," he says, and the father pipes back in a high treble, "My son, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?" And we could cite a dozen almost equally flagrant faults in changing songs from their original language.

Mr. Krehbiel's translations, however, were far above the average. But every translation is more or less a dilution, especially in the vocal masterpieces, where words and music are closely wedded, as for example in the finale of the great trilogy, which ended the concert.

Wagner's great funeral music at the death of Siegfried, which rehearses in guiding figures the chief points of the hero's life, and the magnificent solo with which the trilogy ends were unjust to Mr. Stejowski, for they shrivelled up his symphony. The present writer will forever recall hearing this finale sung at Villa Wahnfried with Stavenhagen at the piano and Materna giving the vocal part.

On this occasion Mme. Matzenauer approached even that memorable vocal performance. The orchestral reading did not rival some of the previous performances in America, for we have had even the greatest Wagnerian conductors in this country as far back as Thomas and Seidl and Muck and Toscanini have reached high-water mark in recent times.

There was an evident lack of authority and of subtleties of shading in the "Immolation Scene," although M. Monteux read the Siegfried Funeral music very effectively. But what with the noble breadth of Mme. Matzenauer and the grandeur of the musical thoughts here interwoven the scene made a powerful climax to the concert, and instead of rushing for trolley cars the audience remained to give vent to the most hearty and prolonged applause; therefore, the reviewer need not become hypercritical.

MATZENAUER SINGS WITH THE SYMPHONY

Globe — Jan. 17, 1920

She Scores a Success in Program of Masterpieces

Wagner and Stojowski Pieces Complete the Program

Margaret Matzenauer was the soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert, her first appearance here with the orchestra. Her numbers were the same she has already sung with orchestras in New York and Philadelphia during the current season: four familiar German songs, with English words by H. E. Krehbiel, and orchestrated accompaniments by Leopold Stokowski; and the final scene from Wagner's "Dusk of the Gods." She is to be thanked for choosing these masterpieces instead of second rate novelties.

Her "Brunnhilde" must be of admirable dramatic intensity and vocal opulence, to judge by her singing in the "Immolation" scene. The power of

Wagner's music is so great that his operas are "fool proof," provided the singers have voice enough to make themselves heard above the orchestral climaxes. But Mme. Matzenauer brought out the often ignored intrinsic force and beauty of the voice part and aided Mr. Monteux in making the performance of this excerpt a memorable one.

With the lyrics by Brahms and Schumann she was less successful. She stressed the dramatic significance of the words and so missed much of the serene beauty of the music. Her singing of Schubert's "Erl-king" was appropriately vivid.

Mr. Monteux missed, at times, repose in the Siegfried funeral music. He made the rhythm jerky and the entrances of the several motives ejaculatory. Dr. Muck, who was exceptionally successful with this music, used to make the rhythm steady and almost ponderous in its inevitability and the motives solemn and massive.

Only so can this excerpt seem unified and complete in itself in the concert hall. Mr. Monteux failed to convey the impression of inexhaustible reserve force behind the music which one always got from Dr. Muck's interpretation of it.

The remaining item was the Symphony in D minor, op. 21, by Sigismund Stojowski, the Polish composer and pianist, now resident in New York, played for the first time in Boston, though it is more than 20 years old. The pretty scherzo gave the audience especial pleasure, and the composer was led out by Mr. Monteux to acknowledge the applause at the end.

The themes are never banal, partly, one felt, because they are so fragmentary and so sedulously developed. But the work never attains the "grand manner," the power in repose, of the great models which its construction carefully follows. It is a little above the average of what has been dubbed "conductor's music," the work of a talented musician with considerable knowledge, taste and imaginative power, who lacks the indefinable something called genius.

Fritz Kreisler will play the Brahms violin concerto at the concerts next week, and Mr. Monteux will give his promised revival of D'Indy's Second Symphony.

STOJOWSKI SYMPHONY PLAYED IN BOSTON

Globe — Jan. 17, 1920

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The eleventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given on January 16, with a program made up as follows:

Stojowski—Symphony in D minor op. 21. Songs by Brahms, Schumann, and Schubert.

Wagner—Excerpts from "The Dusk of the Gods."

Margaret Matzenauer was the soloist.

Stojowski's symphony was performed for the first time in Boston. Its first performance in its final version was in 1901. Yet it cannot be considered a youthful work. The fire, the dash and audacity of youth are strangely absent. The composer, educated for the most part at the Paris Conservatoire, seems to have assimilated few of the characteristics of the French school. A pupil of Delibes, who was a master of orchestration, he seems to have caught little of the delicacy of style and coloring of his teacher. It is remarkable that surrounded during the formative years by French influences he should have been so little moved by them, and no more does this symphony betray his nationality. In short, despite its seriousness of purpose, its careful working out, its learning, it is often dull. The scherzo and certain pages of the andante alone have charm.

Mme. Matzenauer sang with rare feeling and emotional power. Known chiefly as an operatic singer, it was an unexpected pleasure to find her so expert as an interpreter of "Lieder." The songs were given with great effect, yet she never resorted to the methods and tricks of the operatic stage. Such a dignified, restrained style is appropriate to a symphony concert and those who often justly argue that the presence of a soloist is a disturbing element at these concerts must have felt that their arguments have little force where such singing is concerned. The funeral music and the final scene from "The Dusk of the Gods" have been heard to better advantage. A certain thinness in the brass, a general uncertainty of attack were to be noticed, yet the performance of the symphony was brilliant, particularly the scherzo, which was beautifully colored and rhythmical.

The Figure That Matches the Song



Margaret Matzenauer

(Photograph by Georg)

At Last Received Into the Symphony Concerts

SYMPHONY CONCERT Trans. — Jan. 17, 1920 GERMAN SONGS AND FRAGMENTS OF WAGNER

Brahms, Schumann and Schubert to English Texts and in the Beauty of Mme. Matzenauer's Tones—Siegfried's Death-Music Strangely Still and Pale, but Brynhild's Monologue Carried to High Eloquence—Also Mr. Stojowski's Symphony

It is not necessary to return to Mr. Stojowski's symphony which began the Symphony Concert of yesterday and which was heartily applauded, as all sonorous music is, by the audience of Friday afternoon. A second hearing did not materially alter the impressions received from the first performance at Cambridge on Thursday and already recorded in these columns. Again Mr. Monteux spared no pains with the piece and if it still sounded tiresomely heavy handed and thick voiced he was blameless for such tedium. For most listeners, moreover, the interest of the concert sprang from the second half of the programme divided between four classic German songs sung with orchestra by Mme. Matzenauer and two fragments of Wagner's opera, "The Gloaming of the Gods"—the orchestral interlude that recalls and glorifies the dead Siegfried and Brynhild's long last speech before she mounts her pyre.

For the first time since the end of the late war, classic German songs were sung at a Symphony Concert, though classic German symphonies, overtures and tone-poems have been steadily played at them. For the first time, likewise, since the end of the war excerpts from an opera by Wagner—preludes aside—appeared on a programme of the Symphony Orchestra. For a fortnight these pieces had been announced, but no voice of intolerance had protested with either conductor or manager; while to actual performance the audience returned no signs but those of pleasure. Fewer than usual were the departures that familiarly intersperse the final items of a Symphony Concert; while at the end of Brynhild's monologue, nearly the whole listening company, plainly stirred by the conductor's and the singer's eloquence, lingered to applaud them. If the music of the dead Siegfried was less clapped, there was reason in a strangely colorless and passionless performance.

As for the classic German songs, which were warmly received, there is not a reason why they should not be sung at Symphony Concerts, so long as classic German symphonic pieces stand firm in the active repertory. As little is there reason for the "banning" of the operatic music of a German composer who set his last note to paper nearly forty years ago. His share in what the unforgetting and the unforgetting like to call "German guilt" seems negligible. Reason, however, is one thing and prejudice and petulance are others. Yet of these human infirmities there was not the smallest sign in the demeanor of the audience of yesterday. Rather, it seemed well and wisely content that Mr. Monteux—man and musician of open and liberal mind, if there ever was one, an honor thereby to his race and his profession—had restored the Symphony Concerts to the catholicity that these twenty years has not been the least of their glories. Thanks to him, thanks to the trustees of the orchestra, the hateful bigotries and malevolences of the hour have not penetrated the Symphony Concerts. There a liberal art, as the old phrase was, is still cultivated liberally; there the pleasure of the making and the hearing of music still runs free. As freely, the few who would deny the concerts such liberty and catholicity may quit them.

Of course Mme. Matzenauer sang her songs of Brahms, Schumann and Schubert and declaimed her monologue out of Wagner in English. She used for that purpose translations made at her instance last summer by Mr. Krehblel, reviewer in opera house and concert-hall for The New York Tribune, versed in both languages, skilled to mate the accents of new texts to the ordained accents of the music. In these "odd jobs," so to say, he has done no less laudable work than in his translation of the whole "book" of "Parsifal" for the imminent reproduction of that opera at the Metropolitan. His English verse pleases the mind, the taste, the ear; it conveys the course, substance and spirit of the German text into a new tongue; it mates all three closely to the music; it is heedful of the serviceable rhetoric of opera house and concert hall; it is at opposite pole from the bathetic and ridiculous "English versions" that sprawl between staves of song or snigger down the columns of an "opera-book."

Now, if these things can be done by one man for a few German texts, they can be done by other men, more or less ably, for many more. Our song-recitals are the poorer for lack of the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Brahms and Wolf. The current formula of old airs, "French group," "Russian group," "Anglo-American group" has become as persistent, tedious, barren, as were some of the super-

fluorous German prescriptions and proscriptions of the past. It is high time that classic and contemporary German song in its best estate returned to our concert-halls. It may most advisedly and desirably do so in such translations of texts as Mme. Matzenauer commissioned of Mr. Krehbiel, as other singers, as publishers of music, should make speed to command of him and other hands as fit. It is high time, also, that the music of Wagner should come back to the concert-hall, as it has in "stricken France," and to the opera house, as it has in much-enduring England. Again, for the purposes of song, such translations as Mr. Krehbiel's open the easy path of wisdom. As soon challenge his American loyalties as question his devotion to the arts of music.

Called for the first time to the Symphony Concerts, Mme. Matzenauer, far more slender than of old, grave of face, sombre of glance, not without a dark beauty richly set in the coloring of her gown, was a quietly impressive figure. Once and again in Schumann's "bride-songs" from the songbook, "Myrthen," she betrayed the singing-actress in claspings of the hands, in upturnings of the head; but in Brynhild's monologue, though her whole being plainly stirred to the intensities of the music, she held herself within firm control. Using but half-voice in Brahms's song of the introspections and the longings of the dying girl—"Ever Lighter Grows My Slumber"—she sang with a strange, dark beauty of tone, in texture like to the pile of some thick, warm, velvet, steadily sustained and moulded to the contours of the music, as steadily pulsing with low rhythmic beat. With Mr. Stokowski's half simple, half subtle instrumentation to aid, with Mr. Monteux alert and adept with it, the gentle loveliness, the tender sentiment of Brahms's song have seldom stood clearer. Akin in measure are Schumann's songs of the longing, eager bride to the tremulous mother, questioning ever so little, doubting—but rather for herself than for her daughter. Yet underneath glows the rhapsodic note. With like beauty of tone, discretion of means, fineness of feeling for music, text and the art of song, Mme. Matzenauer sang them. As life and work through recent years have mellowed her, so she has refined upon herself. As such artist, who designs and measures her own intensity of song, who hears and guides her own beauty and significance of tone, she sang Schubert's "Erl-King." She was no singing-actress mistakenly inflating a ballad into a tragedy upon the stage of a theatre. Rather, she was the narrator, whose voice takes color, whose accents gain emotion from the progress of the tale in tones. Astutely she preserved the musical unity of the song, differentiated the voices that

are strands of illusion within it. As truly keyed to Schubert was Mr. Stokowski's orchestral part. Not once did he storm or rant.

So Mme. Matzenauer passed to Brynhild's monologue and to a larger manner of music-drama and the opera house. Stately, almost imperious, yet how rich of tone, how spacious of phrase and period, was her declamation of the Valkyr's commands to the folk. The eye visioned the abstracted figure; the ear heard the voice accustomed to bid its will. To Brynhild, looking upon the dead Siegfried, visioning the high gods, reading the runes of destiny, Mme. Matzenauer brought a dusky beauty of tone, a sombre beauty of eloquence that sunk deep into hearing mind and imagination. In these measures, austere and plangent, Wagner wrote no rhetoric of the theatre, Mr. Shaw to the contrary notwithstanding. His voice, like Mme. Matzenauer's, was the voice of tragedy illumined. Rhetoric there is and rhetoric of the theatre in Brynhild's final apostrophe to Siegfried, but through it Mme. Matzenauer swept in tones of dark and mounting fire. Hardly at all did these acquired tones miss fullness or lose intensity of utterance. Not within long memory has singing-actress in or out of the opera house declaimed Brynhild's monologue with such sustained beauty of song, with such depth and height of tragic passion. With reason, Mme. Matzenauer's hearers lingered to release in applause their answering emotion.

Little less well fared Mr. Monteux and the orchestra with their part in this final scene from "The Gloaming of the Gods." In their tones glowed the harmonic and the instrumental vesture of the music; in their accents spoke the passion or the rhetoric; out of Wagner's close-twined texture the significant, the imaging, the compelling motifs stood clear; apt throughout was Mr. Monteux's adjustment of the symphonic current to the singing voice. Best of all, there was no moment of musical and emotional descent, no suggestion of anti-climax, when Brynhild's tones are stilled; firmly, largely, the orchestra swept forward and upward to the end.

"Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan."

The more the wonder, then, that Mr. Monteux, keen-minded, imaginative and practised operatic conductor, with such an orchestra as now answers to his will, should have fallen short of the tonal splendors, the heroic exaltation, the retrospective sweep, the might and majesty of sound that fill the glorification of the dead Siegfried. As it seemed, his pace was too slow; his hand too light, almost timid; his accents too gentle; his colorings too pale; his meagre climaxes without breadth and clangor. Out of such performance

barely rose Siegfried, the fated Volsung and Siegfried the hero, smiting with his sword. Only the chords of doom in the death motif crashed black and harsh. Measure to measure Mr. Monteux knitted the music, yet hardly once did he drive it forward in irresistible voice of mingled woe and glory. The great thrill was become a little thrill; yet not the less are these pages the music of genius.

H. T. PARKER

The Symphony Orchestra to Journey Again—"The Flonzaleys" to Play a New Quartet by Mr. Gregory Mason—The Impending Visit of the New York Chamber Music Society—Sunday Concerts at the Copley

NEXT Sunday the Symphony Orchestra will depart on a new journey to Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, New York, Brooklyn and, finally, to Springfield and Hartford, whence the band returns on Tuesday morning, Jan. 13. At several of these concerts Mr. de Gorgoza will be the "assisting singer"; while in Hartford, Mr. Ornstein, the pianist, will play with the orchestra. As the programmes stand, New York and other cities will hear Debussy's "Jeux" and Glazunov's "Stenka Razin" from the concerts this week in Boston, along with two pieces that Mr. Monteux is still reserving for the public of Symphony Hall—the prelude to "Parsifal," Wagner's music-drama, and the overture to Gluck's opera, "Iphigenia in Aulis." Otherwise these "out-of-town" programmes traverse Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Brahms's symphony in C minor, Chausson's symphony, Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz"; and, for a single performance in Washington, even Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony.

Every seat for the concert of the Symphony Orchestra for young people on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 29, has been taken by the youth of the schools to whom the tickets were first proffered. It is, therefore, useless for "outsiders" to make application for them. Already the management of the orchestra is arranging a second and similar concert for the afternoon of Thursday, Feb. 26. Evidently a good and much-needed work well begun.

Mr. Fradkin and the Apollo Club

Those who have an ear or an eye for orchestral detail may note the occasional passages which fall to Mr. Fradkin in the regular course of the Symphony Concerts; but in the fifteen months that he has been with us as concert master of the orchestra there has been little opportunity to hear him as a soloist in the accepted meaning of the word. Last evening, however, he appeared in that capacity at the second concert of the Apollo Club in Jordan Hall. The pieces he chose to play were of the sort commonly used for incidental numbers on such a programme—a brilliant but empty set of variations by Tartini, retouched by Mr. Kreisler; a pleasant muted Berceuse by de Grassi; a sprightly Tambourin by the once celebrated and now almost forgotten Gossec, and on his second appearance the "Gypsy Airs" of Sarasate, long beloved of virtuoso violinists. What impresses most in Mr. Fradkin's playing is its absolute competence, rather than any striking individuality. Perhaps for that reason he shines more in his place in the orchestra than as a formal soloist, although his vivid performance of Mendelssohn's Concerto last year is a thing to be remembered. In the "Gypsy Airs" last evening he had ample opportunity to display his technique, and the tricky passages were handled with seeming ease. But neither this music nor his other numbers could reveal his finer qualities, as do the interspersed solos of the Narrator in "Scheherazade" or the measures in the "Afternoon of a Faun," in which the voice of his violin runs as a silver strand through the orchestral web.

For the rest, the singing of the club brought familiar virtues and wonted pleasures for those who delight in such music. The programme contained the usual inconsequential short pieces; two excerpts from Gounod's masses—one an arrangement of the familiar Sanctus, and Dudley Buck's pleasing ballad of King Olaf's Christmas. Four members of the club—Mr. Cummings, Mr. Harlow, Mr. Kidder and Mr. Sircom—sang the incidental solos. The able Mr. Luker is now restored as accompanist, and Mr. Mollenhauer, to whom the present excellence of the club is largely due, was again at his post. Mr. George L. Osgood, once conductor of the Bolyston Club and prominent here as a singer and teacher, has returned to Boston after an absence of twenty-five years in Europe. As tribute to him, his "In Picardy," one of the best liked of all such pieces, was added to the programme. As it happens, it was originally written for the Apollo Club.

Trans. Jan. 14, 1920 W. S. S.

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Mme. MARGARETE MATZENAUER was born at Temesvár, Hungary, on June 1, 1881. Her father was a conductor at the Opera House. She studied singing with Mme. Neuendorff (in Graz), Antonia Mielke, and Franz Emerich (in Berlin). She made her first operatic appearance in "Oberon" as Puck at Strasbourg in 1901, having been at this opera house for three years. She was a member of the Munich Court Opera Company until 1911. In 1902 she was married to Ernest Preuse, a singing teacher in Munich with whom she had studied. A disagreement with him—she was divorced in 1911—led to her leaving Munich. She sang yearly in Wagner festival performances in Munich; at Bayreuth in 1911 (Waltraute, Flosshilde, and First Norn). She was engaged in 1911 for the Metropolitan Opera House. Her first appearance there was on the opening night of the season of 1911-12 (November 13, 1911), when she appeared as Amneris. Her répertoire includes contralto and dramatic soprano rôles. In 1912 she sang at Buenos Aires.

In Boston she took the (first time in this country) parts of Brangäne (February 23, 1912) and Isolde (November 29, December 1, 1913) at the Boston Opera House. In April, 1918, she was heard there as Fides and Amneris.

She has sung with the Handel and Haydn Society (Verdi's

In June, 1912, she married the Italian tenor Edoardo Ferrari-Fontana, from whom she was divorced in 1917.

She has sung in concert March 28, 1915 (with Mr. Gabrilowitsch), February 14, 1916 (Copley-Plaza Morning Musicale), April 7, 1918.

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A New Symphony in the Fashion Before the Last at Cambridge—Gluck and Liszt as Well, and Mr. Bedetti in Schumann's Concerto for Violoncello—The Pleasures of Bach from Mr. Pattison—Miss Brard in a Recital of Her Own—A Visit from the Philharmonic Society—Programmes in Prospect

Jan. 16, 1920

LIKE dutiful children in the old story-books, the audience at the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge is wont to be grateful for that which it receives in pieces and performance. If Mr. Monteux chooses to set before it music that he has lately played on the other bank of the Charles, it hears it gladly. If, instead, he assembles numbers that he will utilize on the morrow in Symphony Hall, it seems as well pleased. If the "direction" of the concerts despatches to Sanders Theatre an interesting "soloist," say like Miss Janacopulos of last November, it answers eagerly; if on the other hand, it is exposed to less tested and stimulating abilities, it is resignedly polite. From the standpoint of both conductor and manager, an ideal audience to which to minister—and therefore an audience deserving compensations. In measure it received them last evening when but one of the chosen pieces—Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz"—was of recent performance in Symphony Hall; when another—Gluck's overture to his opera, "Iphigenia in Aulis"—has not yet been heard across the Charles; and when a third—Mr. Stojowski's symphony in D minor, announced for today in Boston—was played for the first time hereabouts with the pleasantly excited composer—exactly the bearded, loose-clothed, loose-jointed, nervous figure of many a "portrait of an artist"—listening intently and smilingly receiving many plaudits. As though all this were not enough, Mr. Bedetti, the masterful first violoncellist of the orchestra, was "soloist" with it for the first time at home; while his choice of piece fell upon the seldom heard concerto of Schumann. As Symphony Concerts in Cambridge go, decidedly an interesting evening.

Yet in the vernacular of this New England, Mr. Stojowski's symphony seemed "no great shakes." It dates from 1900, there or thereabouts; it has been played—once—in various cities of Europe from Paris unto Warsaw; it is not unknown in New York: the Scherzo, according to the learned compiler of the programme-book, has even enjoyed at Mr. Nikisch's concerts a vogue

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Boston Symphony Orchestra

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21, 22, 23 and 24 at the U.S. the interest of the campaign

"NO RESERVATION!"

Cast More Votes in College Than Did Advocates of A

New York, Jan. 16—Uncertainty has received more single proposition voted on college referendum on Nations but not as many accorded to Plans 3 and 4 provide for the former on the basis majority proposals and compromise between them. More than 100,000 votes counted, cast by the students of 475 colleges and these 46,259 were cast reserved ratification and ratification by compromise. Maining vote was divided supporters of the Lodge. 11,690 voters who did not ratify in any form.

On request from Washington college treaty referee which is tabulating the telegraphed the results to the Lodge and Senator Hiram. The final vote will probably be tonight.

WENT TO SYMPHONY

Hundreds of People Had Postponement of Lecture

It was late in the day when the management of the lecture learned that Sir Oliver, unable to reach Boston, had postponed his lecture. The result was that persons who had bought tickets for the lecture learned of the postponement only when they had reached the tendants stationed in the hall. The postponement was a disappointment to the coming group. The postponement was a disappointment to the coming group. The postponement was a disappointment to the coming group.

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of its own. None the less with all deference to the diligent and aspiring Stojowski, symphonies of this sort were written by the sheaf in Europe at the end of the nineties, at the beginning of this previous century. They court tonal energy and tonal volume. Wherever the composer may, he employs a full modern orchestra and, as it seems, likes to see and to hear it at energetic work. Strenuous are his rhythms; vigorous, his progressions; firm-lined, his modulations. Thick flow his harmonies; ample-voiced are his instruments. Full tilt, as with palette-knife or thumb, the composer, be it Mr. Stojowski or another of the species, lays on his colors. With tireless, nervous energy, he weaves a full-fibred web of music, keeps it in as unflagging and nervous motion; sets in sharp contrast, deploys his instrumental voices, like Mr. Stojowski with the hollow tones of the bass-clarinets, as freshly and individually as he may. In particular, upon the Scherzo, he bestows whatever fancies may be stirring in his spirit, whatever dexterities may tip his fingers. Light-paced, light-rhythmed shall it be, teeming with apt and tricky suspensions and syncopations, bright with jets of harmonic and instrumental color, piquant with swift, apt turns of modulation. Such a scherzo Mr. Stojowski has written with appreciable fancy, with supple resource.

So runs the nervous energy of these secondary "symphonists" of the late nineties and the earliest years of the new century; for that energy, even when it did no more than "thrash about," was oftenest their mutual trait. The mold into which they cast and confined these energies was usually the orthodox symphonic form, slightly liberalized by the unexpected appearance of past or future motifs in succeeding or presaging divisions of the music. The moods that each movement reflected were the conventional states of music-making mind and expression—the slow and deep-voiced preluding; the abrupt and turbulent Allegro; the Adagio or Andante like to the introductory measures; the glinting and gleeful Scherzo; the emphatic, broad-measured, largely mounting Finale. As lacking in individuality, as routine as the form were the motifs whence the music sprang. Upon his manipulation and coloring the composer depended much; upon his big voice, thick textures and far-flung energies he depended yet more. Exactly such a symphony of twenty years ago is Mr. Stojowski's. Like his concerto for piano through which Mr. Paderewski and Dr. Muck once swept at Symphony Hall, it is neither better nor worse than the average of its kind. Only, to ears of Jan-

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And Mr. Bedetti chose Schumann's concerto, least seldom played of all the canonized concertos for violoncello—perhaps for that very reason chose it. Rich upon the ear, warm with fancy, lustrous or deep of voice flows the song of the Andante—the richer, the warmer, the more glowing for the tone in which the 'cellist released and enhanced it, for the intelligence, the sensibility, the artistry with which at every turn he measured and guided it. Call so much of the concerto a Canzone for violoncello and orchestra and it deserves to endure and to be played by a musician of Mr. Bedetti's mettle. But the rest—the "passage-work" of the beginning, the cadenza, the figuration, the trippings hither and yon of the finale—are hear to the dryest bones of composer's jugglery and virtuoso's skill. It is of record that the dutiful Clara, Schumann's wife, admired them. Has anybody done so since? Yet perhaps Mr. Bedetti shares his admiration. Anyhow, flawlessly he played them.

H. T. P.

Newcomer Who Has Proved His Worth



an Bedetti

(Photograph by Horner)

First Violoncellist of the Symphony Orchestra

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919--20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

TWELFTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, AT 8 P. M.

D'INDY,

SYMPHONY in B flat major, No. 2, op., 57

- I. Extrême lent; Très vif
- II. Modérément lent
- III. Modéré; Très animé
- IV. Introduction; Fugue, et Finale

BEETHOVEN,

CONCERTO in D major, for Violin, op. 61.

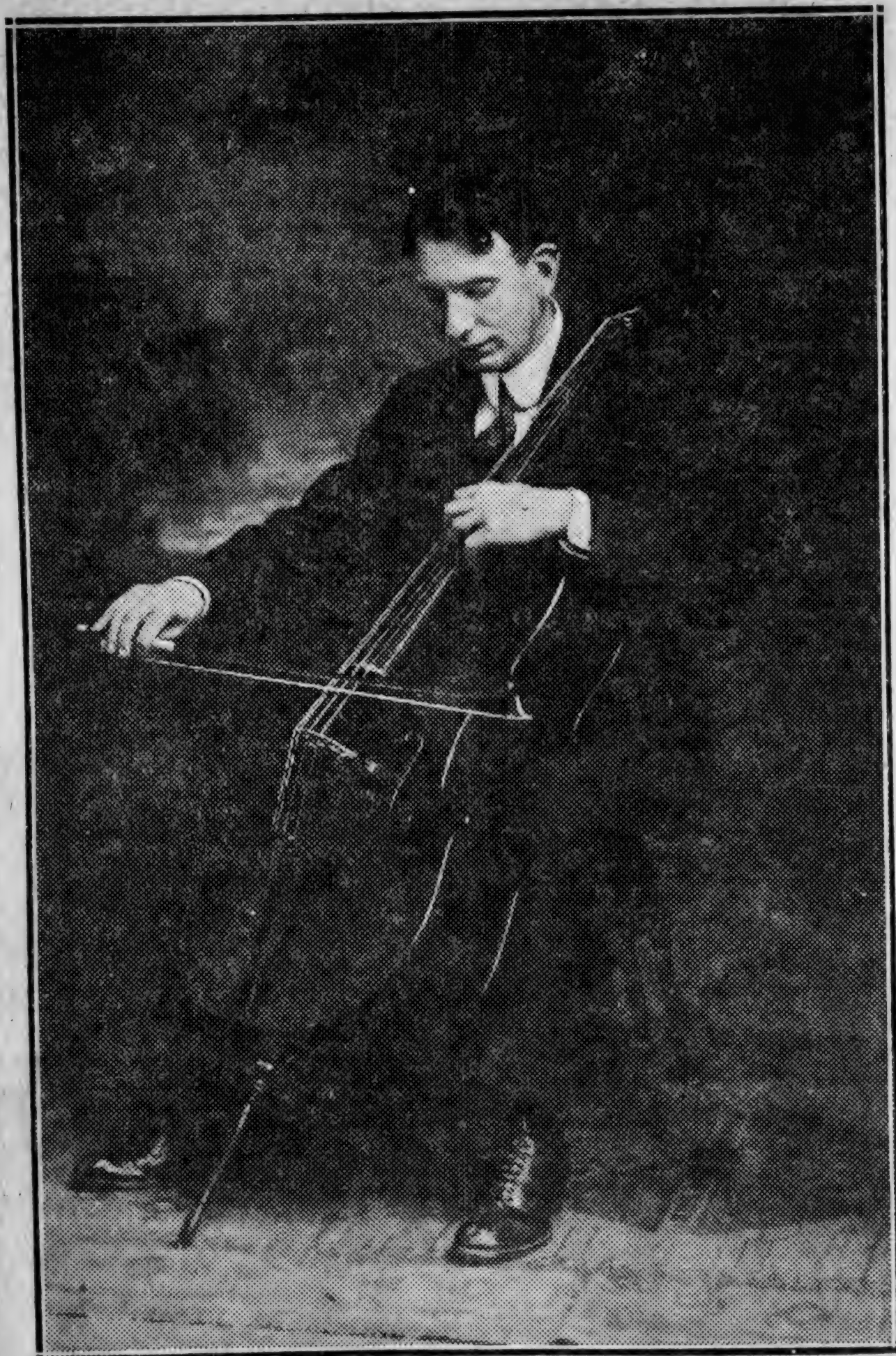
- I. Allegro ma non troppo
- II. Larghetto
- III. Rondo

Soloist:

FRITZ KREISLER

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

Newcomer Who Has Proved His Worth



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REVIVE D'INDY'S SYMPHONY NO. 2

Monteux and Orchestra
Brilliantly Give the Com-
poser's Masterpiece

ENGAGE CONDUCTOR FOR TWO YEARS MORE

Herald Jan. 24, 1920
By PHILIP HALE

The 12th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: D'Indy, Symphony No. 2 in B flat major; Beethoven, Violin Concerto.

Vincent d'Indy's Symphony, one of the greatest achievements in symphonic music since the death of Beethoven, had not been performed at these concerts since December 1909. Hardly appreciated at first when it was produced by Mr. Gericke in 1905 and played at the end of that year under the direction of the visiting composer, its beauty, nobility, spirituality, consummate workmanship vitalized by the faith, sincerity and humanity of the composer, were at last recognized in 1909, and so fully that a second performance was given "by request" in that season. Ten years have gone by; the Symphony is still a great work, great in the breadth of conception, in the richness of dramatic material, in the wealth of interesting detail, in the masterly instrumentation.

The performance yesterday was an inspiring one. It will probably be even more elastic this evening, for the Symphony is extremely treacherous in the matter of entrances and in other ways; but the performance yesterday was one in which Mr. Monteux and the orchestra may well take pride; one that would have delighted the composer, a man not easily pleased.

Mr. d'Indy in a letter to a friend writes that he has not been idle since the composition of his third Symphony, "De Bello Gallico," which was performed here last October. He has com-

posed a symphonic suite picturing the ocean seen from various shores and under various skies; the incidental music for a drama; piano pieces and French canticles. He hopes to revisit this country next fall.

Mr. Kreisler played Beethoven's Concerto. He had already played it three times at Symphony concerts in Boston. During the last six years this concerto was played five times. It has been performed 18 times at these concerts. Is it not time to shelve it for a few seasons at least?

It would have been gracious, tactful at least, if Mr. Kreisler had chosen a concerto by Lalo or Saint-Saens, as a tribute to France, the country to which he owes so much; for, as a boy he studied at the Paris Conservatory, and at the age of 12 he received a first prize; and after his first visit to the United States in 1888, he returned to Paris for further study. But gratitude is rarely displayed even by applauded virtuosos; tact has not been for the last six years the distinguishing characteristic of Germans and Austrians at home or abroad. It may here be remarked that on the forthcoming trip of the orchestra Mr. Kreisler will play a concerto by Viotti.

The trustees of the orchestra, the members of the orchestra, and the city of Boston may well be congratulated on the re-appointment of Mr. Monteux for a term of two years. Under his leadership the orchestra, containing new members, has now remarkable technical proficiency. The personnel is brilliant; witness the ensemble yesterday: the solo passages for oboe, clarinet, bassoon, violin, viola, and especially the playing of the small trumpet by Mr. Mager. The strings sing as they have not sung since the rule of Mr. Gericke. Performances are now characterized, not only by euphony, a fine sense of proportion, dash, grandeur, but by an imaginative, poetic spirit. For Mr. Monteux is an interpreter as well as a drill-master; an interpreter of Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Wagner; also fortunate in his readings of the later romantic, also the ultra-modern school. That his musical taste and sympathies are catholic, his programs show. He has given warm encouragement to deserving American composers. As a man, high minded, modest, genuine, he has won the respect of all. No merchant trafficks in his heart. Unlike certain conductors, he is not a poseur. Under his direction the technical and aesthetic future of the orchestra is secure. A change at the beginning of next season would have been fatal to the morale of the orchestra.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week is as follows: Converse, Symphony in C-minor; Schumann, Concerto for violoncello (Jean Bedetti); Rimsky-Korsakoff, "The Russian Easter." Mr. Converse's symphony will be performed for the first time.

KREISLER HAILED AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Reception Unparalleled in
Recent Years

967 Jan. 24, 1920
No soloist at the Symphony concerts in recent years has ever received an ovation comparable to that given Kreisler yesterday afternoon when he came out to play the solo part in Beethoven's Concerto. The orchestra and Mr. Monteux were as demonstrative as the audience. There was prolonged applause in the single pause during the concerto, and at the end of the concert, instead of hurrying away, as usual, everyone stayed to recall Kreisler again and again. The unusual demonstration over Rachmaninoff earlier in the season was far surpassed.

Kreisler has played this concerto here several times. His performance yesterday surpassed his own previous efforts as well as those of all the others heard at these concerts in Beethoven's familiar music. There were those beforehand who regretted that Kreisler altered his original intention of playing the Brahms concerto, because "the Beethoven is played to death," as the malcontents put it.

But the Beethoven is still the finest of all concertos, and most people never tire of such music played as it was yesterday. The glories of piece and soloist are too familiar to need detailed praise. Mr. Monteux and the orchestra did their part unusually well. Those who heard it will remember this performance when they come to judge others. It set an almost unattainable standard of dignity and beauty.

D'Indy's Second Symphony, the other item on yesterday's program, has not been heard here for 10 years. It far surpasses his new symphony inspired by the war, played here for the first time this season. It contains many passages of genuine nobility and beauty, but there is too much scholarship and too little genius in it.

One felt in following the lengthy analysis printed in the program that D'Indy had written an admirable illustration for his "Course in Composition" rather than continued the succession of masterpieces which still stop with Brahms' Fourth Symphony.

He has avoided the defects of Beethoven, conventional padding, lack of unity in the work as a whole, and so on. But he is a sort of critic turned composer. His judgment is excellent, his imagination limited, his erudition enormous.

Jean Bedetti, first cellist of the orchestra, will play Schumann's Concerto in A minor, op. 129, at the concerts next week. The other numbers are a new symphony by Mr. Converse, to be played for the first time anywhere, and Rimsky Korsakoff's not too familiar overture, "The Russian Easter."

KREISLER HEARD AT HIS BEST

Post Jan. 24, 1920
Great Violinist in
Rare Mood Playing
With Symphony

BY OLIN DOWNES

Two notable works, given equally notable performances, made the programme which the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, played yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall and will play again in the same hall this evening. These works were Vincent d'Indy's 2d symphony in B flat, and Beethoven's violin concerto, with Fritz Kreisler as the soloist.

15-YEAR RETROSPECT

It is easy to recall the impression which the wasterwork of d'Indy made when it was first performed in Boston by Wilhelm Gericke in 1905. It then seemed the last word in cacaphony and pedantry of the fussy and futile kind. No words were too hard for it. There was practically no applause when the performance came to an end, and reviewers who refused to be hurried into an adverse opinion on an important and unfamiliar composition were rated as partisans of d'Indy and the modern French school who do not admit that any music from these sources could be poor, bad.

For there seemed at that time no possible question of the fact that this was ugly, inept music.

Its Beauties Displayed

And what was the reception of the symphony yesterday? It was applauded to the echo. Thanks to the musical evolution of 15 years the music seemed crystal clear, in many places of sensuous beauty, full of force, fire, and noble

feeling. Much was due, without doubt, to Mr. Monteux's reading. Hitherto the symphony had been heard in Boston as played by German conductors, who gave earnest and well-meant readings of a score which it is probable that they only half understood. They showed the bones of the thing, the structure, the skeleton which underlay the beautiful form, but it is now obvious that the elements of rich beauty and feeling which are so strong in this music were but presented to the hearer.

Therefore it is only to merest justice to Mr. Monteux to say that while the understanding of the audience had grown greatly in 15 years, the performance was also, in many respects and beyond doubt or peradventure, a revelation of much which had not been audible before.

A Stupendous Work

One wonders, indeed, if there has been any other great symphony to compare with this one since the symphonies of Beethoven, Brahms and Franck. In the hurried mental survey of an hour or two there are no works in this form of today to match this vast and heroic structure of d'Indy. A part of the greatness of the symphony is its logical descent from the works of the other men. A work like Debussy's "Nocturnes" or "L'Après midi d'un Faun" opens a new land, a new era, to us. A symphony like the second symphony of d'Indy is a thing preordained by the labors and achievements of many men, great and small, rather than of one, however unique and unassailable the position in art of that one may be. It has the unity, too, thanks to its structure and workmanship, of one supremely clear, luminous, lofty thought, and the development of thought, which seems as inevitable today as some process of nature, goes hand in hand with the spiritual purpose of a master.

Kreisler's Greatest Performance

Perhaps it was the sympathetic mood established by d'Indy's symphony, perhaps it was the greeting given Mr. Kreisler by the audience, a greeting which meant profound sympathy with a man and artist unreasonably and unjustly persecuted of late, which put the violinist particularly in the vein. At any rate, he gave what impressed the writer as one of the greatest performances of his career, one which put the interpreter at the right hand of the composer, which made even the rather trivial finale of the concerto a thing to marvel at and cherish in the memory.

Of a performance by Mr. Kreisler when he is at his greatest it is futile to speak in detail. The audience was deeply moved.

A feature of this performance was the superb cadenza composed by Mr. Kreisler himself, of which the highest possible praise is that it was worthy of and wholly congruous with the rest of the concerto. Long after Mr. Kreisler had finished the audience remained in the hall applauding and calling him back to the stage. This was a memorable concert because of the music, the orchestra, the conductor and the musician-virtuoso.

MUSIC

Jan. 24, 1920
The Music of Boston

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor
BOSTON, Massachusetts—The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the twelfth concert of the present season on January 23. The program was:

D'Indy—Symphony in B flat major No. 2, op. 57.

Beethoven—Concerto for the violin, op. 61. Fritz Kreisler was the soloist.

D'Indy's symphony has not been played here for a little over 10 years. That a work of such beauty and significance should have been neglected for so long seems a pity. Again Mr. Monteux has given us the opportunity of acquainting ourselves with a work worthy to be ranked with the greatest masterpieces of symphonic literature. He recently performed a like service for us with Chausson's symphony. May he continue in like manner, for our education in modern music, outside Strauss and other Germans, has been sadly neglected. D'Indy's symphony is another evidence of the many-sidedness of the French school. It is of an emotional depth and expressiveness not always found in Saint-Saëns, Debussy, and others among the master Frenchmen, yet it is truly Gallic in its clarity and the logical working-out of its ideas. In this symphony d'Indy seems less restrained, less austere than in many of his other compositions; he seems to show us more of his real self. From the mysterious opening measures, through the moving pages of the adagio, to the sonorous finale, this symphony is one

long line of beauty. The orchestration, always brilliant, seems to grow logically from the melodic and harmonic ideas which it clothes, never obstructing their free expression, never meretriciously attracting their attention to itself. A composer rarely climbs to such heights, to such freedom and aptness of expression. The greatness of the work inspired a great rendition of it. The orchestra has seldom played with such abandon and beauty of tone.

Mr. Kreisler's playing of the Beethoven concerto was a fitting aftermath. Only a great master in a great masterpiece could have followed such a piece. The accompaniment to the concerto was uncommonly well played. The pianissimos were of the greatest delicacy and a perfect accord reigned between soloist, conductor, and orchestra.

MONTEUX AS PERMANENT CONDUCTOR

Post Jan. 24, 1920
Symphony Trustees

Engage Him For Two Years

The trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have come to an agreement with Pierre Monteux, its eminent conductor, whereby he is to continue in his post during the seasons of 1920-1921 and 1921-1922.

Under his inspired leadership the present season, now half over, has had a success almost without precedent. In Boston, the audiences invariably fill Symphony Hall and manifestly enjoy the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts, and the special concerts as well.

SUCCESS IN OTHER CITIES

In those cities of New England, the near South and the West which the orchestra has visited a crowded patronage has expressed the same high enthusiasm both as regards the quality of the performances and the interest of the programmes.

It will be remembered that Mr. Monteux conducted the opening Boston Symphony concerts in the autumn of 1918 for the brief period in which he could obtain his release from an existing engagement as conductor of French opera at the Metropolitan Opera House. In the following spring he was engaged at the first opportunity as the regular conductor of the orchestra. He began his career by conducting opera and ballet in the larger cities of Europe and made his particular mark presiding over the Colonne concerts and the "Concerts Monteux" in Paris. He first came to the United States in 1916 as the head of the Russian Ballet Orchestra.

MONTEUX AS CONDUCTOR THROUGH

Trans. 1922 Jan. 28, 1920
For Two Seasons More the Trustees of the Symphony Orchestra Renew His Appointment — The Flonzaleys in High Feather Through an Interesting Programme—Mr. Casals and Mme. Sunde-
lius at Lengths — Items, Incidents and Prospects

BY arrangement newly concluded between Mr. Monteux and the trustees of the Symphony Orchestra, he will continue as conductor of the band for at least two seasons more—through the spring of 1922. Since no Toscanini, no Mengelberg, no Nikisch may be summoned to Symphony Hall, Mr. Monteux amply deserves such reappointment, the sense of good work appreciated that it brings, the scope and security for the future that it assures. It is well, moreover, for the reorganized orchestra that an established conductor should lead it through three consecutive years. Admittedly Mr. Rabaud was no more than a conscientious locum tenens, coming hither for a season, departing hence when it was done. Through the past four months, however, Mr. Monteux has lead the band and ordered the concerts as though they were to be his for a term, and now his desire and his ambition are justly fulfilled. The more confidently and diligently can he go forward to fuse the orchestra into a sensi-

tive, responsive, wide-ranging and manifold instrument—player to player, men to conductor, and both to the music undertaken. Not a few of the glories of the Symphony Concerts in Dr. Muck's time were due to year upon year of intimacy between a permanent conductor and a permanent orchestra. Mr. Monteux, and in measure his forces, will now be such. Already he and they have come to understand each other; of late he has refined upon them with happy outcome. For both, for the standards of the concerts, for the pleasure of the audiences, the future stretches wide and promising.

By many a title, besides, Mr. Monteux deserves his present reward. No conductor of the Symphony Concerts, it is safe to say, has made more interesting and stimulating programmes. None has shown a more liberal, a more catholic mind or has striven more to widen his own and his hearers' acquaintance with symphonic music. Of nothing has he made an overshadowing cult—no not even of his cherished dance-pieces; to nothing has he shown a seated dislike. Better still, while he has not overlooked the classics and, indeed, has often sought among them for neglected pieces, he has shown a clear and grateful tendency to lift his programmes out of the easy rut of "standard numbers" and to give them modern and contemporary voice. "The ancients were the ancients," said wise little Agnes in one of Molière's comedies, "but we are persons of today." By like token, the classics are the classics, but the music for 1920 is the music of our own generations. It is not too much to say that more than any conductor before him, Mr. Monteux has modernized the Symphony Concerts, while at home and abroad audiences have responded gladly. As for quality of performance, there are some who still mistrust him. It is for them to think backward and contrast the heavy-handed Monteux, too strenuous of voice in the concerts of last autumn, with the plastic and luminous Monteux of Debussy's "Jeux," of Balakirev's "Thamar," of the middle movements of Brahms's symphony in C minor on more recent programmes. They should recall also the graphic, the dramatizing Monteux of Stravinsky's "Fire-Bird," of the final scene of Wagner's "Götterdämmerung." The new conductor, the permanent conductor, as he now is, of the Symphony Concerts, does not stand still.

Mr. FRITZ KREISLER

SYMPHONY CONCERT

KREISLER AND D'INDY DIVIDE A
PROGRAMME

Trans. Jan. 24/20
Again the Violinist Repeats Beethoven's Hackneyed Concerto in Super-Refined Performance — The Parisian's Masterpiece of Modern Symphonies Played with Signal Eloquence — The Heights and Depths of a Marvellous Music

THROUGH forty-five minutes of the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon, Mr. Kreisler played the solo part in Beethoven's Concerto for violin and orchestra. He was playing it for the seventh time "at these concerts;" while other violinists, choosing the piece and winning the conductor's sanction for it, have played it so often that it has come almost to annual repetition at Symphony Hall. As memory recalls the last ten years of the Symphony Concerts, no other number has been heard so frequently—not even the symphonic masterpieces of Beethoven himself or the high-placed modern symphonies, say of Franck or Brahms. Now, in the ordinary course of a season, the public of the Symphony Orchestra hears only three or at most four Concertos for violin. Bach and Mozart wrote them; Mendelssohn, Bruch, Goldmark, Dvorák, Brahms, Chaikovsky wrote them; so also did Saint-Saëns, Lalo, Weingartner, Elgar—to say nothing of many a minor composer. Some of these Concertos have not been played for years at Symphony Hall; not a few have never been played there; yet nearly all of them have recognized place in the "standard repertory" of violinists.

Why, then, should one-third of all the music for violin and orchestra that Bostonians hear in a season at the Symphony Concerts be Beethoven's Concerto? It is no "master-work," like some of his symphonies and overtures. It is merely an agreeable, displayful, melodious and ornamental piece written to oblige a friend who happened to be a virtuoso of the violin.

The orchestral interludes are admittedly old-fashioned and tedious; not a little of the "passage-work" in the first movement owes what little interest it may kindle to the tone and the skill of the playing violinist; by his rhythmic verve the nearly endless returns of the motifs in the final rondo afford what entertainment they may. The Concerto, however, is altogether "grateful" to virtuosos; to them it is a test-piece "enskyed and sainted"; it is their custom to assume that it is equally "grateful" to any and all hearers; whereas an appreciable number of them at symphony concerts, not only in this town but elsewhere, are frankly and justly weary of it. Yet still the violinists insist. Mr. Kreisler proposed it to Mr. Monteux for the programme of yesterday and today. The conductor wisely and firmly preferred the Concerto of Brahms not lately played in Boston, unheard here from Mr. Kreisler since 1905, undertaken by him only a few weeks ago with the Philadelphia Orchestra. Mr. Kreisler assented—and pined for his flesh-pots of Egypt; dissented—and finally prevailed. Now it is his custom to profess a lofty loyalty to the art that he practises; while beyond peradventure no violinist of the hour enjoys greater prestige with American audiences. Whatever Concerto he elected to revive or produce the public of Symphony Hall would hear gladly. And for the seventh and the eighth times in Boston he plays this hackneyed piece by Beethoven and for near the sixtieth time, perhaps for more than the sixtieth, it stands on a programme of the Symphony Orchestra!

Of course Mr. Kreisler played the solo-part with superlative elegance of delicately shaded and adroitly propelled tone, with exquisite niceties of inflection, transition and euphony to the orchestral voices, with every refinement and subtlety of his present manner. Of course also, the sensitive and observant Monteux took cue from him with the orchestra. Much of the music is neither more nor less than embroidery, as through the middle movement, and Mr. Kreisler laid it upon the ear like the finest-lined and the most transparent lace-work in tones. Not a little more of it, like the arabesques of the first division, he chiselled as a goldsmith of the Renaissance adorning a cup for cardinal or prince, as a cutter of cameos achieving a brooch of ideal fineness and softness of contour for some loved courtesan of old Athens or pagan Alexandria. The rhythms of sun-kissed dust flying in the air could hardly be lighter than Mr. Kreisler's in the returns of that relentless rondo. It is hard to believe that the tone of the violin may be reduced to a finer thread than he spun and yet hold unbroken and audible; that it may wear softer silken lustres; that it may be more suavely and artfully inflected by touch upon bow and fret light as the fall of a hair. The most perfect of miniature-

painting in tones was Mr. Kreisler's playing of the Concerto; refinement upon super-refinement may not farther go; while the music—for the violinist has astute sense of style—well bears such treatment. As the audience at his coming had applauded him in long and high rapture, so it listened and renewed its plaudits. Let only a few unrepentant, unredeemable outlaws confess to each other in their holes and corners that they were equally bored by both piece and performance. Once upon a time, there was a little boy who hid himself behind a bush in the garden and loudly repeated low, vulgar words because he was so sick of super-refinement.

The other half of the concert—a very different and much more exhilarating matter—fell to Mr. d'Indy's second symphony, unheard "at these concerts" since 1909, when it was played four times in a single season under Mr. Fiedler. Mr. Monteux was evidently on his mettle with the music and had kindled the orchestra to equal zest. Sedulous and warm-spirited on the part of both had obviously been the preparation, with outcome in a performance scaling no mean heights of beauty and of power, mingling large eloquence and sensitive detail, as luminous of progress as it was exalted of voice. From first measure to last Mr. d'Indy writes a lucid music; the tonal tracery upon the main stem of the symphony stands as clear as the carvings upon a Gothic cathedral in bright air and light. Throughout, Mr. Monteux shared and sustained this lucidity. From first measure to last Mr. d'Indy writes a manifold but a steadily expanding, deepening, cumulative music, until the germs of motifs in the darkling introduction have swelled into the triumphal chant of the end. Throughout, Mr. Monteux, perceived, felt, achieved this progress.

Mr. d'Indy has enriched the symphony with many passages of lovely or of pungent detail; he has lavished upon it—his masterpiece in symphonic music—his imaginative invention, his spontaneous or meditated resource with harmonic color, his vivid play of instrumental voices. He has woven these decorative periods into the very body of his great tapestry in tones; he has laid this texture upon it. As he wrote in these things, so Mr. Monteux and many an individual virtuoso or choir of the orchestra gave voice and spirit to what were otherwise but notes upon the page. Mr. d'Indy has infused a proud and direct intensity into the music, whether it speaks low and soft or high and full. The conductor so deepened so sharpened the orchestral tones. The symphony summons and sustains a superb fervor of mood and exaltation of emotion. From the outset Mr. Monteux compassed them; to the close he sustained them. Not before in Boston has he seemed a conductor of such

high attributes of mind and spirit or his controlling and quickening hand answered so plastically thereto. The orchestra, laid under manifold exaction, could hardly have been a more ready and responsive instrument. Tonal splendor, a heat of the mind, a passion of the spirit, went hand in hand through the performance.

For the student of the score, hour after hour upon the piano or the work-table, for the listener in the concert-hall of acute ear and prenatally carrying and discriminating mind, are the wondrous germination, evolution, interplay and repetition of the motifs, primary and secondary, wherewith Mr. d'Indy develops his symphony; the marvellous use, to unify and advance the music, of what the elder pedagogues and analysts would have called merely transitional and incidental figures. For the study, likewise, and for a dimly discerning few in the concert-hall is the masterly workmanship, say, of the fugue of the finale, of the introduction to the first movement of the fantastically rhythmized Scherzo. In no music-making of our time, not even in Strauss's tone-poems, is there such exhibition of intellectual resource and prowess, of craftsmanship of the mind as well as of the hand. Again for the keenly sensitive ear, for the finely touched fancy behind is much of the beauty and the suggestion of Mr. d'Indy's harmonic and instrumental coloring—his imagination, for example, with harps so that their voice shall seem as both sound and light, the pulsing depths of tone that he draws from the darker strings, the backgrounds, sombre with tonal shadow or quivering with tonal luminosity that he weaves. Of such, also are modulations and progressions like to darts of imagination upon the thrilled senses. As quick and deep of impression are the wielding of tonal masses that fills the close of the symphony or the tossing of tonal tumults that ends the first movement or—at the other extreme—such beauty as that which clothes the song of the viola at the outset of the third division. Possibly, too, only those whose minds are both logical and architectural may know to the full the expanding unity of design, the unwavering justice of proportion in which the symphony unfolds and ascends from the first pregnant measure to the final period fulfilled.

Yet even those who do but listen casually in the concert-hall must, unless their minds are as impenetrable as stones and their emotions as shallow as a puddle, feel something of the might and magnificence, the fervor and exaltation, the dramatic progress, the spiritual fire of this masterpiece among the symphonies of our time. For what is it in the manifold and pervading conflict of two sharply characterized and differentiated motifs than the

eternal conflict between the principle of light and the principle of darkness? Out of the sombre introduction rumbles the motif which is relatively formless, black and evil. A flute leaps and the second, brighter, warmer, sharper-set motif springs into being. Thenceforth the music, with a few pauses as in breathless repose, is the far-flung battle of the two motifs and the forces, sombre or radiant, that they engender until at last light conquers and smothers darkness in the majestic sweep of the finale. The conflict is tumultuous in the first movement, as of action; more contemplative in the second, as of meditation, rising into resolute glow; ardent, almost fantastic, in the third, as with a kind of gayety of the mind; conducted with the whole forces of the intellect and the spirit through the fourth.

Behold, then, a symphony that is a veritable marvel of structure and progress, that teems with beauties of texture and of voice, that is manifold and exhaustless of substance, that is alive with spiritual impulse and warm with noble fervors; that into a drama in tones embodies the everlasting conflict between light and darkness in the soul of man and by faith, which is faculty of both the intellect and the imagination, bears it to full-throated victory. . . . It was the fashion of the seventies and the eighties to salute the first symphony of Brahms as the tenth in the great line that halted at the ninth of Beethoven. The truer tenth, by twenty titles, is this second symphony of Vincent d'Indy. As some with a faith like to his would believe, our children and our children's children will sit in admiration before it.

H. T. PARKER

Another Triumph Scored By Kreisler

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

PROGRAM.

D'Indy, Symphony in B-flat. No. 2.

Beethoven, Violin Concerto.

Soloist, Fritz Kreisler.

IT has been a Kreisler week. On Sunday last, the violinist drew out the largest audience that has ever crowded Symphony Hall, and practically played two programs, for the number of his encores formed a recital in themselves.

On that occasion the Bach G-minor sonata, for violin alone, was the high-

water mark, but at the Symphony concerts on Friday and Saturday, a still higher level was attained with Beethoven's violin concerto. Brahms' concerto had been announced, but in deference to the artist's wish it was changed to Beethoven's, and the change was a wise one, for the Brahms work, in spite of its high development, is not nearly as inspired a composition as the single violin concerto of Beethoven.

The first movement of the Beethoven work is something leonine in its grandeur and few can interpret its majestic power. The reviewer has two great memories of this composition, one as it was given by Wieniawski, and the other Ysaye's interpretation when he was at his best. To these there will now be added a third—Mr. Kreisler's performance of Friday afternoon.

We always think the treatment of the four ponderous strokes of the chief figure in this a finer development than the four-noted similar figure of the fifth symphony, but it depends much upon the breadth of the solo artist. It was impossible to imagine a loftier treatment of the first movement (the gem of the work) than it received on this occasion, and the expressive tenderness of the slow movement made its due contrast.

The final movement falls off a little, as the concluding rondo does in more than one Beethoven concerto, but it was given with so much of heartiness and vigor that it fairly rivalled the first two movements (which it intrinsically does not), and it led to a furor of recognition from the great audience at its close. The cadenza of the first movement was a great display of virtuosity, but there were much greater things than technical display in this memorable performance.

Yet the construction of that cadenza must not go unrecorded; it was one of the finest specimens of technical development, and was a credit to the composer, Mr. Kreisler himself. The wildly enthusiastic reception given to Mr. Kreisler when he

appeared, the applause between the movements and the dozen recalls at the end proved that Boston does not disapprove of this great artist.

D'Indy's second symphony belongs to the masterpieces, even though Boston has not heard it for ten years. It is too learned ever to become a popular work, but it would decidedly grow upon the musical auditor with repeated hearing. It brings unusual instruments into the foreground (the viola and the bass clarinet, for example) and it gives the rhythmic complexities which this master delights in.

It transfers figures from movement to movement, the introduction to the final fugue being, like Brahms' summing-up in his first symphony, a recapitulation of many preceding figures, and the fugue itself is derived from the second movement. Wonderful learning is in this finale, and the whole work shows a great contrapuntist born a little too late, for D'Indy would have been most at home in the Palestrina-Di Lasso epoch.

The first movement has all the bitterness and asceticism of which D'Indy is such a master; it seems rather made for study than for enjoyment, but it is worth studying. The second movement seems rather long for its message. In the brief third movement the chief figure is first cousin to our well-known nursery figure, "Three Blind Mice," which it treats at considerable length.

We have already intimated that the finale is brimful of contrapuntal skill, but it ends with a rousing climax chiefly upon the brasses which must appeal to every auditor. We like the first and last movements best, but why so much bitterness and why seek out such awkward, unattractive and unmanageable figures? D'Indy and Reger do this as a habit.

The work was played in a manner that does credit to M. Monteux and his orchestra. It is full of difficulties, all of which were bravely surmounted, and the intricate figure treatment was made clear to the auditor in a most careful manner. The final climax was superbly powerful. Decidedly M. Monteux is growing and his work with the orchestra is beginning to show good results.

Mr. Grisez, of old the first clarinetist of the Symphony Orchestra and later in service in the French army, is now practising his calling in New York. He will soon be heard with the Letz Quartet in Brahms' quintet for clarinet and strings.

Symphony Hall.



Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Kreisler.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

200

Mr. FRITZ KREISLER was born at Vienna, February 2, 1875. He began to play the violin when he was four years old, and two years later he played a concerto by Rode at a concert in which Patti sang. A pupil of Hellmesberger, he took the first prize at the Vienna Conservatory when he was ten years old. Then he went to the Paris Conservatory, studied under Massart, and in 1887 received, with Miss Gauthier and Messrs. Wondra, Pellenc, Rinuccini, the first prize for violin playing. He played at a Padeloup concert, then he went a-journeying. He appeared for the first time in Boston, November 9, 1888, in Music Hall, with Mr. Rosenthal, the pianist. "Master" Kreisler then played Mendelssohn's Concerto. Walter Damrosch led the orchestra. The boy in company with Mr. Rosenthal gave recitals in Bumstead Hall, December 17, 18, 19. He returned to Paris, studied again with Massart and with Godard and Delibes. He lived for two years in Italy, went home and did military service, and reappeared as a virtuoso in German cities in 1899. He again visited the United States in 1900, and gave his first recital in Boston, December 18, in Steinert Hall.

He has played in Boston at Symphony concerts:—

- 1901, February 9, Beethoven's Concerto.
- 1902, February 15, Spohr's Concerto in A minor.
- 1905, March 11, Brahms's Concerto.
- 1907, November 30, Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole.
- 1910, April 9, Tschaikowsky's Concerto.
- 1912, November 23, Beethoven's Concerto.
- 1913, November 29, Mozart's Concerto in D major, No. 4, and Viotti's Concerto in A minor, No. 22.
- 1915, January 2, Mendelssohn's Concerto.
- 1915, November 26, Beethoven's Concerto.
- 1916, October 20, Schelling's Concerto (first time in Boston).

TWO MUSICIANS TO MARRY

Betrothal of Miss Hazel Newell L'Africain to Julius Theodorowicz of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is Notable

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. L'Africain of Medford announce the engagement of their daughter, Hazel Newell, to Julius Theodorowicz, the second concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Theodorowicz came from Poland about twenty years ago to join the Symphony Orchestra, and has played here ever since. Miss L'Africain is a prominent cellist, and a member of the American String Quartet. Her father is band master of the 101st Infantry Band.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919-20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

THIRTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, AT 8 P. M.

CONVERSE,

SYMPHONY in C minor

- I. Adagio misterioso; Allegro moderato; Allegro appassionato
- II. Adagio tranquillo molto e rubato
- III. Allegro vivace scherzando
- IV. Allegro maestoso molto con fuoco e marziale

SCHUMANN,

CONCERTO for Violoncello with Orchestral accompaniment, in A minor, op. 129

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Andante
- III. Molto vivace

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF,

OVERTURE on Themes of the Russian Church, "La Grand Paque Russe." ("The Russian Easter,") op. 36

Soloist:

JEAN BEDETTI

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

Mr. FRITZ KREISLER was born at Vienna, February 2, 1875. He began to play the violin when he was four years old, and two years later he played a concerto by Rode at a concert in which Patti sang. A pupil of Hellmesberger, he took the first prize at the Vienna Conservatory when he was ten years old. Then he went to the Paris Conservatory, studied under Massart, and in 1887 received, with Miss Gauthier and Messrs. Wondra, Pellenc, Rinuccini, the first prize for violin playing. He played at a Padeloup concert, then he went a-journeying. He appeared for the first time in Boston, November 9, 1888, in Music Hall, with Mr. Rosenthal, the pianist. "Master" Kreisler then played Mendelssohn's Concerto. Walter Damrosch led the orchestra. The boy in company with Mr. Rosenthal gave recitals in Bumstead Hall, December 17, 18, 19. He returned to Paris, studied again with Massart and with Godard and Delibes. He lived for two years in Italy, went home and did military service, and reappeared as a virtuoso in German cities in 1899. He again visited the United States in 1900, and gave his first recital in Boston, December 18, in Steinert Hall.

He has played in Boston at Symphony concerts:—

- 1901, February 9, Beethoven's Concerto.
- 1902, February 15, Spohr's Concerto in A minor.
- 1905, March 11, Brahms's Concerto.
- 1907, November 30, Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole.
- 1910, April 9, Tschaikowsky's Concerto.
- 1912, November 23, Beethoven's Concerto.
- 1913, November 29, Mozart's Concerto in D major, No. 4, and Viotti's Concerto in A minor, No. 22.
- 1915, January 2, Mendelssohn's Concerto.
- 1915, November 26, Beethoven's Concerto.
- 1916, October 20, Schelling's Concerto (first time in Boston).

TWO MUSICIANS TO MARRY

Betrothal of Miss Hazel Newell L'Africain to Julius Theodorowicz of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is Notable

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. L'Africain of Medford announce the engagement of their daughter, Hazel Newell, to Julius Theodorowicz, the second concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Theodorowicz came from Poland about twenty years ago to join the Symphony Orchestra, and has played here ever since. Miss L'Africain is a prominent 'cellist, and a member of the American String Quartet. Her father is band master of the 101st Infantry Band.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919-20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

THIRTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, AT 8 P. M.

CONVERSE,

SYMPHONY in C minor

- I. Adagio misterioso; Allegro moderato; Allegro appassionato
- II. Adagio tranquillo molto e rubato
- III. Allegro vivace scherzando
- IV. Allegro maestoso molto con fuoco e marziale

SCHUMANN,

CONCERTO for Violoncello with Orchestral accompaniment, in A minor, op. 129

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Andante
- III. Molto vivace

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF,

OVERTURE on Themes of the Russian Church, "La Grand Paque Russe." ("The Russian Easter,") op. 36

Soloist:

JEAN BEDETTI

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony



Frederick S. Converse

CONVERSE LIMNS WAR MOODS IN MUSIC

**Symphony in C Minor Given First Time in Public
—New Composition by an American
Warmly Applauded**

The chief item on the program of yesterday's Symphony concert was the first performance in public of the Symphony in C minor by F. S. Converse, completed last month at his home in Westwood and begun last August at Lake Sunapee, N. H. The composer explains in a note printed in the program book that although the work has no "program," "there is an expression of moods and emotions, which I think reflects something of the feelings that we have all been through during the stress of the last few years.

"I had in mind the experiences of the young men and women of our land during the trials of the war. The two main themes of the first movement, suggesting the high resolve of the youths and the tenderer feminine traits of the maidens, the wives and mothers, move through the whole work, like characters through the varied situations of a drama.

"The point of view is subjective and human, rather than impersonal and epic. I have used the symphonic form because it suited my needs of expression, not from my especial desire to write a conventional symphony. The large modern orchestra is used."

Fine Orchestral Technique

These quotations sufficiently explain the scope and intention of the new work, and suggest comparisons with "Wellington's Victory" by Beethoven, Tschai-kowsky's "1812 Overture," Liszt's "Battle of the Huns" and D'Indy's "Brief Symphony on the War in France," recently played here, not forgetting Debussy's "Berceuse Heroique," dedicated to King Albert of Belgium.

Mr Converse avoids the error made by some of his predecessors in literal echoing of the tumult and shouting of warfare. Like Beethoven in the "Pastoral" Symphony, he is concerned chiefly with the depiction of moods. There were

many subtle touches which proved his fine orchestral technique and ingenuity in thematic development. The result is one of the best of American compositions. It was warmly applauded by yesterday's audience.

The scherzo with its sparkling theme and cleverly interwoven rhythms is a genuine triumph. Mr Converse excels in such music. The slow movement, as Mr Converse says, is "a sort of nocturne, quiet and tranquil as a moonlit night by some still lake." The first movement and finale alternate adroitly between martial flourishes of trumpets and gentler, more serious, more feminine passages.

These contrasts add attractiveness to the work and give it the variety without which, proverbially, there can be no unity. There is little doubt that this symphony will soon be heard in many other cities, and applauded for its many merits.

Solo From Schumann

Jen Bedetti, the new first 'cellist of the orchestra, played the solo part in Schumann's Concerto in A minor with the skill and taste which have been evident in the numerous solo passages he has played in various works this season.

He surpasses any of his recent predecessors and adds strength to one of the most salient portions of the orchestra. The concerto is rather too long for the value of the musical material it contains, but well adapted to the purpose of allowing the soloist to display his technique.

The other number was Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture, "The Russian Easter," based on the music of the Russian Church, of the sort sung here by the Russian Cathedral Choir of New York two years ago. It has not been played here since 1897, and is far inferior to "Scheherezade" and "Antar," though not without interest, especially for the student of orchestration.

There are no more Symphony concerts until Feb 13 and 14, as the orchestra goes on tour after tonight.

CONVERSE'S SYMPHONY PERFORMED

Post ——— Jan. 31/20

First Hearing of Work

—Bedetti a First
Rank Artist

BY OLIN DOWNES

F. S. Converse's Symphony in C minor was played for the first time at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. On this occasion Jean Bedetti, the new first 'cellist of the Boston Symphony, made his first appearance at these concerts as soloist, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture, "The Russian Easter," brought the programme to an end.

ON WAR EXPERIENCES

Mr. Converse states in the programme book that he took to the symphony form as his vehicle of expression, not because he had determined to write a symphony, but simply because this form seemed the most fitting vehicle for the natural and logical expression of his ideas. The symphony, which was completed in 1919, has no detailed programme, but there is the thought of "the experiences" of the young men and women of our land during the trials of the war—the thought of high resolve, of farewells, of the triumphant return and reunion.

The opening movement is spirited, with motives stern and tender, with three introductory chords which occur significantly in the course of the work.

There is a slow movement in the character of a nocturne, a portrayal, perhaps, of moonshine and flowing waters; a gay scherzo; a finale which is energetic, martial, with reminiscences of themes of earlier movements.

Two Distinct Elements

The curious thing is that on a first hearing this symphony resolves itself into two divisions of elements—the first and fourth movements, and the second and third. In the first and fourth movements Mr. Converse is symphonic in thought as well as in method. In the two middle movements, which are much simpler, he is simple and melodious, and not to our mind, symphonic—this though the outward dictates of the form of the symphony are followed. Nor do the two middle movements seem especially related, despite such thematic affiliations as there may be with the other two movements. And what have they, necessarily, to do with the war?

The audience enjoyed these movements with reason. The slow movement is a simple song without words. There are long, melodious phrases, and pretty accompaniments. The scherzo is for us trivial and wholly beneath the symphonic ideal, and also rather too short for just proportion with the other movements. This may be said: The composer dares to use well-known chords, and musical phrases of orthodox divisions and cadences, without pretence or affectation. His sincerity is felt, his thought is readily grasped. But for us this is not symphonic music, and we do not have the feeling of continuity of thought running through the four movements of the work.

Large Masses of Tone

The other two movements are very vigorous in feeling, admirably put together, with a sure hand in the development of the themes and with very brilliant and pleasing instrumentation. Perhaps too many instruments are used too much of the time, but the tonal canvass is itself large, and large masses of tone are not disproportionate to its measurements. But on initial acquaintance with this symphony we do not find the distinction of themes and the closely welded development, the long sustained musical breath of, for example, Mr. Converse's tone poem after Whitman, "The Mystic Trumpeter."

The work, with all its sincerity, straightforwardness and practiced workmanship, does not remove the scepticism we entertain of any music inspired by the recent war. We believe that substantial musical results of the war will not be seen for perhaps another generation.

Bedetti a First Rank Artist

Mr. Bedetti proved himself an extraordinary artist. In all respects he is an addition to the Symphony Orchestra of which that organization may well feel proud.

The Schumann concerto is not in itself a strong work, but Mr. Bedetti gave so artistic and so intimate a performance of this music, he played it with such consummate technical skill, such fine molding of every phrase and such genuinely Schumannish sentiment, that one was glad instead of sorry to have listened to it, from beginning to end, once more. The conception of the interpreter was an orchestral conception, a conception of the work as a whole, and not the conception of a soloist who was every moment seeking a chance for individual display.

Even today, when players should know better, how often the sensation obtains of a player who performs his solo as brilliantly as possible, resting for a little while during which the orchestra makes a noise to distract the audience, and then going at it again, with renewed bounce and vigor. But Mr. Bedetti was conveying the musical thought of the composer, whether in singing passages to which he gave the utmost richness and variety of tone color, or in tracing fleet arabesques about a melody given to the instruments of the orchestra.

His technical resources seemed to be endless. There was no difficulty, however unwieldy the occasional passage for solo instrument, which he did not completely and masterfully surmount, and every talent of the performer was modestly subordinated to the message of the music. Mr. Bedetti was recalled with a warmth most emphatically deserved. He took his place as one of the most gifted 'cellists who have been associated with this orchestra.

Russian Easter Music

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Russian Easter" is a typical musical sketch of a Russian scene. It echoes the antiphonal chants, the churchly ceremonies and festivities of the Russian Christmastide. There is not very much real musical development of the old model chants of the Greek church, but simply tone-painting of the most gorgeous kind—tone painting as it were, in reds and blues and golds of the interior of a cathedral during Easter services, and a close with the ringing of bells, which echoes jubilantly the outbursts of the choir and the popular rejoicing.

The orchestral performances of the afternoon were of the highest quality, and Mr. Converse's symphony, in particular, was received with much enthusiasm.

PLAY SYMPHONY INSPIRED BY WAR

Herald Jan. 31, 1920
Converse's Work Portrays
Emotions Evolved by
Titanic Conflict

SHUDDER OF NATURE IN MYSTIC OPENING

By PHILIP HALE

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Converse, Symphony in C minor (first performance); Schumann, Violoncello Concerto (Mr. Bedetti, violoncellist); Rimsky-Korsakoff, "The Russian Easter."

Mr. Converse's symphony, composed during the summer and fall of 1919, was inspired by the great war; it expresses moods and emotion due to the terrible struggle. Mr. Converse says there is no program, but he has told what he had in mind. Even if he had said merely that the war had urged him to composition, a hearer of the music might easily shape a program for himself that probably would not be wholly foreign to Mr. Converse's thoughts. He would find in the two chief themes of the first movement, the heroic resolve of men and the tender solicitude of women, loving and anxious; he would trace the employment of these themes. In the Finale he would note the unmistakably martial character, the fanfares of victory, the tumultuous rejoicing, the ecstatic reunions. For this Finale the familiar lines of Schiller describing the return of troops in triumph might serve as a motto. And in the solemn section of this Finale, he would recognize the remembrance of those that perished nobly for an ideal.

Yet those portions of the Symphony that appeal especially to one hearing it for the first time are not indissolubly associated with the thought of war. We refer to the second movement, a Nocturne of rare beauty, in which a poetic

mood is maintained throughout, and the light-hearted Scherzo, a spontaneous expression of gaiety, with contrasting measures of a fateful nature. To these movements must be added the mysterious opening of the Symphony, which are as a shudder of nature foreseeing the impending cataclysm. These pages seem to us the most noteworthy. Mr. Converse may well be proud of them.

In the first movement the expression of heroism, of the spasm and shudder of war, of the world's turmoil, is more convincing than the theme given to woman. This theme has a homely character—we use the word "homely" in its old sense, it has warmth, but it does not make an irresistible appeal; it is dangerously near the commonplace. So, too, in the finale there are pages that are conventionally triumphal, though the composer has avoided the vulgarity that often taints musical jubilation. It is not an easy thing to be strikingly jubilant even with a full modern orchestra. It is easy to be merely noisy. Mr. Converse has shunned this pitfall. It was given to Beethoven with a comparatively small orchestra, an orchestra that a young composer today would despise, to voice the frantic joy of a liberated people in his overture to "Egmont."

One finds in this symphony a curious mixture of ultra-modern musical thought—witness the opening measures of the symphony and those of the nocturne—and that which is orthodox and of long standing. One also finds in the first movement and in the finale a lack of condensation, a too great amplification of rhetorical expression, so many climaxes that the effect of the one great climax is anticipated or at least lessened.

The performance was a brilliant one; carefully prepared, carefully considered, conducted and played appreciatively and sympathetically.

Mr. Bedetti did not choose for his first appearance as soloist at a Symphony concert a work in which he could win easy success. Schumann's concerto is seldom performed; when it is played it is for the sake of the romantically dreamy and lovely andante. Mr. Bedetti, it is needless to say, played this andante most poetically; but he did more than this; by his technical skill, his unfailing accuracy, his beautiful tonal quality, his phrasing, his fine differentiation, he made the other portions of the concerto interesting; perhaps it is not extravagant to say, engrossing. Even the passage-work, inherently dry, was vitalized by his skill, tone and taste.

Rimsky-Korsakov's overture had not been performed at a Symphony concert since 1897, the year that "Scheherazade" introduced this composer to a Symphony audience. Yesterday the performance of this subtly and gorgeously orchestrated overture revealed again the great talent—he was a genius in orchestration

—of this man of Oriental feeling, a disciple of Berlioz and Liszt. How infinitely varied are the repetitions of the liturgical theme! Here are repetitions of which one does not weary.

This concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program of Feb. 13-14 is as follows: Schumann, Symphony in E flat, No. 3 (Rhenish); Carpenter, Concertino for piano and orchestra (first time here); Goldmark, Overture to "Sakuntala." Mr. E. Robert Schmitz, a Parisian pianist, now sojourning in New York, will play in Boston for the first time.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

RUSSIAN REVIVAL AND AMERICAN

"NOVELTY"

Trans. — Jan. 31, 1920

Mr. Monteux Deservingly Resurrects a

Churchly Overture of Rimsky-Korsakov

—The Intermezzo of Mr. Bedetti as Rare

Violoncellist—Mr. Converse's New Sym-

phony of War-Time Moods — Clear

Merits, Obvious Shortcomings and Nota-

bly American Voice

FOR the first time in many a week an overture stood, yesterday afternoon, on the programme of the Symphony Concert—an overture, moreover, unheard in Boston for twenty-two years, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Russian Easter." The names of few composers seem more familiar in the repertory of the orchestra; yet as a curious table in the indefatigable programme-book disclosed, not a measure of his music was played at its concerts until they had been established fifteen years. It was the catholic and energetic Paur who then led him into Symphony Hall with the glowing suite, "Scheherazade," so well liked that heard first in April, it was repeated in the following October. In the ensuing twenty years, not only "Scheherazade," but also "Antar," the "Spanish Caprice" and the overture to the opera, "The Betrothed of the Tsar" have all passed into the active repertory of the band; while twice it has played the tone-poem of "Sadko" and the underworld of the waters. Somehow until Mr. Monteux resurrected it, the overture of the Russian Easter has been overlooked from the distant day in which Mr. Paur first set it in a programme. It deserved the conductor's pains and the audience's interest and applause; it hinted also that equally pleasurable discoveries might be possible in the neglected music of Rimsky-Korsakov. A month ago, for example, Mr. Bodanzky and his New Symphony

Orchestra played in New York the suite that the Russian arranged from his opera of old legend, "The Tale of Tsar Saltan." The three tone-pictures are indeed no "Scheherazade," but the first in which the Tsar goes forth to war, is a spirited and colorful music; the second, in which the Tsaritsa sails the sea in the cask in which she and her suspected babe were imprisoned, is plaintive and pleasing; while the third, of the wondrous enchanted isle on which she is cast and whither the Tsar comes to rescue her, is bravely fantastic with Rimsky's magic of imagination and of voice. Evidently score and parts are obtainable in this country. They even await Mr. Monteux's hand.

Verses from the Psalm, "Let God Arise, Let His Enemies Be Scattered"; verses from the gospel of Mark, wherein "Mary Magdalen and Mary, the mother of James and Salome" come to the empty tomb of Jesus; and sundry pious "ejaculations" (to borrow George Herbert's word) of the composer himself, preface the Easter overture; while the title specifies the motifs as drawn from the liturgy of the Greek church. The music begins in finely drawn, shadowy preluding as of a holy mystery. The single voice of the violin, familiar device of Rimsky, bears it into measures of more churchly accent; the trombones, grave and stately, sound the liturgical note. The ready violin leads the orchestra out of darkness into light. There is hint of the joy of the festival; the rejoicing of folk, as well of priests, sounds. Upon music very like an Easter hymn Rimsky-Korsakov lavishes his rhythmic verve, his glow of harmonic and instrumental color. Out of scanty motifs he makes much; the churchly voices recur; the voices of a gladdened world absorb them. No masterpiece is this overture, but music good to hear for a richness of imagination, a warmth of mood flowering into a like richness and warmth of expression. As usual, by instinct, by practice, Rimsky seeks motion, color, heat. Not for him the bare austerities, the piercing simplicities of the evangelist, albeit he quotes him:

And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted. And he saith unto them: Be not affrighted; ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified. He is risen.

Of the composers of Rimsky-Korsakov's generation only a d'Indy—and not even he in more sophisticated moods—could set music to these words that should be like unto them.

The middle piece of the day was Schumann's Concerto for violoncello, with Mr. Bedetti of the orchestra to play the solo part, as a fortnight ago at Cambridge. For

one reason only the cellists do well to perpetuate a piece that otherwise would be as rarely heard as that other music of Schumann's clouding years, the Fantasia for violin, once revived by Mr. Kreisler and more recently by Mr. Thibaud. That reason is the undiminishing beauty of the slow division—the Andante in which Schumann rises to a sustained loveliness of song that is not invention but inspiration, that distills for the instant the purest essence of music, that turns to water the listening ear, mind and heart. In the "literature" of the violoncello, cursorily recalled, there is nothing to match it in beauty of ordered sound or charm of pensive melancholy. Played as it was by Mr. Bedetti, it is the singing voice of the violoncello idealized almost beyond composer's or virtuoso's vision. For it the usually tedious "passage-work" of the first division, the no less tedious figuration and ornament of the third are relatively easy to endure. Moreover, Mr. Bedetti's playing steadily lightened, at moments almost dispelled, this tedium. Only by Mr. Casals and Miss Harrison has the violoncello been so played in Boston in recent years—with such technical ease and surety, lightness and elasticity of bow and fingers, rich, transparent, unforced tone, such freedom from every trick of displayful or sentimental exaggeration, such taste, sensibility and intelligence of musician as well as virtuoso. When Mr. Monteux persuaded Mr. Bedetti, his friend, into the Symphony Orchestra, it gained one of the rare violoncellists of this present day.

Mr. Converse's new symphony filled the rest of the concert. The more the pity that it did not also fill the second balcony, usually tenanted to the last chair, and that the applause, both in the intervals and at the end, was not more hearty and less labored. Since the days of "The Mystic Trumpeter," his tone-poem of 1905, he has written no such interesting music—no music, indeed, that seems so clearly the outcome of upspringing creative impulse rather than of deliberating will and musicianly calculation. As it seemed at a single hearing, there were obvious shortcomings, but shortcomings, for the most part, that resolute revision and self-criticism might remove. Possibly, for example, the tumults of the first movement are long-drawn until they tend to become prolix, monotonous. Shortened, sharpened, they might be more impressive. So, too, with the martial and triumphant music of the Finale. It gets under way slowly; at moments it halts as though it were becoming unwieldy of progress; once and again it sounds too thick-voiced. More concision, more clarity might speed it—and as the Scherzo proved, Mr. Converse can be both succinct and vivid in tones. Again,

as in many a measure in the slow movement, he can use readily and imaginatively the harmonic and instrumental devices for coloring and atmosphere that it is the custom to call ultra-modern. At the same time he is prone, as by a sort of composing habit, to the thick tonal texture of the musical generation rooted in Liszt and Wagner and flowering in Strauss. A minor outcome is a certain contradiction of style as tonal paragraph succeeds tonal paragraph; a major outcome are occasional measures repeating trite formulas of romantic music and so inviting exclaim. It is not wise for a composer of Mr. Converse's stature to be too eclectic—better his own chosen manner. In a symphony in which he has much to say that is interesting and spontaneous, he has no need to pad—to linger, as it were, until he gains his second creative wind.

To set down these reservations and suggestions is not to diminish the clear merit, the quickening interest of the symphony. With reason, students of form will admire the fertility and the skill with which, by interplay, repetition, and transformation of motifs, Mr. Converse keeps his music in unified expansion upon itself; while even the casual listener will feel the sustained unfolding of his large design. With seeming ease he manipulates the exacting symphonic form, yet he conditions it steadily to his more imaginative and emotional purposes. In turn, students of modulation, harmonic texture and instrumental color will take keen pleasure in the misty measures of the beginning, in which the music as from spiritual contemplation flames into lusty vigor; in the soft and silvery lustres, the gentle undulation, of not a little of the slow movement; in the quick and novel turns of the beginning and the end of the Scherzo. For the merely curious ear there is atmosphere in the introductory Adagio; illusion, besides, in the whole slow movement, outside a few superfluous measures wherein it drops for the instant into commonplace; while the Scherzo stings with high musical spirits at once robust and fanciful. If Mr. Converse would shorten the tumults of the first movement, they would seem less rhetorical. Did he lighten the progress of the Finale, it would swell more surely into idealized and late march of victory.

Above all, Mr. Converse has written an American music—a music that does speak in tones the American spirit, through the late war, especially as it shone out of those who voluntarily gave their bodies, their substance, their every personal service to the cause in which they believed. (Not for a horde of "draftees" is the high voice of music.) Nay, some of the very shortcomings of the symphony make it the more expressive of the war-time moods of this democracy of ours. Imagine Sibe-

lius, for example, setting to pages, as Mr. Converse does in the first movement, that should be both grim and ardent with the resolution of war time. How bare would be the texture, austere the progress, sharp the modulations, economical the means, of the Finn's music! Thereby he would release a wholly individual, an irremovably self-centred temperament. In contrast, Mr. Converse in his thick-fibred, full voiced, reiterative, insistent periods, speaks the American mood in those first months of preparation.

Or imagine Liszt, who dearly loved an "Allegro molto con fuoco e marziale" as Mr. Converse labels his Finale, writing such a music of conflict touched with exaltation, of victory almost mute with elation. It would reek of the theatre; the eye of the imagination would see the procession advancing upon the stage from the wings as it does in the "triumph" of Tasso, in the apotheosis of Mazeppa. Mr. Converse, in a Finale in which emotion struggles into expression and sometimes remains inarticulate, but not a whit less genuine, is transfusing into tones, feelingly, graphically, an American mood at the end of the war. There is not a trace of sensuous passion in his music through the slow movement of the communing and parting lovers in the night; the substance and the coloring of the motif of the stirred maiden in the first movement, are idealized, yielding not a hint of "sex." Yet how clear through it and through the "Adagio Tranquillo" runs the tender sentiment that in the arts—and presumably the hearts—of most Americans is the substitute for passion. Again, how altogether American are the lusty high spirits, the hearty and changeful play, the momentary lapse into more subdued mood, of the Scherzo. Play it in London, in Paris, in Munich, in Vienna and twenty listeners, who know our temperament and ways would say under their breaths: "What a very American thing!"

Not so long ago, Mr. Carpenter, for another American composer, wrote a symphony that seemed to some hearers to speak with a certain American spirit. It was a finely spun, artfully contrived music; here it courted a capricious gayety; there it gained a bright exaltation; throughout it ran in changeful mood that would not avow too much or too deeply; from beginning to end, it set forth, so to say, cultivated emotions. If Mr. Carpenter's symphony mirrored an American spirit, it was the spirit of the American aristocracy which may take such title not from "wealth and position," but from clear trait and way, code and conduct. In contrast, Mr. Converse's symphony robust of voice, firm, full, even thick, warm of sentiment, lusty of spirit, obvious of mood, inarticulate now and then, over insistent here and there, commonplace on

occasion and also unashamed, is veritable music of an American democracy—as tones may reflect and, perchance idealize it.

H. T. PARKER

Jan. The Music of Boston 31, 1920 Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The years of war through which the world has been passing are beginning now to be reflected in the creative works from those who minister to us through the arts. Such a work is the new symphony in C minor by Frederick S. Converse, which had its first presentation at the Friday afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on January 30. It is a grave and thoughtful work and a first hearing impresses one that it is the best thing that has thus far come from Mr. Converse's pen. The weight of the war years hung heavy over him as he wrote it, and even in the scherzo-like third movement there is little lightness of touch, although the ending is clever. There is a duet for 'cello and solo violin with a quiet background of accompaniment in the second movement, which is very lovely. The last movement seems the most closely knit of the four, though the whole symphony is a scholarly piece of work.

Jean Bedetti, the first 'cellist of the orchestra, left his place to play the Schumann concerto and received the warmest of applause, and deservedly, for his playing. His intonation is impeccable, and he has a flair for the right nuance that betokens the true artist. He is a rare addition to the orchestra.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Russian Easter" overture concluded the program.

What would the members of the Cecilia of a generation ago have said if they could have seen their society today giving a concert of a semi-private nature to the friends of the members, and those friends so lukewarm over the performance as to demand not a single encore? Time was when musical Boston looked to the Cecilia concerts for the inspiration of

good singing and for the stimulus of new works. Nowadays musical Boston has not the opportunity of receiving what the Cecilia has to give, for on the analogy of big business, a close corporation has been formed, and the public, as usual in such cases, is the loser. At the concert of January 29 the program wended its way from a Bach chorale through old English, old French, modern English, American, modern French (d'Indy), up to a glorious finish of those Modern Russian works. Ernest Mitchell, the organist of Trinity Church, who is the conductor this year, showed much discrimination in handling the voices, and the singers responded with alertness. Mr. Mitchell has a fine ear for the right blend, and a firm hand to draw a clear and steady pianissimo from his chorus. For the delectation of singers and audience Mr. Fredric Fradkin, concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, assisted the concert with short violin numbers.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra laid a firm foundation stone for future audiences on January 29, when it gave a concert solely for children. Some 2500 youngsters, filling the capacity of the hall, paid strict attention to the music that was played them, liked it all, were especially pleased with the more obvious things, and clamored for more when the concert was over. Most of them heard this orchestra for the first time. Many of them had had no previous acquaintance with the kind of music set forth. All of them liked it well enough to cease their chatter when the conductor rapped on his desk and to settle down into close attention. The program was made up of Beethoven's overture to "Egmont," Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, and Delibes' "Sylvia" ballet. For the sake of musical missionary work it is to be hoped that these concerts may be made a permanent thing in Boston. One other is scheduled for this season, on February 26.

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JEAN BEDETTI
Leading Cellist of the Orchestra

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919--20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

FOURTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, AT 8 P. M.

SCHUMANN, SYMPHONY in E flat major, No. 3, "Rhenish."
op. 97
I. Vivace
II. Moderato assai
III. Allegro non troppo
IV. Maestoso; Vivace

CARPENTER, CONCERTINO for Pianoforte and Orchestra
I. Allegro con moto
II. Lento grazioso
III. Allegro risoluto
(First time in Boston)

GOLDMARK, OVERTURE to "Sakuntala," op. 13

Soloist:

E. ROBERT SCHMITZ

Mason and Hamlin Pianoforte used.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

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* Jules Léopold Loeb was born at Strasbourg, May 13, 1852. Studying at the Paris Conservatory, he took a first prize in 1872. He became a member of the Opéra orchestra in 1873, and was afterwards the solo violoncellist at the Opéra and at the Conservatory concerts. He was a member of The Marsick Quartet and of Philipp's Society of Wind Instruments and Strings. In 1900 he was appointed Professor at the Paris Conservatory.

Investigating arrests
J. G. Brown, who was one of the lead-
ers in the Seattle strike and has been
in the field for some time aiding in the
organizing of steel workers, is investi-
gating all arrests of strikers by state
and local police. He said today that
more than 150 union men are now locked
up in jails in Allegheny county.
Following up the vote of confidence
given Secretary Foster yesterday by the
National Steel Workers' committee,
union headquarters today gave out a
letter said to have been written by
Judge Samuel Alschuler of the United
States court of appeals for the seventh
circuit bearing on Mr. Foster's alleged
Huntington avenue on Sept. 25. 7



JEAN BEDETTI
Leading 'Cellist of the Orchestra

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919--20

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PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

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Robert Schmidt, pianist, soloist this week with the Boston Symphony.

SYMPHONY GIVES 14TH CONCERT

Herald — Feb. 14, 1920

Introduces Pianist Schmitz,
Who Plays Carpen-
ter's Concertino

ORCHESTRA'S MUSIC STIRS VIVID IMAGERY

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, gave its 14th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Schumann, symphony, E flat major, No. 3; Carpenter, concertino for piano and orchestra (first time in Boston); Goldmark, overture to "Sakuntala." Mr. E. Robert Schmitz, the pianist, played for the first time in this city.

This was an unusually interesting concert. Although the symphony and the overture have been heard here many times, the nature of the performance gave new life to the former, while Goldmark's overture, now over a half-century old, is as fresh and modern as if it were dated 1919.

To us the symphony known as the "Rhenish" is not so romantically beautiful and dramatic as the one in D minor, not so essentially peculiar to Schumann, yet in the "Rhenish" there is the third movement, which reminds one of Schumann, the composer of the piano pieces, the songs, and pages of the piano concerto; and there is the sturdy, vigorous first movement. Perhaps Mr. Apthorp was right in finding the scherzo's chief theme a version of a Rhine wine song of which the tune and the words are well suited to the "ponderous joviality" of the drinkers; but neither the scherzo nor the so-called "cathedral" movement, nor the finale are of the greater Schumann, who, when fully inspired and most poetic, was a dreamer of miniature works for the piano and of music that is worthy of Heine's verses; that is, with the exception already noted, the D minor symphony; in this he is most appealing when he is least symphonic.

There has been a mass of so-called oriental music written since Goldmark's overture was first performed, but the majority of the composers give one the impression of writing in an idiom not natural to them; as if they had said: "Come now, see how Oriental I can be!" As French writers after Galland introduced "The Thousand Nights and a Night," wrote countless Arabian and Persian tales which are dull reading. Felicien David and Rimsky-Korsakoff wrote music as if they were of the East. There is the suggestion of the Orient in Rubinstein's "Feramors" ballet music, and in some of his songs. But Goldmark in this overture and in his opera, "The Queen of Sheba," caught and held the spirit of the East, the sensuousness, the gorgeousness, and in the Prelude to "The Queen of Sheba," he revealed to us the mystery and the monotony of the Desert as well as the splendor of Balkis, from whom Menelik of Abyssinia, boasted descent by reason of her visit to King Solomon. In the "Sakuntala" overture there is the thought of tropic heat, lush vegetation about calm pools and bubbling springs, swooning sensuousness, the barbaric chase. The overture was superbly played. No wonder that for once there was no mad rush for the doors during the closing measures. No wonder that appreciation was shown in enthusiastic, prolonged applause.

It was the original plan to have both Cesar Franck's "Djinns" and Mr. Carpenter's Concertino on the program to introduce Mr. Schmitz, the pianist. It was found that thus the concert would be too long. Mr. Schmitz, a pianist of the first rank, is a modest man as he is a most accomplished musician and virtuoso. The Concertino is not a work that an arrogant pianist, eager for applause, would choose, for the piano is used by Mr. Carpenter as an orchestral instrument. Nevertheless, there was opportunity for Mr. Schmitz to display a singularly beautiful and liquid touch, a strength that is in contrast with his delicate, sensitive appearance, compelling brilliance and exquisite phrasing.

The Concertino itself is a highly fantastical composition, abounding in surprises that come chiefly from unusual employment and combinations of instruments; with melodic ideas that are now charming and now exciting; with exotic coloring; with dance tunes that narrowly escape being commonplace, but are saved by rhythmic piquancy and unexpected orchestration. The work as a whole is episodic, but not the less entertaining for that. Mr. Carpenter's devotion to pulsatile instruments is well known here. Never shall we forget the curved bodies of the busy, energetic xylophone players in the "Adventures of a Perambulator." In the Concertino there is, Mirabile Dictu! no xylophone, but drums, cymbals, tambourine, cas-

tanets, Glockenspiel. In his next orchestral work Mr. Carpenter should experiment with the marimba, and other African instruments so dear to our Percy Grainger.

The composer, Mr. Schmitz, Mr. Monteux and the orchestra—the performance was a dazzling one—were loudly applauded. Mr. Carpenter's ballet, "The Birthday of the Infanta," will be performed here by the Chicago Opera Association with "The Elixir of Love" on Saturday, March 6.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Mozart, Symphony in G minor; Lalo, Spanish Symphony for violin (Mr. Fradkin, violinist); H. F. Gilbert, "The Dance in Place Congo"; Symphonic poem (after George W. Cable) of ballet based on this work was performed here by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

NEW PIANO CONCERTO FANTASTIC

Carpenter's Work by the Symphony—Schmitz Soloist

Post Feb. 14/20
BY OLIN DOWNES

A novel and very interesting feature of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was the first performance in this city of John Alden Carpenter's "Concertino for piano and orchestra," with E. Robert Schmitz, the French pianist, who then made his Boston debut as soloist with the orchestra.

The audience gave this music an extremely enthusiastic reception and the composer, with conductor and pianist, bowed from the stage.

FANTASTIC AND WHIMSICAL

This "Concerto" has no explanation or programme, but is evidently a very personal expression with the composer. It might be called, instead of a small concerto, a much magnified Humoresque for piano and orchestra. The music is fantastic, humorous, whimsical, full of temperament and very poetic in the mood of the second movement, and in other episodes. One would say that Mr. Carpenter had thought without making talk about it, of treating in his own way themes of Negro origin or derivation. But there are no themes taken bodily from Negro sources, though the mystical song of the second movement is strongly in the manner of a Negro spiritual.

It is a strange work. The most impressive melodic material is the song in the slow movement, introduced with a dark chord as prelude, and having a mood singularly meditative and melancholy. Then there is the very effective cadence at the end of the phrase—a simple, major cadence of a haunting simplicity and eloquence. The first movement is in the manner of a scherzo, although entirely unconventional in effect, and probably also in form, its structure not being easy to grasp at a first hearing because of the constant rhythmical surprises, the flashing orchestration and the novel treatment the composer gave his ideas. But the humor, vigor and flexibility, if the word may be used, of mood is a keynote to much of the composition.

Audacious and Electrifying

It was refreshing, and more, it was very exhilarating, to listen to an American who has absorbed Mr. Carpenter's amazing knowledge of musical technic without becoming pedantic, without taking himself too seriously. The nervous, electrical character of the opening movement and finale, the audacity, the flash of the instrumentation, the freedom and sureness of the writing and the manner in which formalism is thrown to the winds make this score, to our mind, one of the most interesting and individual Mr. Carpenter has produced. One would rather wait for better acquaintance with the music before weighing the inherent worth of its thematic material, but the handling of this material is electrifying.

The last movement of the "concertino," a title the composer must have bestowed with a tongue in his cheek, is fully as capricious, and more fantastical, headlong in its energy, its abrupt explosions of force and wild, whirling rhythms than the first part. All of the music, as we have said, is very evidently in accordance with certain things imagined by the composer, who has given us no explanation of his imagin-

ings. As a result there is no logical musical explanation of such a wanton silliness as the tinkling waltz tune which appears in this last movement—the one episode which seems hard to accept, whether intended as humorous, sardonic or anything else. The effect yesterday was that of a rather flat joke. But the composition as a whole is gripping in its virtuosity, its swiftness and certainty of workmanship, its spontaneity of manner.

Mr. Schmitz's Virtuosity

As much more could be written of the performance, which was one of breathtaking mastery, Mr. Schmitz proved himself a super-pianist in mastering any and all difficulties, in showing his complete orchestral understanding of the music, in expressing himself on the piano with a virtuosity as unbridled and yet under control as certain as the virtuosity of the composer.

Nor must the extremely difficult task of Mr. Monteux be forgotten. Indeed, it is hard to think what would have become of that composition, without the conductor, without the pianist, without such an orchestra. And one complete rehearsal had done the business.

Schumann's Rhenish Symphony

Mr. Monteux's conception of Schumann's Rhenish Symphony was extremely sympathetic to the thought of the composer, save that the orchestra used yesterday is too big for this intimate and romantic music. Double wind and brass do not go with Schumann, even the Schumann of lusty, pulsing youth of the first movement of the Rhenish Symphony. The symphony is of unequal value. The movements which tell today are the first; the second—the "Ländler," and the fourth the cathedral scene. The slow movement, misleadingly given in one place the Italian designation of "Allegro non troppo," which is not the equivalent of the German "Nicht schnell," given in the programme notes, is tame and sugar-sweet today, and the finale conventional. This is the weakest of the Schumann symphonies, though interesting.

But the Goldmark overture, "Sakuntala," is a bewitching fairy tale in music. It was given all of its gorgeous coloring, its oriental languor, its triumphal apotheosis of faithful love, by Mr. Monteux.

Feb. The Music of Boston 14.1920

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The Boston Symphony Orchestra at its concert of February 13 played for the first time in Boston, John Alden Carpenter's concertino for pianoforte and orchestra. Nobody hearing this music need despair of American composition. It has been pointed out before in these columns that Mr. Carpenter stands indisputably in the first rank of American writers of music, and a hearing of this latest composition only strengthens this opinion. In addition to knowing how to say what he wants, a faculty shared with many another, he has something to say, which distinguishes him from many. The concertino is not a big work, the large orchestra is employed for the sake of color rather than volume, and the piano is treated as one of the orchestral instruments. Thus it differs from a concerto. The ideas set forth are clever and at times brilliant. In handling his instruments Mr. Carpenter seeks for oddity of expression sometimes, but never exceeds the bounds of good taste or descends to the bizarre. He quite apparently thinks in terms of orchestral color, and this color depends largely on the percussion instruments. The composition is distinctly American, for it portrays the restless, lively, progressive and joyous traits supposed to be the resultant of the many factors of the country's life. The audience took most kindly to Mr. Carpenter's work and gave the composer many recalls. The piano part was played by E. Robert Schmitz, a Frenchman now living in New York, who thoroughly effaced himself and kept an eye always on the conductor. His tone is of great beauty and his playing indicated the true artist. For the rest of the program Mr. Monteux led his men through Schumann's "Rhenish" symphony and Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture.

The length of this Programme is one hour and fifty minutes.

CARPENTER'S MUSIC ON SYMPHONY LIST

George — Feb. 14/20
New Concertino Given With
Mr Schmitz at the Piano

Schumann and Goldmark Also Figure
in the Program

E. Robert Schmidt, the Parisian pianist of Alsatian lineage, now resident in New York, made his first appearance in Boston yesterday afternoon as soloist at the Symphony concert. He played the piano part in John Alden Carpenter's new concertino and shared the applause with the composer. Mr Schmitz is at present giving a course of lecture recitals in New York, with the purpose of comparing modern music with both classical and romantic music. He might make use of Carpenter's concertino in such a comparison of the work of the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries. It has the restless rhythm, the piquant harmonies, and the enlarged and subdivided orchestra which are characteristic of the music of the last 20 years. It lacks the graceful artifices of Mozart and the luscious melodies of Schumann.

This concertino, however, is based upon American popular music to a considerable extent. The first movement gets its syncopated rhythms from rag-time, but subtilises and interweaves them. The slow movement derives melodically from negro folk music. There are scattered through the whole work reminders of old-fashioned waltz tunes, of the "Blues," and, in short, of the whole range of American popular music.

If we are ever to have an American school of serious music it must thus bridge the gap which has separated "high-brow" and "popular" compositions here. All really great compositions in the past have had distinctly traceable, if often apparently remote, connections with the popular music of their country.

Even the austere masses of Palestrina are the culmination of a tendency which started from medieval street songs. Mr Carpenter is not trying to be austere, but he may be initiating a tradition that will lead to future works in the "grand manner." Meanwhile we can be thankful for a very agreeable and original composition in lighter vein. Mr Schmitz plays with remarkable technical skill and with feeling for the spirit of the music. He will be heard again with pleasure.

The Schumann "Rhenish" Symphony was given an unusually fine performance. Mr Monteux excels his predecessors with Schumann, largely because he makes the symphonies take on a lyric grace, despite their turgid orchestration. Goldmark's "Sakuntala" is one of the few major works achieved by a comparatively minor composer. Despite some banal harmonies, it wears better than much of Beethoven and Wagner, though it is of course far below their best work. It, too, was eloquently played and gladly listened to.

New Pieces and Old at the Symphony
Concert—Musicians to Be Heard in Boston Next Week and in Weeks to Come—
Their Programmes—Operas and Singers from Chicago

Trans. — Feb. 14, 1920
The fourteenth Symphony Concert of the current season took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, where it will be repeated this evening. Mr. Monteux conducted, still showing the effects of a passing illness that earlier in the week nearly disabled him. Inclement weather slightly reduced the usual numbers of the audience, which, throughout the afternoon, gave many signs of pleasure. It warmly recalled the conductor at the end of Schumann's Rhenish Symphony and lingered at the close of the concert to applaud Goldmark's overture to the ancient Hindu play, "Sakuntala," pleased, with reason, by both music and performance. In particular, however, Mr. Carpenter's Concertino for pianoforte and orchestra stirred the listening company. Twice and thrice after it had heard the music it summoned him to the stage, sometimes with, sometimes without, the assisting pianist, a newcomer, Mr. Schmitz. (His light, bright touch suited the music; he had been sensitive to its caprice of rhythm, modulation, mood and course.) It is hard to remember when a composer has been so eagerly and insistently applauded at the Symphony Concerts. The symphony, which began the concert, and the overture, which ended it, are, of course, repertory pieces of long standing, of which the present shortage of paper forbids more than record. Suffice it that after nearly seventy years Schumann's music still keeps songful warmth; while Goldmark's, so fresh does it sound, might date from 1915 instead of 1865. Mr. Monteux and the orchestra achieved hardly more than a faithful and literal performance of the symphony. From the overture they conveyed the richness of tonal beauty, the ardor of dramatic narrative that Goldmark with equal imagination and resource joined together.

Mr. Carpenter's Concertino is shorter than most concertos, classic or modern; it eschews the more academic prescriptions of the chosen form; it is often music of light touch and playful fancy. Therefore, perhaps, he designated it by the diminutive. None the less, it is no trifle. The Concertino runs in the three orthodox movements—Allegro, slow division, Allegro again—and the composer is ingenious in the interweaving and the recalling of motives to maintain continuity and unity. He uses, besides, a full orchestra of these days and, again in the fashion of the time, joins the piano to it much often than he sets the solo instrument apart as a semi-isolated voice. Needless, almost, to say with Mr. Carpenter's other symphonic music in mind, the Concertino abounds in vivid harmonic and instrumental color, usually light, shimmering, sportive; now and then fuller-bodied but still glamorous, rarely shadowed and darkling. His symphony, as became the graver purpose, was rich in harmonic and instrumental imagination; the Concertino, of intimate mood and playful progress, is bright with instrumental and harmonic fancy—the gaiety, the fantasy of the composing spirit, rather than the delineative humor of the suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator." Piquant, in particular are some of the accentuating touches of the instruments of percussion upon the notes of the piano, while there is keen tang in some of its euphonies with choirs or isolated voices of the orchestra. Again, needless almost to say, the Concertino is an exceedingly supple and variable music—not with the modulation that is restlessness, but with the modulation that is impulsiveness of mood and liveliness of fancy.

Above all, the spirit of playful fantasy, in which Mr. Carpenter seemingly conceived and wrote the music, expresses itself in the frequent shiftings of the rhythm. There, above all else, is the music variable, now as American as syncopation may make it; again lightly oriental; and yet again fanciful with Mr. Carpenter's own rhythmic invention. Throughout, the Concertino is capricious, even volatile; yet there is no mistaking the fantastical high spirits of the first movement; the gentler vein of more intimate and deeper confidences in the second; the return to bright fervors in the finale. Concertos for piano and orchestra may be many things as many composers have written them, as many listeners hear them. Some are plodding and dull; others orthodox and routine; others still ornate and displayful; and others yet again of sober beauty and manifold power. Here at last is a Concertino content to be light, fanciful, gay, sportive. An American has written it in American high spirits.

LOUIS C. ELSON IS DEAD AT 71

Adv. — Feb. 15, 1920
Noted Musical Critic Had
Been With the Advertiser for 37 Years

Louis C. Elson, professor of the theory of music at the New England Conservatory of Music, musical critic on the Boston Advertiser since 1883, and one of the leading musical authorities in America, died suddenly last night at his home, No. 811 Beacon street.

Mr. Elson literally "died in harness." He conducted his last class at the Conservatory yesterday morning. He was writing a few hours before his death, and his last criticism was that on the Symphony concert which appears in the Advertiser today.

Louis C. Elson was born in Boston, April 17, 1848. Much of his early musical education was obtained from his mother, a musical amateur of more than local note. His subsequent training was under both American and European masters, including August Kreissman and Carl Glogner-Castell of Leipzig.

His career as a critic of music in the daily press began with the Boston Courier, in 1880. Three years later he transferred his allegiance to the Advertiser, and has been a constant contributor to this newspaper ever since.

He has composed a number of songs, operettas and works for the piano, but it was as critic and commentator that he was best known throughout the country.

The books he himself considered his greatest works were "Shakespeare in Music," and "The National Music of America." These works were widely copied and commended in London, Berlin and other musical centres.

Mr. Elson is survived by his wife, a brother, Alfred W. Elson, and one son, Arthur Elson.

American Work in Symphony Concert

Adv. Feb. 15, 1920

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

PROGRAM.

Schumann. Third Symphony. E flat.
Carpenter. Concertino. Piano and orchestra.
Soloist, E. Robert Schmitz.
Goldmark. "Sakuntala" overture.

If we are to have Schumann's Rhenish Symphony on our programs we might as well let down the bars to all German music, for there is no symphonic work so thoroughly Teutonic as this outcome of Schumann's dwelling in the beautiful Rhineland. It is a graphic picture of phases of the Rhine folk-life, and one cannot but rejoice with these last rays of sunlight which shone upon the life that was so soon to go down in darkness and mental alienation.

If we do not find that M. Monteux interpreted everything that lay in this symphony we hasten to add that we do not believe that any one but a Rhinelander could portray all the "Innigkeit" and "Gemuetlichkeit" that is in this composition. The first movement is the exultant Schumann, and no one could be more triumphant than he upon occasion. A little less of tumult and more of breadth could have been exhibited here. The second movement might have been a beer-song (and of decidedly more than one-half-of-one-per-cent.) such simple jollity does it exhibit. The fourth movement (an extra one added to the regular symphonic four) was very well read. Here we get the pomp and majesty of a religious service in Cologne cathedral, and although Schumann was not generally effective in orchestral scoring he does manage to get trombone effects that are masterly, giving the semblance of great diapason pipes of the organ. He has done equally well with trombones at the end of the Larghetto of his first symphony. M. Monteux also made much of the contrast between this and the finale, and in the last movement one could hear the gossiping, chattering crowd pouring out of the church and filling the square with the gen-

erality that once existed there, a geniality that Prussia never knew. We are heartily glad that M. Monteux senses the glory that is in Schumann, even if he is not to the manner born. The symphony is as German as "Liberty Cabbage!"

Then came Carpenter's new Concertino. We have become distrustful of modern composers when they use diminutives. Ravel gives us a Sonatina longer than some Beethoven sonatas, and Korngold writes a Sinfonietta for tremendous orchestra and at tremendous length. But here the composer keeps his promise. Although he writes for a very large orchestra, with contrabassoon, trombones and tuba, and with cymbals, bass drum, tambourine, castagnettes and all the blacksmith shop, yet the movements are in the simplest forms with some homogeneity obtained by bringing back the first theme as coda at the end.

There is much antiphonal work between the piano and the orchestra which is interestingly developed. The composer himself defines it as a conversation between the piano and orchestra. The gradual intertwining of the two forces is done in a masterly manner. There is real geniality in the work, nothing crabbed, ascetic or strained, which is unusual in an American work in the classic forms. Some touches of orchestration are beautiful, notably the violoncello and other string passages of the second movement.

The work is pigment from beginning to end, and its finale work up to a fiery climax with piccolo shrieks and much percussive work.

There is a great amount of chord and active work (wrist and forearm action) for the pianist, and Mr. Schmitz gave this with excellent effect. Altogether the work received an artistic reading from pianist, conductor and orchestra, the bravura of the finale being especially effective. We found the first movement the best written part of the concertino, but the entire composition was worthy of its enthusiastic reception. Mr. Schmitz, M. Monteux and Mr. Carpenter were all called forth and greatly applauded.

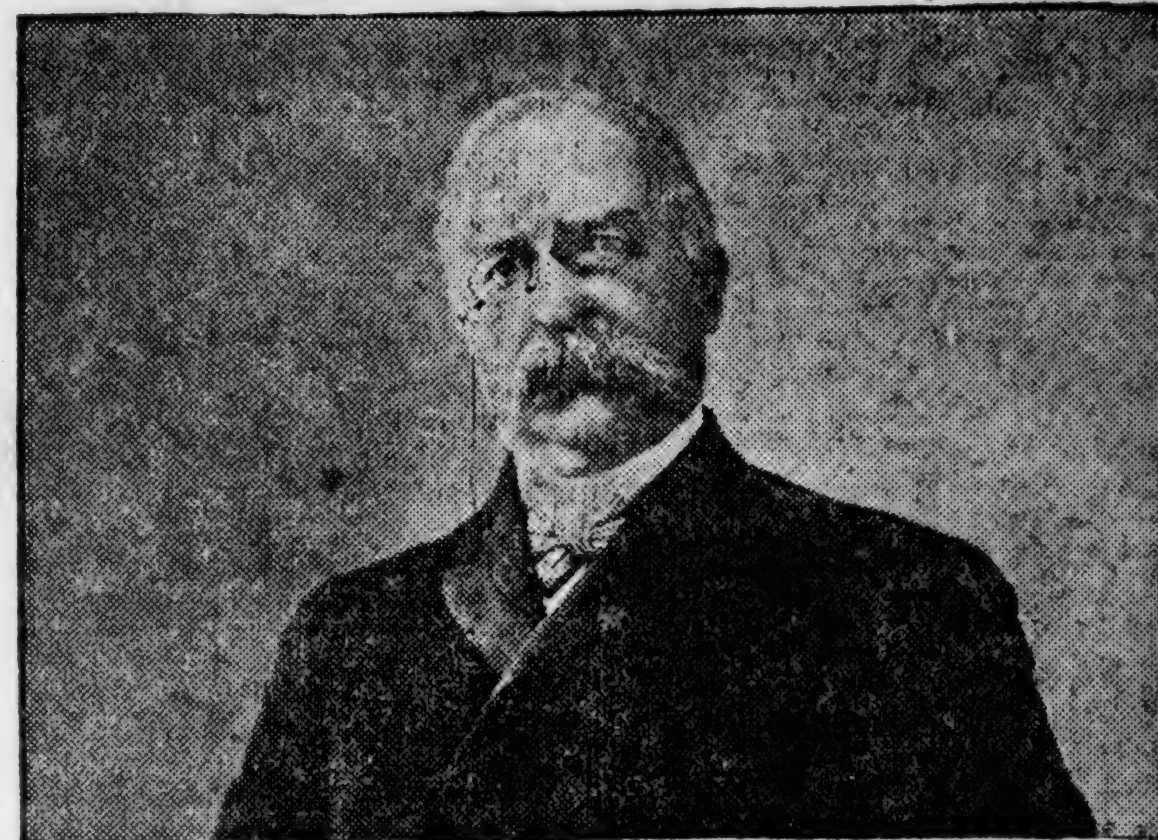
Goldmark's sensuous overture of "Sakuntala" ended the concert with much effect. Here M. Monteux and the orchestra shone forth at their best and there was a melodic and harmonic beauty that was all the more delightful from the fact that we so seldom get these qualities in the works of moderns. We cannot help longing for a few more Goldmarks in spite of the fact that this composer cannot be ranked with the uncomfortably great modern masters.

DEATH TAKES LOUIS C. ELSON

Globe

Feb. 15, 1920.

Noted Music Critic and Teacher Passes Away at
Age of 71 After Brief Illness



LOUIS C. ELSON.

Louis C. Elson, lecturer and teacher of music at the New England Conservatory of Music, died last night at his home, 811 Beacon st., after a few days' illness.

Mr Elson was born in Boston in 1848. His mother was a musical amateur of considerable ability and he received his earliest instruction in music from her. Subsequently he studied both with American and European teachers. August Hamann of Boston taught him piano, August Kreissman, one of the foremost singers of German Lieders, was his first vocal instructor, and Carl Gloggnier-Castelli of Leipsic instructed him in composition.

Mr Elson had composed much in the smaller forms, songs, operettas and piano works. He had conducted choruses and musical festivals. But his chief work had been in teaching, lecturing and musical literature.

Long at New England Conservatory

He became head of the department of musical theory in the New England Conservatory of Music in 1882 and continued in that position until his death. His musical lectures have been heard in all parts of the country. He had lectured at Tulane University in New Orleans, Vassar, University of Pennsylvania, Harvard, Cornell and other colleges. He was twice called to deliver series of lectures before the Lowell Institute. He had also appeared before the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia, had given a series of public lectures with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, and had addressed the Cincinnati College of Music, Miss Porter's Farmington Academy, and many lyceum courses and Chautauquas.

His literary work began on the Vox Humana, a Boston journal devoted to organ music. Subsequently he became editor of the Musical Herald. He was correspondent and editorial writer of Music and Drama, of the Musical Courier and other musical papers. He was also musical editor of the Boston Ad-

vertiser and Boston correspondent of "Die Musik" of Berlin and Revue Musicale, Paris. In 1883-4 he was European correspondent of the Boston Transcript.

He was a frequent contributor to the Atlantic Monthly, the Quarterly Review, The Etude, The Musician and numerous other magazines. He was the author of the essay on "Music," a condensed history, in the Encyclopaedia Americana.

Published Many Books

The first of his books was published about 20 years ago. This was his "Curiosities of Music," which has been liberally quoted by London writers. His second volume was "The History of German Song," which became a textbook under Prof White in Cornell, and was partially reproduced in several German periodicals. This won him the close friendship of Robert Franz. A couple of musical textbooks ("The Theory of Music" and "The Realm of Music") followed.

Soon after this Mr Elson published his "National Music of America and Its Sources," which gave, for the first time, a full account of the history and origin of all of our chief National songs. This is still the chief work on this subject. "European Reminiscences," a popular rather than a musical work; "Great Composers," "Famous Composers and Their Works" (new series) are others of his books.

"Shakespeare in Music," which has been printed both in America and England, is the largest work in existence on this particular subject and has received the hearty recommendation of Dowden, Henry A. Clapp and other Shakesperians on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr Elson had directed large choruses in Trinity Church in the New England Conservatory, and in the musical festival which took place in Boston in 1886. He had published a volume of "Songs for Children, three operettas, a number of songs, and a few piano sketches.

But it was as a critic and commentator that Mr Elson was best known throughout the country.

Mr Elson is survived by his wife, a brother, Alfred W. Elson, and one son, Arthur Elson.

Mr. E. ROBERT SCHMITZ was born in Paris, February 8, 1889, of French parents. The father was of an Alsatian family. Mr. Schmitz studied the pianoforte at the Paris Conservatory under the late Louis Diémer. In 1908 he was awarded a first *accessit*; in 1909, the second prize; in 1910, the first prize for pianoforte playing. He gave concerts in Belgium and in Germany in 1910-11. Having played accompaniments for Mmes. Maggie Teyte, Julia Culp, Mysz-Gmeiner, and others, in 1912 he gave recitals of ultra-modern music in Paris. He founded and conducted in Paris the Association des Concerts Schmitz. He thus brought out orchestral and choral works by Milhaud, P. Le Flem, O. Klemperer, and others. In 1913 he was the first to play Schönberg's music for the "S. M. I." Active as pianist and conductor, associated in his concerts with leading composers and musicians, he joined the French colors August 19, 1914, and served for three years and two months. He was wounded slightly, but, gassed severely, was in a hospital for seven months. After the armistice he came to the United States. At Chicago he taught for a few months, and played in orchestral concerts. Going to New York, where he now lives, he gave his first recital there on April 17, 1919, when he played music by Franck, Chabrier, Magnard, Saint-Saëns, Aubert, Ravel ("Le Tombeau de Couperin"), and Debussy. He gave another recital on December 6, 1919, when his programme consisted of French, German, Italian, and Spanish composers. On January 1, 1920, he gave a recital with Comments. Music compared and its Relation to the Modern Spirit of Modern Romantic Music

E. ROBERT SCHMITZ

The much discussed French pianist, E. Robert Schmitz, will make his first appearance in Boston, when he plays Carpentier's concertino with the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week. Mr. Schmitz's European career has been extensive and distinctive as well. As a pupil of Diémer and a winner of the first prize at the Paris Conservatory, he gave recitals in each musical metropolis, making his mark as a bold and discerning pioneer of new music. A versatile musician and a thorough artist, he founded and conducts his own symphony Orchestra in Paris, consorted closely with such men as Debussy, Saint-Saëns and D'Indy, and figured prominently upon certain memorable programmes of the Schola Cantorum. Joining his country's army in 1914, he fought actively in the fiercest campaigns of the war, with an anti-aircraft battery. Honorably discharged by Premier Clemenceau, he came to this country and took up his abode in Chicago, where his concerts became immediately popular. In New York he was received with enthusiasm as a brilliant musician, and as a devoted exponent of the works of such composers as Debussy, Ravel and Magnard. He has further announced a series of lecture-recitals to be given there.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919-20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

FIFTEENTH PROGRAMME

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, AT 8 P. M.

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in G minor. (Köchel 550)

I. Allegro molto

II. Andante

III. Menuetto; Trio

IV. Finale: Allegro assai

LALO,

SPANISH SYMPHONY for Violin and Orchestra
op. 21

I. Allegro non troppo

II. Scherzando; Allegro molto

IV. Andante

V. Rondo: Allegro

GILBERT,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Dance in Place Congo"

(First time at these Concerts.)

Soloist:

FREDRIC FRADKIN

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

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Henry F. Gilbert
(Photo by Baehrach.)

SYMPHONY GIVES 15TH CONCERT

Herald Feb. 21, 1920
Fradkin Brilliant Violin
Soloist for Lalo's Span-
ish Symphony

ORCHESTRA PLAYS PIECE BY GILBERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, gave its 15th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Fradkin was the solo violinist. The program was as follows: Mozart, Symphony in G minor; Lalo, Spanish Symphony for violin and orchestra; Gilbert, "The Dance in Place Congo" (first time at these concerts).

The performance of Mozart's symphony was a beautiful one; beautiful in its clarity, its euphony, its unfailing regard for proportion. Some years ago, a prominent writer about music, a wild-eyed worshipper of Liszt and Wagner, published the statement that this symphony is interesting only in a historical sense. His idols would have been the first to laugh at him. There are few things in art that are perfect. The G minor symphony is one of them. Its apparent simplicity is an adorable triumph of supreme art.

Too often this music is played in a perfunctory manner, as if the conductor had said to himself: "We should play at least one symphony by Mozart each season. Let's see—what did we play last year? The one in E flat major. O yes. Well, we'll play the one in G minor. You all know it but we'll run through it for form's sake," and he yawns during the rehearsal, impatient to put some thunderous modern work on his rack, so that he can show the audience what he can do. The French have long been famous for their interpretation of music by Mozart and Haydn, as Habeneck's performance of Beethoven's 9th symphony excited the wonder and praise of Wagner when he heard the orchestra of the Paris Conservatory.

Mr. Fradkin gave a brilliant interpretation of Lalo's fascinating "Spanish" Symphony, a performance that was also sensuous. Furthermore there was the capriciousness, the elegance demanded by the music. Technically and aes-

thetically, the interpretation was a fine one. It was thoroughly appreciated by the great audience. Applause in this instance was not perfunctory, courteous, respectful; it was enthusiastic.

Mr. Gilbert, inspired by a magazine article of George W. Cable, wrote a symphonic poem, "The Dance in Place Congo," over 12 years ago. Discouraged by indifferent or ignorant conductors, he used this music for a ballet, which was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in March, 1918, and performed here by the Metropolitan company in April. The music was heard yesterday as the composer wished it to be heard; but yesterday, as two years ago, he was unfortunate in this respect: his composition when played here as a ballet followed Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Coq d'Or," yesterday it followed music by Lalo. Now, the Russian and the Frenchman were masters of orchestration. Mr. Gilbert, indisputable as his native talent is, has yet to learn the value of economy of means. The orchestration of "Dance in Place Congo" is thick. The temptation to use all the instruments at his disposal was not always resisted by him. For this reason, and possibly for other reasons, the poem, although it made a more marked impression than when it served the purposes of a ballet, did not firmly hold the attention throughout. The opening episode is powerful; there is the true tragic note with the thought of barbaric feeling. The Bamboula theme is announced with the splendid and fitting vulgarity. The lyrical episode has charming measures, but from here until the dramatic ending there are pages that are of comparative little significance. It is easy to say that this or that composition is too long. Sometimes the mental and physical state of the hearer prompts the reproach; but as a rule the fault is in the composer's unwillingness or inability to say much in a few pages. Over-elaboration is always ruinous. Garrulity is tiresome in art as in life. The desire to be explicit, circumstantial in narration, often lessens the immediate effect and forbids remembrance.

Mr. Monteux is to be thanked for putting this symphonic poem on the program. Music does not deserve to be heard at a Symphony concert, simply because it was written by an American. If the music has importance, it should be heard even if the composer happens to be an American. What Mr. Gilbert writes is certainly worthy of serious consideration.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Gluck, Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis"; Haydn, Symphony in G. major (B. & H. No. 13); Debussy, "The Blessed Damosel" (Ethel Frank, soprano; Claramond Thompson, contralto; female chorus trained by Mr. Townsend); Charpentier, "Impressions of Italy."

GILBERT'S 'DANCE' BY SYMPHONY

Wildly Barbaric and
Sensuous—Fradkin
as Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

Frederick Fradkin, concertmaster, was soloist at the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The programme consisted of Mozart's G minor symphony, Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," for violin and orchestra, and Henry F. Gilbert's "Dance in Place Congo," performed for the first time as a symphonic poem.

The same composition was performed in New York and in Boston as a ballet by the Metropolitan Opera Company, March 23 and April 26, 1918.

BETTER IN CONCERT FORM

When this music was performed as ballet the stage spectacle was not congruous with Mr. Gilbert's original conception of the music. Moreover, an operatic orchestra in a theatre pit does not sound as a symphony orchestra on the stage. Most important of all, the better the music the more likely it is to gain and not lose if each hearer is allowed to imagine its meanings for himself. For these reasons, the ballet was far less impressive than the symphonic poem, unhampered by any stage scene, played yesterday.

The music as heard yesterday made a fresh and a very deep impression. It is wildly imaginative, barbaric, vulgar, tropical, sensuous. The last pages surpass the music of any other American we know in originality and imagination. Nietzsche would have called them

"Mediterranean." The music is here strangely eerie and fateful. The slaves in New Orleans of the '40s have danced their wildest; they leap and fall to the ground with foaming lips; they exult or strive furiously for the favors of the women; and at last, like the knell of fate itself, their frenzy is interrupted by the tolling of the 9 o'clock bell to quarters, the reminder of another day of pain and toil. And there are sounds in the orchestra like the shuffling of feet, and mournful echoes of motives derived from actual songs and yells of the Creoles of a day past; there is the shudder of the night in the music, there is an orchestral cry of inarticulate rage and despair.

Work of Ten Years

This symphonic poem was not composed in one single period of the composer's development. Its composition covered roughly a period of 10 years. Measures which Mr. Gilbert wrote in for practical exigencies of the ballet have happily been eliminated, but anyone who has carefully and thoughtfully watched his style will be interested to observe the difference in thought, manner, harmonic texture, between the opening and the superb pages at the end.

But the work has enormous energy and continuity of thought throughout. The orchestration, it is true, still impresses one as being thick, over-heavy. Yet this does not serve to conceal the great originality of many instrumental effects, the power and breadth of the brush strokes with which strong, sometimes harsh, sometimes very beautiful colors are put on the canvas. The recklessness of mood does not distract the composer from true principles of symphonic development. There are uneven passages, there are passages experimental, or unconsciously imitative—even in this score by an American bent on discarding outworn musical formulas of Europe—of music of other and older schools. We think especially of the fugal manner in which the dance theme is developed after the love music. The contrast between this rather old-fashioned and conventional start with the reckless abandon, the wanton barbarousness of pages, which quickly follow, is naive, yet it makes its mark, because of its imperious energy of the composer's imagination, which holds complete sway from the first note to the last, and evokes from Creole folk-tunes, a score which stands alone in its color, its romantic and emotional qualities, among American compositions.

"In Triumphant Vulgarity"

It goes without saying that some were shocked by the theme of the Bam-boula—we quote Mr. Gilbert's note in

the programme book—"ripped out in all its triumphant vulgarity by the full orchestra"; by the unrefined humor of the glockenspiel in the witty theme that follows, by the drunken song of trumpets in fifths as the revel works up to its climax. But we think many will agree with us, that despite instrumentation undoubtedly inclining to be thick and heavy, and because of its surge of elemental human impulse, its mighty songs of the soil, this work is the most significant, the most triumphant vindication of his talent and his artistic attitude that Mr. Gilbert has yet achieved.

Furthermore, while it is easy to realize the orchestral heaviness in many places, it is also easy to recall superbly dramatic and gorgeous effects. Think of the use of the harps, of certain percussion instruments. There are audacious and savagely brilliant combinations not found in the textbooks. The orchestration needs, in our opinion, some clarification, and partly because it is almost too full of good ideas. There are too many effects at the same time. They frequently muddle the sound and get in each other's way. There are strokes of instrumental genius by a composer with a native imagination if not invariably a native skill in the employment of orchestral instruments.

At the end of this performance the audience, loth to leave the hall, kept applauding until Mr. Gilbert appeared on the stage.

Mr. Fradkin's Playing

Mr. Fradkin played a concerto which is charming and original from beginning to end with technical exuberance and with fine taste, polish, feeling for the style of the music. After all, are there many better violin concertos? This music is piquant to the last detail; melodious, transparent and fascinating in its rhythms. Had the music been duller, such a performance as Mr. Fradkin's would have stirred the audience to well-merited applause.

Last, but not least, in reversing the order of discussion from the order of the items of the programme, let it be said that Mr. Monteux's performance of the Mozart symphony was of the highest artistic quality, admirable in phrasing, in the transparency of the orchestral tone; above all, in the prodigious spirit and glow of Mozart's wondrous music.

Feb. The Music of Boston 2/1/1920

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor
BOSTON, Massachusetts—The fifteenth symphony concert was given on February 20. The program was as follows:

Mozart. Symphony in G minor.
Lalo. Spanish Symphony for violin and orchestra, Fredric Fradkin, soloist.
Gilbert. "The Dance in Place Congo." (First time at these concerts.)

This program covered a wide range of emotions and style. The distance between the grace and refinement of Mozart's Symphony and the rough and tumble symphonic poem by Gilbert is far and Lalo's Spanish Symphony hardly served as an adequate connecting link. The program, however, was an excellent medium for a display of versatility on the part of Mr. Monteux, who conducted throughout the afternoon with unusual authority. Each piece, widely differing from its neighbors on the program, was given its proper atmosphere and coloring. Three distinct styles were represented and admirably contrasted. This ability to differentiate sharply between various styles and schools of composition is one of Mr. Monteux's most outstanding characteristics. It has given the symphony concerts of this season a varied and interesting character. In former times every piece was given a Teutonic tinge. This was tiresome. We now hear the music of many schools played in as many different ways. Mozart is difficult to play well. The slightest uncertainty of ensemble is immediately apparent. The strings played with exceptional beauty of tone. The phrases of the Andante were sung by the first violins as by one player. The wood-wind and horns played with delicacy and grace particularly in the trio of the minuet. In short, the symphony was beautifully played, a fact fortunately realized by the audience, which gave evident signs of delight and pleasure. Mr. Fradkin gave unexpected proof of virtuosity. His performance of Mendelssohn's concerto last season, while well enough in a negative way, was hardly one to excite enthusiasm. His playing of the Lalo symphony, however, revealed a virtuoso of the first

rank. It was full of style, fanciful without becoming sentimental, impassioned in the true Spanish manner. His tone was rich and full, his passage-work clear and brilliant. The orchestra accompanied with great flexibility.

Henry Gilbert is America's most "national" composer. His music is as distinctively American as that of Rimsky-Korsakow is distinctively Russian. We may not admire Mr. Gilbert's music but we must admit that it is sincere, that it is the consistent expression of his devotion to an ideal, a devotion which has never wavered throughout his long career. "The Dance in Place Congo" is a good example of his art. It contains his qualities and defects in profusion. The crude, though brilliant, orchestral coloring, the tiresome repetitions, the needless barbarities, the technical shortcomings are all present. But we also hear the poet, trying to make himself heard above the din of the bass drum, the imaginative, fanciful musician attempting to express his emotions, albeit with limited technical resources. To be more specific, the plan of this symphonic poem is poetically conceived. The details are in many cases weakly carried out. For example, the phrase representing the "tragic and poignant cry of rage and revolt of an entire race against the restraining bonds of slavery" can hardly be said to be arresting. The "Bamboula" theme, occurring for the first time with a realistic orchestration quite necessary to the general scheme of the composition, need hardly have been repeated with so little change. The lyric episode seems too long, its repetitions are fatiguing. Yet it must be admitted that the work as a whole produces a brilliant effect. There is much that rings true, much that is distinctive.

SYMPHONY CONCERT Trans. — Feb. 21, 1920. AGAIN THE PROGRAMME RANGES WIDELY

From Mozart Classic to the Gilbert of "The Dance in Place Congo"—The American's Uneven Music—Mr. Monteux and Mozart—Between, Mr. Fradkin as Rare Violinist in Lalo's Spanish Symphony

DISSENSIONS and rumors of dissensions may disturb the inner peace of the Symphony Orchestra; but outwardly its concerts run tranquil course, as they will to the end of the current season and, doubtless, through many seasons more. After thirty-nine years it is an institution not readily shaken by spring storms, even though for the hour they blow somewhat more heavily than usual. The same band sat upon the stage of Symphony Hall as has sat there since the middle of last October; the same conductor led it; the same audience applauded them as they made way through a programme—classic symphony, modern concerto, novel miscellaneous piece—like to a hundred others in the annals of the orchestra. The playing of Mozart's symphony fell not much below and rose not much above reasonable expectations. Mr. Fradkin, in the solo part of the concert-master's annual concerto, disclosed anticipated qualities in Lalo's "Spanish Symphony." As usual with novel numbers on a Friday afternoon, the audience was uncertain whether to applaud heartily or only courteously Mr. Gilbert's tone-poem, "The Dance in Place Congo." Enough, however, persisted in its clapping to call the composer to the stage; while through the rest of the concert, and especially for the violinist, the applause had been uncommonly long and hearty. By every evidence that a concert may give, goodwill abounded from one end to the other of Symphony Hall. Bessed are institutions; they persist; they reassure the apprehensive.

Mr. Monteux's Mozart is no remarkable Mozart; but the audience was plainly pleased to listen to a composer whom it had not hitherto heard in the course of the season and in whom it found quick delight. With wisdom the conductor had somewhat reduced the number of the heavier and the darker strings, with discernment he had balanced string and wind choirs, so that here and there the

music gained appreciably in Mozartian fluidity of movement and elasticity of accent. It would have gained more had Mr. Monteux's own hand been lighter and more supple. He kept the course of each movement quite clear, with each detail of modulation, emphasis, progress in becoming place. He missed none of the obvious shadings, the transparently contrasting moods—the bright energies of the first Allegro; the tremulous melancholy of the Andante; the shadows and lights of the Minuet; the fitfulness of the Finale. The orchestra gave him back warm, pliant, songful tone.

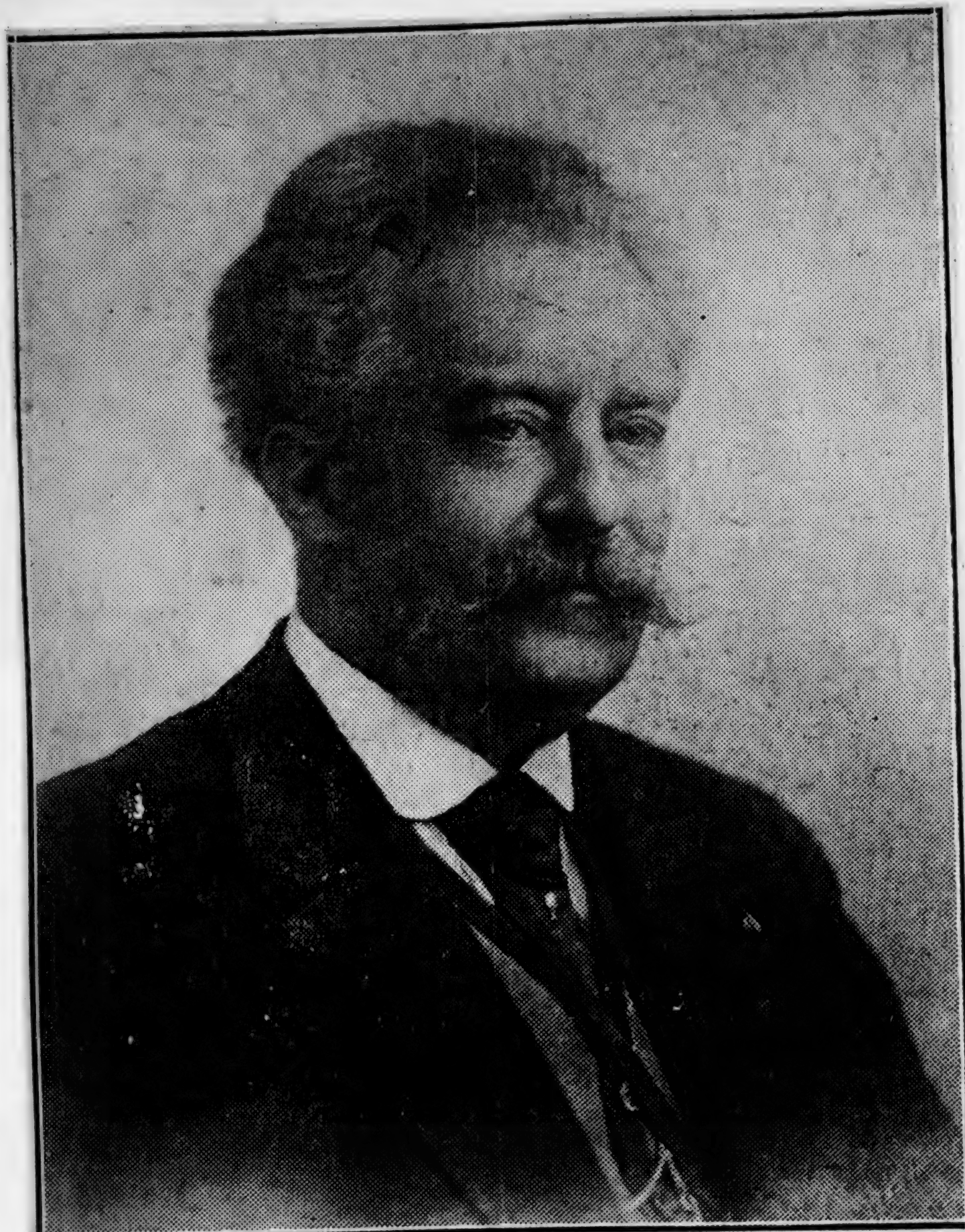
In a word, the listener heard Mozart's symphony in G minor played straightforwardly, lucidly, understandingly, pleasantly. He also heard that symphony played with little of the finer sensibility, the pervading elegance, the intuitive felicities that are the distinctions of a performance of Mozart's music. With the best will, the clearest head, the readiest hand a conductor may not attain them by the taking of thought and pains. Either he gains them by a sort of divination or they altogether evade him. If he possesses such divination, then does this music of Mozart run in endless undulation and play of light and shade; then does it sound most simple where it is most complex; then does it seem the perfection of fluidity and sensibility; while loveliness shimmers out of detail after detail and charm permeates and crowns the whole. Then also do the modulation of pace, the distribution of accent, the variations of rhythm seem like intuitions of the instant; while the orchestra is as deft as it is sure of stroke and as limpid as it is exquisite of tone. The spirit of Mozart sings, lives, illudes in such rare performance; the letter of Mozart still delights in performances that are no more than faithful, intelligent and skilful. Into this second category falls Mr. Monteux's version of the symphony in G minor.

Mr. Gilbert's tone-poem better suited the abilities of the conductor, came nearer to unclouded and undiminished performance. It was written as a symphonic piece for the concert-hall; but before it had been played as such, the composer designed an action for the music and it was heard as ballet-pantomime at the hands of the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York and Boston in the spring of 1918. The action was laboriously devised; it was not too plausibly or pictorially brought to actual being on the stage; it seemed rather to obscure and obstruct the music than to be illumined and sped by it. The outcome clearly suggested that the music would make keener and deeper impression played by itself in the conditions for which the composer originally proposed it. Yesterday it was so played possibly for the first time

in a concert-hall. It was more amply and vividly disclosed, but even so, it fell short of the other pieces of Mr. Gilbert heard at the Symphony Concerts—his "Comedy Overture on Negro Themes," his Prelude to Synge's tragedy of Irish fisher-folk, "Riders to the Sea." The overture flashed with lively rhythms, bubbled with animated motifs as animatedly developed and contrasted. The prelude prevailed by illusion of sombre atmosphere, by dramatic force of utterance.

Now, in "The Dance in Place Congo," Mr. Gilbert would, as it were, alternate and in measure unite his two voices prompted by Mr. Cable's description (in a half-forgotten article in a magazine of the eighties) of the revels of slaves and half-castes on Sunday afternoons in an obscure corner of Creole New Orleans. The composer begins graphically and dramatically enough. He writes a rude, sombre, oppressed music gradually rising first into bitter wail, then into wild shriek of resentment and revolt. It is background, he tells his hearers in a lengthy and vivid programme note—background of slavery out of which the dance proper—or rather improper—shall rise, into which it shall descend. It does so vanish at the sound of the booming bell that calls the slaves to quarters. The dance shivers itself away; the ensuing rhythms are as the patter of departing feet, irregular, more and more faint. The mood, the voice of brooding resentment and angry revolt return. Again Mr. Gilbert has written graphically, dramatically; again his musical invention, his musical means serve his imaginative ends. At beginning and at end of the tone-poem he gains the wildness, the rudeness, the fierceness of voice that he sought.

Between lie the dance and certain supplements to it and it is there, as it seemed two years ago in the Opera House, as it seemed yesterday in Symphony Hall, that Mr. Gilbert falls short of his design. In his programme-note he lavishes printed description upon this dance as has Mr. Cable before him. "Uncouth preluding" is to herald it. The orchestra then "rips it out in all its triumphant vulgarity." There should be "frantic leaps, frenzy, wild and terrible delights." It rises to "ecstasy," to "madness," to "fury." Unfortunately, however, the actual music fails to work any such illusion. In fact, Mr. Gilbert can make no more of this Bamboula than a monotonous, long drawn, distinctly ordinary dance of blacks. There is little wildness in it, as little sensual tang; no lascivious frenzy; no barbaric fury. He makes what play he may with rhythm; but he is dull and bare of harmonic and instrumental color. There are rhythmic vigor, rhythmic reiteration and no more. The ear and the imagination listen equally unilluded and unmoved. The workmanship seems even clumsy. It betters when there



Georges Longy

(Photograph by Horner)

First Oboe-Player of the Symphony Orchestra—Founder and Director
of the Boston Musical Association

is gentler interlude as though some pair had cut away for a moment of quiet from the circle of dancers. The music is appropriate if not imaginative; warm, if it is opaque. There is rude force in the return of the Bamboula; but not until the bell booms is Mr. Gilbert the graphic, the dramatizing composer that he can be. His prelude and postlude thrill; all between merely sounds.

Mr. Gilbert would be the last to deny his own aggressive temperament. Yet is he not needlessly truculent in that same programme-note which he obviously designs as persuasion to his hearers? "Here was an American subject," he cries; "presented in vivid style by an American author; full of dramatic and colorful suggestion." And again: "I desired to present upon the stage of the opera house an authentic piece of American art, one having its origin in an American happening, its inspiration in the creation of an American author, its music by an American composer. . . ." It is quite true that "The Dance in Place Congo" is such an American music; but there is no very obvious reason why Mr. Cable's article might not have kindled an imaginative composer of any race, had he chanced upon it, to characterizing and vivid composition or why the Bamboula itself might not have laid spell upon him. In fact, it did upon Gottschalk in the forties, and he was half-English and half-Creole, and upon Coleridge-Taylor in our own time, in whom was mixed English and negro blood. Moreover, there is music as distinctively American as Mr. Gilbert's which has no such origins as he seems to believe essential. He has surely heard Mr. Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches," and he could hardly have missed the intrinsically American humor and sentiment blended in the music. He may have heard Mr. Converse's recent symphony and noted the American quality pervading it. In the fantasy, the caprice, the brilliancy of Mr. Carpenter's Concertino at the Symphony Concerts last week, it is easy to feel a distinctively American note. If Mr. Gilbert would only believe it, there is an American voice in symphonic music, an American spirit no less, which are not all dependent upon negro tunes or upon what he calls, apropos his American Dances, "the twists in use in popular music." American composers can look in their hearts, as well in Place Congo, and write.

Between symphony and symphonic poem, Mr. Fradkin had his inning. Once more, as in his concerto last year, as in many a solo passage in the ordinary course of the Symphony Concerts, he was violinist who has at finger tips every refinement of his instrument, who plays with an unfailing musical sensibility. His tone is silken, sup-

ple, lustrous. It bends to every modulation, every inflection of the piece in hand; it answers quickly to every beat of rhythm; it spins transition: it is artful in light, shade and gradient. It is warm in figures, plastic in ornament, penetrating in instrumental song. Mr. Fradkin respects the clear will of the composer; yet by the manner in which he paces, colors, emphasizes the music, displays a clear individuality of his own. His choice lighted upon a concert-piece that set these qualities in high relief and that deserved performance no less for its own deserts and for the satisfactions it yields. Not as often as it might does the public of the Symphony Concerts hear this "Spanish Symphony" of Lalo. Whenever it does it renews its pleasure in the light, bright flow of the music, the freshness with which it is invented, the skill with which it is conducted, the fancy and piquancy of the harmonic and instrumental dress, the unemphasized, unconventional yet pungent Spanish flavor that from the rhythms seems to infiltrate the whole. A miniature among concertos for violin—say beside Brahms's or Chalkovsky's—this "Spanish Symphony" may be, but it excels them all in exquisiteness of filagree and fantasy.

H. T. PARKER

LOVING TRIBUTE PAID TO MEMORY OF LOUIS C. ELSON

The invaluable services of Louis C. Elson in the field of music were emphasized yesterday afternoon at the memorial services in his honor at Jordan Hall, which were attended by a large representation of pupils and alumni of the New England Conservatory of Music, of the faculty of which Mr. Elson had been a member for the last 46 years. G. W. Chadwick, director of the conservatory, conducted these exercises. Resolutions upon the death of Mr. Elson, referring to his demise as the "passing of an illustrious figure in the world of music," were read by Wallace Goodrich, chairman of the committee which drew them up.

S. W. Cole, a member of the faculty of the conservatory, referred to Mr. Elson's work in music extension in the Boston public schools as one of the many splendid achievements which must be set down to his credit, while F. Addison Porter characterized him as a true teacher, eager for real and permanent results. "Mr. Elson taught how to enjoy and how to understand music," he said, "and his students all loved and venerated him." Mr. Porter read a poem upon Mr. Elson's death, which had been written for the occasion by Mrs. Porter.

Prof. Edwin L. Gardner of the New England Conservatory of Music Alumni Association declared that the death of Mr. Elson is an irreparable loss, but declared that his influence will long remain, even though his actual presence is denied. H. M. Dunham gave some reminiscences of Mr. Elson's early days at the conservatory, saying that his pupils owe him an eternal debt of gratitude.

GILBERT'S WORK IN SYMPHONY

Adv. — Feb. 22/20
"Place Congo," Music for
Connoisseur, Bewilders
Audience

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The music is assuredly "rude and picturesque," with a strong flavor of the bamboula, a dance that came from the West Indies—brutal, bizarre music, that threw the slaves into a frenzy of excitement. New Orleans stopped the Place Congo dances long, long ago. Mr. Gilbert's work reflects his praiseworthy enthusiasm over American subjects; also his skill and imagination; but "Place Congo" is music for the connoisseur. The audience found it not only grotesque and bizarre, but exotic, bewildering. Place Congo and the levee are far removed from the old Suwanee plantation. The New Orleans of this tone picture is as strange a place as Timbuctoo. Mr. Montoux conducted *con amore*, and Mr. Gilbert came forth to bow to the fitful applause.

Frederic Fradkin, concert-master of the orchestra, and native American, played the solo part in the performance of Lalo's "Spanish Symphony." Of his artistry, Bostonians may well be proud. His full-fledged technic made light of bristling difficulties; his tone, though not large, was always round and pure, and after the first few nervous moments he played with the zest of the true virtuoso. He did well to shake hands with Mr. Montoux and thank him for the splendid assistance of the orchestra. The audience recalled him several times, paying warm tribute to his admirable efforts.

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, AT 2.30 P. M.

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

BY THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

The Trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc., have arranged for a "Young People's Concert" at Symphony Hall on Thursday Afternoon, January 29, at 4 o'clock. There will be a charge of 25, 35, and 50 cents for tickets.

This concert and any others of a similar character to be undertaken later will provide the best music by the full orchestra under its regular conductor. The programme will be suited to a youthful audience, which the Trustees hope will be made up from those who attend the schools of Greater Boston.

It will be evident to all that these concerts are undertaken in the interest of those who have had little or no opportunity to hear the finest symphonic music in the finest performance. As equitable a plan as possible will soon be completed for the distribution of tickets through school and settlement officials.

W. H. BRENNAN, G. E. JUDD,

Manager Assistant Manager

SYMPHONY HALL

Thursday Afternoon, January 29, 1920, at 4 o'clock

FIRST

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT

BY THE

BOSTON
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

PROGRAMME

Beethoven . . . Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 24

Schubert . . . Unfinished Symphony in B minor

- I. Allegro moderato.
- II. Andante con moto.

Delibes . . . Ballet, "Sylvia"

- I. Prelude: "The Huntresses."
- II. Intermezzo and Waltz.
- III. Pizzicati.
- IV. The Procession of Bacchus

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LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN (1770-1827)

OVERTURE TO GOETHE'S "EGMONT"

This Overture which Beethoven wrote to be played with Goethe's Tragedy seems to tell the same story which Goethe told, but it is always a mistake to connect music too closely with a story. Beethoven left no clue that certain notes described certain persons and events, and he wrote over his Pastoral Symphony for the benefit of those who would be too concerned with their programmes: "An expression of feeling rather than a description." Indeed, music is almost always a matter of feelings and moods. If you can simply enjoy it, then you will find afterwards that you have understood it. As for the Overture to "Egmont," we can say with certainty only that it begins in gloom and sorrow and ends with a great outburst of joy—as does also the play.

The story is about the people of the Netherlands, who suffered terribly in the sixteenth century under the cruel and oppressive government of Philip II. Some have pointed out just which places in the music seem to describe this oppression, and the hopeless woe of the nation which is crushed down under it. As the music suddenly quickens with a new vigor, there comes to them the fearless young soldier Count Egmont, who is to deliver his people from the foreign tyrant king. The new music bravely sweeps the old aside, and finally rises to a huge tumult of triumph from the whole orchestra. There is joyousness everywhere, for the people are at last freed.

Beethoven was a friend and admirer of the poet Goethe. And Goethe was puzzled by the proud and fiery composer who was scarcely taller than his shoulder, and whose music he found strange and terrifying. At that time Napoleon was conquering the world, and Beethoven rightly felt himself an even mightier conquerer in the realm of music. As for the lords and dukes who could accomplish nothing in particular, and gave themselves grand airs on account of their titles and power, he had a very small opinion indeed of their importance. Moreover, he was never afraid to say just what he thought of them, at the risk of getting into trouble. He was once taking a walk with Goethe when the whole royal family appeared in the distance, in great state. Goethe immediately stood at the side of the road, and would not take another step. Beethoven jammed his hat tighter on his head, buttoned his waistcoat, and held his arms behind his back while the princes, Duke Rudolph, and the Empress herself bowed to him and to Goethe, bent almost double in a profound salute, with his hat in his hand. Beethoven taunted him afterwards, and never forgot his behavior—nor did Goethe forget Beethoven's.

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FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828) UNFINISHED SYMPHONY IN B MINOR

To be really great, a composer must create music that is new and entirely his own, instead of merely copying the ways of his master, and his master's master. But the world always likes the old music it is accustomed to, and resents the really new music which it does not understand. For this reason, many of the great composers, including Beethoven and Schubert, have been despised and neglected and left to die in poverty, while some third-rate composer of the day received all the worship and flattery. When the genius of the great composers was finally discovered, they had been in their graves a long while.

This indeed happened to Schubert, who once wrote two movements of a symphony and nine measures of a third movement—a scherzo—and then locked his work up in his desk without ever finishing it. When he died, his good friend Anselm Hüttenbrenner took charge of his papers, but did not even bother to go through them, so that this wonderful "Unfinished" Symphony lay there unknown for years. A whole generation later, a musician named Herbeck called upon Anselm, now a failing old man on the point of death. "I want to have one of your works played in Vienna," Herbeck told him, and the old man, delighted, took him to his work-room, stuffed with dusty and yellow papers, all in confusion. Herbeck chose one of a dozen overtures that Anselm had written, and added that he would like to have something by Schubert played at the same concert for old time's sake. Anselm pulled a mass of papers out of an ancient chest, and Herbeck saw on one of them the inscription "Symphony in B minor" in Schubert's handwriting. "Can I have this copied right away?" he asked, after looking it over. "There is no hurry," answered Anselm; take it with you."

Fifty years have passed since then, and this symphony is loved and played again and again in all parts of the world. The music of Anselm, and others of Schubert's fellow-musicians, who were once considered highly important, is now entirely forgotten. If you heard it, it would probably seem as old and dead as an Egyptian mummy. But Schubert's Symphony blossoms from beginning to end with wondrous melody, as fresh and new as if it were just born instead of being a hundred years old. The lovely parts which the first violins and violoncellos sing should be especially noted; also the syncopated accompaniment in both movements, and towards the end the exquisite dialogue of the oboe and the clarinet.

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LEO DELIBES (1836-1891), "SYLVIA," OR "THE NYMPH OF DIANA,"
GRAND MYTHOLOGICAL BALLET

The plot of "Sylvia" is similar to many others in the early days of operas and ballets. The scene was almost always in pastoral Arcadia, a country in which the ancient Greeks idealized green meadows and forests. The inhabitants of Arcadia were nymphs and satyrs, gods and goddesses, shepherds and shepherdesses. They never did any work, but spent their time dancing, hunting, and love-making.

The Sylvia of this Ballet was a beautiful nymph in the train of Diana, the Goddess of the Chase (note the hunting-horns in the first movement). The love of Sylvia for Aminta, the shepherd, met with many obstacles. But finally Cupid, the child God of Love, appeared in a cloud (as always happened in Arcadia) and united the pair with his blessing. The music was of course all intended to accompany dancing on the stage. "Pizzicati" means that the musicians are to pluck the strings of their instruments with their fingers instead of using a bow.

A SECOND YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT
BY THE
BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

WILL BE GIVEN AT SYMPHONY HALL
Thursday Afternoon, February 26, at 4 o'clock

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Applications have already been received from more than 40 schools—enough to subscribe for all tickets for the second concert.

Since February 26 falls in the vacation period for many schools, tickets will be ready for distribution to the schools, February 16 and 17, and may be returned, if unsold, on or before February 20 (Prices 25, 35 and 50 cents, tax exempt).

In view of the other engagements of the Orchestra it will not be possible to give additional Young People's Concerts this season.

W. H. BRENNAN,
Manager.

G. E. JUDD,
Assistant Manager.

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS
BY THE
Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

Thursday Afternoon, January 29, 1920, at 4 o'clock.

Beethoven Overture to "Egmont"
Schubert Unfinished Symphony in B-minor
Delibes Suite from the Ballet, "Sylvia"

ALL TICKETS FOR THIS CONCERT HAVE BEEN
DISTRIBUTED THROUGH THE COOPERATION OF
THE SCHOOLS OF GREATER BOSTON.

THE SECOND YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT WILL
BE GIVEN AT SYMPHONY HALL, THURSDAY
AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 26, AT 4 O'CLOCK.

Applications for tickets should be made by the heads of the various schools of Greater Boston, not later than February 12, inclusive. Address, W. H. Brennan, Symphony Hall, Boston.

Each applicant will be advised on or before Monday, February 16, of the allotment of tickets, which may be secured at Symphony Hall, on February 19 or 20.

In allotting tickets for the concert on February 26, preference will be shown those schools who applied for tickets for the first concert but were unable to obtain them.

The prices of tickets will be 25, 35 and 50 cents.

W. H. BRENNAN, G. E. JUDD,
Manager Assistant Manager

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA'S NEW VENTURE

Trans. — Jan. 30, 1920
A First Afternoon for Young People—An Interested, Pleasured Audience and Generally Auspicious Outcome—The Cecilia, with Mr. Mitchell Leading, in Short, Variegated and Unaccompanied Choral Pieces—Mr. Busoni as Lion of London—A New Piece from Mr. Carpenter—Mr. McCormack's Plans

THERE were new sensations aplenty at the first concert of the Symphony Orchestra for young people in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Contrary to custom, however, they sprang from the auditorium and not from the stage. There, as usual, sat the band in such dimensions as the chosen pieces required, and thence, much as usual in these days of Mr. Monteux, it played Beethoven's overture to Goethe's play of "Egmont," the Unfinished Symphony of Schubert and four numbers—the prelude of the huntresses of Diana, the waltz, the pizzicato polka, and the procession of Bacchus—from Delibes's ballet, "Sylvia." As was to be expected from a conductor and an orchestra with esprit de corps and honneur d'artiste—as the two happy French phrases go—it played all these pieces with the same regard for pace and rhythm, euphony and color, melodic beauty and imaginative suggestion as it is wont to show on a Saturday evening in Boston or a Thursday evening in New York. Exactly as on those occasions did the new audience applaud it, recalling Mr. Monteux at the end as though it already guessed the custom of the Symphony Concerts. Even programme-notes were not overlooked. This time, however, they filled but four pages where Mr. Burk of the staff of Symphony Hall had discerningly and ingeniously written them for young understandings. Whether the spoken word, such as Mr. Stock and Mr. Damrosch use at similar concerts in Chicago and New York, would have more interested the youngsters is hard to say. Mr. Monteux has many talents, but not yet the gift of tongues when he must speak in a free, lightly running and idiomatic English; while Symphony Hall lacks any spokesman likely to be at ease in explanation of music to 2000 young folk. Yet it is easy to remember how apt Mr. Guy Maier was in speech when he carried a similar audience through piano-pieces and how eagerly it followed him. For the purpose and in

the circumstances the spoken word may be better than the printed page. If there is to be a series of concerts for young people at Symphony Hall next season, as all concerned now intend, why not "have in" Mr. Maier as "lecturer" of proved abilities?

In parquet and galleries a few seats were allotted to the guardian-teachers, to a few reporters, to a few more adult guests. Otherwise every chair held a young listener. As it seemed in a cursory survey of the hall, more were girls than boys—according to American habit in the concert-hall, or in any other exercise of the arts. As usual also in such circumstances, Italian, Jewish, Slavic, and European faces generally were not few; for the "alien" of much loud-mouthed and current scorn has a quick instinct for the finer things of music and the stage that hardly smoulders in many a native American. Unexpected, however, were the very young years of row upon row of children. Perhaps the unpractised, indiscriminating bachelor eye mistakenly saw them as no more than of nine, ten or eleven summers; but, unless they were unsuspected and surprisingly numerous prodigies, they did seem rather too young for the pleasures of serious music; while before the hour was ended, more than one was naturally restless. On the other hand, youth of both sexes in their early teens or on the edge of them filled much more than half the hall; for them the concert was intended; and to it they responded with every auspicious sign. They were not merely attentive; they were interested; not merely dutiful but pleased. They discriminated between the pieces as when they applauded the flowing song of Schubert's Andante more warmly than the less melodious Allegro; as when they perceived that the grace of Delibes's waltz and the snapping gayety of his polka were pleasanter to hear than his louder and more "stagey" music of prelude and procession. Honest, intelligent, too, were overheard comments from mouth to mouth in the intermission; while good to see was as intelligent a curiosity over the instruments and the workings in general of a full orchestra. It would not be misplaced in the audiences of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening.

Rightly for such youth are these concerts for young people designed; theirs are the likings to be fostered through the years in which most of us first discover what sort of entertainment gives us most pleasure entering, as it were, into the knowledge of good taste and bad taste; from them also must come in large part the public that twenty and thirty years hence will be the audience of the Symphony

Orchestra. Enough then the reward of the day since the concert interested and pleased them. Would it have warmed them more, had the programme been lighter, had it included more short pieces? Would one movement from a symphony been wiser choice than two? Was the overture to "Egmont" somewhat over many a youngster's head? It is hard to answer. Mr. Stock's practice in Chicago favors more and shorter pieces. Mr. Damrosch's in New York agrees with Mr. Monteux's experimental programme. Inevitably, the youth of yesterday "caught on" quickly and gladly to the bright rhythms, the pretty tunes, the showy sonorities of Delibes's ballet. Yet their interest and seeming pleasure in Shubert (outside the first movement of the Unfinished Symphony) and even in the Beethoven of "Egmont" were not appreciably less.

H. T. P.

CHILDREN HEAR CLASSIC MUSIC

Young People's Concert by
 Symphony Orchestra
 Is Rare Treat

PUPILS COME FROM
 MANY CITY SCHOOLS

Herald — Jan. 30, 1920
 By PHILIP HALE

The first Young People's Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The hall was filled with children of all ages and all sizes from the public and parochial schools and from the various settlements.

The program was as follows: Beethoven, overture to "Egmont"; Schubert's Unfinished Symphony; Delibes, Suite from the ballet "Sylvia."

The question at once comes up: What orchestral compositions are most appropriate for a concert of this nature? Should the music be first of all ear-tickling and heel-stirring? It should certainly be tuneful, and the rhythms

should be strongly marked. It is a mistake to think that children do not enjoy music that gives older persons of musical experience genuine pleasure. Music that is often written deliberately for children may easily bore them. Mr. Guy Maier, who gave a piano recital not long ago for children, solved the problem, nor was their enjoyment solely derived from his agreeable talk about the music. They were pleased by the music itself. The selections were admirably chosen and the greater number were by acknowledged masters.

Were the little hearers in Symphony Hall so pleased yesterday that they would gladly attend a second concert? They applauded heartily; but applause does not necessarily mean enjoyment; it is often perfunctory, an expression of politeness, even at the Symphony concerts on Friday afternoons and Saturday nights. Children, fortunately, are not sophisticated in this respect. They are, as a rule, brutally frank. The faces yesterday showed curiosity, wonder, pleasure. Some of the younger children, no doubt, twisted in their seats. Perhaps they were bodily uncomfortable; perhaps they were nervous. We have seen men and women restless when long winded symphonies were performed.

The experiment was at least worth trying. In all probability a new world was opened to many, a world that they would gladly visit again. They were not awed by the names "Beethoven," "Schubert." If they enjoyed the music it was not because they thought it necessary to pay homage to these men.

No committee of three or of 10 could vote unanimously for this or that program. One might ask for an overture by Auber, or the overture to "Mignon" or "Zampa"; a gay symphony by Haydn; some pretty Intermezzo or Prelude; a waltz by Johann Strauss. Another, some kill-joy, might say: "No, we must choose only educational music. These children must be trained to love the 'classics'." And so through the three or 10. A Symphony Orchestra does not lose dignity on an occasion like this by playing a sparkling overture or one of Johann Strauss's waltzes.

The second concert will be on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 26 at 4 o'clock.

The program, which contained pertinent and entertaining notes by Mr. John N. Burke of Symphony Hall, made this announcement:

In allotting tickets for the concert on Feb. 26, preference will be shown those schools who applied for tickets for the first concert but were unable to obtain them. Applications have already been received from more than 40 schools—enough to subscribe for all tickets for the second concert. Since

Feb. 26 falls in the vacation period for many schools, tickets will be ready for distribution to the schools, Feb. 16 and 17, and may be returned, if unsold, on or before Feb. 20 (Prices 25, 35 and 50 cents, tax exempt). In view of the other engagements of the orchestra it will not be possible to give additional Young People's Concerts this season."

CHILDREN HEAR THE SYMPHONY

Display Keen Interest
at First School

Concert

Post Jan. 30, 1920

BY OLIN DOWNES

Those who boarded cars almost anywhere about Boston early yesterday afternoon found themselves surrounded by chattering schoolboys and girls of the city, apparently out for a lark. Passengers and conductors of non-musical habits were at a loss to explain this development. The children were bound for Symphony Hall and the first Young People's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

PIECES EASY TO GRASP

These concerts, one more of which will be given this season, have been arranged at a very low rate of admission for the younger people of the city, to give them the opportunity of hearing the Boston Symphony Orchestra and becoming acquainted under the best possible conditions with symphonic music. This is a new departure for the Boston Symphony, although similar undertakings have ere this met with success and made new audiences for orchestras in

other cities. It is certainly a move calculated to make the Boston Symphony more than ever an integral part of the musical life of the community, and to democratize its mission.

The programme arranged by Mr. Monteux for this concert consisted of Beethoven's Overture to Goethe's "Egmont"; Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony; and the Prelude, Intermezzo and Waltz, "Pizzicati" and "Procession of Bacchus" from Delibe's ballet, "Sylvia."

Readily Understood

Of the orchestral performance of these pieces it is needless to speak in detail. The orchestra gave its best. The individual members of it, if one excepts a harp out of tune—excelled themselves in the performance of solo passages in which they displayed with exceptional mastery the capacities of different instruments. The general character of the music was melodious and comparatively easy to grasp. Whether those unaccustomed to music can be expected to feel the heroic spirit of Beethoven's overture is a question one does not answer with full confidence in the affirmative.

The lofty simplicity of Beethoven may be readily understood by children or youths, but many of us had to grow internally as well as musically for many years to comprehend the grandeur of this overture. It is, however, music, as it seems, of a drama, of movement, action; it has clear melodious outlines and a thrilling finale. And it is music which may well be a part of youth's heritage.

Interested in Players

The Schubert symphony is a work everyone should grow up with, and Mr. Monteux is particularly fortunate in his interpretation of this work. Listeners, old and young, took pleasure in the piquant music of Delibes.

The audience, consisting of children of rich and poor, from every quarter of the city and its environs, with a sprinkling of adults as escorts, was interested no less in the motions of the conductor and the movement of the men, the shape of the instruments, the occasional whistle of a piccolo or whack of the drum than in the melodies themselves. Occasionally, there was an exclamation or a crow from someone very young—a kind of musical commentary of a kind not included in the programme.

The second of these concerts will be given in Symphony Hall on Feb. 26, when preference will be given first to many who applied for tickets for the concert of yesterday afternoon after the hall was sold out. The programme for this concert will soon be announced.

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BY THE

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PROGRAMME

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| Weber | Overture to "Der Freischütz" |
| Beethoven | Andante from the Symphony in C major,
No. 1, Op. 21 |
| Grieg | Suite, "Peer Gynt" |
| | I. Morning Mood. |
| | II. Death of Aase. |
| | III. Anitra's Dance. |
| | IV. In the Hall of the Mountain King. |
| Mendelssohn | Scherzo from the Music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" |
| Berlioz | Rakoczy March |

All tickets for this concert having been distributed through the heads of the schools of Greater Boston, no more are available. It will not be possible to give further Young People's Concerts this season.

BETTERING THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

Trans. Feb. 28/20
A Second Experiment with a Programme More Wisely Chosen and a Clearly Interested and Pleasured Audience—The Daily Chronicle of Symphonic Strife—Mr. Carpenter's Ballet Raises and Fulfills Expectations—Items and Prospects

FROM experience all concerned in the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra for young people are learning wisdom, so that the second, which befell at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, clearly bettered the first. The music again filled only an hour—probably the limit of normal youthful interest and attention—but this time it consisted of five short pieces, or even of eight, if the listener chose to count each division of Grieg's music to the play, "Peer Gynt," as a separate number. There is reason to doubt whether a more or less untutored audience, in years hardly above the middle

teens, is quite ready as yet to listen to Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and to Beethoven's overture to Goethe's tragedy of "Egmont" as it was asked to do at the first concert. In all probability it heard these pieces with more wonder and speculation than interest and understanding. Even adults variously measure their pleasure in them. In contrast, the young listeners of yesterday seemed to follow gladly and comprehendingly the mellow periods or the warm flow of Weber's overture to "Der Freischütz"; the fairy-footed progress of Mendelssohn's Scherzo for the elves of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream"; the surges of sound and the flashes of rhythm through Berlioz's "Rakoczy March." The audience of January often seemed restless and puzzled; the audience of February was plainly intent and pleased. Not less eagerly than it heard the pieces aforesaid, did it listen also to the Andante from Beethoven's first symphony and to the suite of Grieg. Fortunately youth not to speculate upon Beethoven's gentle, transparent, undulating song as forerunner of deeper melodies and to hear Grieg's measures as so much music in itself and not as decoration to a seldom

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244

Andante yielded the pleasure of simple and purling instrumental song; that the music of Asa's death sounded gently, the music of Anitra's dance brightly, the music of the trolls gaily, fantastically.

As it happened likewise, the young people heard these pieces of Grieg played with a delicacy of detail they have not received hereabouts in years; while the string and the wind choirs could hardly have been smoother or more songful than they were through Beethoven's Andante. Mr. Montoux and the orchestra do not spare pains upon these young people's concerts, even if the dewy shimmer, the tripping lightness of Mendelssohn's Scherzo did in measure evade them. Finally, the audience seemed better chosen than it was a month ago. There, too many of the "young people" were no more than children for whom, unless they were uncommonly precocious, music and orchestra were but occasion for restless wonder. Yesterday some such children were discoverable; but on every side around them, in grateful numbers, interest and pleasure sat the youth in the teens whose curiosity it is the design of the concerts to waken, whose inclinations in music, pieces and performance are to form. Another year, after these two preliminary ventures, the Young People's Concerts of the Symphony Orchestra should fulfil their purpose and assemble the desired audiences. Perhaps they would gain in animation and be more a thing apart from routine did some adaptable speaker say the persuading and enlightening word about the several numbers that the programme-sheet now bears in print. Perhaps, also, as a cynic or two has ventured to hint, the youth of the private as well as the public schools might be advisedly included in the audiences. But who, except those same cynics would dare to suggest that their taste needs guidance? Have they not the musical plays?

BOYS AND GIRLS AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Feb. 28, 1920
Attentive Audience Greets
Grieg and Berlioz

Symphony Hall was crowded with boys and girls yesterday afternoon for the second concert for young people by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Symphony concerts in Boston have come to be regarded as designed chiefly for rich old ladies, and the manage-

ment when it announced an experimental concert for young people last month was not prepared for the overwhelming demand from the schools and left many disappointed applicants. There was no public sale and no one who obtained tickets for the first concert, given last month, was allowed tickets for the second.

The average age of yesterday's audience was 14 to 15, and boys and girls were present in about equal proportions, with a few scattered grownups. One might have expected such an audience to be more interested in cutting monkey shins than in listening to Beethoven and Berlioz. But it proved the most attentive and thoughtful crowd the orchestra has played to in many a long year.

The hum and buzz of eager comment and gossip ceased as soon as Mr. Montoux tapped his desk with his baton, and determined but futile endeavors were made after several number to secure an encore, something which is forbidden by long standing rule at Symphony concerts.

The youngsters, many of them, followed the excellent brief program notes written by Mr. Burke of Symphony Hall during the performance. Individuals with pocket scores and handbooks on symphonic music, which they coned attentively, were scattered through the crowd.

The program was made up of a number of short and not too exacting pieces, among which Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite and Berlioz's stirring "Hungarian March" seemed to afford the most pleasure. The performance was dashing and vivid, though the rehearsals seemed to have been too few to permit the usual meticulous nuances.

More of these young people's concerts may be hoped for next season, there is no doubt.

ALANDSCA
LAW BOOKS
Manual of Business Corporations
L. E. Boston Transcript
Standard Rye, London S.E. 22, England
NOS. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919--20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SIXTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, AT 8 P. M.

- | | |
|--------------|--|
| GLUCK, | OVERTURE to "Iphigénie en Aulide," (Wagner's ending) |
| HAYDN, | SYMPHONY in G major, (Breitkopf and Härtel, No. 13)
I. Adagio; Allegro
II. Largo
III. Menuetto; Trio
IV. Finale: Allegro con spirito |
| DEBUSSY, | LYRIC POEM, "La Damselle Édue," (The Blessed Damsel), (after Dante-Gabriel Rossetti)
(With female chorus trained by STEPHEN S. TOWNSEND)
Soprano Solo, Miss ETHEL FRANK
Contralto Solo, Miss CLARAMOND THOMPSON
[First time at these Concerts] |
| CHARPENTIER, | ORCHESTRAL SUITE, "Impressions of Italy,"
I. Serenade. (Viola Solo, Mr. FREDERIC DENAYER)
II. At the Fountain
III. On Muleback
IV. On the Summits
V. Naples |

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

seen play. Enough for them that the Andante yielded the pleasure of simple and purring instrumental song; that the music of Ase's death sounded gently, the music of Anitra's dance brightly, the music of the trolls gaily, fantastically.

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The average age of yesterday's audience was 14 to 15, and boys and girls were present in about equal proportions, with a few scattered grownups. One might have expected such an audience to be more interested in cutting monkey shins than in listening to Beethoven and Berlioz. But it proved the most attentive and thoughtful crowd the orchestra has played to in many a long year.

The hum and buzz of eager comment and gossip ceased as soon as Mr. Montaux tapped his desk with his baton, and determined but futile endeavors were made after several number to secure an encore, something which is forbidden by long standing rule at Symphony concerts.

The youngsters, many of them, followed the excellent brief program notes written by Mr. Burke of Symphony Hall during the performance. Individuals with pocket scores and handbooks on symphonic music, which they coned attentively, were scattered through the crowd.

The program was made up of a number of short and not too exacting pieces, among which Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite and Berlioz's stirring "Hungarian March" seemed to afford the most pleasure. The performance was dashing and vivid, though the rehearsals seemed to have been too few to permit the usual meticulous nuances.

More of these young people's concerts may be hoped for next season, there is no doubt.

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concert on Feb. 26, preference
will be shown those schools
which applied for tickets for
the first concert but were un-
able to obtain them. The prices
of tickets will be 25, 35 and 50
cents.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919--20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SIXTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, AT 8 P. M.

- | | |
|--------------|--|
| GLUCK | OVERTURE to "Iphigénie en Aulide," (Wagner's ending) |
| HAYDN, | SYMPHONY in G major, (Breitkopf and Härtel, No. 13)
I. Adagio; Allegro
II. Largo
III. Menuetto; Trio
IV. Finale: Allegro con spirito |
| DEBUSSY, | LYRIC POEM, "La Damselle Édue," (The Blessed Damsel), (after Dante-Gabriel Rossetti)
(With female chorus trained by STEPHEN S. TOWNSEND)
Soprano Solo, Miss ETHEL FRANK
Contralto Solo, Miss CLARAMOND THOMPSON
[First time at these Concerts] |
| CHARPENTIER, | ORCHESTRAL SUITE, "Impressions of Italy,"
I. Serenade. (Viola Solo, Mr. FREDERIC DENAYER)
II. At the Fountain
III. On Muleback
IV. On the Summits
V. Naples |

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

seen play. Enough for them that the Andante yielded the pleasure of simple and purring instrumental song; that the music of Ase's death sounded gently, the music of Anitra's dance brightly, the music of the trolls gaily, fantastically.

As it happened likewise, the young people heard these pieces of Grieg played with a delicacy of detail they have not received hereabouts in years; while the string and the wind choirs could hardly have been smoother or more songful than they were through Beethoven's Andante. Mr. Montoux and the orchestra do not spare pains upon these young people's concerts, even if the dewy shimmer, the tripping lightness of Mendelssohn's Scherzo did in measure evade them. Finally, the audience seemed better chosen than it was a month ago. Then, too many of the "young people" were no more than children for whom, unless they were uncommonly precocious, music and orchestra were but occasion for restless wonder. Yesterday some such children were discoverable; but on every side around them, in grateful numbers, interest and pleasure sat the youth in the teens whose curiosity it is the design of the concerts to waken, whose inclinations in music, pieces and performance are to form. Another year, after these two preliminary ventures, the Young People's Concerts of the Symphony Orchestra should fulfil their purpose and assemble the desired audiences. Perhaps they would gain in animation and be more a thing apart from routine did some adaptable speaker say the persuading and enlightening word about the several numbers that the programme-sheet now bears in print. Perhaps, also, as a cynic or two has ventured to hint, the youth of the private as well as the public schools might be advisedly included in the audiences. But who, except those same cynics would dare to suggest that their taste needs guidance? Have they not the musical plays?

BOYS AND GIRLS AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Feb. 28, 1920
Attentive Audience Greet
Grieg and Berlioz

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Trans. Jan. 17, 1920.

The Symphony and the Schools

A Second Young People's Concert

THOUGH the first of the Young People's Concerts of the Symphony Orchestra is two weeks away, every ticket for it has already been distributed through the schools of Greater Boston. A second concert is, accordingly, announced for Thursday afternoon, Feb. 26, with the following hints as to tickets:

Applications for tickets should be made by the heads of the various schools of Greater Boston, not later than Feb. 12, inclusive. Address W. H. Brennan, Symphony Hall, Boston.

Each applicant will be advised on or before Monday, Feb. 16, of the allotment of tickets, which may be secured at Symphony Hall on Feb. 19 or 20.

In allotting tickets for the concert on Feb. 26, preference will be shown those schools which applied for tickets for the first concert but were unable to obtain them. The prices of tickets will be 25, 35 and 50 cents.

Symphony Hall.

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LYRIC POEM, "La Damselle Éluë," (The Blessed Damsel), (after Dante-Gabriel Rossetti) (With female chorus trained by STEPHEN S. TOWNSEND)

Soprano Solo, Miss ETHEL FRANK

Contralto Solo, Miss CLARAMOND THOMPSON

[First time at these Concerts]

CHARPENTIER,

ORCHESTRAL SUITE, "Impressions of Italy,"

I. Serenade. (Viola Solo, Mr. FREDERIC DENAYER)

II. At the Fountain

III. On Muleback

IV. On the Summits

V. Naples

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony



Waiting to Drop Their Quarters in the Sack. The Historic "Rush Line" Is a Living Relic of the Days When the Final Rehearsal for Saturday Actually Was Held Friday Afternoon. At This "Public Rehearsal" the Audience Would Behold the Conductor Stop His Men and Repeat a Difficult Passage

16TH SYMPHONY CONCERT GIVEN

Feb. 28, 1920
Gluck, Haydn,
Charpentier
Program

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there, and the occasional touch of vulgarity, the Suite is melodious, agreeable music, skilfully orchestrated, agreeable to the ear. "On the Summits," by reason of Mr. Monteux's interpretation, had a significance not given to it before.

Is the beauty of a famous poem enhanced by music? Mr. Bantock, greatly daring, has set music to the choruses of "Atalanta in Calydon," and there was an Englishman, we forget his highly respectable name, who turned nearly all of Shakespeare's sonnets into songs with piano accompaniment. No wonder that Debussy was fascinated by "The Blessed Damozel." If any one was to choose it for a cantata, he was the man. But does his music emphasize the inherent beauty of the verse? The introduction suggests the proper mood. Charles Lamb thought that Milton should be read after a hearing of organ music. Debussy's orchestral introduction prepares one for reading Rossetti's poem. The orchestral pages are more in the Rossettian mystically sensuous spirit than the measures to be sung; the words of the waiting and longing woman need no music. It is true that the solo singers yesterday were inadequate; but could any singers change the inherent and disappointing character of the music allotted them? One listened with delight to Debussy's orchestra; the chorus of omen was heard with pleasure; but while the reciter and the Damozel were at work, there was consolation in the intended text.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Berlioz, "Fantastic" Symphony; Malipiero, "Pauses of Silence"; Borodin, "On the Steppes of Central Asia"; Wagner, Overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

Feb. The Music of Boston 28 20

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor
BOSTON, Massachusetts—The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its sixteenth concert of the present season on February 27 with the following program:

Gluck—Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis"
Haydn—Symphony in G major
Debussy—"La Damoiselle élue"
Charpentier—"Impressions of Italy"

A chorus of women's voices, Ethel Frank, and Claramond Thompson assisted in the Debussy piece. Frédéric Denayer played the viola solo in the first movement of Charpentier's suite.

This program might well have been entitled "Music of the past and present," although the Haydn symphony would have to be grouped with the music of the present and "La Damoi-

in "Naples"—this last movement is long-drawn-out—nor does "At the Fountain" hold firmly the attention; but on the whole, and in spite of the too great influence of Massenet heard here and

16TH SYMPHONY CONCERT GIVEN

Herald Feb. 28, 1920

Works by Gluck, Haydn,
Debussy and Charpentier
Comprise Program

CHORUS OF WOMEN IS WELL TRAINED

By PHILIP HALE

The 16th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Gluck, Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis"; Haydn, Symphony, G major (B. & H. 13); Debussy, "The Blessed Damsel" (Female Chorus trained by Mr. Townsend; Ethel Frank, soprano; Claramond Thompson, contralto); Charpentier, "Impressions of Italy."

There is old music that defies time; as motets of Vittoria, airs of Purcell and Handel, piano pieces of Scarlatti, Couperin and Bach. Gluck's overture was first heard in Paris nearly 150 years ago, yet, even with an inevitable formula of its period, it is still nobly pathetic. We have seen and heard what Richard Strauss did with the story of Electra. One shudders at the thought of what he might do to Iphigenia. It is not necessary to label, as Wagner did, the themes of Gluck. The whole story is in the music; the title is enough; the overture is purely Grecian in its restrained passion, pathetic calm, the suggestion of inexorable Fate.

Haydn's symphony was written for Paris. It is one of his best. Whatever Haydn wrote is conspicuous for careful workmanship; but this symphony was composed with even more than his customary care. Played delightfully, it again made its appeal.

Mr. Monteux gave a very brilliant reading of Charpentier's "Impressions," the most brilliant we have heard; for never before in Boston have the last three movements had so much character. Some of the pages have already lost their freshness; for example, we could spare some in the "Serenade," also in "Naples"—this last movement is long-drawn-out—nor does "At the Fountain" hold firmly the attention; but on the whole, and in spite of the too great influence of Massenet heard here and

there, and the occasional touch of vulgarity, the Suite is melodious, agreeable music, skilfully orchestrated, agreeable to the ear. "On the Summits," by reason of Mr. Monteux's interpretation, had a significance not given to it before.

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selle éblue" with the music of the past. Debussy's setting of the Rossetti poem sounds strangely unlike the composer of "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "La Mei" and "Pelléas." There seems not to be the faintest foreshadowing of this later Debussy. Massenet, well diluted, is the prevailing character of the music. If only Wolf-Ferrari, composer of the incomparable "Dance of Angels," were to set this poem! Even Debussy of the later years might have found more fitting harmonies and orchestral tints, although it is doubtful if the mysticism of the poem was of a kind with which his nature was entirely sympathetic. Yet it was pleasant to hear the composition, if only by way of comparison with his later style. "Papa" Haydn's symphony was as fresh as on the day when it was written. To be sure, it is comfortable, perhaps superficial music, but so genuine and sincere that although old-fashioned, it will never grow old. Mr. Monteux, an admirer of the modern school, never fails to interpret the music of the eighteenth century with grace and charm, as witness the playing of this symphony as well as that of Mozart's in G minor of last week's program. Charpentier's suite is an example of a poetic idea developed with masterly skill. There have been many compositions portraying Italian life and atmosphere more or less successfully, but few excite the imagination as does this suite, written by a Frenchman. The orchestration is so cleverly contrived and so tastefully varied, the melodic ideas are so fresh—and we might add that the several movements are so tactfully short—that each hearing brings new pleasure. We have always thought that the viola solo in the first number (played behind the scenes) was intended to be a distant echo of the opening theme of the violoncellos. As played yesterday, Mr. Denayer might almost as well have sat in his accustomed place in the orchestra.

DEBUSSY PLAYED BY SYMPHONY

Female Chorus Assists
in His "Blessed
Damoiselle"

Post Feb. 28, 1920

BY OLIN DOWNES

Debussy's "Blessed Damoiselle," after the poem of Rossetti, was performed for the first time at the Boston Symphony concerts yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Monteux conducting, with Miss Ethel Frank and Miss Claramond Thompson as soprano and contralto soloists, and a female chorus prepared for this concert by Stephen Townsend.

The orchestral compositions were Gluck's superb overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," Haydn's G major symphony (Breitkopf and Hartel number 13), and Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy."

EXQUISITELY FRESH

Debussy's music keeps its exquisite freshness, its pre-Raphaelite beauty. It sounds today prodigiously simple, though it was only a few years ago—in 1905, to be exact—when it sounded very dangerous and strange, and many people hooted one interviewer, who farther-sighted than others, remarked that the day might come when Claude Debussy would seem more original a composer than Richard Strauss—15 years ago, to be exact, and that day has arrived. Debussy is indisputably the more original composer of the two, and there is this happy difference between the early music of Debussy and the early music of some other composers. Debussy's early music

remains fresh, exquisitely made, supremely art in its perfection of line and color.

It is not the music of the late Debussy, but it is and will be for many years to come, the ineffably beautiful music of a great genius—genius which recalls the line of Edgar Lee Masters: "Genius is wisdom and youth."

Not Well Balanced

Mr. Monteux interpreted this music sympathetically. The chorus had been well prepared, though the balance between voices and orchestra was not always perfect. The entire performance was a little stiff, as it seemed, and it must be confessed that neither of the soloists, intelligently as they performed, were particularly in the vein or over effective under the circumstances.

The feature of the concert, for the writer, was the performance of the noble and dramatic music of Gluck. Mr. Monteux made this music modern without distorting or abusing its classic spirit. He seemed to us to be singularly successful in thus understanding an 18th century composer and his period, yet in presenting this music to his hearers in a way that brought it home with the greatest force to the present generation.

Displays Gluck's Greatness

We have heard performances as respectful, but much colder; performances which left you calm, and saying to yourself, as Mr. Clemenceau is said to have said to himself of the League of Nations, "Now Georges Clemenceau, you do believe in the League of Nations"—so the young man, listening to this music, which his elders had told him was so great, said to himself, "Now, George Smith, you do believe in the greatness of Gluck." Yesterday afternoon, he did not merely believe in it. He knew it and felt it in every fibre of his musical being.

The opening of the allegro was of prodigious portent, grand, austere, ominous of tragedy and of Fate that gods themselves might not disobey. Then recall the tenderness, the noble melancholy, the melancholy that brings to mind the name of "Niobe," in the responses of strings and wind instruments in the passage which Wagner described as expressing "agonizing pity." It was fully apparent that neither Wagner nor Berlioz, in their day, overrated the genius of Gluck.

Haydn's Symphony

The playing of Haydn's symphony was spirited, robustious, if not as clear and transparent in tone qualities as other performances have been. The slow movement was beautifully sung, and the performance of the scherzo, with the humorously discordant notes in the trio, was delightful. In the play-

ing of "Charpentier's 'Impressions of Italy'" there was occasion to admire the tone of Mr. Denayer, of Mr. Hedetti and other instrumentalists of the orchestra. Yet it must be said that this music, melodious, sincere, tuneful, vulgar with the refreshing vulgarity of the so-called "common people," is aging. The opening "Serenade," the movement "On Muie-back" and some pages of the finale were freshest to the writer's ear yesterday; but music has to be built of the most marvellously durable material to sound well in the ears of even two successive generations.

Romain Rolland expressed it happily when he said that of all the arts, music was the quickest to consume itself by the very intensity of its own heat.

CHORUS SINGS AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

"Blessed Damozel" Given
With Women's Voices

Gluck, Haydn and Charpentier Heard
in the Program

The most interesting item in yesterday's Symphony concert was Debussy's setting for female voices and orchestra of Rossetti's familiar lyric poem, "The Blessed Damozel." Although it was performed for the first time at these concerts, it is not new to Boston, for the first performance here was in 1903, and there have been at least three others since then.

"La Demoiselle Elue," with French text by Gabriel Sarrazin, was composed in 1887 as one of the "envois," or duty pieces, expected of every winner of the famous "Prix de Rome." Although the judges looked rather askance at what then seemed its daringly ultra-modern qualities, it seems orthodox enough today, with its suggestions of Wagner's "Tristan," mingled with a tentative use of the type of harmony now associated with Debussy.

The piece is the work of a composer of great imaginative power and strongly marked individuality, who has not quite found himself and disentangled his genius from the influences that helped form it.

The performance was satisfactory and at times brilliant. Mr. Townsend as usual had schooled chorus and solo voices with great care and skill, and Mr. Monteux is always a sympathetic interpreter of Debussy. The solo parts sung by Ethel Frank and Claramond Thompson suffered somewhat from the

nervousness inevitable to novices at Symphony concerts. Miss Frank is a capable singer who has pleased many recital audiences. Miss Thompson has a voice of beautiful quality which one would gladly hear under more favorable circumstances than the few thankless measures allotted her yesterday.

The finest of the other numbers was Gluck's somber and austere tragic overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis." His music is too seldom heard nowadays. It has far more of the timeless quality of Bach and Beethoven than has Haydn's Symphony in G major, which followed it yesterday.

Mr. Monteux too often makes 18th century music sound clumsy and flat footed by neglecting the delicate gradations of accent and of tone volume on which its essential grace and delicacy depend. Haydn and Gluck, as well as Mozart, are really immensely difficult to perform properly, though any amateur orchestra is capable of plodding through most of their works.

Charpentier's Italy, in his youthful orchestral "Impressions" of that country, reeks of the opera house. It is effective in a banal and rather cheap manner, but fades into insignificance beside such musical pictures as Berlioz' "Harold in Italy." The performance yesterday lent power to the music, and was largely responsible for the outburst of applause at the end.

SYMPHONY CONCERT, SYMPHONY

Irma. QUARREL Feb. 28/20

A Tranquil Yesterday with Debussy, Haydn, Gluck and Charpentier to Busy Conductor, Orchestra and Audience—A Perturbed Today with an Organized Union Ready to Confer with the Trustees — The Harvard Glee Club Puts Even Kreisler in Second Place

THOUGH nearly every tongue in Symphony Hall wagged yesterday afternoon with the controversy between the members and the trustees of the Symphony Orchestra, the concert itself betrayed not a hint of it. Mr. Monteux, holding wisely aloof from the whole quarrel, had prepared and practiced the programme as though all concerned were as tranquilly minded as he seemed. The men, as if to give individual and collective proof of their regard for the high standards of the band, played at the top of their bent. An assisting chorus of women added to interest and pleasure, chosen by Mr. Townsend with his usual flair for bright, clear, supple voices, trained by him to precision and plasticity, ease and understanding with the music in hand. Assisting solo-singers—Miss Frank and Miss Thompson—were less fortunately chosen, far less well prepared for their considerable task. In measure, perhaps, their awkward and expressionless song accounted for the cool

applause that their hearers returned to Debussy's setting for orchestra and women's voices of Rossetti's poem, "The Blessed Damsel." Perhaps, again, it is not a piece advisedly included in a Symphony Concert.

Once the orchestra has made way through the prelude, it has only to weave the fine web of atmosphere and suggestion, detail by detail, above and through which should shimmer the singing voices. The chorus gained this luminosity and suavity, this soft glitter and delicate sensibility of tone. The solo-singers fell far short of such virtue, and theirs, after all, is the major part of the music. Heard, imagined apart from the chance circumstances of the day, it has the iridescent loveliness of a web of gauze spread over the poem, threaded into it. Yet the soft glow, the clear transparencies, the gentle progress, the finely chiselled detail, the whole atmosphere of remote and mystical scene, of idealized and semi-mystical emotion in tones are but reflections of Rossetti's animating and coloring verse. That verse strikes the human note. Recall the line that melts the heart: "All this is when he comes." Remember the gentle pride of the avowal to Mary, the warm petition to Christ the Lord. Debussy's music turns the Damsel to bright phantom, disembodies her vision and her longing. More than to the music the hearer makes answer to the poem and little does the music prompt him.

Before Debussy, contrasting ancients of music had their inning—Gluck with the overture to his opera, "Iphigenia in Aulis," Haydn with a little symphony in G major. Once more the overture proved that scant expressive means as we regard them nowadays, thin harmonic and instrumental dress as it seems in 1920, and eighteenth-century formulas in alternation of matter and mood, may still summon the passion and the illusion of the tragedy of Agamemnon's daughter. Enough that in the composer is the creative imagination and passion to compass them—and defy the years. In such music of the theatre Mr. Monteux is almost unfailingly eloquent; but in another vein he and the orchestra surpassed themselves. Not before in ventures into eighteenth-century symphonies have they gained the fleetness of pace, the lightness of accent, the flow of melodic line, the grace of ornament, the brightness of rhythm with which they set Haydn's music to singing, dancing, smiling and sporting anew. A feat in little, it is true, but a difficult feat and a feat well and truly done. Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy," big as they seem beside the little symphony, are twice as easy to set sounding. When they were newer than they are today, it was the custom to believe them graphic and imaginative tone-pictures—the twang of the midnight serenade, the rattle

and blaze of Naples in fete, the tinkling mule-train ascending the mountain, the still girls by the fountain, the pulsing glow of Italian landscape, pulsing also in the heart of the poet. Now not much is left but a thick and theatrical musical rhetoric, "effective" enough in the trite sense of the word. Long since the music-drama of "Louise" proved Charpentier man of the theatre. By the same token the Italy of his suite is the Italy that used to be painted on drop-curtains.

As the Wind Sets Today

"The world do move" as the old negro preacher finally agreed, but nowhere at the moment does it seem to be moving quite so fast as it does in the outgivings of the associated members of the Symphony Orchestra. Yesterday, "rich and prominent men" stood ready to pay the bills of a reorganized band that should be a very paradise of players. Today the city, the state, even the national government have replaced these unnamed liberators. "There is a bare possibility," according to "assurances from a responsible source," that the city or the State will take over the orchestra and maintain it, with becoming consideration for the rank and file. More: "a prominent official at Washington" intimated no longer ago than the years of war, that "the Boston Symphony Orchestra would be kept intact by the United States Government itself." Wide stretch engaging horizons. Across them floats a vision of the Honorable Claud Kitchen of Scotland Neck, N. C., rising in the Congress to propose an increase in the Federal appropriation for the Boston Orchestra, or of the excellent Mr. "Jerry" Watson, representing the City Council as trustee thereof; or yet again, of a committee—say on fisheries—in the Massachusetts Legislature gravely debating "acts and resolves" for Symphony Hall.

Seriously, do the presumably intelligent men composing the Symphony Orchestra believe that such nonsense impresses or alarms the trustees and the public of the concerts? Do they suspect that soon no one but very young reporters will have either an eye or an ear for these comicallies? Can they not see that such absurd stuff weakens and cheapens whatever is just and strong in the very case they would put to the public? Possibly it is easily deceived; but it does know transparent "bunk" when it reads and hears it. As futile to even the half-informed are the threats of departures from Symphony Hall to Detroit, to New York and to other cities. Nearly every symphony orchestra in the United States is nearing the end of the

season. As it is constituted at present, so will it remain constituted, under existing contracts, through March and April. The very union to which the Bostonian players have joined themselves would protect those whom they might now displace. Not

for this spring, but for next autumn are managers and musicians proposing contracts. The members of the Boston Orchestra are doing so themselves. Yet they fancy that these alarms and excursions vastly perturb the public of the concerts and turn the hearts of the trustees to water. Such self-delusion, tactlessness, silliness are beyond understanding. They are almost maudlin.

Yet somewhere in the background are wiser and more practical heads. They have completed the organization of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Members Association; they have joined it to the Boston Musicians Protective Association, which in turn is affiliated with the American Federation of Musicians. From the members of the orchestra,—and not, be it noted, from the union at large,—a committee of seven has been chosen to confer with the trustees over changes in contracts, "to comply with the obligations fixed by the by-laws of the American Federation of Musicians," and over the original request for a flat increase of \$1000 in the salary next season, of each and every member of the Association. There is no reason to doubt that the trustees will welcome such conference and debate. There the real issue will be joined again.

BOSTON ORCHESTRA MAY JOIN THE UNION

Feb. 28, 1920

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor
BOSTON, Massachusetts—A strong effort is in evidence to make the Boston Symphony Orchestra a union orchestra. It has been the one orchestra of first importance in the United States the players of which have not been union men. Major Higginson, the founder, and for many years the sustainer of the organization, was unalterably opposed to his men joining the union, basing his objections on the ground that the tendency of the union was to lower artistic standards.

The present discussion arose when certain of the players made a demand on the trustees of the orchestra for

An increase in salaries, the minimum to be of \$1000 a year. In reply to this the president of the trustees, Judge Frederick P. Cabot, made a statement to the men in which he said that such an increase would mean that subscriptions of \$100,000 a year would have to be forthcoming in addition to the \$100,000 now contributed to run the orchestra. He also said that an endowment fund of \$2,000,000 which it was proposed to raise would have to be made \$4,000,000, and unless either the additional annual amount or the increased endowment were in sight, that it would be impossible to grant the request.

Before the men's demand had been made the management had started to increase salaries when new contracts were made. It is reported that many of the players, among them the concert master, Fredric Fradkin, have signified their willingness to join the union. It is understood that the trustees have no objection to the union provided that they are allowed to secure players from whatever source they desire without dictation.

DEMAND ON SYMPHONY TRUSTEES

Union Asks Flat Raise
of \$1000 for Each
Player

Post Feb. 28/20
The committee of seven of Boston Musicians' Union yesterday sent a communication to the board of trustees

of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in which it refutes recent statements made by Judge Cabot of the board and demands a conference and a flat increase of \$1000 for each player in the orchestra.

The request for a conference with the board of trustees and for the wage increase are reiterations of former demands.

MONTEUX OPPOSES MOVE

Pierre Monteux, the conductor of the orchestra, yesterday said he has never supported the players who have in their agitation for higher wages threatened to break from the orchestra. He says that from the beginning he has had no part in the dispute and that he has personally disapproved the course adopted by the men.

F. Sturm, manager of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, was in Boston yesterday to secure players for Detroit. He said he has places for 20 musicians in his orchestra. None of the members of the Boston orchestra signed with the Detroit, preferring, they said, to await developments in the present situation.

Warning From Weber

Warning was sent out yesterday by Joseph N. Weber, international president of the American Federation of Musicians, urging all musicians to keep away from Boston and not to deal with the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, until the present controversy is adjusted.

Five more members of the local orchestra were said last night to have applied for admission into the local musicians' union. Among them are said to be Arthur Brooke, flutist and G. Mager, trumpet. William G. Dodge of the local union has been delegated by President Weber to assume charge of the union's part in the present controversy.

Trustees Query Fradkin

The trustees have apparently not receded from their attitude as defined in the recent statement by Judge Cabot of the board of trustees.

The determined opposition to unionism on the part of the board may be seen by its having called Fredric Fradkin, concertmaster of the Boston Symphony, yesterday afternoon to make clear his attitude on the subject of the musicians' union.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919-20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SEVENTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 5, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, AT 8 P. M.

BERLIOZ,

FANTASTIC SYMPHONY, No. 1, in C major,
op. 14, A

I. Dreams, Passions. Largo; Allegro agitato e appassionato assai

II. A Ball. Waltz; Allegro non troppo

III. Scene in the Meadows. Adagio

IV. March to the Scaffold. Allegretto non troppo

V. Dream of a Sabbath. Larghetto; Allegro

MALIPIERO,

SEVEN SYMPHONIC EXPRESSIONS, "Le Pause del Silenzio." ("The Pauses of Silence")

BORODIN,

ORCHESTRAL SKETCH, op. 7, "On the Steppes of Central Asia"

WAGNER,

OVERTURE to "The Flying Dutchman"

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

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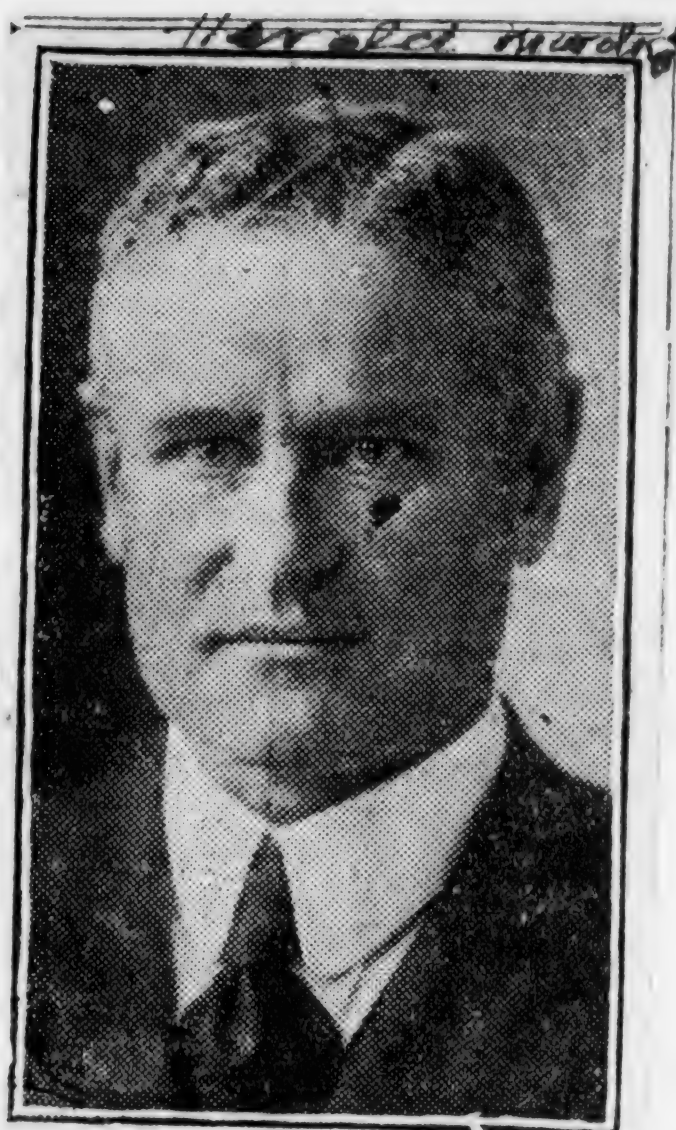
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JUDGE FREDERICK P. CABOT
Chairman of Trustees of the Symphony
Orchestra

SYMPHONY GIVES 17TH CONCERT

Ovation Acclaims Greatest
Success Achieved in
Thirty Years

Herold — *Mich. 6. 1920*

FRADKIN INCIDENT MARS PROGRAM

By PHILIP HALE

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Berlioz, Fantastic Symphony; Malipiero, "Pauses of Silence"; Borodin, "On the Steppes of Central Asia"; Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

When Mr. Monteux came on the platform he was greeted with extraordinarily hearty and prolonged applause.

After a brilliant performance of the symphony—a performance that has not been equalled here for 30 years; that has been approached only by the one given by a visiting orchestra led by Mr. Weingartner in Symphony Hall, Mr. Monteux was, naturally, recalled. He was recalled again. He then invited the orchestra to share in the applause. All stood, except Mr. Fredric Fradkin, the concert master. Whatever personal disagreement there may be between the conductor and the concert master—the reports published in the newspapers have been exaggerated and evidently one-sided—the platform of Symphony Hall is not in the course of a Symphony concert the place to air a real or fancied grievance. Mr. Fradkin, by not rising with the others, acted discourteously toward the applauding audience. When he left the stage for the intermission many in the audience hissed him for his rudeness. When he returned some, es-

pecially in the second balcony, applauded; there was also hissing; some in the orchestra were so tactless, not to say discourteous, toward the audience, as to join in the applause. Mr. Fradkin had the assurance to stand up this time. He bowed to the audience and the orchestra.

As soon as Mr. Monteux reappeared there was a mighty counter-demonstration. The applause was enthusiastic; it grew louder and louder until the great audience stood for some time, clapping hands vigorously; there was also cheering. Mr. Monteux then went on with the concert.

It was a deplorable scene. Nothing like it had happened in the history of the orchestra. May nothing like it happen again! No player, before yesterday, had allowed personal feeling to overcome him so as to forget the observance of common courtesy toward men and women that were generous in their support and in their appreciation of the orchestra to which he belonged.

This symphony is an amazing work; not only because it was first played 90 years ago when Beethoven had not been dead four years and young Wagner was studying at Leipsic; not only because in orchestration it was a revelation; it is amazing today by reason of the wild imagination, the flaming romanticism, the audacities in musical thought and musical expression. If Berlioz had not lived, the men that came after him, Wagner included, would have been obliged to work out painfully their own orchestral salvation. The influence of this genius, a man practically self-taught, a master of no instrument, brilliant as critic and essayist, a poet when writing a treatise on instrumentation, profoundly unhappy, unappreciated in his own city until long after his death, a self-torturer; the influence of this man is still felt throughout the musical world.

After the scene that has been described, the audience was hardly in a quietly receptive mood, yet there was again wonder at the moods of Malipiero's "expressions," music that 50 years from now may be to hearers as simple as Haydn's is now to us; there was enjoyment of Borodin's Sketch and Wagner's engrossing overture.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Mendelssohn, Overture, Nocturne and Scherzo from his music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Loeffler, "A Pagan Poem" (piano, Mr. Gebhard, English horn, Mr. Speyer); Glazounoff, Symphony No. 6, C minor.

The Music of Boston

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its seventeenth concert on March 5 with the following program:

Berlioz. "Fantastic" Symphony.
Malipiero. "Pauses of Silence."
Borodin. "On the Steppes of Central Asia."

Wagner. Overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

An afternoon of romantic music, yet of great variety. Berlioz's "Fantastic" symphony, save for occasional episodes, still stirs the imagination. Its orchestral colors are fresh. The composer's inventive skill, when compared with the practices of the greater number of his contemporaries, is a marvel. Genius lurks in every measure. Mr. Monteux's reading of the symphony was authoritative. Trained in the Paris tradition under the great Colonne, his interpretation was full of fire and feeling. It was conceived in the "grand manner" which this music so imperatively calls for. Even the melodramatic, swaggering of certain pages seemed sincere and convincing.

Malipiero's "Pauses of Silence" was played here for the first time last season. Then the work excited interest because of its strange orchestral effects, its extreme harmonic idiom, its general novelty. According to Henry Prunières (quoted in the program book), "One is not able to hear this singular composition without a sort of awful horror," an opinion in which we heartily concur. Upon a second hearing, this composition furnishes ample proof that harmonic and orchestral effects, whose sole appeal is their novelty, are no longer interesting once their novelty is gone. There are other elements required to make a composition of lasting worth.

In the last movement of the "Fantastic" symphony the score calls for two bells and six pianofortes. Needless to say that the six pianos were not present, yet this calls to mind Mr. Salzedo's prediction of a harp section in the orchestra consisting of 35 harps. The effectiveness of the piano in the modern orchestra has not been great.

Will some venturesome composer dare to introduce a pianoforte section? Having heard seven harps, we tremble to think of 35, but add to this six or more pianos! Berlioz should have reflected before writing those words.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

AN AFTERNOON THAT CLEARED THE AIR

Fradkin Affronts Audience and Conductor and, Within a Few Hours, Pays Just Penalty—The Trustees and Mr. Monteux Learn the Temper of Their Public—"Manifestations" New and Strange in the Records of the Orchestra—Incidental Music and Eloquent Performance

THE only possible answer to the untoward episodes yesterday afternoon at the Symphony Concert is written in the letter of the trustees of the orchestra, summarily and sharply dismissing Frederic Fradkin as concert-master for gross breach of discipline and grosser affront to the audience. Wisely, the letter was despatched within a few hours after those incidents had put to shame the present and the past of the Symphony Concerts and made known as promptly to a public clearly resenting them. Better still, it contains not a hesitation or reservation. At last the trustees seem ready to make an end of the mounting indiscipline within the orchestra and to face whatever consequences the restoration of order and obligation may bring. It was high time. There has been much and reasonable mistrust of their seeming dalliance, however necessitated by undisclosed circumstance, with a situation needing to be gripped and broken; while by every discoverable sign, in and out of Symphony Hall, the public of the Symphony Concerts applauds and sustains their present resolution, will join with them in the meeting of the consequences. Tame submission to such things as befell yesterday would be far worse in continuing and sapping outcome than even a temporary suspension of the Symphony Concerts (though no such event impends) and a clearance of the disaffected from the orchestra itself.

For Mr. Fradkin, now plainly uneasy under the consequences of his follies, there is hardly an extenuating circumstance, however apologetic he now feigns to be. For days past, as his outgivings to the press have proved, he has been as a man beside himself with the vanities and the insolences

of a fictitious self-importance. Long since he lost all sense of the actualities of his place in the orchestra, of the decencies of his conduct toward the public. His following in the orchestra, in equal heat and blindness of folly, a few foolish partisans in the audience of Friday afternoon have done the rest. Whatever may next befall at Symphony Hall, the air is at last cleared and decision has timely replaced indecision. Unless many a sign fails and not a few reports are mistaken, more than one member of the Symphony Orchestra has yesterday and today seen a light. However they are minded in the present quarrel, they have discovered that discipline and decency are still to prevail in the conduct of the band toward the public.

There is little need to recall in detail the incidents of the afternoon, which will make a strange page in the records of the Symphony Concerts. They befell before and after the intermission; in that quarter hour hundreds of tongues rang with them; and for the rest of the day they quite overclouded music and performance. At the Opera House last evening, they were repeated by and large. Today the town spurts with them. Briefly they ran in this wise. Mr. Monteux, coming to his place at the beginning of the concert, was received with significantly long and loud applause as though the audience would approve his poise and procedure through the present controversy. He and the orchestra with him recalled Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony" to such musical, pictorial and romantic life as it has not known in years in Bostonian ears. Sincere, hearty and insistent applause rewarded the conductor once and twice. At the second recall he bade the orchestra, according to custom, rise in its place to share and acknowledge the plaudits it had helped to win. Fradkin remained obstinately and ostentatiously in his chair. There were sharp hisses; there were renewed clappings for Mr. Monteux and the rest of the band. Then the intermission and the usual departure of conductor and men.

When the players returned, Fradkin, lingering until most of them had resumed their places, obviously courted the attention of the audience. A few hands in the second balcony clapped; more hands in the orchestra itself, especially among the minor strings, joined with them. In measure, deliberate indiscipline prompted this applause; in measure, it sprang from childish irritation at the mood of an audience altogether in sympathy with Mr. Monteux. With elaborate vanity, Fradkin bowed to his partisans on the stage and to his partisans in the auditorium. He was scarcely in his seat before Mr. Monteux returned, lifted, almost, to his platform by a flood of applause that swept from one end of Sym-

phony Hall to the other. Many stood; cries and cheers rose above the din of hands. For once an American audience, a Bostonian audience "manifested" and beyond mistake of purpose or doubt of sincerity. The rebellious in the orchestra had their answer; the trustees received their spur. Within a few hours the salutary consequences began to be written—for beginning.

There was no reflection of these disturbances in the playing of the orchestra; indeed, from first to last, the concert was one of unusual brilliance. Mr. Monteux's reading of Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony" surpassed any that has been heard here, except perhaps, Mr. Weingartner's. The dramatic nature of the music tempted his better qualities, and he rose to it as he has to perhaps nothing during his stay among us. Despite its occasional ineptness and the absurdly romantic programme which inspired it, this Symphony remains one of the miracles of the art; both because of its amazing eloquence after ninety years and by reason of its entire independence of all previous and contemporary music. It is easier to imagine that it was written yesterday than it is to believe that it was composed but three years after the death of Beethoven. Except for the picturesque piping of the shepherds, the "Scene in the Meadows" now seems somewhat futile, tenuous and over long, and it is hard to take the clap-trap of the last movement seriously. But in the "March to the Scaffold" and at the end, the usually reticent Mr. Monteux was as one possessed, and it is easy to understand the applause which led to such disastrous consequences.

Malipiero's Seven Symphonic Expositions, "Pauses of Silence," were played here for the first time by Mr. Rabaud. On a second hearing the music seems less strange, and also less remarkable. Some writer on music once remarked, quite unjustly, that Sgambati was an Italian who had sold his birthright, melody. It is interesting to speculate on what he would have thought of Malipiero. The music rivets the attention, but there is little that can be carried away in recollection save biting and acid harmonies, bizarre instrumental effects and tortured melodic phrases. Between Malipiero and Wagner's Overture to the Flying Dutchman, which ended the concert, stood Borodin's Orchestral Sketch, "On the Steppes of Central Asia." To read the composer's explanatory preface before hearing the piece is to experience disappointment, as the music gives but faint suggestion of its programme. The two melodies are striking in themselves; the Oriental song, which typifies the advancing caravan, is fascinatingly exotic, but in company with Berlioz and Wagner, and even Malipiero, Borodin's

music was no more than a pleasing interlude.

It was good to hear again the Flying Dutchman Overture, which served as a fitting conclusion to the concert. The performance was effective, although other conductors have better suggested the music's wildness and elemental breadth. Its compelling eloquence again prompted the reflection that Wagner at his best stands apart from all other composers in the beauty, vitality and validity of his ideas, and in their perfect expression.

ACT AT CONCERT CAUSES CRISIS IN RELATIONS

Herald — March 6, 1920
Concert Master Brings
Down Hisses from
Big Audience

ALONE HELD SEAT
DURING APPLAUSE

Fradkin, Through Counsel,
Says He May Sue for
Rights in Case

The gathering bitterness of feeling in the personnel of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, aggravated by a verbal clash at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Thursday night, between Pierre Monteux, conductor, and Fredric Fradkin, concert master, reached its climax in a dramatic demonstration at the Symphony Hall concert yesterday afternoon and the summary discharge of the concert master last night.

The crisis in the controversy was acted out on the stage of Symphony Hall in the view of a great audience. It came as a sudden and startling dis-



FREDERIC FRADKIN,
Symphony Concert Master, Dismissed
by Trustees Following Scene at Rehearsal Yesterday.

version for the rapture induced throughout the assembly by a musical performance declared to be the most brilliant and masterly heard in this city for years.

Monteux Shares Applause

The appearance of Conductor Monteux at the opening of the concert had been a signal for applause of unusual fervor. Whether a consideration of the Sanders Theatre episode influenced the warmth of this reception is problematical.

Then, after a marvelous rendition of Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony, the applause broke out in torrents never equalled at any previous concert. Mr. Monteux retired, but re-appeared to acknowledge the continued applause. Again he was recalled and this time he waved to the members of the orchestra to rise and share the applause with him.

All rose save Concertmaster Fradkin. The significance of his attitude was

sensed immediately by the audience. An embarrassed hush intruded upon the plaudits, to give way in a moment to a mightier roar of applause for the conductor and the others, and an intermingling of hisses for the concertmaster.

There was hissing again when Mr. Fradkin retired at the intermission, but when he returned there was a ripple of applause for him, this coming chiefly from the second balcony. Mr. Fradkin stood and bowed in acknowledgement of this greeting.

The trustees' letter of discharge, sent by Judge Frederick P. Cabot to Mr. Fradkin last night, was as follows:

"I hereby notify you that the trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc., have passed the following votes in reference to you.

Failed in Agreement

"Voted that in the judgment of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc., acting by its trustees in a meeting held on the evening of March 5, 1920, Fredric Fradkin has failed to keep his written agreements entered into between him and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc., in that he did not comply with the instructions of the conductor in reference to his deportment and order at the public rehearsal at Symphony Hall, Friday afternoon, March 5, 1920, and that therefor he be dismissed from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc., and in further accordance with the terms of his agreement he be paid his agreed compensation to the time of his dismissal.

"Voted that the president of the trustees be directed to give Fredric Fradkin notice forthwith of the foregoing action."

"In pursuance of this action of the trustees you are hereby notified that you are dismissed from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc."

"I enclose check for \$234.38 in payment of your agreed compensation to the time of dismissal. Yours truly,

"(Signed) FREDERICK P. CABOT,
President of the trustees, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc."

May Break Up Orchestra

The controversy has now reached a point which threatens the disruption of the orchestra. A meeting of those members of the orchestra who have joined the musicians' union since the inception of the trouble may be held today and will develop some sort of ultimatum to the trustees as a result of the concertmaster's discharge.

The dissension began with a demand by the players for \$1000 salary increases. It progressed through a unionization of the greater number of the players as the trustees deferred definite action on the salary demand. The concertmaster cast his influence into the players' side, even to the extent of joining the union, although his salary is several times great-

er than that of the men, and of serving on the union executive committee of seven. The feeling reached the acute point in the Sanders Theatre incident, with the denouement yesterday.

Fradkin May Bring Suit

Shortly after midnight, last night, Fradkin, through his counsel, in discussing his dismissal, declared that he had been improperly discharged. He maintained that he holds himself in readiness to perform his contract, and this attitude his lawyer asserted, means a civil suit, unless the trustees rescind the discharge.

A member of the players' committee of seven, and one of the prominent players, who was still in Fradkin's apartments, where the committee had been meeting prior to the news of the discharge, stated that it was his impression that the trustees were evidently bent on disrupting the orchestra, and if that was their intention they could not have adopted a better means than by discharging Fradkin.

As the committee meeting in Fradkin's apartments had broke up before the news of the discharge was received by the concertmaster no arrangements to act on the unexpected situation that has arisen could be taken, but members still present expect the action of the trustees will precipitate an expression of violent indignation today from the more than 75 union members of the orchestra.

APOLOGIZES TO PUBLIC

Fradkin Felt Applause Not for Him
—Mother's Illness Upset Him

Mr. Fradkin, in explaining his reasons for not rising, declared last night, before the notice of his discharge had reached him, that he felt none of the applause had been for him. He asserted that he had felt the demonstration marked the springing of a "plant" to humiliate him, and he noted that he was under severe mental stress, as he had just come from a visit to the bedside of his mother, who had been taken to a hospital to undergo an operation for appendicitis.

"I humbly apologize to the audience and to the public, if they feel I have offended them in any way by not rising and joining in the tribute to Mr. Monteux," he said, in supplementary comment to a formal statement which he issued from a gathering of union players with the counsel of the union at his apartments in the Fenway.

His formal statement follows:
"When I came on the stage this afternoon I realized that a good deal had been said in the newspapers of the Monteux-Fradkin clash, so to speak. After attending to my duties of tuning up the orchestra I took my post and sat down."

"Conductor Monteux then came on the stage and received a demonstration that continued and was prolonged to

such an extent that he was obliged to turn round twice and bow his acknowledgment, and again for a third time. There was never a time in my memory that he ever received such an ovation, not even when he made his first appearance as conductor of the orchestra.

"When the conductor turned around to bow his acknowledgments for the third time he signalled to the rest of the orchestra to rise, but I remained seated. From the unexpected ovation I strongly felt that something or other had been planted to uphold him in his tiff with me and to get the audience to show its disapproval of my action in joining the union, and their approval of Conductor Monteux's action in showing his disapproval of the same.

"I felt deeply hurt, as it appeared to me as if the audience was trying to impress upon me, by the cajolery of something that failed to show on the surface, that I was agitating a movement of some kind that was distasteful, or spelled propaganda, although I am a naturalized American citizen and have been for years:

"This tremendous demonstration to Mr. Monteux came after the first Berlioz symphony, and it was so pronounced that I didn't rise because I felt the applause offered was not intended for me. It was with no intention to offend the audience nor to antagonize anyone. I took it for granted, then and there, that the audience had no sympathy for me, under these particular circumstances.

"When I returned to the stage after the intermission and came on the stage alone, the audience applauded me and I rose and bowed my acknowledgments, realizing then that the applause was for me. Up to then I didn't think I was included in the appreciation bestowed.

"Up to the present time I never asked any member of the orchestra to support me in any stand I have taken, and there has never been any danger of a stampede of the men in any of the performances thus far given. A majority of the members have sympathized with me for the slight shown me in Cambridge Thursday night, and I believe that I have the good feeling and support of the majority of the players in the situation that I find myself in, because I have joined the union and thrown my lot with the men for a principle, although I will not benefit any financially as an enrolled member of the union.

"I trust that if the audience feels offended by my not rising at yesterday afternoon's performance that they will accept my most humble apology. It was not intended as an affront to the audience or to anyone else. In the action of the men in the movement to unionize we all desire the good will of the public and there was no attempt on my part to give offence to the public, as I think was demonstrated by the fact that the orchestra never in its 38 years gave a better and more brilliant performance than it did yesterday.

A member of the committee of seven, who was present during the Fradkin statement that Mr. Monteux was a viola player and a member of the French Federation of Musicians' an organization similar to the American Federation of Musicians', with which a majority of the men are now affiliated. He pointed out from the bylaws of the French federation that any member going to a strange country is instructed to promote, uphold and extend the work of the federation, or similar bodies, and that a penalty for not carrying out the mandates of the French federation is usually a boycott against him in all musical circles of France, in the event that he returns.

BACK TO REHEARSAL

Trans. ———— Mch. 8, 1920
AGAIN THE SYMPHONY PLAYERS
VEER

The Whole Orchestra at Work This Morning—More Letters Sent and More Conferences Impending—Events of Saturday as They Were Construed on Sunday—Signs for the Future on Both Sides

THE events of today have belied the events of Saturday at Symphony Hall. On Saturday evening when the orchestra had assembled in the tuning-room for the appointed concert, half the players declined to proceed with it. The wood-wind choir—flute, oboe, clarinets and bassoons—remained at their posts. The horns, with one exception, were like minded. Among the brass, drums and the like, some went to the stage and some left the hall. The string-choir—first and second violins, violas, violoncellos and basses—suffered most. An ill-balanced band remained, thinly provided with strings, too well furnished for working proportions in the other divisions. For it Mr. Monteux improvised a programme that ran through Mendelssohn's overture, "Fingal's Cave"; Haydn's little symphony, "The Queen of France." Berodina's tone-picture of an Asian steppe for one of the pieces originally proposed; Mozart's overture to his opera, "The Magic Flute," and Saint-Saëns's concerto for violoncello, with Mr. Fedetti in the solo-part. Before this concert began, Judge Cabot spoke for the Trustees to the audience, declaring their intention to maintain the orchestra and to uphold its independence and standards. The response from a company that filled somewhat more than half the hall showed clear approval and warm sympathy.

This morning, as usual, the orchestra was called for rehearsal of the music to be played on Friday and Saturday of next week. It assembled in full numbers, less

one or two necessary absences from illness or like cause. In the tuning-room the men took counsel among themselves, especially over a letter from Mr. Fradkin in which he urged them to take no further action in his behalf. Then the whole orchestra went upon the stage and the rehearsal proceeded as usual. At the end, the players dispersed and this afternoon those of them who have joined the union are to meet to consider future action.

Early today, however, the players who declined to take part in the concert of Saturday evening received the following letter from Judge Cabot writing for the Trustees:

According to report, you are one of those who refused to play at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert last Saturday. Such refusal clearly constituted a breach of contract. There was a good deal of excitement at the time, and doubtless some men were influenced by views or feelings which others did not have. I shall be at Symphony Hall between two and five in the afternoon, Monday, March 8, and request you to see me there at that time if there is anything you wish to say prior to action by the Trustees. Meanwhile, if the report is correct as to you, you are excused from attendance at the rehearsal, Monday, March 8.

Nonetheless, the players in receipt of this letter came to the tuning room and took part in the rehearsal. They, however, and the whole orchestra, were told that they did so of their own motion and decision, pending the conferences with Judge Cabot this afternoon.

The unionized members of the orchestra are to confer over Mr. Fradkin's letter this afternoon. As it was made known to them and to the other players this morning he accepts his dismissal as a finality and asks those who threaten to leave the orchestra unless he is reinstated, to reconsider their intention. It is a long letter, obviously intended for publication. For the twentieth time, it asserts his devotion to his fellow-players and their cause. For the tenth time, it recounts their complaints as to salary and to the limited employment possible to them as members of a non-union orchestra. Once more he sets down his interpretation of the applause for Mr. Monteux at the concert of last Friday and renews apology for his own conduct. He is "deeply grateful" to the players who out of regard for him declined to take part in the concert of Saturday and otherwise testified to what he is pleased to call their "splendid loyalty." Next, two sentences contain the gist of the letter:

Your unselfishness and loyalty commend me to a similar course. Accordingly I wish to urge upon you to return to your places in the orchestra at the rehearsal which takes place today and to urge upon you further that you take no action which has any relation to my dismissal.

In a few more paragraphs, Mr. Fradkin exhorts the players to persist in their present efforts for higher wages and takes "fraternal," expansive, and seemingly final leave of them.

Meanwhile there is nearly endless speculation about the course that the Trustees and the players who quit work on Saturday will follow. By every evidence that an audience could give, no less on Saturday evening than on Friday afternoon, the public of Symphony Hall is at one with the Trustees in desire to sustain the concerts and maintain the orchestra in the independence and at the standards now threatened. It is not probable that the Trustees will restore Mr. Fradkin to his place; for no longer time than is considerate and conciliatory are they likely to leave the door ajar for the return of the deserting men; if necessary they will proceed forthwith to reconstitute and restore the orchestra by every means at their command, at whatever expenditure may be necessary. They have reason to believe that the events of the past fortnight will bring them financial support that they might not easily have gained when the Symphony Concerts were running in tranquil and prosperous course. There is even a possibility that taking advantage of the present temper of the public, they will speedily ask for an endowment sufficient to secure the future of the orchestra and enable it to pursue liberal policies alike toward the players and the public. Judge Cabot's speech to the audience at the concert of Saturday evening spoke in general terms the mind of the Trustees. The response of the audience there and elsewhere has indicated yet more clearly the temper of the public. Far from letting the orchestra fail, it is likely to support it more vigorously than ever before.

What course the rebellious players will follow is more difficult to say. The number of defections on Saturday, when the moment for decision came, manifestly disappointed them. By this time, it seems clear that the French players in the orchestra will remain at work; that many of the Germans who have been with it for years are like-minded; that most of the rebellious among the older and the younger players, have already been counted. Even to keep the ranks of the restless intact may not prove easy. The revolt lacks able and astute leadership; while it is now plain that it has stirred little sympathy among the public most interested. In the conditions of the hour comically solemn pronouncements from the Central Labor Union go for little beside the rally of the audiences of the Symphony Concerts to the support of the trustees. If the concerts go forward, as there is every reason to expect, it will be hard to keep the excitement of changeable,

child-like and unreasoning men at the necessary boiling-point. Still more are present fervors likely to subside if and when the quest for new jobs begins. Much has been said about the desire of other orchestras to absorb the malcontents; actual contracts are another thing, while as a matter of fact, most of the rebellious are less minded to leave the Boston Orchestra than to try to get their way with it. The last thing for which they are prepared is a long contest in which they might be gradually replaced and through which the concerts would continue. They are slow to see that there is no occasion now to debate the expediency of a union; instead, the security of the orchestra is at stake. When, moreover, they are not speaking for their precious "publicity," they do not conceal their surprise at the present vigor of the Trustees and at the support that vigor has rallied.

SANDERS THEATRE . . CAMBRIDGE

SIXTH CONCERT

Thursday Evening, March 4, 1920

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SOLOIST

LAURA LITTLEFIELD

SOPRANO

Tickets at Kent's University Bookstore, Harvard Square, Cambridge

DISCIPLINE AND THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Trans. ———— Mch. 5, 1920
The Episode at Cambridge and Several Clear Morals—Pieces, Performance and a Singer Disabled—"Aida" by the Chicago Company — The New Public to Which It Ministers and That It Meets More Than Half Way — Verdi's Music with More Vigor Than Finesse

THE whiff of open quarrel that blew over the Symphony Concert in Cambridge last evening, was certainly trivial and probably tactless. Yet it is clear sign of the decline of discipline in the orchestra, of the disposition of the players to use a high hand, of the tension that now strains the relations

of conductor, band, management and trustees. It is an exceedingly minor matter whether the concert-master lays off his overcoat and straightens his tie in a room with the conductor or in a room with the rank and file. Such "questions of personal privilege" are familiar vexations in opera companies; now it appears they may also disturb the peace of orchestras. Usually managers adjust them with patience, even when there is loud talk about "apologies"; while bystanders observe these pastimes of temperament with amused smiles. It is, however, another and graver thing when the men of an orchestra are so eager to pick a quarrel over a trifle as they seemed to be last evening and when they threaten to make a waiting audience the victim of their irritation. There goes discipline, and without discipline no such body as the Symphony Orchestra can exist, much less flourish. There also goes disregard of obligation to the public and without its good will

Symphony Hall.

there can be no Symphony Concerts in Cambridge, in Boston, or anywhere else.

Not a few of the players fly into angry furies if they are told that their clear purpose with the orchestra is to rule or ruin it. Yet what plainer evidence could they give of such intention than the threat to compel the dismissal of the audience at Cambridge? They are as wrathful at any hint that their course is not well and calmly considered; yet there they were last evening making a mountain of an "apology" and frantically seeking the "publicity" which to some of them has become the breath of present life. Before the representatives of the players and the representatives of the trustees sit down to negotiations over the questions in issue, discipline in the fullest sense of the word should be sharply and firmly restored in the Symphony Orchestra. For, without discipline, such a body cannot fulfill its first obligation, which is to give the public the concerts announced, at the standard expected. Alienate the public and the Symphony Concerts are at end, and a hundred men, who may or may not be receiving the salaries they deserve, will then be jobless. It is quite true that other orchestras would eagerly absorb a few notable virtuosos in the Boston band. It is by no means so demonstrable that they are at all eager to annex the rank and file. By all accounts, the delegates of the players and the spokesmen of the trustees are about to sit down to thorough-going negotiation. Therein they will consider and perhaps determine how far the obligations of the men toward their union are consistent with their obligations to the orchestra, and how far the rules of the union are in harmony with the declared policies and standards of the Symphony Concerts. Such incidents as that in Cambridge do not smooth the way—to say nothing of tempers—in such debates and decisions.

The Concert Itself

Stricken with a cold at the eleventh hour, Mrs. Laura Littlefield was unable to sing with the Symphony Orchestra at its concert in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, last evening. Instead of adding another orchestral number to the programme Mr. Monteux abandoned his intention of play-

ing Wagner's Overture to the "Flying Dutchman" and substituted for it Charpentier's orchestral suite, "Impressions of Italy," which he had played in Boston last week. The two other numbers on his original list, the First Symphony of Brahms and Borodin's orchestral sketch "On the Steppes of Central Asia," remained. The qualities which distinguished Mr. Monteux's reading of the Brahms Symphony were even more marked than they were last December when he played it here for the first time. In his hands the first movement is gripping and dramatic; it might well stand alone as a Tragic Overture, and might better deserve that title than the piece which the composer so designated. The second movement has often seemed no more than a complex development of a somewhat academic theme; but Mr. Monteux makes it eloquent and moving instrumental song. Only in the last movement does he disappoint, the incisiveness and vigor which he gives it are in keeping with his conception, but one misses the note of uplift and exaltation which certain other conductors have found in the music.

The years have robbed Borodin's piece of its pictorial quality. There is far more suggestion of waste and desolate places in the piano accompaniment of Gretchaninov's song "The Steppe." His music charms because of its striking melodies and instrumental coloring, but it is now hardly more than a pleasing Intermezzo à la Ruse. Nor is Charpentier's Suite immune from the ravages of Time; the musically discriminating have become distrustful of it. But there is no gainsaying its verve and vividness, its melodic appeal. And if it has its taints of theatricality, especially in the last movement, it has its moments of fancy. Certain details of picturesque description linger in the memory; the serenading mandolins, the marching girls with their water pitchers, the tinkling bells of the mules; and there is genuine poetry in the fourth movement, "On the Summits." It is easy to predict that for a long time to come audiences will delight in this music, and, after all, there are few pieces so frankly entertaining in the repertory of the orchestra.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919--20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

EIGHTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 12, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, AT 8 P. M.

MENDELSSOHN,

SELECTIONS from the Incidental Music to Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

- a) Overture
- b) Nocturne
- c) Scherzo

GRIEG,

CONCERTO in A minor for Pianoforte, op. 16

- I. Allegro molto moderato
- II. Adagio
- III. Allegro moderato molto e marcato

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 4 in B flat major, op. 60

- I. Adagio: Allegro vivace
- II. Adagio
- III. Allegro vivace: Trio: Un poco meno allegro
- IV. Finale: Allegro ma non troppo

Soloist:

HEINRICH GEBHARD

Steinway Pianoforte used

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after Grieg's Concerto



Mr. Jacques Hoffman, director of the Peoples' Orchestra.

VIRTUOSO SYMPHONY CONCERT

Post-Me. 13. 1920
Superb Playing by
Reduced Band--Geb-
hard Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

With a membership of 67, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, gave its customary Friday concert yesterday afternoon. An audience, which gathered early and displayed the greatest interest in events, applauded practically every member of the orchestra as these men came on the stage singly or in groups to take their regular seats. The place of Fredric Fradkin, the former concertmaster, was filled by J. Theodorowicz, previously assistant concertmaster.

AUDIENCE ENTHUSIASTIC

When Mr. Monteux entered he was applauded long and loudly. At the end of the concert the audience stood, applauding for some time. The programme in its revised state consisted of music from Mendelssohn's incidental music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; the Grieg piano concerto, Heinrich Gebhard of this city as pianist, and Beethoven's Fourth Symphony.

Mendelssohn's music was held up by the late Edward MacDowell to his pupils in orchestration as a model of what a composer could do with relatively few instruments. It was delightfully played, and both Mr. Wendler, the admirable first horn, and Mr. Laurent, the equally masterly flutist, were called by

Mr. Monteux to bow to the audience. Great enthusiasm and unanimity on the part of the men was felt in the performance of the overture, which was very brilliantly played. And what music this is! How fresh, how poetic today! No wonder it was applauded—the music and the virtuoso performance.

Mr. Gebhard and Grieg

It must be admitted that the music of Grieg is pale by comparison. Yet it appeared years after the youthful music of Mendelssohn. Mr. Gebhard had intended to play Charles Martin Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" for piano and orchestra, but the orchestra was too small, so that Grieg's work replaced the Loeffler composition.

Taking into account the fact that Mr. Gebhard himself can hardly have illusions about Grieg's aging music, he played it superbly, like the sane, authoritative artist that he is. To play it with more abandon would have required a belief in it, and we cannot believe that Mr. Gebhard is enthusiastic about this out-moded concerto of Grieg, especially when he is deeply immersed in the music of Mr. Loeffler. But he was justly applauded and recalled, and the orchestra provided an excellent accompaniment of the concerto.

Beethoven Played Superbly

As for the Beethoven symphony, it was one of the best performances of this work we can remember. This early symphony gains rather than loses by a smaller body of strings than usual. It had at last the almost Haydnesque clarity, simplicity, lightness of touch that is desirable, and which is almost always lost when the symphony is played by the average-sized modern orchestra. Beethoven's fourth symphony naturally calls for fewer instruments. Mr. Monteux showed himself thoroughly a master of the score and his men carried out his wishes to the smallest nuance.

The management of the Boston Symphony states that between 75 and 80 players are now available for next week's tour, and that in addition to these about 25 additional players are expected to be enrolled in the very near future.

Fill Vacant Positions

At the rehearsal the orchestra went through Wagnerian excerpts which require a large orchestra for performance.

It was also emphasized by the management that from now on newcomers to the Boston Symphony are not in any sense "strike-breakers." They are simply men who have applied and been given positions which are now vacant in the Symphony Orchestra.

18TH CONCERT OF SYMPHONY

Heard *March 13, 1920*
Great Audience Welcomes
Conductor Monteux
and His Players

FINE PERFORMANCE
STIRS ENTHUSIASM

By PHILIP HALE

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program, necessarily changed from the one announced last week, was as follows: Mendelssohn, Overture, Nocturne and Scherzo from the music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Grieg, Concerto for piano and orchestra (Mr. Gebhard, pianist); Beethoven, Symphony No. 4.

The great audience welcomed Mr. Monteux and the faithful men of the orchestra warmly. The enthusiasm showed conclusively appreciation of the stand taken by the trustees and of the loyalty shown by so many valuable, distinguished players. It also showed a confidence in the future and the glory of the orchestra, a confidence not to be shaken.

The performance deserved the hearty applause that punctuated the concert throughout. It is hardly necessary to write at length concerning the music itself. Mendelssohn's overture and Scherzo are still delightful. Would that he had always written in this vein, for he was, first of all, a romanticist, never so happy as when excited by a fantastical subject, as by Shakespeare's comedy, or "The First Walpurgis Night," or by a scene in Nature, as in the overture to "The Hebrides." In the Nocturne we note the peculiarly suave sentiment that too often degenerated into rank sentimentalism, as in many of the "Songs Without Words." Mr. Wendler, horn, and Mr. Laurent, flute, contributed so greatly to the success of the performance that they were obliged to come forward in acknowledgment of the applause; this applause was also for the whole orchestra. The Scherzo was played with the utmost delicacy and crispness, and the wood-wind choir covered itself with glory.

Admirable, too, was Mr. Monteux's reading of the symphony, which, with the exception of the Adagio, is not among the greater works of "the deaf man of Bonn," as he was recently characterized by a flippant critic. Here, as in the performance of Mendelssohn's music, there was ever-present clarity and a fine sense of proportion.

Is Grieg's concerto becoming shopworn? Mr. Gebhard's playing of it was brilliant, rather than poetic or romantic. The better portions of the concerto are surely romantic. In the first movement he appeared to be in a restless mood; the lyric passages were not sufficiently elastic; more than once a phrase sung enchantingly by the violoncellos was repeated by the pianist rigidly. It should be remembered, however, that Mr. Gebhard played at comparatively short notice.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be away on its last southern trip next week. The program for the concerts of March 26, 27 will be as follows: Dvorak, Symphony No. 5, "From the New World"; Wagner, Prelude to "Lohengrin," "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried"; Debussy, Little Suite (orchestrated by Henri Busser); Berlioz, Rakoczy March.

CONCERT GIVEN IN SPITE OF STRIKERS

Heard *March 13, 1920*
Symphony Orchestra's
Work Is Excellent

Monteux Receives Big Ovation on
Appearance

The Symphony concert yesterday afternoon proved that the orchestra, despite the strike, can give concerts which attain its usual high standard provided music written for a full modern orchestra is avoided. The possible repertoire for the diminished band includes most classic symphonic music, and offers plenty of variety to choose from.

Except for an unusual volume of applause when Mr. Monteux first appeared, and most of the capacity audience rose to clap loud and long, the concert proceeded as though nothing had happened. The revised program began, as the one originally planned did, with three familiar excerpts from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and included Grieg's piano concerto in A minor and Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, replacing the previously announced "Pagan Poem" by Mr. Loeffler, and Glazounoff symphony. Heinrich Gebhard was the soloist, according to schedule.

Many Violinists Missing

The most noticeable gaps in the ranks are in the strings and percussion sections of the orchestra. There were only about half the usual number of second violins, yet the quality of tone from both first and second violins seemed better than it has at any time in the past two seasons. It had the old golden shimmer, but of course lacked volume and depth, comparatively speaking.

Only momentarily, however, were the strings overbalanced by woodwind and brass, which goes to show that those who have always contended that there were too many strings in proportion to the rest of the band had some reason for their attitude.

The program book listed the strikers among the members of the orchestra, but omitted Fradkin, substituting as concert master the name of Julius Theodorowicz. The inclusion of the other strikers is probably simply due to the fact that their defection came after the programs were printed, though it caused some comment. The programs also contained, as explained elsewhere in today's Globe, an appeal from the trustees for contributions to the endowment fund of the orchestra.

Mr Gebhard Applauded

Mr Gebhard played with his usual skill and taste and was warmly applauded. The orchestra gave him capable support, and Mr. Monteux led sympathetically.

There was a sonority and brilliance about the performance of the familiar Beethoven symphony which would have been worthy of comment under normal circumstances. As things stood yesterday it was a remarkable achievement, for which conductor and players deserve great praise. If there are no further defections there can be no possible doubt of the artistic success of the rest of the regular season, as well as the "Pops" afterward.

No concerts are scheduled for the coming week, as the orchestra will go on tour. The program will be repeated tonight at 8, as usual.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

An Afternoon That Excelled Anticipation
—A Diminished Orchestra on Its Mettle,
and a Poised and Resourceful Conductor
—Interesting Pieces Eloquentely Played

There was no mistaking the temper of the audience at the Symphony Concert, yesterday afternoon. It came early to Symphony Hall and, as the present members of the orchestra passed singly or in groups to their places on the stage it applauded them heartily. When Mr. Monteux made his way to the conductor's stand, it clapped him yet more warmly; while a few in parquet and balconies, following an amusing local custom, stood as

well. At the end of each number upon the programme or at pause in it plaudits again ran high—for the performance, for the leader, for the orchestra in general, for individuals who had shone through the piece just heard, like Mr. Wendler, the first horn, in the Nocturne from Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Mr. Laurent, the first flute, in the succeeding Scherzo. Finally, when the whole concert was done, the listeners lingered to renew their plaudits and to bring the whole band to its feet. Clearly the audience was on the side of the players who have kept their contracts; clearly it approves recent decisions of the trustees. Evidently the board has wisely decided to strike for an endowment while the iron of excitement over the present and the future of the orchestra is still hot. Each programme-book contained a circular inviting contributions to such a fund—now set at three millions—apparently as preliminary step to wide and vigorous canvass, later in the spring. In no respect—to end the record—were the numbers or the quality of the audience diminished, while its interest in the concert was keen.

Nearly seventy men sat in the orchestra—the sixty-odd players who have respected their contracts, plus a few veterans who, retired on pensions, voluntarily returned to their places. The wood-wind choir was virtually complete; the brass choir sufficed; the violins and the violas were plainly depleted; the violoncellos and basses served the needs of the day and something more; gone are most of the men who played upon drums, cymbals and the like. In the absence of Mr. Neumann from the tympani, of Mr. Mattersteig from the tuba and of Mr. Helm as the first trumpet, the orchestra suffers appreciable loss; otherwise to a man the more or less noted virtuosos remain—Messrs. Laurent, Longy, Sand, Laus and Speyer in the wood-winds; Mr. Wendler among the horns; Mr. Theodorowicz—now concert-master in succession to the departed Fradkin—Mr. Denayer, Mr. Bedetti and sundry others in the strings. From that choir, unfortunately, more than one man of tried merit has departed and it most needs immediate repair. By wise distribution of available forces by sedulous regard for balance and euphony of tone, Mr. Monteux obtained excellent results from an orchestra so constituted and proportioned. The mental poise, the firm yet considerate will, the readiness in resource with which for days he has met and conquered difficulties once more praised him.

To a man the orchestra was on its mettle. Through the chosen pieces from Mendelssohn's music to Shakespeare's comedy, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," it did outdo itself in zest for rhythm, in lightness and brightness of tone, in spirited transitions, in artful blendings of voices, in all

the graces proper to the music. In Grieg's concerto for piano, its suppleness and warmth chided by example the cool and precise Gebhard, playing the solo part. In Beethoven's fourth symphony, the depleted strings excelled all anticipation. Their tone was as clear as the day; it bent to every modulation of the music; it glowed with songful beauty. The other choirs fell not a whit below them and the outcome was performance in which the simplicity, the charm, the bright flow, the tender or the stouter ardors of the music lived anew. There have been Symphony Concerts in normal circumstance and with full ranks when the orchestra played far less well. Each to each, audience, band and conductor were as responsive whole.

As plainly the programme indicated that Symphony Concerts are not only possible but enjoyable when the choice of pieces is conditioned by the numbers and the balance of the available orchestra. Mendelssohn in his symphonies may now sound thin, accademic, antiquated; not a few of his piano-pieces may be worn thread bare; many of his songs turned flavorless; but through this overture, scherzo and nocturne to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" he still teems with fanciful invention and felicitous means. The overture is voice to the spirit and mirror to the matter of Shakespeare's fantasy; the night-piece and the scherzo are interludes that sustain the poetry and the caprice of the play; while in every measure of all three the musical means accomplish the imagined and illuding end. For once a composer has written a perfect music in kind. Grieg's concerto stiffened under Mr. Gebhard's rigid tone and progress. Far too cool and objective was he with an intrinsically rhapsodic music. Agreed that Grieg wrote fitfully, almost gaspingly; but each mood, while it lasts, beats warm and high. There are dry measures in the concerto wherein Grieg takes thought of rule and process; and time and change are gnawing at them. There are also fine fervors wherein it is still possible to make the music soar. As for Beethoven's symphony, too seldom will the conductors let us hear him limpid, fanciful, charming, even sentimental. For them, by choice, the greater, the deeper Beethoven. With reason Mr. Monteux cherishes the graces of this simple, smiling music. Inclination as well as necessity yesterday sent him to it.

H. T. P.

The Music of Boston

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The eighteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place March 12. The program, after revision, made necessary by the dismissal of some of the players, was as follows:

Mendelssohn—Selections from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music.
Grieg—Pianoforte Concerto, Heinrich Gebhard, soloist.
Beethoven—Symphony No. 4.

The orchestra, having recently undergone important changes, played surprisingly well. Mr. Monteux has again proved himself a man of resource under trying conditions, a man who thoroughly understands every detail of his profession, a practical musician. Those who stated that his interpretations lacked in authority failed to realize that he was patiently building up the efficiency of the orchestra so that he might in due time give all his attention to the interpretive side of his art.

This necessary technical efficiency had almost been attained and Mr. Monteux was beginning to show his audience another phase of his musical nature, as witness last week's memorable performance of Berlioz' "Fantastic" symphony, when circumstances obliged him to rebuild his almost perfect orchestra. Yet there was much to praise in yesterday's performance, even if the difficulties under which Mr. Monteux labored had not been known to the audience. The apt characterization of different styles of music was still to be observed, the dash and virtuosity of the orchestra had not been lost, the beauty of tone and phrasing which have been so noticeable during Mr. Monteux's tenure of office were still within the power of the orchestra. The audience realized the marvel that had been wrought and rewarded the orchestra and its conductor with generous applause.

Grieg's concerto served to display Mr. Gebhard's well-known and excellent qualities as a virtuoso.

Editor — *Mar. 13, 1920*

AND NOTHING HAPPENED

Trans. — Mar. 19, 1920
**THE DEPLETED BOSTON ORCHESTRA
IN NEW YORK**

**Warm Applause for the Reduced Band
and Hearty Sympathy for the Conductor
— A Changed Programme Excellently
Played — The Reviewers' Reflections,
and Also Discoveries, About Present
Tribulations**

ORCHESTRAS, like nations, are happiest when they don't wash their doubtful linen in public. Through no fault of Conductor Pierre Monteux, who conducted the fifth evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall last evening, he finds himself in the centre of an unmusical whirlwind, what he would call a "tourbillon," while the menacing clash of "Die Wacht am Rhein" drowns the martial measures of the "Marsellaise." The ostensible reason given for the recent row in Boston is the Musical Union; but the fundamental cause is, unhappily, racial dissonance. So the famous band from Boston, robbed of more than a third of its players, limped to New York yesterday determined to play if the organization had only twenty members, as Manager Brennan put it.

After the defection in Boston some old members came forward and among them were Charles Martin Loeffler, our leading composer, and Timothée Adamowski, who offered their services. Both these artists were first violins in the orchestra when Franz Kneisel was concert master and Gerlicke conductor. Arcadian days, indeed. As Mr. Fradkin is now playing the part of the insurgent Lucifer, his seat was occupied by Mr. Theodorowicz, and we also noted the veteran violoncellist, Alwyn Schroeder at his accustomed desk; Mr. Longy, oboist extraordinary, whose tone resembles the etched line of a graphic composition, was like thin fire as it ringed the woodwind choir. There were only ten first fiddlers as against the usual sixteen; the contrabassi were reduced to six. But the demon drummer, huddled over his kettledrums, punctuated the sinister atmosphere with his subtle tapping. . . . Everybody in the audience was nervous. Bomb outrages, false tempi, stopped horns — stopped by his honor — what catastrophe was not predicted? And nothing happened. The orchestra ran on half-steam, though not at half-speed. Maitre Monteux stood on the pilot box and cheered his valiant crew.

It would be idle to deny that dynamic contrasts were missing. The foundational tone of the orchestra seemed to drop out at times. But the strings were plangent, excellent, considering circumstances, and much of the playing not only charming, but of finesse. The original programme scheme was changed. The conductor tempered the wind to the shorn strings. Beethoven's fourth symphony and a group of Wagner's excerpts made up an interesting evening. Cheer up, Monteux! The musical world will not allow such an orchestra to perish because of rebellion in the ranks. There is always as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, even if the finny tribe in this case happened to be "sacred codfish." [James Huneker in The World]

Present and Future

What became of the "Symphonie Fantastique" of Hector Berlioz? That question must have ruffled the equable temperaments of many subscribers to the Boston Symphony concerts as they sat in their seats at the final Thursday evening concert of the season in Carnegie Hall. The very types had melted into glowing streams of glorification when the work was lately performed in Boston, and despite the fact that a somewhat weighty concert master had remained sitting when Pierre Monteux, conductor, commanded the orchestra to rise and accept the laudations of cultivated Boston, the piece had been announced for repetition before the mercenary children of New York.

But without explanation it vanished into thin air, almost as thin as some of its own, and in its place the astonished auditors beheld on the programme the unfamiliar B flat symphony No. 4 of Beethoven. . . . Many fine things have been written about this symphony, but one feels certain that Boston would not have been shaken to its centre by last evening's performance, as it was by the Fradkinized interpretation of the "Fantastique." After Beethoven there was a row of specimens of Wagner, namely, the prelude to "Lohengrin," Siegfried Idyll, "Forest Murmurs" and bits of the third act of "The Mastersingers." The audience was very demonstrative.

Thirty-one members of the orchestra were absent last evening. The number of players was seventy-two, on a basis of ten first violins and six double basses, but some of these were substitutes. The missing members left the orchestra because of the discharge of Frederick Fradkin, the concert master, for insubordination. At the recent performance of Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony" in Boston he refused to rise when Mr. Monteux directed the orchestra to stand in acknowledgement of applause. Several of the seceders have already asked for rein-

statement, and W. H. Brennan, the manager, said last night that all would surely do so. Mr. Fradkin will not be reinstated. [W. J. Henderson in The Sun]

Notable Applause

The Boston Symphony Orchestra makes its last visit to New York in the midst of tribulation. Some of the results were apparent last evening in the appearance of the orchestra considerably reduced in numbers. There were also a number of unfamiliar faces. Some of them were said to be of players formerly members of the orchestra, recruited now for the emergency. The audience was ready to show its sympathy with the conductor, and when Mr. Monteux appeared he was greeted with an extra round of applause. At the close of the symphony there was an enthusiastic demonstration, which Mr. Monteux desired to share with the players—and none failed to rise to acknowledge it.

Under the circumstances, it was not to be expected that all the remembered qualities of the Boston Symphony Orchestra should be shown in the performance. But it was evident that both conductor and players were on their mettle. The performance had many admirable qualities and showed the fine musicianship that was centred in that reduced aggregation of players. Of course the volume of the string tone was not there. The playing of the symphony, however, had great spirit, elastic rhythm, delicacy and finesse; an engrossing performance. And if the balance of tone was different from that familiar to concertgoers of these days, some may have consoled themselves by thinking that it was nearer to that of the orchestras that played it for Beethoven in 1806. In the prelude to "Lohengrin" the division of the strings in the scoring and the reduced numbers available for the several parts emphasized somewhat the loss in volume. But the "Siegfried Idyll" was originally conceived for a small orchestra and loses little in a performance by one. If Mr. Monteux's coat in certain passages was a little rigid the delicacy and poetic coloring of the orchestra were delightful. The audience was cordial in its manifestation of enjoyment. [Richard Aldrich in The Times]

Undisturbed and Well Received, the Symphony Orchestra Gives Its Usual Concerts Abroad—Appearances and Actualities Among the Dismissed Players—A Singer's and a Pianist's Recital

THE present concerts of the Symphony Orchestra in the cities southward that it regularly visits began auspiciously in Washington on Monday afternoon; continued as fortunately in Baltimore last evening and promise to move as smoothly in Philadel-

phia today. No unionized stage-hands have refused to set chairs for the band; the audiences have been as numerous as usual and quite as warmly disposed; Mr. Monteux has put together a pleasurable programme; and in it he and his seventy men have acquitted themselves well. The orchestra is the orchestra heard at Symphony Hall last Friday and Saturday, with sundry additions to the string choir from applicants long since tested and approved for it, should vacancies arise. Late last week Mr. Monteux heard them anew, accepted a few for immediate service and has since rehearsed them in the current pieces. For Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Brooklyn, these numbers are Beethoven's fourth symphony, Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll"; the introduction, dance of the apprentices and other fragments from the third act of his opera, "The Mastersingers." Between whiles, Miss Destinn, long since engaged for the four concerts, sings an air from Mozart's opera, "Don Juan" and three Bohemian songs from Smetana and Dvorak. At the two concerts in New York, without Miss Destinn, Mr. Monteux will repeat the orchestral pieces aforesaid and add to them Mozart's symphony in G minor, Wagner's prelude to his opera, "Lohengrin," the "Forest-Music" from his "Siegfried," Beethoven's overture, "Fidelio," Borodin's "Asian Sketch" and Debussy's "Little Suite." Thus, in spite of difficulties at home, the Symphony Orchestra is keeping its engagements abroad and keeping them in becoming fashion everywhere, moreover, its audiences have cheerfully accepted the limitations of the moment. When they have applauded conductor and band, they could hardly have been altogether unmindful of recent events, decisions and resolutions in Boston.

Here at home the rebellious remnant, dismissed from the orchestra last week, are cultivating an admirable talent for publicity. Each day, after the manner of "strikers," they meet for the mutual encouragement of talk and speech-making. Each day they become "the nucleus" of a new orchestra—on Monday to be organized and endowed by "prominent Back Bay women"; on Tuesday by the publishers and sellers of music in this town; today, possibly, by their "comrades" of the pavers' and longshoremen's unions. Each day, furthermore, they announce new meetings that their spokesman will address—"forums" and the like, where the affairs of the Symphony Orchestra have never been discussed before and, in all probability, never will be again. So much for the pretty and playful game of appearances. Actually, the more far-sighted "strikers" are warily seeking work in other orchestras; while one, two or three are not unwilling, could they go their own way, to return to their chairs in Symphony Hall. They have missed sorely the present journey of the orchestra to New York and other cities; they are uneasy away from the work and the

associations of years; they are anxious over the future. They even decline to be cheered by the prospect of a concert on Sunday evening at the Colonial Theatre, in which they will be the nucleus of a "scratch" orchestra. A few, of course, believe that they can now ruin the orchestra; they have failed to rule, have forgotten, indeed, every grievance over salary and unionization in single-hearted desire to "get even" with the trustees and the management who dismissed them. But for these implacables the whole secession might speedily simmer away.

THE SYMPHONY STRIFE

A Second Concert by the Diminished Orchestra in New York—Foreboding Comment from Metropolitan Reviewers—Fresh Evidence of the Overshadowing Fradkin

THE final concert for this season of the Boston Orchestra in New York befell on Saturday afternoon last and The Tribune on Sunday made record of it as follows:

The troubles of the Boston Symphony Orchestra do not seem to have affected the number of people who in New York wish to hear the famous band. The concert yesterday afternoon found Carnegie Hall crowded and Mr. Monteux greeted with more than ordinary heartiness. Mr. Monteux has naturally tempered the programme to his shorn orchestra, yet despite a certain loss in tonal resonance its playing yesterday was admirable, and notably so in Debussy's *Petite Suite*. Mr. Monteux is entirely at home in the music of Debussy, and he gave the suite a graceful and atmospheric performance. The other numbers were the overture to Beethoven's "Fidelio," Mozart's Symphony in G-minor, Borodin's orchestral sketch, "On the Steppes of Central Asia" and the overture to Goldmark's "Sakuntala."

The reviewer for The Sun was less pleased with the concert but he soon puts it by for pessimistic reflections upon the present and the future of the disrupted band. He writes:

There was some good playing in Debussy's suite, but in general the orchestra sounded rough. There was little or nothing of the delicious mellowness and transparency of tone for which the Bostonians have been noted. However, in the circumstances no finished performance could be expected. It was evident that the sympathies of the audience were with Pierre Monteux, the conductor; for the applause with which he was received when he first appeared and which followed the symphony was plainly meant as a special demonstration.

The future of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is in the lap of the gods who protect union labor. It remains for unionism to perpetuate or destroy this institution. If it proves to be true that seventy-four members are pledged to leave the orchestra if it is not union-

ized then the organization is doomed, for great concert orchestras cannot be improvised. For the sake of its splendid history and of musical art in this country it is to be hoped that the Boston Symphony Orchestra will survive the deadly blow it has received and will continue to bring its delightful contributions to New York's musical season.

On another page of The Sunday Sun, Mr. Henderson, reprinting Mr. Roth's letter already published in these columns, renews his forebodings:

Mr. Roth's letter proves conclusively that the present state of the Boston Orchestra is precarious. If its men are pledged to unionism and the trustees remain firm in their determination not to recognize a union the present orchestra will cease to exist and a new one will have to be formed. If the trustees believe that they can go out and buy a new Boston Symphony Orchestra just as they would buy a new bass drum they are lamentably mistaken. To the disinterested outsider it looks as if the famous old orchestra was approaching dissolution. Such an outcome of the matter would be a calamity to the musical world and all music lovers will fervently hope that differences may be adjusted.

The Times likewise prints a summary of Mr. Roth's letter and then, with the pen of Mr. Aldrich, comments as follows on the conditions it discloses:

The New York public will join in the general lamentation if the Boston Symphony Orchestra is damaged beyond repair. It is unsafe at this distance and without a knowledge of all the facts to venture on prediction; but most admirers of the orchestra will think that if three-quarters of the present personnel leave it, and the management tries to build it up to former standard with new men—or women—in their place, the outlook will not be promising. It took some of the rarest ability a good many years to bring the Boston Orchestra up to its preeminent position. It will not be done again immediately, even if an equal amount of ability in the direction and in the personnel is at once available.

The merits of the unionizing scheme are not for outsiders, imperfectly acquainted with the circumstances, to discuss. It is natural, probably inevitable, that the trustees of the orchestra should carry out strictly the policy they inherited from Mr. Higginson against it. They no doubt consider it a part of the many-sided wisdom that marked his control of the orchestra for so many years and that brought such unique results. Whether they will "relent" or whether they can withstand the pressure, greater now than at any time in Mr. Higginson's day, and whether, if they do, they can successfully make up the loss of three-quarters of the orchestra and restore it to what it has been so very recently, these are all questions that cannot fail to interest deeply the New York musical public, and the possibilities of the situation are such as to cause pain and anxiety.

Being two hundred miles away and engrossed in nearer matters, Mr. Hender-

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men and Mr. Aldrich overlook the fact that here in Boston the strife within and without the band is fast degenerating into a personal issue: Shall the trustees and the conductor control the orchestra or shall it be controlled by Fredric Fradkin, the concert-master, dismissed for gross breach of discipline and general effrontery? Outwardly at least, the seceders are now neither more nor less than an obsequious following awaiting his daily bidding. In their eyes increase of salaries and unionization—the issues with which the controversy began—are fast becoming incidental beside the omnipotent and omnipresent Fradkin. So also among the sympathizers with the seceders. Their concert, last evening, at the Colonial Theatre ran merely perfunctory course until it was the turn of Fradkin to play the sickly sweet "Meditation" from Massenet's opera, "Thais." Then ovations for "the idol," ovations for "the hero" and all that sort of thing. No wonder that Mr. Webber, the president of the American Federation of Musicians—an astute and far-seeing man withal—found himself unable to address the company; while two actors, also announced to grace the occasion, discovered engagements elsewhere. Until Fradkin's brief day passes, as it is sure to pass with the fickle temperaments he now sways, the dispute and the merits of the dispute are likely to get "no forrarder."

As the Subscribers Feel

From a score of notes sent to this department by subscribers to the Symphony Concerts who resent Mr. Roth's recent letter on the part of the seceders from the orchestra, here follows one that well represents them all:

Otto Roth and the seceding Symphony players do not seem to give a thought to the fact that they broke faith with a large audience of many old subscribers to the concerts on one of the most inclement nights of the winter. Many like myself made an effort to go to Symphony Hall because the original programme was played so well Friday afternoon. To allow a peevish violinist who has been with the orchestra as concert master but two seasons to influence the seceders to the extent of their not only breaking their contracts with the trustees but with this audience of subscribers who have assisted in the financing of the orchestra, makes it still more evident that unionism is the last thing desirable for a good orchestra. My feeling is that tickets should not be bought for a concert where any one of them take part until they have shown that they have overcome their present lack of responsibility to the public who support them.

SYMPHONY SEEKING \$3,000,000 FUND

Globe ———— Mel. 18. 1920
**Endowment Is Needed to
Meet Expenditures**

**Deficit Faced Annually, That for
1919 Being \$100,000**

The programs at yesterday's Symphony concert made the first definite announcement of a campaign to raise a permanent endowment fund for the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The amount set as a goal by the trustees is "at least three millions," although \$2,000,000 is the largest sum previously mentioned tentatively by them as possible.

If this great fund can be raised it should prove possible in future to pay members of the Boston Symphony higher salaries than those given anywhere else in the world. On the success or failure of the endeavor depends the future standing of the orchestra.

There has always been a deficit at the end of each season. According to the official "Historical Sketch of the Symphony Orchestra," published in 1914, the annual deficits from the beginning to that time had totaled about \$900,000 and averaged \$20,000 per season. Until Maj. Higginson relinquished control in May, 1918, he paid the bill out of his own pocket.

Since that time the present board of trustees, with the aid, it is said, of a few others, have had to meet deficits larger than ever before. The total deficit for last season, according to Judge Cabot, the chairman, was nearly \$100,000. Unless a permanent fund is raised there will always be danger of private generosity finding the burden too great to bear.

The appeal from trustees to subscribers follows:

"Symphony Hall, March 12, 1920.
"To the Subscribers to the Boston Symphony Concerts—Many friends of the Symphony Orchestra have requested an immediate opportunity to testify to their interest in securing its future through a permanently endowed foundation. This attitude means only one thing, that these great audiences realize all that this orchestra has signified. From its inception under Maj. Higginson it has brought beauty into the lives of our citizens and distinction to our city. The spontaneous desire to help should not be held back to perfect the detailed plan for raising an endowment fund of at least \$3,000,000; and accordingly the trustees will gladly receive at once subscriptions and pledges from all those who believe in the vital importance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to our community and country.

"There is annexed a subscription blank which may be signed and left at the box office or mailed to the treasurer at Symphony Hall.

"Trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc."

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Symphony Hall,
April 2, 1920.

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Name.....

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919--20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

NINETEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 26, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, AT 8 P.M.

DVOŘÁK,

SYMPHONY No. 5, in E minor, "From the New
World," ("Z Novecho Sveta") op. 95 1

I. Adagio: Allegro molto

II. Largo

III. Scherzo

IV. Allegro con fuoco

WAGNER,

PRELUDE to "Lohengrin"

WAGNER,

"Forest Murmurs," from "Siegfried"

DEBUSSY,

PETITE SUITE, (arranged for Orchestra by Henri
Büsser)

I. En Bateau

II. Cortège

III. Menuet

IV. Ballet

(First time at these Concerts.)

BERLIOZ,

HUNGARIAN MARCH, (Rákoczy)

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

19TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Loyal House Acclaims Re-
turn of Monteux and
"Faithful" Players

SHOW OLD POWER IN 'LOHENGRIN' PRELUDE

Herald — *Mich. 27, 1920*
By PHILIP HALE

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Dvorak, "From the New World" symphony; Wagner, Prelude to "Lohengrin;" and "Forest Numbers" from "Siegfried;" Debussy, Little Suite (first time at these concerts if not in Boston); Berlioz, Rakoczy March.

This was a remarkably brilliant concert, one that excited the enthusiasm of an audience that completely filled the hall. Mr. Monteux was greeted warmly when he came on the platform. There was the assurance of belief in him; appreciation of the players faithful to their engagement and mindful of their obligation to the audience that has for many years been faithful to them; confidence in the splendor of the orchestra in the future as in the past. The applause that followed the performance of each composition was not merely sympathetic and encouraging; it was the enthusiastic approval of the performance itself; and the performance in each instance justly deserved this recognition.

Sitting one night with Horatio Parker when Dvorak's "New World" symphony was played, we were surprised to hear him characterize the work as "meretricious." Did he mean by this that it was immediately pleasing; that it was showily attractive; that it was too melodious? Our friend, whose departure is mourned by many, had a habit of making surprising statements; perhaps to provoke discussion; perhaps to express a passing whim. He certainly did not mean that the music was showy, for the sake of show. There never was a simpler, more sincere composer than Dvorak. He was by nature a child or

a savage—which is often the same thing—delighting in strongly marked rhythms and gorgeous colors. He saw red, yellow, scarlet, purple when he sat down to compose. How he would rejoice today in a jazz band! There was a time when this symphony almost caused shedding of blood over the question whether it was inspired by "Negro music." Now, without thought of this question without inquiry as to "Negro" or Czech origin, the music gives pleasure at the time of performance and in the recollection of it.

Mr. Monteux put on the program the Prelude to "Lohengrin," probably because he and many others enjoy hearing it; and also to prove that in spite of street rumors and statements, to say the least misleading and often palpably absurd, that have been published in newspapers of this city and of New York, the Boston Symphony Orchestra is not today without a sufficient and capable string choir. (And so at the next concert a Concerto Grosso of Handel's for strings will be performed.) The Prelude was finely played, as was the excerpt from "Siegfried," which took us back to the nights of German opera in Boston. Again we saw and heard Max Alvary, a wretched singer, but the most picturesque and convincing of Siegfried's; again we saw and heard other Germans, who howled and bawled and shrieked and were fat and dramatically grotesque; again we saw and heard Jean de Reszke, a city gentleman lost for a few hours in the forest.

Debussy's Little Suite, written originally for piano (four hands), and orchestrated by Busser, was played for the first time at a Symphony concert. The four pieces are pretty in themselves and delicately transferred to the orchestra. The first, "En Bateau," was already familiar through the transcription for violin and piano. The Suite is signed with Debussy's name, but the moods and the expression are by no means those of the Debussy that brought a new harmonic scheme into the world and still exerts a mighty influence.

It was often said in Paris during our student years: "to hear the music of Berlioz, you must attend a Colonne concert." It might now be said: "to hear the Rakoczy March, you must hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra play it, led by Monteux." The march has often been performed in Boston: never with the irresistible dash, the blazing fire, the furious and overwhelming climax that marked the performance of yesterday.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concert next week is as follows: Handel, concerto Grosso for strings, No. 5, D major; Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal"; Saint-Saens, concerto No. 5, for piano (Rudolph Ganz, pianist); Smetana, Overture to "The Sold Bride."

ORCHESTRA WINS UNUSUAL APPLAUSE

Spirited Performance at the
Symphony Concert

Dvorak, Wagner, Berlioz, Debussy

Among Composers Interpreted

9 Feb — *Mich. 27, 1920*

There was unusual applause at the Symphony concert yesterday at each break in a program, which consisted of familiar and well-liked pieces by Dvorak, Wagner and Berlioz, and one novelty, an orchestral arrangement by Henri Busser of Debussy's "Little Suite," written for piano four hands. There was no soloist. The diminished orchestra, with a few new men, again gave a performance that proved beyond question that the season will be finished at no sacrifice of quality.

Dvorak's "New World" Symphony is a favorite illustration with those who believe that American art should derive its themes and atmosphere from American folk music. Its rhythms certainly are often like those of negro music, but the composer's Bohemian compatriots say that they are also the rhythms of his native folk music.

The themes are all Dvorak's own, beyond question. It is a fruitless task to explore the sources of masterpieces in a hope of being able to find a formula which will replace the creative imagination of productive genius. The important thing about this symphony is its intrinsic musical worth.

Like all Dvorak's music it shows great fertility of melodic invention and little skill in development and variation. It is spontaneous, not well made. There are some banal harmonies. The performance was spirited, yet balanced and proportioned.

Wagner fared less well than Dvorak at Mr. Monteux's hands. The "Lohengrin" Prelude demands a more smoothly mounting crescendo, and in the "Waldweben" the leading motives did not stand out solidly from the orchestral background.

The pretty "Little Suite" sounds much better on the piano than it does in M. Busser's flat-footed and probably pot-boiling arrangement, yet Mr. Monteux achieved a spirited performance.

The remarkably brilliant performance of the "Rákoczy March" with which the concert closed was a triumph for all concerned. It far surpassed that given here recently by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

Next week Rudolph Ganz will play the solo part in Saint-Saens' Fifth Piano Concerto. The other numbers are to be a "Concerto Grosso" by Handel; the prelude to "Parsifal," and Smetana's overture to "The Bartered Bride."

Mich. Music in Boston 27, 1920

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor
BOSTON, Massachusetts—The program of the nineteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on March 27 was as follows:

Dvorak, Symphony
Wagner.....Prelude to "Lohengrin"
Wagner..Forest murmurs from "Siegfried"
Debussy.....Petite Suite
Orchestrated by Henri Busser
Berlioz....."Rákoczy March"

Dvorak's symphony has not been heard here for some time, and it was a pleasure to renew acquaintance with this old friend, at one time so frequently to be met with. The largo and scherzo are still as fresh as ever, still making their emotional appeal. The other movements have lost somewhat in charm. The development of the themes seems stilted and old-fashioned.

The prelude to "Lohengrin" is always impressive, but the necessity of playing the "Forest Murmurs" is not entirely obvious. Whatever the value of this scene may be in the theater, it is certainly ineffective in the concert room. The picturing of the forest has been done more strikingly and suggestively by other composers.

Debussy's suite, originally written for pianoforte, four hands, but now cleverly orchestrated by Henri Busser, is agreeable music. Music of this character was good to hear after the more serious and taxing moods of the program. Refined, ingratiating, it pleased an appreciative, even enthusiastic audience. Berlioz's march has seldom been given a more inspiring reading. Under Mr. Monteux's hands the "great romanticist" is gradually coming into his own in this city where his music has suffered so much in the past from unsympathetic interpretations.

The orchestra played with unusual beauty of tone and great flexibility.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

NEW MOODS ASTIR THROUGH THE
AUDIENCE

Hearers That Recent Happenings Have
Awakened—A Sufficient Orchestra, with
Conductor and Men on Their Mettle—
The Restless and Waning Secession —
Wagner, Berlioz, Debussy and Dvorak
Fill a Diversified and Agreeable Programme

A REKINDLED audience, stimulating to see, hear and feel, now frequents the Symphony Concerts. It is numerous as usual; even yesterday when there was no "assisting artist" and no outstanding piece, it filled every seat in Symphony Hall. Thither, however, it goes in a new spirit. No longer does it take orchestra, conductor, concerts, as a matter of course. The recent secession from the band, the malignant desire of a few seceders, to disrupt and extinguish it—could they work their full will—have awakened the subscribing public to new sense of pleasures received and returns to render. It hears the chosen music with quickened ears, freshly it notes the merit, the distinctions of performance; in a difficult hour it would encourage the conductor and his forces, the directing management, the sustaining trustees. Hence the intent listening of yesterday; hence the long, hearty and sincere applause bestowed upon Mr. Monteux and all concerned; hence a pervading atmosphere of animation, interest, pleasure. "The trustees," said a leaf in the programme-book, replacing the usual tabulation of the orchestra, "heartily thank the patrons who have already contributed, according to their varying means, by checks and pledges to the future maintenance of the orchestra. This prompt response to the first suggestion that a permanent fund will be raised gives clear proof of the support to be expected from Boston concert-goers. Every immediate contributor helps to give the campaign the strong start essential to its ultimate success." By the same token every such concert as that of yesterday helps, by the temper of both stage and auditorium, to surmount the present and secure the future.

As it is, the orchestra comprises seventy-odd players, three-quarters, and a little more, of the usual numbers in recent years. It is as large, indeed, as it was

through not a few auspicious and unquestioned seasons of beginning. Sundry young musicians, already tested and waiting opportunity to join the band, have increased the string choir; out of semi-retirement have come such a virtuoso of the trombone as Mr. Hamper and so expert a kettle-drummer as Mr. Rettberger. The orchestra is quite large enough for a wide choice of pieces distributed through interesting programmes. The several choirs are better balanced than they were a fortnight ago, and there was little hint of diminished tone even in the divided violins of the prelude to Wagner's opera, "Lohengrin." Only in the forest-music from his later "Siegfried"—a more closely woven music—did the hearer miss a full-throated underbody of tone, a larger sonority. Even in the Rákoczy March from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," the orchestra flamed and clanged. With every choir in such mettle as it was yesterday, with every individual player clearly minded to do his utmost, the orchestra holds firm and supple. In it as in the audience is new esprit de corps.

Moreover, there is reason to expect a gradual secession from the seceders themselves—a secession indeed that has already begun. It is an open secret, though obviously they do not hand it to the newspapers, that certain men in their ranks are quietly on their way back to Symphony Hall. It is as true, though again their spokesmen overlook the matter, that certain others are making contracts that by next autumn, if not earlier, will take them far from any actual or hypothetical Boston Orchestra. Zest for the secession is manifestly cooling outside a few faithful "Fradkinettes." In new contacts the more intelligent seceders have discovered that not a few blatant partisans of "unionism," "Americanization" and that sort of thing count the hearing of symphonic music like to a visit to the dentist and are no more inclined to pay money for it than they would for a series of lectures on the epistle to the Ephesians.

By this time these men are as well aware that the sentiment of the sustaining public for symphony concerts in Boston runs almost unanimously against them; that many a conductor, manager and guarantor of orchestra or opera company in America, whatever may be his public pretence, is eagerly watching and waiting to see Symphony Hall make head against an over-exacting union and in private, makes no secret of his desire. Worse still, as some say, the august officers of the union itself, having "demands" elsewhere to enforce, are by no means so zealous in this "Boston affair" as they were expected to be. Hence more "unrest" even among the restless and the

There will be no Rehearsal and Concert next week

amusing whistling to keep up courage that pipes out almost every day a new orchestra—to be incorporated—a new concert hall—to be built, a new nebula of some sort for the seceders' rather empty heaven. They themselves put no faith in these outgivings. They are a part of the game; they deceive no one; there is reason to believe that even the vasty vanity of Mr. Fradkin does swallow them with a painful gulp. Events, or rather the failure of events to eventuate, are gradually curing the seceders of that painful, lingering, very human malady which is self-deceit.

Familiar pieces, except one, naturally filled the concert and that one—Debussy's "Little Suite"—is no more than a dexterous, pleasant trifle. He wrote it as piano-duet in his young years; perhaps to put a few hundred francs in his purse; thirteen years later, when Debussy was celebrated but not prolific, Henri Büsser, musical man of all work in Paris, obligingly and amiably scored it for orchestra. It begins with pretty little melodies in lightly swaying rhythms—"En Bateau"; continues with a brightly paced march-tune with a tinkling intermezzo—"Cortège"; proceeds with an artfully artless Minuet; ends with dance-tunes, now sparkling, now sensuous—"Ballet." It is all neat, pretty, graceful, charming; the late Monsieur Massenet, the venerable—some prefer senile—Monsieur Saint-Saëns would surely admire it; any drawing-room would not talk shrilly enough quite to drown it. Barely once, and curiously in the Minuet does Debussy show the budding horns of individual idiom and innovation. Enough that innate elegance and finesse adorn his trifle. On that score in performance, Mr. Monteux, the string and the wind choirs matched him. The foil, for concluding number, was Berlioz's Rákóczy March—the antipodes of the "Little Suite," music that stamps and shouts, boils and flames, sweeps tribes or armies forward, cries with them to each other and to heaven. Somehow the "big note" of these "Romantics" somehow outlasts the purlings of Messieurs les Éléphants. Fortunately for his audience, Mr. Monteux keeps good company with both.

Wagner and Dvorak provided the rest—the Wagner of the Prelude to "Lohengrin" and the forest-music in the second act of "Siegfried"; the Dvorak of the symphony, "From the New World." The Prelude was test-piece to the string choir; contrary to anticipation, there was no hint of diminished numbers; beyond expectation, silvery shimmer and then golden glow of tone lighted the pathway of the Grail descending from heaven, reascending to it. As of old, the music wrought illusion; mystical and romantic voice blended within it; in pure loveliness of melodic progress, it sang anew. In riper years, Wagner wrote more

spaciously, more intensively; but not until the end in "Parsifal," with such ethereal beauty summoned anew. Vigorously Mr. Monteux swept the Grail across the troubled earth; a shade too slow was, perhaps, the pace of descent and ascent; but at his hands the prelude was thrilling to hear. Somehow, he is not always so eloquent with fragments of Wagner's later music-drama. Two or three months ago he fell short of the might and splendor of the glorification of Siegfried dead; yesterday, the sheen and quiver of the forests in the sunshine, the clang of heroic youth in the postlude that sends Siegfried up to Brynhild's fiery rock evaded him. But the Volsung music sang deep especially on Mr. Bedetti's violoncello, while the birds might have envied Mr. Laurent's flute. There was also Dvorak's symphony—a simple, homely, transparent music, as easy to write, seemingly, as it is easy to hear, born of elementary instinct for tune rhythm and color, stirring responsive instinct in those that hear gladly, openheartedly. Thereby it has survived many a page of more sophisticated and artificial music. After all, a symphonic primer may be pleasant to con. Mr. Monteux turned the worn leaves quickly.

H. T. PARKER

BRILLIANT CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Dvorak, Debussy and
Wagner Numbers
Played

Post ———— Nov. 27, 1920

BY OLIN DOWNES

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was accounted by many, one of the most brilliant concerts of the season. This though the orchestra was still of diminished numbers, consisting of between 70 and 80

men, and including two players who had rejoined the orchestra on recent days.

These were August Rettberg, who replaced Mr. Neumann at the tympani, and Carl Hampe, now first trombone and one of the finest trombonists in the history of this organization.

AUDIENCE ENTHUSIASTIC

The audience, however, had not shrunk in numbers, nor had its enthusiasm for the music and its support of Mr. Monteux and the management in any way flagged or weakened. Mr. Monteux was again applauded long and loudly, both at the beginning and at the end of the concert, following the performance of the electrical "Rakoczy March" of Berlioz.

For a novelty at these concerts there was played the early and charming "Petite Suite" of Debussy, originally a suite for piano, and later orchestrated by Henri Büsser. The music is Massenetish, but fanciful and lending itself well to orchestral treatment. This suite was preceded by two Wagnerian excerpts, the "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried," and the prelude to "Lohengrin," music marvellous alike in its inspiration and its scoring.

To proceed in the established order of this article, which discusses the programme backwards, the Dvorak "New World" symphony opened the programme, and the pleasure of the audience in this delightful music was impressively demonstrated. Again Mr. Monteux had chosen a piece which sounds better and not worse with a relatively small orchestra. The felicity of Dvorak's instrumentation, simple as it is, is always astonishing, and often as inventive as his harmony. The folk-quality of the music, which has been so often discussed as "American" folk-music, because, forsooth, Dvorak uses a scrap of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and other negroid or Indian themes, is as a matter of fact not American, but Bohemian. Dvorak used a little of the material of folk-melody which he found here, but he used it wholly in the manner and the spirit of his native land, in the work which remains the orchestral masterpiece of his career.

RECRUITS PLAY FOR SYMPHONY

Ten of 32 Places Left Vacant Already Filled; Concert Brilliant

By E. F. HARKINS.

In spite of its still crippled condition, the Symphony Orchestra's nineteenth matinee concert was one of the best of the season. The orchestra is being recruited slowly. Of the thirty-two places left vacant after the Fradkin incident, ten have been filled, at least temporarily. Some twenty more players are needed to make up the regular complement.

Among the recruits who took part in the nineteenth pair of concerts were Rettberg, tympani player, and Hempe, of trombone fame. In its long career the orchestra has had only two tympanists, Rettberg and Neumann. The later followed Fradkin into what is called the American Federation Symphony Orchestra of Boston.

In the latest program the customary roster is displaced by a statement from the trustees of the orchestra, acknowledging contributions to the projected \$3,000,000 maintenance fund.

The attitude of the trustees and patrons indicate that powerful efforts are to be made this year to sustain the orchestra under the independent policy fixed many years ago by Major Higginson.

The 19th program comprised Dvorak's symphony in E minor, "From the New World," which was written during the composer's stay in New York; two Wagner numbers, the prelude to "Lohengrin" and the "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried"; Debussy's "Petite Suite," offered for the first time at these concerts, and the Rakoczy March from Berlioz' "Damnation of Faust." The present weakness of the string sections of the orchestra was evident here and there in forte passages; nevertheless, the concert was brilliant and thoroughly delightful from first to last.

The Debussy "novelty" is in reality a work nearly twenty years old. The suite was written for two pianos and then Henri Büsser turned it into an orchestral piece. It is not typical Debussy music, for it abounds in the frank melodious expressions that Debussy disdained when he became an impressionist. To see an audience taking genuine delight in Debussy "tunes," as in the folk-song moods of the Dvrok symphony, was indeed a rare spectacle.

The Trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra heartily thank the patrons who have already contributed, according to their varying means, by checks and pledges to the future maintenance of the Orchestra. This prompt response to the first suggestion that a permanent fund will be raised gives clear proof of the support to be expected from Boston concert-goers.

Every immediate contributor helps to give the campaign the strong start essential to its ultimate success.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919--20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

TWENTIETH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 2, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, AT 8 P. M.

HANDEL,

CONCERTO GROSSO, No. 5, in D major, for String
Orchestra. (Edited by G. F. Kogel)

- I. Introduction: Allegro
- II. Presto
- III. Largo
- IV. Minuet
- V. Allegro

Solo Violins, Messrs. J. THEODOROWICZ and J. HOFFMANN
Solo Viola, F. DENAYER. Solo Violoncello, J. BEDETTI

WAGNER,

PRELUDE to "Parsifal"

SAINT-SAËNS,

CONCERTO for Pianoforte in F major, op. 103

- I. Allegro animato
- II. Andante
- III. Molto Allegro

SMETANA,

OVERTURE to the Opera "Prodana Nevesta," (The
Sold Bride)

Soloist:

RUDOLPH GANZ

Steinway Pianoforte used

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after Wagner's Prelude



RUDOLPH GANZ

20TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald — *Apr. 2, 1920*
Strings Excel in Handel's
"Concerto"—Prelude to
"Parsifal" Given

PROGRAM IN SPIRIT WITH GOOD FRIDAY

By PHILIP HALE

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Monteux conducted. The program was as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso for strings, D major, No. 5 (edited by G. F. Kogel); Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal"; Saint-Saens, Concerto, F Major, No. 5, for piano; Smetana, overture to "The Sold Bride." Rudolph Ganz was the pianist. The solo violins in Handel's Concerto were played by Messrs. Theodorowicz and Hoffman; the solo viola, by Mr. Denayer; the solo violoncello by Mr. Bedetti.

There was a triumph of strings in Handel's concerto and in Smetana's overture. Mr. Monteux had confidence in the new members; his confidence was fully justified. It may be said without exaggeration that the present section of second violins is the most capable in the history of the orchestra. Admirable, too, was the work of the other players on stringed instruments. All were severely tested; all acquitted themselves gloriously. The young blood in the orchestra of today is more than a fair exchange for the phlegm of past seasons. The new members and the old were on their mettle.

Now is the time for the trustees to make an energetic, unrelaxing "drive" for the desired endowment. The orchestra, today, is a superb body of players; it will be even a more magnificent institution at the beginning of next season. The great ability of Mr. Monteux as disciplinarian and interpreter is fully recognized. Interest in the "new" orchestra, which contains nearly all the famous players of the past, is at

its height. The great public, not only the audiences, should take pride in this orchestra as a civic institution. It should also forbid insidious German propaganda to work its mole-like way in matters of art.

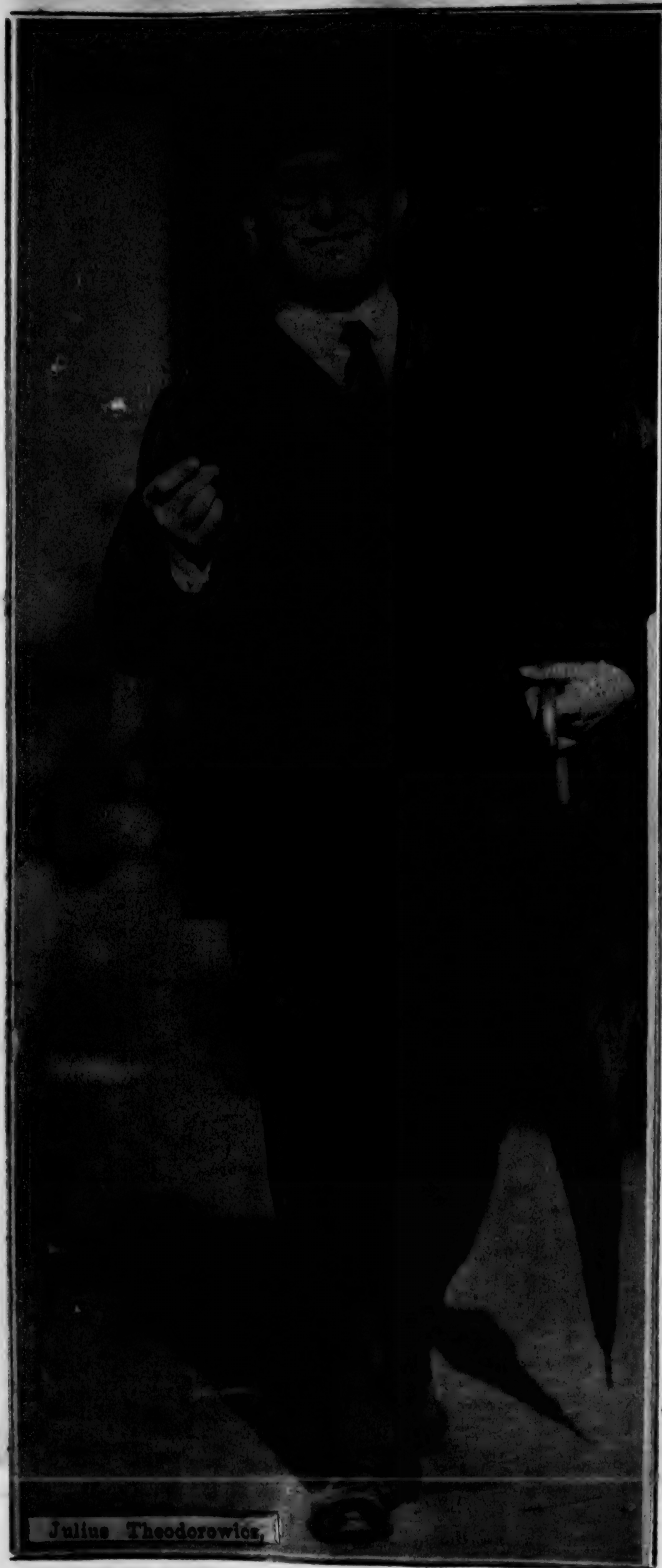
Mr. Monteux has proved that as a program-maker he is far from being a chauvinist; he welcomes music of all nations, provided the music is good.

When one hears a work of Handel played as it was yesterday by soloists and choir, one no longer wonders why Beethoven shortly before his death said of Handel: "He is the master of us all." What freshness, spirit, vitality there is in this old music! The solemn beauty of the Largo, beautifully performed, is Miltonic. There is a grandeur, nobility in the Handelian simplicity that no other composer has attained, not even Bach; not even Palestrina or Vittoria.

The prelude to "Parsifal" was fittingly chosen for a concert on Good Friday. What has been said about the character of the drama—and much has been written in bitter comment by warm admirers of the music itself—has not shaken the belief of those regarding "Parsifal" as a profoundly religious work in its symbolism and its realism. Who would rashly disturb this faith? Who would point out much that is obnoxious, abhorrent in the doctrines that are inculcated? The performance, an impressive one, conducted with rare skill and understanding, was heard as if it were part of a religious service.

We became acquainted with Saint-Saens's concerto 16 years ago, when Mr. Ferruccio—we are tempted to write "Ferocious"—Busoni introduced it, and it made little impression at the time. Yesterday, as it was played by Mr. Ganz and the orchestra, the concerto was engrossing. The thematic material of the first movement no longer seemed almost childish; it reminded one of Mozart's adorable simplicity. Nor is it necessary to say that this material is finely employed. The rhapsodical orientalism, with the use of a Nubian boat song, is fascinating; it does not for a moment degenerate into anything merely bizarre. Saint-Saens here catches the spirit of the East, but he is not mastered by it; he does not lose his shrewdly observing, coolly reflecting western head. Then comes the rushing finale, which, however, does not throw aside in the excitement the traditional French elegance that characterizes the work of Saint-Saens. Mr. Ganz played as Saint-Saens played when he was in his high estate; but with more warmth in the lyric passages. In the bravura and more furious passages he, too, kept his head, ever mindful of clarity and elegance. All in all, a most excellent

There will be no Rehearsal and Concert next week



Julius Theodorowicz

RUDOLPH GANZ was born at Zurich, Switzerland, on February 24, 1877. When he was ten years old he appeared in public as a violoncellist. Two years later he played the piano in public. He began to study seriously with his uncle, Carl Eschmann-Dumur, when he was about sixteen. He studied also at Lausanne and Strasbourg, and later with Busoni in Berlin, where he appeared as pianist and composer late in 1899. From 1901 to 1905 he taught in Chicago. Since 1905 he has devoted himself to concert playing, composition, and private teaching. He was heard for the first time in Boston at a Kneisel concert early in 1906; then at a Symphony concert March 24 of that year (Liszt's Concerto in E-flat major). He gave a recital on March 26, 1906, when he introduced pieces by Ravel. Since then he has played in Boston, recitals, chamber concerts, etc. On October 19, 1907, he played at a Symphony concert Liszt's Concerto in A major, and on October 21, 1911, Liszt's Concerto in E-flat major. Among his compositions are a symphony, concert piece for piano and orchestra, pieces for piano, also for violin, male choruses, and over a hundred and fifty songs. He played here at a Kneisel Quartet concert on March 14, 1916 (Ravel's Trio in A minor).

HANDEL'S CONCERTO WINS WARM APPLAUSE

Excerpt — *Apr. 3, 1920*
Wagner, Saint-Saens and
Smetana Also at Symphony

The feature of yesterday's symphony concert turned out to be a remarkably fine performance of Handel's Concerto Grosso in D major, for string orchestra, in which the four solo parts were taken by Messrs Theodorowicz and Hoffmann, violins; Mr Denayer, viola, and Mr Bedetti, cello. They thoroughly deserved the applause which compelled them to rise and bow acknowledgement. Each is a virtuoso more admirable than most of the much advertised recital givers.

The number of strings is still somewhat less than the full quota, but the quality of their playing is wholly admirable. The volume of tone is not noticeably less than normal, and its richness and smoothness could hardly be improved upon.

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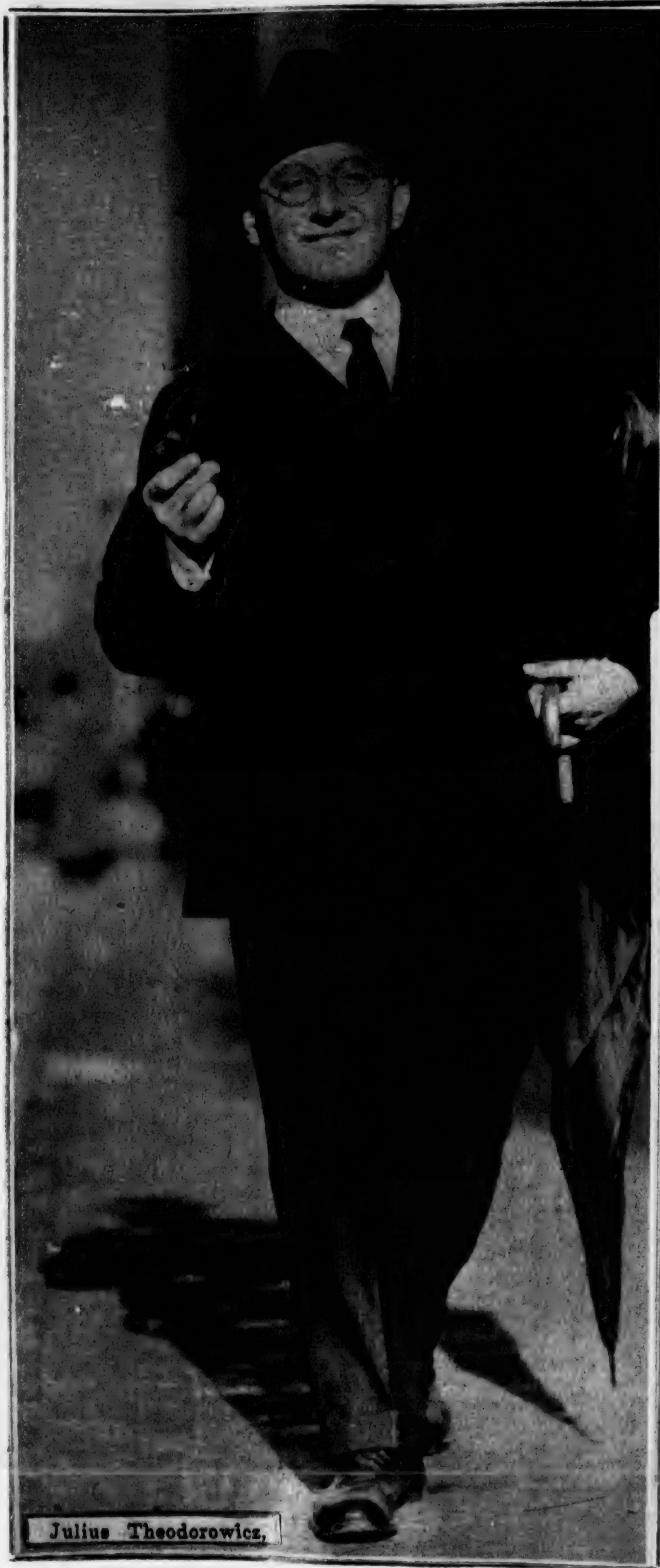
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Mr Monteux's interpretation of the prelude to "Parsifal" lacks the massive solidity of Dr Muck's. Monteux makes the rhythm more restless and the motives ejaculatory outbursts. His is romantic Wagner where Muck's was classic in its poised and balanced power.

Rudolph Ganz gave a meticulous performance of the solo part in Saint-Saens' Fifth Piano Concerto. His playing suited the music, which is well made without being either dull or deep. The slow movement, with its rather conventionally exotic coloring, and the finale, which probably recalled "jazz" to more than one listener by its clever syncopated rhythms, gave especial pleasure, to judge by the volume of applause.

Smetana's overture to "The Bartered Bride" has long been a show piece with the Symphony Orchestra. Yesterday's performance was spirited, but less flawlessly finished than some we have heard in former years. The music begins to show signs of age, as minor masterpieces have a way of doing when the fashions of the generation in which they gained their vogue are outmoded.

This program will be repeated tonight at 8. The concerts next week bring a Concertante Symphony by Mozart; the first performance here of Dukas' overture to "Polyeucte"; a revival of Ravel's "Mother Goose" and the first performance at these concerts of dances from Borodin's opera, "Prince Igor."



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The number of strings is still somewhat less than the full quota, but the quality of their playing is wholly admirable. The volume of tone is not noticeably less than normal, and its richness and smoothness could hardly be improved upon.

The majestic sonority of Handel's music is the feature of it which always impresses the average listener and performer; yet, as Rolland argues in his

life of the composer, its lightness and delicacy are often hardly less striking. Yesterday the fleetness and grace of the presto were as artistically conveyed to the listener, as was the grave and noble dignity of the Largo.

Mr Monteux's interpretation of the prelude to "Parsifal" lacks the massive solidity of Dr Muck's. Monteux makes the rhythm more restless and the motives ejaculatory outbursts. His is romantic Wagner where Muck's was classic in its poised and balanced power.

Rudolph Ganz gave a meticulous performance of the solo part in Saint-Saens' Fifth Piano Concerto. His playing suited the music, which is well made without being either dull or deep. The slow movement, with its rather conventionally exotic coloring, and the finale, which probably recalled "jazz" to more than one listener by its clever syncopated rhythms, gave especial pleasure, to judge by the volume of applause.

Smetana's overture to "The Bartered Bride" has long been a show piece with the Symphony Orchestra. Yesterday's performance was spirited, but less flawlessly finished than some we have heard in former years. The music begins to show signs of age, as minor masterpieces have a way of doing when the fashions of the generation in which they gained their vogue are outmoded.

This program will be repeated tonight at 8. The concerts next week bring a Concertante Symphony by Mozart; the first performance here of Dukas' overture to "Polyeucte"; a revival of Ravel's "Mother Goose" and the first performance at these concerts of dances from Borodin's opera, "Prince Igor."

performance by pianist and orchestra. A stirring reading of Smetana's ever-welcome overture, a performance that in its brilliance and speed did not lose in clearness and precision, brought to an end one of the most memorable concerts of the season.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Mozart, Concertante Symphonie for Violin and Viola (Messrs. Theodorowicz and Denayer); Dukas, Overture to "Polyeucte" (first time at these concerts); Raval, "Ma Mere l'Oye," five children's pieces; Borodin, Polovtskian Dances from "Prince Igor," act II (first time at these concerts).

SYMPHONY REVELS IN VIRTUOSITY

Post — Apr. 3, 1920
Orchestra and Mr.
Ganz Display Great
Powers

BY OLIN DOWNES

The concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was undoubtedly one of the most brilliant of the season. In response, perhaps, to rumors that the Boston Symphony, owing to the strike of certain members, was practically without a string division, the opening number on the programme was Handel's fifth "Concerto grosso," for strings alone, with Messrs. Theodorowicz, concertmaster; J. Hoffmann, second concertmaster; F. Denayer, first viola, and J. Bedetti, first 'cellist, as players of the solo passages. Seldom has the string division of this orchestra been heard to better advantage.

IN PRE-STRIKE FORM

The majestic introduction was played with the most imposing sonority and vibrancy of tone, and the fugue which follows was characterized by the utmost clearness of the parts and the finest rhythmic precision. In the Largo, and the trio of the Menuet, the players showed their skill in cantalena. Solo players and ensemble distinguished themselves. It is not astonishing that Mr. Monteux could accomplish all this with his players, for he is a very serious student of old as well as new music, and was himself, for many years, a viola player of attainments. But it may have served to answer conclusively, the rumor concerning a lack of strings in the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The orchestra of last week, augmented by some of the recent strikers who have resigned from the musical union, and returned to the symphony, showed its capacities in other performances, for the full band, of Wagner's prelude to "Parsifal"; Saint-Saens piano concerto in F-major, too rarely played, and the sparkling overture to Smetana's "Bartered Bride," in which the strings had again their opportunity. Rudolph Ganz was the solo pianist.

Both Sublime and Vulgar

Either conditions of the moment were uncommonly propitious, or Mr. Ganz has grown substantially as an artist since last he played in Boston. He brought with him, in addition, an entertaining concerto, which is too little played. This fifth concerto of Saint-Saens has for its material a first movement, which is Saint-Saens in his conventionally glib vein; a second movement which must rank among the most picturesque and warmly imagined passages in his instrumental compositions, and a finale, flashy to the point of vulgarity, which nevertheless affords a marvellous display of virtuosity—if the pianist is equal, as Mr. Ganz was fully equal to the occasion.

The concerto, indeed, is the epitome of certain inconsistencies of matter and style, which students of Saint-Saens' music have often observed. There is the neat dove-tailing of the different portions of the first movement, the clear, polished style, the meaningless decorative quality which says nothing. Then there is the remarkable slow movement, an oriental rhapsody the middle section, of which is built on a Nubian love song heard by Saint-Saens as he went down the Nile in a dahabeeyah. Forthwith the composer paints a perfect picture of the orient, an orient to which he does full justice, leaving an impression so vivid, so beautiful, so genuinely of the east, that you will never forget it. (The editor of the programme book calls attention to the instrumentation of certain passages in this movement as compared with the instrumentation of the Nile music in

Verdi's Aida, and there is, indeed, striking similarity.)

In this slow movement the piano and orchestra are on a par. The one instrument is as important and as dramatic in expression as the other. Then what we? We have at first the most irritating music in the world, a theme as vulgar, as showy, as cheap as any that Saint-Saens has produced—fully as cheap, for example, as the theme of the last movement of the B-minor violin concerto. The fun comes in the development of this matter and in subsidiary themes which appear. The music is at times almost savage or barbaric; at other times, as at the beginning, it verges perilously on farce. The composer has his tongue in his cheek, and he wantonly offends our best people.

Mr. Ganz could hardly have improved on his performance. His tone was of the most beautiful quality in singing passages. He had incomparable strength and velocity when required. He entered thoroughly into the spirit of every measure. His playing of the slow movement will linger long in the memory because of its dramatic eloquence, its sensuous appeal.

His performance of the finale was simply breath-taking, for its authority, its sureness and grip, as for the headlong pace of the entire movement. There are many—we are among them—who think the occasion very exceptional when the performance of a soloist does not mar the effect of an orchestral programme, especially when that orchestra is the Boston Symphony. When a virtuoso does appear, he should do so either as the player of a work in which the piano is employed orchestrally, or else as a virtuoso who exhilarates everyone by his personality and the excitement of his playing.

Taking ground yesterday in the latter class, Mr. Ganz added to the pleasure and the thrill of an orchestral concert. It is needless to say that he was repeatedly recalled. So on several occasions was Mr. Monteux and the orchestra itself.

Apr. 3. Music in Boston 3.1920
Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The twentieth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on April 2 was as follows:

Handel, Concerto grosso in D major; Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal"; Saint-Saens, Pianoforte Concerto No. 5, Rudolph Ganz, soloist; Smetana, Overture to the "Sold Bride."

This program, although containing

no novelties, was so well selected and arranged, its contrasts were so artfully contrived and well balanced that it refreshed the listener. Handel, too long known only as the composer of the "Messiah," was again revealed to us as the master of pure form and noble melodic outline. How fresh and inspiring this concerto must have sounded to eighteenth century ears accustomed to the operatic trivialities of that day and how fresh and inspiring it sounded yesterday in comparison with the often forced and unnatural musical speech of the present day. It contains great thoughts said with a great and noble simplicity and was so played by Mr. Monteux. The fifth concerto of Saint-Saens is among the few interesting modern compositions for piano and orchestra. The orchestral portion of the work is important but never overshadows the piano part, while this latter never degenerates into a mere display of passage work. The second movement, an oriental rhapsody, is by far the finest of the three, and it is certainly one of the composer's most original inspirations. Its orientalism is not of the often too literal type favored by Rimsky-Korsakoff and other Russians. Its suggestiveness is brought about by the simplest means, much being left to the imagination. This movement was played by Mr. Ganz and the orchestra with the spontaneous abandon of an improvisation. In the past Mr. Ganz has often played with a depressing coldness. Not so on yesterday afternoon, when he played not only with his familiar and accustomed virtuosity (truly remarkable in the final movement), but also with an added grace and delicacy of touch and sentiment altogether satisfactory. Was he not, perhaps, given additional inspiration by the orchestra, which accompanied him with such perfect understanding? The string section of the orchestra, now restored to almost full strength, played Handel's concerto grosso with fine tone and ensemble. Mr. Monteux led throughout the afternoon with his accustomed enthusiasm and the audience and orchestra responded in kind.

Steinway Pianoforte used

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Apr. 3, 1920
THE ORCHESTRA FILLED AND IN
FORM AGAIN

A Sufficient and Efficient String Choir
That Praises Mr. Monteux—The Fresh-
ness and Bigness of Haendel — More
Wagner, and a Moral — Saint-Saëns
Both Elegant and Exotic

SOONER than there was reason to expect, in better quality than there was reason, almost, to hope, Mr. Monteux has filled the chairs in the string choir left vacant by the recent secession from the Symphony Orchestra. Few anticipated the repairing of the gaps before the beginning, next autumn, of a new season. Yet within a month the conductor has restored the band to sufficiency and efficiency. The declimated strings now stand only a little short of full quota; the wood winds and the horns continue virtually intact; the trumpets and the trombones have regained familiar strength. There is no lack, at need, of manipulators for the instruments of percussion. A player upon the tuba is much to be desired, a second harp would be useful; but for most practical purposes, the Symphony Orchestra flourishes again in full numbers. Were it not so, Mr. Monteux would hardly have included Ravel's exacting suite of tonal tales from "Mother Goose" in the concerts of next week or be meditating a repetition of his flaming version of Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony," as yet unheard by the audiences of Saturday. Upon the few programmes remaining he may now set what he will.

The restored orchestra is, moreover, a band of signal quality. No listener to the string choir in Sanders Theatre on Thursday evening, in Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, may plausibly doubt its virtue. At both concerts it was well tested. A Concerto Grosso of Händel—stripped and unsparing music—disclosed its sonority, plasticity and propulsive power, revealed its warmth and sensibility of tone. The Prelude to Wagner's opera, "Parsifal," proved its command of enriching, expressing and dramatizing voice. The Overture to Smetana's folk-opera, "The Bartered Bride," left no doubt of its keenness for pace, rhythm, climax. Since the best days of Dr. Muck, the string choir has not been—especially in the second violins—so full-bodied, warm-blooded and generally sensitive an instrument. Diligently Mr. Monteux has sifted the many applicants and finally chosen well from them. The woodwinds, of course, keep unique quality; the

brass, unless the listener questions the sharpness of French trumpets, do their office. Händel's Concerto, intermittent repository piece "at these concerts," has moved in no larger stride, sang in no more erudite voice. The Prelude to "Parsifal" has seldom seemed a more poignant music of anguish, aspiration, compassion, even if in the past it has been woven in more mystical glamours of tone. Smetana's Overture teemed with rhythmic life, snapped with lively modulation and sprightly contrast, needed only a little more burnishing of glint and sparkle. When the Symphony Orchestra plays, there is need no longer to make allowance for adverse conditions. Mr. Monteux's work and the new spirit in all the choirs—and in the audience too—have removed them. And that work the more praises him because he has done it unperturbed and undaunted, with endless pains and unrelaxing standards. Once more the quiet way to meet an emergency is—to meet it.

Both in Cambridge on Thursday and in Boston on Friday pieces and performance highly pleased the audience. Beyond peradventure the average twentieth-century ear hears eighteenth-century music gladly. It may be no more than superficial with Mozart because his infinite grace, flawless felicity and perfect plasticity are almost a sophistication in themselves. The interwoven splendors, the manifold and exhaustless creative passion of Bach may in measure baffle it. A high god, however human his momentary guise, has his remoteness. With Haydn and Händel, however, the listener of 1920 is on firm ground. The simplicity, the directness, the melodious sentiment, the springing vivacities, the transparent artistry and artlessness of Haydn make music in his ear. No less surely and delightedly he answers to the ample periods, the sonorous progress, the ordered and expansive vigors of the Händel of concertos, overtures and orchestral interludes. Every one of us in our hearts loves on occasion a stately, a ceremonious music. Our moderns may feign to write it when the occasion bids and the rules are handy, but by no more than half do they really believe in what they put to paper; whereas with Händel it was self-expression in a stimulating world.

To more sophisticated ears, there is a fascination, besides, in this music of dominant and vitalized line, of relatively naked tonal design. To conscious or unconscious surfeit our listening generation knows the harmonic luxuriance of Wagner, Strauss and their brood; the harmonic sharpness and subtlety of the children of light—and Paris. From Berlioz to Carpenter we have been titillated with timbres in endless gamut of color. Back we go to Händel in such a Concerto as that of yesterday and

to! there is only tonal line—yet how ample and supple, how energetic and diverse, striding the air, weaving patterns of sound upon it. These designs are spacious and stately; in large progress they take shape, round themselves; rhythm animates them; contrasts diversify them; sonorously the strands expand, entwine, mount, cumulate; creative power fashions and speeds them: the final impression is of stripped beauty—a music for the mind as well as for the senses. There is color in it also; for Ravel was not the first to set string timbre beside or against string timbre; or to offer the earliest divider of such a choir. Our moderns would be sumptuous or sinuous. For Händel the straightforward magnificence of a grand seigneur who made music as though he were hanging tapestries. No wonder these days hear him gladly.

Unless Mr. Monteux alters pending programmes, with the Prelude to "Parsifal," he ended for the year excerpts from Wagner's music-dramas. With reason he has restored them to the active repertory of the Symphony Concerts, wherein music is played to give pleasure and not to minister to prejudice. By many a sign his public hears them eagerly, especially when he is as eloquent with them as he was with this very Prelude, with the Prelude to "Lohengrin" a week ago, the Prelude to "Tristan" upon a Thursday in Cambridge, the final scene of "The Gleaming of the Gods" when Mme. Matzenauer sang with the orchestra. Some, hearing this music, no doubt rejoice inwardly that Wagner happened to be a German composer only forty years removed from our immediate time. Others hearing it, repine and rail outwardly at that same inexorable fact. Meanwhile, ninety-nine out of every hundred listeners are taking not a thought of Wagner's nationality and care not half a pin for him otherwise than as maker of music. Enough that in tones he stirs, illudes, pleasures, transports them; that changeless in his operas dwell a lasting power, an enduring beauty.

The truth is that in concert-hall or opera-house listeners and composers are thorough-going individualists. It is an excellent thing that Mr. Carpenter, for example, happens to be an American and that clear American impulses prompt some of his music; but what would such birth, residence and predilection profit him were he mediocre of imagination and skill? Being French, Debussy is counted among the artistic glories of France, but his music is what he himself out of mind and spirit

—and only incidentally out of accidental circumstance—made it. Because Debussy was Debussy, and not because he was a French citizen, is it both unique and universal. So equally with the listener. He may find Mr. Carpenter's music boresome, prefer Dvorák's to it and yet remain 114 per cent American. He may rail at Debussy with the senile fury of Saint-Saëns and still dwell within the union sacrée of French citizenry. As with Debussy, so with Wagner. His music also is unique and universal, not because he was German, but because he was himself. As individually, and with no other sensation, the listener receives a personal pleasure and stimulation. There is no more to be said—unless it be that by like title and as like source of pleasure, the Strauss of "Don Juan," "Eulenspiegel" and "Death and Transfiguration" will as surely and speedily return to American concert-rooms.

This same Saint-Saëns, not as querulous raller in print, but as expert artificer in tones provided the fourth piece of the day—his Concerto in F major for piano and orchestra, the Concerto with which he rounded half a century as pianist and that hearers best remember from a singular middle movement. This Andante begins with whirling and acrid measures, not without Oriental dissonances; it calms into a thin, piercing, reiterating Nubian love-song that Saint-Saëns happened to hear upon the Nile. There is more Oriental dissonance; subdued, the wild measures of the beginning return. It is as though the composer had flung into his Concerto a semi-tropical rhapsody, brief and graphic. The rest is the Saint-Saëns of familiar dexterity, who makes a finale sound and glitter and race almost out of nothing, who leads fancy and form hand in hand through a first movement, who is equally happy in crisp "passage-work" to display the pianist and in crystalline melody of cool sentiment. Saint-Saëns elegant, exotic, entertaining—and the Concerto has run its course. Mr. Ganz, not too often heard in Boston, played the solo part, played it—with one reserve—in the very image of the music. Over-much, as it seemed, he urged the pace in the first movement and even in the finale; but otherwise he was as lucid and brittle, as elegant or exotic as Saint-Saëns himself. Music of poetry and passion used sometimes to betray him into hardness and exaggerated stress. In music of artifice, even when he pushes the pace, his poise is pleasure.

H. T. PARKER

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte

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SANDERS THEATRE . . CAMBRIDGE

SEVENTH CONCERT

Thursday Evening, April 1, 1920

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SOLOIST

ALBERT STOESSEL

VIOLIN

Tickets at Kent's University Bookstore, Harvard Square, Cambridge

20-11
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WELL ON THE WAY TO NORMAL
COURSE

Trans. — Apr. 2, 1920
The Symphony Orchestra Heard, Nearly
as Usual, in Cambridge—Mr. Stoessel
Plays Brahms's Violin Concerto—Edwin
Hughes, Pianist with Limitations—Mr.
Longy to Disinter Fanelli — The Next
Bach Festival

POSSIBLY the audience at the Symphony Concert in Cambridge, last evening, believed that the orchestra had so far conquered its recent plight as to need no further encouragement to fortitude. There was reason for such notion, inasmuch as the band, sitting upon the stage of Sanders Theatre, seemed as numerous as it ever is on the further bank of the Charles. True, before and after the playing of Brahms's Concerto for violin, there were shiftings enough from chair to chair in the string choir to suggest that it is not yet quite normal when it must undertake, at short notice, a "repertory piece." On the other hand, Mr. Monteux's violins, violas, violoncellos and basses are now in sufficient force and practice to achieve a full-voiced and warm-blooded performance of a striding Concerto Grosso by Händel; while throughout the evening, there was but one obvious slip among the newcomers—not, as it happened in the freshly recruited strings, but in the brass at an entrance in the prelude to "Parsifal." Otherwise all concerned and all that befell seemed quite normal, even to the hearty applause that is the habit of this audience at Cambridge. Perhaps, it could not have swelled its clapping if it would; yet, when the players upon the wind and the brass instruments came to the stage in the pause after Händel's Concerto, much more than the usual ripple of hands greeted them. By so much at least, the listeners remembered recent incidents; while they can take thought of the future as well as the past, if they are minded to write signatures on a slip in the programme-book inviting them to contributions to the endowment fund. Within and without the "university circle," Cambridge would miss these Symphony Concerts, did an untoward fate overtake the orchestra. As it happens, also, under precedent set by Mr. Higginson, it is asked to pay less for them than any other occasional public of the band. No doubt it remembers recent

incidents—only, moreover, in its own theatre—but last evening, it seemed to believe that peace and plenty were already reestablished. In a sense they are; but by no means have the secession and the consequences of the secession altogether vanished.

Mr. Monteux took his courage in his hands when he set the string choir to a Concerto by Händel within the wooden walls of Sanders Theatre. Those walls are exceedingly resonant and, as always with eighteenth-century pieces, they disclosed every detail of the music—and also of the playing. Händel himself also wrote nakedly—patterns in tone for the patterns' sake before the days in which lush harmonies may opportunely swathe the composer's design or iridescent intricacies mist it. At every turn conductor and choir met well the test. Neither sonority nor incisiveness evaded them. The violins in particular sounded keen and bright; the violas were by no means the "noiseless tenor" of someone's scornful phrase; the darker strings, oftenest making backgrounds, were full-textured. So played the ample periods of the introduction strode; the patterning of the allegros had pith and point; the slow movement rose in large and flowing curve; the minuet kept its native state; the presto went unhurried and unblurred. By wise choice of pace, Mr. Monteux kept the music to intrinsic dignity; largely he rounded the aspiring phrases; eloquently, as Händel bid, choir answered choir. Ours are the days of pastels and etchings in tones. In these Concerti Grossi, Händel wove tapestries. So the conductor made the music sound. If the flowing finesse of certain ancient music sometimes eludes Mr. Monteux, the contrasting breadths and vigors of a Händel or a Rameau do not.

As resonant were the strings in the succeeding Prelude to "Parsifal," as sharp of accent when Wagner would have his music most anguished, as deep of tone when he answers despair with compassion. As to Händel's Concerto, so is Sanders Theatre to this Prelude—the place above all others hereabouts in which to hear it. For when Wagner in relative old age would write preface and epitome to his final opera, he also put to paper a naked, simplified, concentrated music, distilling and isolating to his purpose his spacious range of means. He strips agony; he unveils mercy; he summons spiritual pomps; he opens celestial vistas. No music that he has written better gains the imagined, the impressive ends. None is freer from tonal rhetoric or mere romantic glamour. As he wrote, Mr. Monteux imparted; in no other fragment of Wagner has he

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been so eloquent; few heard without emotion. Last for one more test of the strings, the whipping rhythms, the whirling under-voices, the racing pace, the bright glints of Smetana's overture to his Czech opera, "The Bartered Bride." Again they and the music fared well—if not quite to the perfection that haunts virtuosos conductors.

Between the two Preludes stood Brahms's Concerto for violin with Albert Stoessel to play the solo-part. Boston knew him first as youthful and able violinist driven by the war from studies in Berlin. Then he vanished into the St. Louis Orchestra and thereafter into the American Expeditionary Force. Now he has returned ripened—perhaps the more for war-time experiences. His tone is deeper, smoother, richer and at need more incisive. His intelligence reads the music in hand clearly—even when contours are as intricate and contents as abstruse as Brahms in this Concerto chose to make them. Securely he played it—with the mingling of confidence and of warmth that is justice to Brahms's voice and style. He caught the nervous energy, the opening vistas of the first movement, the dusky beauty of the adagio, the tempered vigors of the finale. Once more the Concerto—spacious, poised, close knit, at once reflective and expansive—sounded as a man's music for men; while man-fashion Mr. Stoessel played it.
H. T. P.

Items and Incidents *Trans. Apr. 5/20*

The seceders from the Symphony Orchestra drew only a few hundred listeners to their concert in the Colonial Theatre last evening—for the most part, as the applause seemed to indicate, the "personal following" of Mr. Fradkin. The seceders were variously reinforced into a workable orchestra; Mr. Mollenhauer led it; the violinist played several numbers. There was every effort to keep up appearances, but the atmosphere of the occasion was cheerless. Scarcely one of the anticipations of the seceders has been fulfilled. The Symphony Concerts go their way better supported than they have been for several years; the orchestra has been already restored to sufficient numbers, with every sign that by autumn the ranks will be full again. Nobody has come or is likely to come to the rescue of the seceders. Even their fellow-unionists show little interest in them. Their only recourse now seems either return to the orchestra, for as many as it may receive again, or search for jobs elsewhere. Even these, the seceders are discovering, are not too many.

ORCHESTRA AND UNION

To the Editor of the Boston Herald:

For 20 years prior to 1911 the writer, as the most active trustee of the Chicago (Theodore Thomas) orchestra, was confronted with the problem of art vs. trades-unionism that now presents itself in acute form to the trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Carl E. Gardner—one of the recently unionized musicians of the latter—in a letter printed in last Sunday's Herald—so frankly voices the perfectly selfish motive underlying what is euphemistically called "collective bargaining," as to deserve more than passing notice. May I review the situation in the light of past experience, in your valued columns?

The Boston Orchestra, as every one knows, is a great art institution, supported at heavy cost for many years by Maj. Higginson and his successors, not for profit but for the sake of better music than is consistent with profit. They have privately and unostentatiously made up from year to year the heavy deficits created by paying salaries high enough and for a season long enough to secure the best musicians in the world, using most of their time in rehearsals that bring perfection but no money. The very limited Boston public, say 10,000 persons, that appreciate such music—a number exceeded nowhere in the world, save perhaps in New York—has slowly been educated upwards, at the expense of the generous gentlemen referred to, to a scale of box-office prices still moderate in comparison with those of so-called high-grade "amusements" conducted for profit—that is, whose personnel give most of their time to pay performance, and little to preparation. Neither Boston nor any other city anywhere, to my knowledge, has yet developed an audience of connoisseurs that value symphonic concerts, large enough, rich enough and devoted enough to pay, rather than lose them, such box-office prices as to make them self-supporting.

Without knowing details, I conjecture that, after the strain of war conditions and antagonism to Dr. Muck, and consequent reorganization, the trustees hesitate to raise box-office prices to well-to-do patrons; and are still more reluctant to raise them to those poorer but not less ardent music lovers, who wait patiently in line on Huntington avenue for the low-priced gallery seats. I cannot doubt that the trustees have well understood that rising cost of living would force the musicians to ask higher salaries; and have looked forward with a sigh, but with unshaken determination to "carry on," to an increasing deficit—to be borne by themselves and their associates, or in part distributed over box-office

prices, to such extent as the public would bear. Substantially the same situation exists in all other cities that support Symphony Orchestras.

Turning now to the musicians, those of the great American orchestras, especially of Boston and Chicago, are the aristocrats of their profession; drawing the highest pay, for the most congenial work, under the most dignified and agreeable conditions. The Boston Orchestra, alone among the great orchestras, has been for many years strictly "non-union." That fact practically shuts its members out of playing other engagements; since union musicians (who fill most theatres and other orchestras) may not play with non-union men. The other symphony orchestras, all of whose men are unionized, give six or seven months' engagements; after which the men pick up summer and other jobs where they can, to make out a year's income—the bulk of which must come from the concert season. Most of them earn something also teaching, in off hours. The Boston Orchestra, to make up for summer jobs not open to non-union men, pays its men the whole year round; playing Pop and other engagements for that purpose. This steady work during the year, and the pleasure and prestige of membership in so famous an organization, makes it highly attractive to ambitious young artists at home and abroad.

It is and long will be necessary to seek abroad as well as at home for players of the attainments required by the Boston and one or two other of the great American Orchestras. Even the world supply of such men is limited; and the United States are particularly handicapped by one of organized-labor's ingenious procurements—the United States contract-labor law—which forbids an immigrant who contracts to come over the practice of his vocation until six months after his arrival in this country. This constitutes the little joker in Mr. Carl Gardner's letter in Sunday's Herald, where he camouflages "a 100 per cent. American movement"—which is, that American art, like American industry, must put up with such talent, good, bad or indifferent, as American organized-labor chooses to permit amongst us. Though able and willing to pay for the best, America must go without, for the benefit of the second, or third, or tenth best; just as it has of late gone without sugar, bought away from us by countries far less able to pay for it, because Congress for somebody's benefit blocked the course of trade.

Very naturally, organized labor, just as it was bound to unionize the Steel Corporation, has long been determined to unionize the Boston Orchestra, which had quietly gone its own free way to perhaps the greatest perfection in its chosen field attained anywhere. Recent rise in costs of living.

recent changes in direction and control, recent difficulty in adjusting income to outgo, have at last given the union organizers an opening. I imagine that the musicians have yielded to the standard argument of the organizers, which is always the same: "Here is a great business in full swing, with money taken in advance for concerts yet to be given. All you boys have to do is to join the union, stand together, and be ready to quit, all at once, and you have these trustees where you want them. You can rely on experienced leaders, backed by all the musicians in the United States to keep everybody away from this job. It is yours; and no one has any right to take it away from you. You can fix your own salaries, and if you don't like the conductor, or anybody or anything else you can fix that to suit yourselves also. The guarantors and most of the season subscribers are rich people, who have been exploiting you right along. It is all right to hold them up for a thousand a year for each man. You owe nobody any gratitude or loyalty except yourselves. This talk of art is all bunk; what you want is money. Be men; and have something to say about your own job."

Well—"Labor" can lead the Boston horse to water, as the proverb says; but can it make her drink? Mr. Carl Gardner thinks it can, and some Boston policemen thought so—once; but the writer sincerely hopes and believes that that able animal will refuse a beverage containing even so little as one-half per cent. of the wood-alcohol of coercion and monopoly. Speaking of beverages, a sort of Boston (Symphony) Tea Party seems to him in order.

The trustees—like Major Higginson before them—are doing a great and purely altruistic thing, in maintaining an orchestra and musical standards of extraordinary perfection. They could not do so without offering the highest salaries and best conditions to the best men, in competition with other employers. That they did; and that both pay and conditions have been satisfactory to first rank men, their presence and work in the orchestra abundantly prove. It may further be taken for granted that, as men of heart and judgment, and constancy of purpose, the trustees will continue to offer such pay and conditions as will hereafter secure competent musicians, in competition with all other engagements. There need be no fear that they cannot get them! Though fine musicians are few, and first rank conductors still fewer, great orchestras, and such engagements as Boston offers—which are absolutely unique—are fewest of all. The trustees need be governed only by the law of supply and demand.

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musicians. Already, says Mr. Carl Gardner, the scouts for other orchestras are bidding for the Boston players. The famous orchestras were always gateways for young musicians to preferment in the minor ones—mere stepping stones in their careers; and so it should be. It is distinctly against their true interest that the unions should warn all union men away from the Boston job. Every good musician should be free to go after every good job in his own good time. As a matter of fact, good musicians have nothing to gain, while good art and orchestras have everything to lose, by establishing the "closed shop." Nothing is so deadly to art and ideality as the frank and brutal selfishness of trades unionism. Nothing so quickly kills that individual vitality, that elastic and instantly responsive ensemble, that are of the essence of perfection in orchestral work, as the union gospel that a man's job depends on his readiness to strike—not work; upon obedience to the whistle of the walking delegate—not the baton of the conductor.

I speak by the card; for during all my time with the Chicago Orchestra, it was constantly pulling against the drag of the local union; also Mr. Fradkin bears public witness today to the discord that has entered the Boston Orchestra, with the union, after years of harmony without it. Theodore Thomas originally unionized his orchestra—which we took over bodily—for the sole reason that it was a point of honor with him always to play music exactly as it was scored; never substituting one instrument in default of another. Travelling as he so often did in the South and West, far from where good musicians then grew, it was vital to him to be able in case of sickness or accident to pick up the best local musician to be found—union or not—who could take an empty chair on short notice. Thomas himself joined the union, and made his men do so; but he had a distinct understanding with its leaders that he would quit, and take his men with him en-masse, and never again employ a union man, the moment that the union should meddle with wages, discipline or personnel of his organization, or should attempt to prevent his sending abroad for a competent man, if unable to find one here at home. On one occasion he actually enjoined the union in the New York courts from ordering his men to break their contracts; after which they wisely let him alone.

Thomas had been a working musician. No man better loved and understood musicians than he did, or did more for his men; and when he died they knelt and prayed by his coffin with tears streaming down their faces. But he often said to me of them: "Musicians are not reasoning men; they are

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consideration, absolute justice, no
favoritism, firm discipline, are vital for
maintaining their morale; indulgence
spoils them." How often has experience
proved his words!
It does not appear from the news-
papers whether the Symphony men pro-
pose to strike at once, or to finish the
season according to their contracts. If
the latter, they are entirely within their
rights in quitting individually or collec-
tively, if in their judgment it will fur-
ther their several interests. Collective
action, however, either immediate or at
the end of the season, will be nothing
more or less than the stereotyped "hold-
up game" played by every trades-union,
intended to force the trustees to add a
flat \$1000 to every man's annual salary,
or else begin all over again to build a
great orchestra. If undertaken, it will
be a particularly stupid and condemn-
able attempt at such a hold-up: first,
because undeserved, and second, because
unnecessary. Not only have the men al-
ways enjoyed large pay and high con-
sideration at the expense of a few de-
voted workers for that art which every
good musician really loves; but they
have always been protected, and still
are, in their fortunate positions by that
same law of supply and demand which
alone created them. Trades unions found
no orchestras! If the musicians were
"reasoning men" instead of "emotional
children," they would recognize that
fact, respond to the generosity of the
Bostonians who have through long
years and at great cost made life pleas-
ant for them, and stand by the famous
institution which Mr. Carl Gardner says
their selfish union is sure so gaily to
destroy.
Well—destructive coercion must be
squarely met, in art as in industry,
by constructive resistance. The writ-
er, as a subscriber to the Sym-
phony concerts, would respectfully
urge the trustees to offer the mu-
sicians only such salary and conditions,
free from all compulsion, as they see
their way to provide. Should the men
strike, he would likewise urge all sea-
son subscribers to back up the trustees,
by accepting immediate termination of
the present season, waiving reimburse-
ment for concerts not given, and after
that by supporting the orchestra during
two or three years of reconstruction of
its personnel, should it take that long.
As Gov. Coolidge might say: "Have
faith in Boston—and the law of supply
and demand."
Other cities would be likely to follow
Boston in thus freeing, as in originally
establishing, their Symphony Orches-
tras. They must recognize also that art
and trades unionism have nothing in
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stituted CHARLES NORMAN FAY,
Cambridge, March 3.

Symphony Hall.

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Herald Apr. 10, 1920
Wide Range of Program
Suggests Varied Moods
and Memories

PIECES FROM DUKAS, MOZART AND RAVEL

By PHILIP HALE

The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Concertante Symphonie, for violin and viola (Mr. Theodorowicz, violin; Mr. Denayer, viola); Dukas, Overture to "Polyeucte" (first time at these concerts); Ravel, "Ma Mere l'Oye"; Borodin, Polovtskian Dances from "Prince Igor" (first time at these concerts).

Little is known about the origin of Mozart's composition. It is not known when or for whom it was written—when it was first performed. The original manuscript is probably not in existence. There was a performance of the first movement at a Symphony concert in 1892, when Mr. Loeffler played the violin and Mr. Kniesel the viola. The whole work was performed about five years ago, with Messrs. Witek and Ferrir violin and viola. The form is conventional, but the movements are of a broader nature, more developed than was customary at the time. The work can hardly be classed among the more important compositions of Mozart, yet it is clearly Mozartian, especially by the peculiar melancholy that characterizes the greater part of the andante. We say peculiar, for several composers were melancholy, each in his individual

way; each one differed from the others, as the stars, we are told, differ in glory. The melancholy of Mozart is unlike that of Schubert, but the two never whined, while Brahms and Tschalkowsky in doleful dumps were peculiarly hopeless. Brahms was inclined to whine and his melancholy was pessimistic. Tschalkowsky would now sigh like a furnace, now shriek in his despair. The melancholy of Mozart is more like the melancholy of the painter Watteau. The thought that life is fleeting, that beauty fades, inspired them to deeds of beauty. Mozart was of the 18th century and in that century passion in art, as we understand passion, was not admitted.

As the music was played yesterday by Messrs. Theodorowicz and Denayer, it gave the audience pleasure; yet we should not like to hear this work once a year. The form and the expression are foreign to this generation.

Dukas's overture was played at a concert of the Boston Orchestral Club, Mr. Longy conductor, 10 years ago. It is for Corneille's tragedy, on which operas have been based: Among them Donizetti's "Polluto" and Gounod's "Polyeucte." The latter failed; the former had more success; a duet of religious fervor in the last act often served in the fifties and sixties as a galop for profane dancers. The overture is hardly as austere as Corneille's tragedy, but it is by no means theatrical, as sometimes happens when a Frenchman writes music for a play by Racine or Corneille: witness Massenet's overture to "Phedre." Dukas's spirit is distinctly modern; there is no suggestion of Gluck; but this music is not feverish, and it is not without dignity. There are impressive pages: Among them the introduction, the music that might justly be associated with Pauline, and the quiet, serene apotheosis. The allegro sections, possibly referring to the conflict of two faiths, and the struggle between love and duty, are not so effective.

It was a pleasure to hear Ravel's "Mother Goose" again; to note the exquisite results derived from economy of means, also from the judicious and unerring employment of the modern full orchestra. There are touches of the humor that runs at full speed in the opera, "The Spanish Hour"; as in the fourth movement, "The Conversations of Beauty and the Beast." Charming, too, is the frequent suggestion of old modes and ancient cadences. In this music, when a wind instrument is at work, it has its own speech; it is not there merely to double another instrument, to fill in, to assist in a din. Ravel is too refined for such misuse; but he is

not super-remmed, as are some of his young imitators. He is the one composer to write a "unanimous" overture for the orchestra of ivory instruments that Jules Laforgue heard at the court of Herod before Salome bored the ambassadors by her profound essay on metaphysics.

In strong contrast with this delightful music was the splendid savagery of the dances from Borodin's opera. It is said that Rimsky-Korsakoff sandpapered the rough splendor of Moussorgsky's "Boris." The orchestration of Borodin's dances is wholly his; he emphasized the alternate oriental languor and ferocity. Nor does this music lose too much by its transference to the concert stage. In the concert hall, the attention is not distracted; the eye does not insist on the muffling of the ear.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Fidelio"—and concert No. 3 for piano (Alfred Cortot, pianist); Debussy, Fantasy for piano (Mr. Cortot)—first time in America; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Introduction and March from "The Golden Cockerel" (first time at these concerts).

NOVELTIES ON LIST BY SYMPHONY

Admirable Playing by
Soloists From the
Ranks

Post — Apr. 10, 1920
BY OLIN DOWNES

Echoes of the "strike" of certain players having receded in the distance and the Boston Symphony Orchestra assuming more and more nearly its proportions previous to that event, the concert of yesterday afternoon passed without sensations of a kind other than musical. Mr. Monteux was greeted with customary cordiality by the audience, but without the pro-

longed salute with which his hearers had shown their sympathy on a previous occasion. The orchestra gave performances with very nearly its full quota of players, including a new bass tuba player, so large that his gigantic instrument seemed almost small in his hands. The audience settled itself, forgetting the recent tempest in the teapot, to its wonted enjoyment of orchestral music.

SOLOISTS FROM ORCHESTRA

The programme opened with Mozart's Symphonie Concertante (Kochel No. 364) for violin and viola and orchestra. The violinist was Mr. Theodorowitz, the concertmaster, and the viola player the first violist, Mr. Denayer. This fluent, melodious work is genuinely in the manner of a symphony rather than a display piece for two soloists accompanied by an orchestra. It is more than fluent. It is of inspired craftsmanship. Even when Mozart does a routine job it has seldom the character of something laboriously, perfunctorily ground out. Rather the different themes and their development seem to be dovetailed together with almost miraculous ease; the form has the quality of predestination.

Therefore the first movement of this double concerto in the symphonic manner is beautiful and diverting, and the slow movement melodious, deeper and in every way finer music, while the finale seems somewhat conventional in its jollity. What seems strange is that Mozart, a man of dramatic temperament, of imagination when he wrote for orchestral instruments, should not have given to the viola and the violin more sharply individualized parts. The instruments play in unison or octave, in parallel consonant intervals, or they imitate each other precisely, first the violin playing a figure, then the viola, or vice versa, and sometimes with incongruous effects, for the nature of the two instruments is so very different, one from the other.

Brilliantly Played

This work was played brilliantly and in excellent style by the two soloists, and the orchestra collaborated in a manner equally fortunate. The music itself does not rank among Mozart's most important achievements.

Dukas' overture to Corneille's tragedy, "Polyeucte"; Ravel's orchestral version of his five children's pieces, "Mother Goose," and the Polovskian dances from Borodin's opera, "Prince Igor,"

completed this programme. Dukas' overture is in dignified and tragic vein, with more than a hint of the classic mood, while, on the other hand, there seems little melodic originality and more than a distant relation to certain orchestral tricks of Richard Wagner.

Ravel's Music Fascinating

Ravel's music becomes more fascinating with each hearing. The atmosphere throughout is that of fairy legend. The instrumental effects are of the most exquisite. In his musical invention Ravel may not be counted, perhaps, among the greatest composers of the modern period, but what modern composer can point to such an extraordinary variety and perfection of output? Consider these "Mother Goose" pieces, the string quartet, the "Spanish Rhapsody" for orchestra, the "Three Poems," after Stephen Mallarme; the one-act opera, "L'Heure Espagnole." Each one is completely different from the other and complete in its kind, yet at the same time each is stamped with the supreme mastery of means, the intellectual personality of its curiously gifted author. But the audience was not analyzing nor comparing one work of Ravel to the other as it listened yesterday. It was enjoying music of a bewitching grace, imagination, tenderness and humor—as in the movement, "The Conversation of Beauty and the Beast," wherein the motive of the Beauty has a sly reference to the opening phrase of Debussy's "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," and the music of the Beast is an extremely clever take-off of the "Gymnopédies" of Eric Satie, to whom both Debussy and Ravel have confessed indebtedness. Mr. Monteux's performance was most sympathetic, which was true of all the rest of the programme.

Borodin's Savage Dances

As a foil to this—the classicism of Mozart, the modernity and refinement of the modern French music—came Borodin's savage, barbaric dances—music to make the blood boil; primitive, eastern music, made of sighing phrases which alternate with whirling, clashing, primitive dance rhythms. And yet, with all its sensuousness and its headlong fury, this series of dances is written with the hand of a master who does not lose sight for an instant of his purpose. There are admirable development, masterly orchestration and the closest relation between all of the dances and the initial song of the instruments.

These dances are, in fact, free variation of the theme, and miracles of force, passion, genius. Of these dances, barring a detail or two, there was a superb performance.

SYMPHONY CONCERT Trans. — Apr. 10, 1920 TRANQUIL PLEASURES FILL AN AFTERNOON

Agreeable Sense of Emergency Passed and Conquered—Amiable and Characteristic Mozart—Ravel in Sophisticated Simplicity—Contrasting Pieces from Dukas, Christian and Borodin Pagan—The Orchestra Works Ably

TRANQUILLITY has returned to the Symphony Concerts. For the audiences of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening the zest of anxieties over the secession and real or imaginary consequences thereof has nearly vanished. The seceders have descended below the horizon, and there remains only an afterglow of speculation. Who of them wish to return to the orchestra? How many of them will be so reinstated? Where are the banished rest likely to find refuge? Gossip is plentiful, but now it is amused and inquisitive where once it was turbid and apprehensive. On the stage sits a re-filled orchestra, sufficient for any task Mr. Monteux may lay upon it. There are newcomers in it; remembered faces returned; familiar figures in unfamiliar place. The band, partially reorganized for the second time in two seasons, and beneficially cleared by the secession of sundry "deadwood," does its work well. As obviously it will do it better as it becomes more accustomed to its new self; more assimilated in routine; more instinctively responsive to the conductor. Mr. Monteux spares no pains. He is industry, ambition, discretion themselves. His choirs answer to him zealously. The emergency is past; the future stretches promisingly; the audience need but fill the usual places, as it did yesterday, and applaud with becoming and remembering warmth. Not even in the programme-book was there an unusual leaflet—not a word, contrary to recent practice, about the endowment fund; only an announcement that the new season of 1920-21 would begin on Oct. 8 and 9 next and that subscriptions are renewable for another series of twenty-four afternoon or evening concerts. Did any one, outside Mr. Fradkin and the editors of certain trade-journals in New York, doubt it?

In fine, there was nothing to do or say but take the pleasures of music and performance and these, again, were relatively tranquil. Especially were they so in the piece with which the concert began—a "Symphonie Concertante" by Mozart, that is to say a "symphonie" with more or less conspicuous solo-parts for violin and viola. Accordingly, Mr. Theodorowicz and Mr. Denayer rose from their usual places, stood side by side to the left of the conductor, received at pauses and at end their meed of particular applause. They deserved it; for the violinist accomplished his usual able and sound performance of whatever task falls to him; while the tone of the viola-player seemed less dry, warmer-bodied, more plastic than it did when he undertook the solo-part in Berlioz's symphony about Byron's Harold. The fine undulations of Mozart, an impersonal music, accord better with Mr. Denayer's ways and powers than the robust periods of a romantic piece. Occasionally, solo violin and solo viola interchange tonal dialogue; occasionally they speak together above the background of the rest; usually they merely blossom in individual measures into which Mozart has made the music bloom. So might the elegant companies of eighteenth-century salons, for which "symphonies concertantes" were destined, single out the virtuosi who particularly pleased them.

Advisedly, Mr. Monteux used a relatively small orchestra for this music—smaller, if memory does not slip, than that which Dr. Muck employed when he also revived it—not all the strings, no more than two horns and proportionate oboes. Furthermore, the conductor's hand was light, supple. Thereby the little symphony flowed pleasantly forward, kept undulating course, eddied into pretty euphonies, sang itself into phrases that human rather than instrumental, voices might be moulding. In music, as in much else, the eighteenth-century loved an elegant stateliness. Even Mozart, not altogether a conformist to the ways of his age, could be deferential to such liking. So the first movement of this "Symphonie Concertante" often runs in broad periods, incisive rhythms, forthright progress. There is even hint here and there of the Mozart who was later to write the measures of the Commander walking in marble across "Don Juan" and of Sarastro, the high priest, in "The Magic Flute." Few styles baffled his fecund many-sidedness; and he could be grave and stately without the hint of pomposity shaking too often out of Handel's full-bottomed wig. A more natural Mozart, however, sings his way through the perfect continuity of the Andante, weaving a silvery thread of song, spraying it with as silvery ornament, as effortless as though felicity were routine, charming with that half smile

which is mask to so much of his music. What a pity that there must also be a Finale in which, if the truth is to be told, Mozart is no more than deft, and somewhat repetitious, music-maker! Unfortunately it was not the way of the eighteenth century to leave things incomplete. Possibly, too, its little orchestra shades and grades where Mr. Monteux holds straightforward.

The rest was innings for the moderns—Dukas with an overture to Corneille's "Christian tragedy" of "Polyeucte"; Borodin with the contrastingly pagan dances of a tribe of Polovtsi—otherwise Tartars—in his opera of old and legendary Russia, "Prince Igor." Usually in the arts the pagans get the better of the Christians and the pages of Borodin, clothed in orchestral dress by Rimsky-Korsakov—once more wardrobe-mistress to a fellow-composer—were distinctly more interesting than the pages of Dukas. Yet not so interesting, in spite of Mr. Monteux's rhythmic energies as they seemed when the Diaghilev ballet—Bolm en tête—danced and pranced to them. The eye of the imagination would hark back to the deep red tents of Golovin's—or was it Röhrich's?—Tartar camp; to the wan, rolling landscape, the twisting river that stretched behind. As the ear tingled to the music, the more memory hungered for sight of the whirling or languorous dancers, for their tossing or spinning lines, whipping now one and now another into fresh frenzies; for a glimpse of the Polovtsian women snatched and upborne by their masters, the men. A play—it is the custom to say—is not half itself until it is acted. Similarly these dances from "Prince Igor" are not half themselves until they are actually danced. There is no suggestion of out-of-doors in Symphony Hall; there was not too much in the Russian ballet's staging of these dances. Yet somehow they sound as though they belonged under the sky, on a wind-swept day, in a tumultuous camp. Barbaric Borodin is not with the glinting, clanging fantasy of Rimsky in "The Golden Cockerel," or Stravinsky in episodes in "The Fire-Bird"; but more than they he feels the spaciousness, the rudeness that ancient Russian legend may exhale. The very woodenness of some of his measures in these dances from "Prince Igor" resembles it.

Dukas's Christian martyrs in tones, set there in his younger days, are hardly more interesting than Corneille's in verse; and there are those who have sat before his tragedy at the Théâtre-Français when not even Mounet-Sully or Albert Lambert or Madeleine Roch herself could persuade them to turn a hair. Not that Dukas seeks to retell the tale, to characterize the per-

sonages of the play—Corneille's stiff-jointed, lofty-tongued Romans, beset between religious, conjugal and amorous loyalties. Rather the composer seems to be fashioning a well-made piece of music that shall be atmospheric and illuding prelude to the tragedy. There is grave, even lofty beginning; sombre, struggling measures as of emotional conflict and desolation; measures, finally, of tempered aspiration, serene exaltation. Dukas is apparently cultivating the grand manner—and gaining it but dryly; courting a classic reticence—and saying too little to be impressive. But his motifs are workable; his craftsmanship serves. He is as respectable as a Sunday evening audience before "Polyeucte" at the Comédie—and nearly as commonplace. Better twenty times, the sharp humors of his "Sorcerer's Apprentice," the imaginative fantasy of his "Péri"; the symphonic passion, so to say, of scenes in his "Ariane."

Between Dukas and Borodin, a familiar Ravel—the Ravel of the five fairy-tales that he is pleased to call "Pièces Enfantines" and to attribute to a Gallic Mother Goose, shamelessly un-Anglo-Saxon. They are of the miniatures of music, nearly flawless in kind and quality, wrought with adeptly sophisticated means to transparent simplicity of outcome. Twenty measures of the Pavane of the Sleeping Beauty and the hearer knows that she was a stately princess, wistful, remote, under fairy enchantment. A few pages more and "Hop o' My Thumb" is lost in the woods, childishly dazed, pitiful—and a bird dares twitter carelessly. Another turn of the leaves and all the Pagodes and Pagodines (as the seventeenth century called little porcelain figures of fairy-tale) are wagging tiny little heads and marching in nodding ranks upon their tiny toes—genre picture in humorous, titillating perfection, albeit somewhat heavily and emphatically played. A space further and Beauty is cajoling in the clarinet and Beast grunting in the double bassoon. "Come, dear Beast, you shall live to be my husband"; and they fade into mist upon Ravel's languorous waltz. And last, as for the lowering of a multi-colored, iridescent curtain, the music of the Fairy Garden. Throughout Ravel is as adroit of means as he is precise of imagination. It is hard to remember more artful and ingenious, more fanciful and pictorial miniatures in music. If only miniatures, there or anywhere else, did not cloy so soon. . . . but Ravel is shrewdly brief.

H. T. PARKER

SYMPHONY GIVES FINE PROGRAM

The Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, gave its 21st concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The

program: Mozart, Concertante Symphonie, for violin and viola (Mr. Theodorowicz, violin; Mr. Denayer, viola); Dukas, Overture to "Polyeucte" (first time at these concerts); Ravel, "Ma Mere l'Oye"; Borodin, Polovtskian Dances from "Prince Igor" (first time at these concerts).

Mozart's Concertante Symphonie, although beautifully played by Mr. Theodorowicz and Mr. Denayer, is rather uninteresting music; at least it seems so today, from the modern point of view. "Polyeucte," overture to Corneille's Tragedy, was an interesting contrast. Here is modern music, in the sense that Puccini's music is modern. Gounod wrote an opera "Polyeucte" based on Corneille's Tragedy which was a failure. He spoke of it to Brieux, the dramatist, as "the great grief of my life. Believe me," he said, "it is my best work for the opera house. When I am dead, this will be seen. I have had a great grief."

The five "Mother Goose" pieces by Ravel, including "Hop o' My Thumb" and the "Beauty and the Beast Converse" are delightful, brimming over with delicious humor, as witness the abrupt change from the delicate music, in which Beauty speaks, to the rumbling bassoon of the Beast. And then Hop o' My Thumb cannot find his path, because the birds have eaten the bread crumbs he had strewn, the cheeping of the little birds is piped out from the orchestra. We have seldom heard music more imaginative.

The dances from "Prince Igor" were, however, the most brilliant part of the performance. Savage, crashing, vivid music; its playing by the orchestra was a triumph. *Transfer Apr. 10, 1920*

MONTEUX SHINES IN BORODIN'S BALLET

Score — Apr. 10, 1920

All-Round Program Given at Symphony Concert

The program for yesterday's Symphony concert managed to cover almost the whole range of orchestral music. It began with the Concertante Symphonie for violin and viola of Mozart, and followed that classic with an unfamiliar overture by Dukas, which represents the routine work of the 1890's. Then came Ravel's "Mother Goose," an average specimen of contemporary composition, and some bal-

let music from Borodin's "Prince Igor," a stock example of Russian music.

The orchestra, now recruited to nearly its full strength, proved able to cope admirably with each number, as though the recent trouble had never happened. The usual capacity audience seemed appreciative, especially of the admirable solo work of Messrs Theodorowicz and Denayer in the Mozart Symphony.

Mr Monteux excels as a conductor of ballet music. In the dances from "Prince Igor" he chose the tempi best suited to each number and stressed the recurring strong accents with a regularity which avoided mechanical monotony. He made the orchestral tone color, on which half the charm of the music depends, brilliant by his intelligent, almost unerring, feeling for the right moment at which to allow the brass and percussion to dominate.

The virtues which enable him to succeed so well with such numbers, however, are not all that Mozart requires. Much of the Concertante Symphonie, except in the solo passages, sounded dull and colorless because Mr Monteux does not pay sufficient attention to the gradation of accents. There should be comparatively few very strong accents and no unaccented notes in Mozart, but Mr Monteux has only one sort of subtlety, that required for ballet music.

Nor does he seem to realize that the quality of tone, especially from the strings, should never be luscious in Mozart symphonies. Where the type of melody demands a thin golden thread of tone, he insists on warmth at the expense of fineness of quality.

Dukas in the Overture to "Polyeucte" shows a logical mind trained in the principles of musical composition as understood by theorists influenced by Wagner and Berlioz. He is trying to be original and profound, but barely escapes dullness through his fineness of taste rather than through any great imaginative gift.

Ravel is a composer who has made irony and satire his forte. He has great talent and a knack for whimsical orchestration which enable him to make a slender vein of genuine imaginative power go a long way. He disguises the essential triviality and cheapness of most of his melodies by a clever use of ultra modern harmonic and orchestral effects. But "Mother Goose," "L'Heure Espagnole" and the rest of his few works are merely brilliant and entertaining "jeux d'esprit," as he himself is apparently aware. They are not to be compared with the masterpieces of Debussy and Scriabin.

This program will be repeated tonight at 8. Next week Alfred Cortot is to play the solo part in Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto and in Debussy's Fantasy for piano and orchestra. The other numbers are Beethoven's Overture to "Fidelio" and excerpts from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Coq d'Or."

April Music in Boston 10. 1920

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its twenty-first concert of the present

season on April 9 with the following program:

Mozart, Symphonie concertante for Violin and Viola. (Violin solo, J. Theodorowicz, Viol solo, F. Denayer).

Dukas.....Overture, "Polyeucte"
Ravel....."Ma Mère l'Oye"
Borodin, Polovtskiav, Dances from "Prince Igor"

Dukas' overture was played for the first time at these concerts. It recalls a story, told the writer by a well-known Boston musician, of a friend of his Leipzig student days who had composed an overture to "Hamlet." When it was presented for performance at the annual exhibition of the Conservatory, Reinecke remarked that he had already accepted another "Hamlet" overture, whereupon the resourceful composer promptly erased the title "Hamlet" from his score and substituted therefor "Julius Cæsar," which appears to have answered the purpose equally well. And so with this overture, which might prelude any tragedy. We know that it is intended to be a tragic overture, for do we not hear muted horns, cries of anguish from the wood-wind and heart-rending phrases from the strings? It may be surmised from the foregoing that there is little of distinction in this overture, which indeed seems to be the case. Massenet's "Phèdre," frankly melodramatic, undoubtedly inferior musically to "Polyeucte," is far more moving and emotionally exciting.

Ravel's suite of five children's pieces is not unknown here but proves to be a fresh and ever grateful work. Its graphic descriptions of Hop-r'-my-Thumb, Beauty and the Beast, the Sleeping Beauty, the Empress of the Pagodas and the Fairy Garden are still as charming and delightful as at the time of their first hearing. The orchestra played them with the greatest delicacy of tone and phrasing. Mozart's Symphonie concertante cannot be said to be one of his most interesting works. It served, however, to display the excellent qualities of the two soloists, who were warmly applauded. Borodin's ballet music brought the concert to a brilliant close.

SYMPHONY HALL

40th Season

1920-1921

24 FRIDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS
24 SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS
BEGINNING OCTOBER 8-9, 1920

BY THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

WITH DISTINGUISHED SOLOISTS

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

This year's subscribers for the series of 24 Friday afternoon and 24 Saturday evening concerts have an option until May 1 to retain their seats for the following season of 1920-21.

Subscription notices, containing cards and envelopes for reply, have been mailed all present subscribers. A prompt reply will be much appreciated.

Meanwhile, application may be made for additional seats by present subscribers or by those who wish to become subscribers. These applications will be filed in order of receipt and seats allotted as near the desired location as possible shortly after May 1.

Address all communications to

W. H. BRENNAN, Manager
Symphony Hall, Boston

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919--20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

TWENTY-SECOND PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 16, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, AT 8 P. M.

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to "Fidelio," op. 72

BEETHOVEN,

CONCERTO No. 3, in C minor, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, op. 37

- I. Allegro con brio
- II. Largo
- III. Rondo Allegro

DEBUSSY,

FANTASY for Pianoforte and Orchestra

- I. Andante ma non troppo; Allegro giusto
 - II. Lento e molto espressivo; Allegro molto
- (First performance in America)

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF,

EXCERPTS from "Le Coq d'Or." ("The Golden Cock")

- a) Introduction
- b) March

[First time at these Concerts]

Soloist:

ALFRED CORTOT

Steinway Pianoforte used

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after Beethoven's Concerto



Alfred Cortot, Pianist.

22D CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald — *Apr. 17, 1920*
Interpretative Power of
Orchestra Impresses
Audience

MR. CORTOT AT PIANO SHARES APPLAUSE

By PHILIP HALE

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Fidello" and Piano Concerto, C minor, No. 3; Debussy, Fantasy for piano and orchestra (first time in America); Rimsky-Korsakoff, Introduction and march from "Le Coq d'Or" (first time at these concerts). Alfred Cortot was the pianist.

The overture to "Fidello" is usually played at performances of the opera in Germany, probably because it is the most non-committal of the five that Beethoven wrote. (The one intended for Prague disappeared.) There is nothing in the "Fidello" overture that can lessen the effect of the opera itself. While the whole drama is in the "Leonore" No. 3 and even in the "Leonore" No. 2, some will agree to Vincent d'Indy's saying that "Leonore" No. 3 is a more dramatic and greater work than the opera that follows. The "Fidello" overture might be for any opera of a conventional nature without a tragic subject. It might even serve for a light opera of the better class. Did Beethoven purposely write it in this vein, without reference to Florestan, the prison, the jailer digging the grave, the arrival of the governor with Pizarro thwarted by the heroic wife, so that the one great and only dramatic scene in the opera might not be anticipated?

Strange to say, Beethoven's third concerto had been played at the Symphony concerts only twice. As it was per-

formed yesterday it seemed a more engrossing and romantic composition than the two later concertos, although it was written in 1800. In the first movement the influence of Mozart is felt, but there is a depth of sentiment in the largo, a playful, whimsical spirit in the finale peculiar to Beethoven.

Or was this impression due to the extraordinary merit of the performance by the pianist and the orchestra? It is not easy to speak in measured terms of Mr. Cortot's interpretation. We have heard many pianists beginning with Rubenstein, Buelow, men and women of their period; famous pianists who were said by their audiences to excel in the performance of Beethoven's music. Their interpretations were described as dignified, profound, noble, classic, (as if Beethoven was not in his early maturity a romanticist), noble, sublime. They were admirable, each in its own way, yet having in the course of the years almost come to the conclusion that the piano is not a musical instrument in the highest sense of the word "musical", we are ready to cry "Peccavi" when a pianist like Mr. Cortot revealed the strength and the beauty of a great work and displays the qualities that characterize the great pianist-musician. To dwell on the nature of his interpretation; to analyze; to hunt for the fitting superlatives and purple phrases of praise would not convey to a reader not in the hall the glory of the performance. No wonder, the audience was enthusiastic; no wonder that Mr. Cortot was stormily recalled again and again, while Mr. Monteux, representing the orchestra, was not forgotten.

Debussy's Fantasy was written in 1889-90. It was not performed or published during his lifetime. Would he have been willing to grant a performance, even with Mr. Cortot as the pianist? The Fantasy was put in rehearsal long ago in Paris, but Debussy withdrew it. Surely, many of these early pages are more worthy of him than those in some of his latest compositions. The theme that pervades the Fantasy is ingeniously treated, but this is by no means the sole merit. There is a delightful freshness, exuberance, recklessness, that would have shocked the hidebound conservatives of the Institute if he had sent the Fantasy as his fourth envol. There are charming bits of instrumentation; everywhere are marks of the originality that startled Paris when his succeeding works were produced. Perhaps the later Debussy thought the Fantasy too formal, too much in accordance with respectable traditions; yet more than once he broke away from them; nor need he have deplored the beauty of the Lento section as obvious, not subtle. The performance by pianist and orchestra was ap-



Alfred Cortot, Pianist.

22D CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald Apr. 17, 1920
Interpretative Power of
Orchestra Impresses
Audience

MR. CORTOT AT PIANO SHARES APPLAUSE

By PHILIP HALE

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Fidelio" and Piano Concerto, C minor, No. 3; Debussy, Fantasy for piano and orchestra (first time in America); Rimsky-Korsakoff, Introduction and march from "Le Coq d'Or" (first time at these concerts). Alfred Cortot was the pianist.

The overture to "Fidelio" is usually played at performances of the opera in Germany, probably because it is the most non-committal of the five that Beethoven wrote. (The one intended for Prague disappeared.) There is nothing in the "Fidelio" overture that can lessen the effect of the opera itself. While the whole drama is in the "Leonore" No. 3 and even in the "Leonore" No. 2, some will agree to Vincent d'Indy's saying that "Leonore" No. 3 is a more dramatic and greater work than the opera that follows. The "Fidelio" overture might be for any opera of a conventional nature without a tragic subject. It might even serve for a light opera of the better class. Did Beethoven purposely write it in this vein, without reference to Florestan, the prison, the jailer digging the grave, the arrival of the governor with Pizarro thwarted by the heroic wife, so that the one great and only dramatic scene in the opera might not be anticipated?

Strange to say, Beethoven's third concerto had been played at the Symphony concerts only twice. As it was per-

formed yesterday it seemed a more engrossing and romantic composition than the two later concertos, although it was written in 1800. In the first movement the influence of Mozart is felt, but there is a depth of sentiment in the largo, a playful, whimsical spirit in the finale peculiar to Beethoven.

Or was this impression due to the extraordinary merit of the performance by the pianist and the orchestra? It is not easy to speak in measured terms of Mr. Cortot's interpretation. We have heard many pianists beginning with Rubenstein, Buelow, men and women of their period; famous pianists who were said by their audiences to excel in the performance of Beethoven's music. Their interpretations were described as dignified, profound, noble, classic, (as if Beethoven was not in his early maturity a romanticist), noble, sublime. They were admirable, each in its own way, yet having in the course of the years almost come to the conclusion that the piano is not a musical instrument in the highest sense of the word "musical", we are ready to cry "Peccavi" when a pianist like Mr. Cortot revealed the strength and the beauty of a great work and displays the qualities that characterize the great pianist-musician. To dwell on the nature of his interpretation; to analyze; to hunt for the fitting superlatives and purple phrases of praise would not convey to a reader not in the hall the glory of the performance. No wonder, the audience was enthusiastic; no wonder that Mr. Cortot was stormily recalled again and again, while Mr. Monteux, representing the orchestra, was not forgotten.

Debussy's Fantasy was written in 1889-90. It was not performed or published during his lifetime. Would he have been willing to grant a performance, even with Mr. Cortot as the pianist? The Fantasy was put in rehearsal long ago in Paris, but Debussy withdrew it. Surely, many of these early pages are more worthy of him than those in some of his latest compositions. The theme that pervades the Fantasy is ingeniously treated, but this is by no means the sole merit. There is a delightful freshness, exuberance, recklessness, that would have shocked the hidebound conservatives of the Institute if he had sent the Fantasy as his fourth envol. There are charming bits of instrumentation; everywhere are marks of the originality that startled Paris when his succeeding works were produced. Perhaps the later Debussy thought the Fantasy too formal, too much in accordance with respectable traditions; yet more than once he broke away from them; nor need he have deplored the beauty of the Lento section as obvious, not subtle. The performance by pianist and orchestra was ap-

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appropriately now sensuous, now dashingly brilliant.

The excerpts from "The Golden Cock" are not so effective in the concert hall as in the opera house. They are entertaining enough, but they are far more amusing in the theatre.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Schubert, Symphony in C major; Moussorgsky, "A Night on Bald Mountain" (first time at these concerts); Rabaud, "The Nocturnal Procession"; Svendsen, "Carnival in Paris."

CORTOT AT PIANO WITH SYMPHONY

Debussy's Fantasie
Heard for First Time
in America

BY OLIN DOWNES

Alfred Cortot, pianist, was soloist at the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, and the principal part of the programme was his. He played Beethoven's C minor concerto and Debussy's early Fantasie for piano and orchestra which was then performed for the first time in America. In both of these compositions Mr. Cortot again displayed the qualities which make him a commanding figure among his colleagues—his broad and noble conceptions of classic forms, his mastery of rhythm and phrase, his pianist authority and brilliancy.

BEETHOVEN VERY HUMAN

Seldom has Beethoven's concerto been played here in so Beethovenish a manner—in the first movement with enormous virility of thought and touch, in

the second movement with repose and deep feeling, in the last movement with the jocosity, the reckless merriment, which is one of Beethoven's characteristic moods. When Beethoven is so played he is very noble, at the same time very human and very simple. Yes! But to play him that way is not so simple.

But Mr. Cortot was very much in the right when he insisted on Mr. Monteux acknowledging with him the applause, for Mr. Monteux' reading of the orchestral parts was as virile and as musicianly as Mr. Cortot's playing. Let us add, as an amen, that with all this fine playing the concerto is very old-fashioned, and one's enjoyment of it must be partly historical, rather than wholly emotional.

Debussy's Early Work

Then came Debussy's Fantasie. This early work was one of the pieces the composer sent back from Rome when he won the Grand Prix at the Paris Conservatoire. It excited distrust, and it was not heard until the 19th of last November in London—six years after the composer's death. The performance yesterday was from the proof sheets. When this work was played in London some of the reviewers thought that it would have been best not to exhume it. But that seems rather an extreme judgment. If one can endure the Fidelio overture of Beethoven, with which yesterday's concert commenced, is not a hearing of an early work of a great modern composer wholly justified?

True, there is in this Fantasie but little of the mature Debussy—at least on a first hearing—but throughout there are intervals and an occasional harmonic twist agreeable in themselves and of much interest as specimens of the composer's early attempts at expression. What is also interesting and rather amusing is to perceive Debussy making an attempt, at least, at classic form and symphonic working out of motives. He fails.

A Good Concert Piece

The opening motive of the first movement is infinitely more original and interesting than its working out. Secondly, we find Mr. Debussy, the master of marvellous effects gained by the original and unforseen employment of a few instruments, using heavy, whacking orchestration—sometimes with very brilliant, if coarse effect. In fact, the first movement of the Fantasie, by itself, would not be a bad concert piece to keep in the repertory. It has brilliancy and some good orchestral tricks. It has interesting if immature thematic material, and a great deal of muscularity and what is technically known as "pep."

The slow movement meanders about in a Massenetish manner, sometimes with touches of a fanciful Orientalism,

and we hear hints of the "Fetes" movement of the Nocturnes, and of figures which occur in sundry piano pieces of this Debussy. These are first impressions. The work was not only worth hearing, but would be worth hearing again, and he is rather a bold man who says that on account of its immaturity this interesting music of the early Debussy should not be played.

From "The Golden Cock"

So much for the commonplace Beethoven overture, which was excellently played, and Mr. Cortot's performances. The concert came to an end with an introduction and march from Rimsky-Korsakoff's fantastical opera, "The Golden Cock," heard here in 1918. The introduction consists of various motives—that of the wheedling Queen of Shemakha, the Queen who works the old man's ruin in the opera; the motive of the astrologer who is the evil magician of the piece; the crow of the cock; the song of the seductive Queen when she salutes the sun, and finally a delicious fragment of Russian folk melody given to the strings. Then modulations, and the grotesque march of King Dodon. At the last, drums pounding, brass blaring, one had almost said, flags waving, a trumpet is shrieking out a caricature of the Queen's motive—that same wheedling arabesque, which runs through much of the score in the latter part of the opera, and whispers of bedevilling magic as the motive of Scheherazade in the "Thousand and One Nights" suite tells of the craft and the outrageous yarning of that fair lady.

This music is slight, but very suggestive in its melodic substance, very well made, though with little development of the ideas, and masterfully orchestrated. Then there is the mad humor and the fairy tale quality of all the music. It is inhuman, it is grotesque. It tells of strange land haunted by wizards and sirens, where the sun rises on the wrong side of the horizon, where men are led astray by (1) demon astrologers, (2) by women who do not exist, and (3) golden birds! When the opera was given here the strange scenery was so captivating that one did not get the full value of the music. The scenery is in the music. The music will not stand by itself, but if you know the story of Rimsky's opera and listen you will not need the scenery.

april 17, 1920
Music in Boston
Specially for The Christian Science Monitor
BOSTON, Massachusetts—The twenty-second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place on April 16 with the following program:

Beethoven.....Overture to "Fidelio"

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Beethoven, Concerto for Pianoforte No. 3
Debussy, Fantasy for Pianoforte and Orchestra

Rimsky-Korsakoff, Excerpts from "Le Cig d'or"

Alfred Cortot was the pianist.

Beethoven's overture, although not among his greatest works, was a fitting introduction. Theatrical, romantic, it was played by Mr. Monteux with due appreciation of these qualities, and with spirit. The concerto, of Beethoven's earlier years, is too seldom heard. Many consider it, together with the first one in C major, to be proper in the class room only. What a sadly mistaken idea! Yet, it is not suited to the ordinary virtuoso, for in spite of its simple construction, and moderate technical demands, it requires a master musician, as well as pianist to play it properly. Unfortunately these qualities are not always united in the same person as is the case with Mr. Cortot. His playing was distinguished for its grace, nobility and feeling, particularly in the adagio and rondo, which were interpreted in the true Beethoven manner. He did not sentimentalize; he was never trivial. Such playing can be equaled by few, surpassed by none.

Debussy's Fantasy was played for the first time in America. The piece is divided into two parts by the composer although there are in reality four distinct movements—part one, introduction and allegro—part two slow movement and finale.

Chronologically the work belongs to the composer's early period—that of the Suite Bergamasque and the suite "Pour le piano"—but it seems to have been retouched by the composer in later years. The effect is not always happy. The opening is well conceived, but the succeeding allegro seems at a first hearing vague and ill-defined. There are characteristic progressions and orchestral effects but the total impression of the first part seems negligible.

Not so, however, that of the second part. The slow movement is poetic and imaginative and is full of beautiful orchestral color. The final allegro which follows without pause is festal in character. After a long crescendo terminating in a brilliant passage for the full orchestra there are remi-

niscences of the slow movement followed in turn by another crescendo and resounding climax. In this latter section, a theme of distinctly oriental character occurs. In fact the entire finale suggests some festival in the Far East.

The work as a whole is hardly characteristic of Debussy at his best. It makes but little subjective appeal save in the slow movement of the second part. The piano part, although evidently of great difficulty is far from effective and the delicate tints of Debussy's later style are lacking. It is undoubtedly worthy of many hearings but will scarcely add to the reputation of the composer of "L'après midi d'un Faun" or the "Sea pieces." The performance was wholly admirable. There was much applause, yet we venture to think that it was more in appreciation of the brilliant playing of Mr. Cortot and the orchestra than for the work itself.

The excerpts from "Le Coq d'or" were distinctly out of place in the concert room. This atmospheric music of the theater seemed weak and commonplace when derived of its natural setting, although played with extraordinary skill by the orchestra.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Apr. 27, 1920
THE AFTERNOON OF A PIANIST,
ALFRED CORTOT

"Assisting Artist" or Assisting Orchestra?
—Beethoven's Third Concerto Revived,
and Debussy's Fantasia for the First
Time in America—Notable Distinctions
of Performance — A Prelude from
"Fidelio," a Postlude from "The Golden
Cockerel"

IT is possible to admire warmly Mr. Cortot as pianist and musician, to multiply praise of his share in the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon, and yet to regret that so much of it fell to him. It was a pleasure to note the numbers of the audience—filling every seat and likely to be as large this evening—and the applause heaped upon him. Yet these circumstances only accentuated his relative possession of the occasion. The orchestra indeed had appreciable share in

one of his pieces, a Fantasia of Debussy's earlier years, but by itself, it no more than provided prelude and postlude. It began the concert with Beethoven's overture, "Fidelio"—secondary and space-filling Beethoven—and it ended the concert with the introduction to the first act and the march from the third in Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, "The Golden Cockerel"—music of the stage and of no other place. In other words and in the homely dialect of the theatre, the orchestra "played the audience in" and "played the audience out." Furthermore it accompanied Mr. Cortot in the third Concerto (in C minor) of Beethoven, in Debussy's Fantasia already specified. The pianist was the rest.

The purists speak with a show of reason when they contend that an assisting singer has no just place in a concert of symphonic music, is, indeed, an anomaly therein. The ground, however, cracks beneath their feet when they assert that assisting pianists or violinists are in like case. Without them, Concertos would disappear from active repertoires and Concertos pass commonly for symphonic pieces. At the least, tradition, custom, the liking of the public, hallow them. It is one thing, however, to invite the virtuoso to one Concerto, and another thing to permit him two or the equivalent of two. In such excess, the concert virtually becomes his with an assisting orchestra, whether it is short, as it was yesterday under Mr. Monteux, or long, as it happened to be when Dr. Muck once allowed Mr. Ysaye, the violinist, such luxury as Mr. Cortot enjoyed. Not without questionings, may one or another listener hear the Symphony Orchestra "assisting" at one of its own concerts, especially in these days when its public has warmed so wholeheartedly to it. Agreed that Mr. Cortot is interesting personality as well as pianist and musician—and for that very reason the concert seemed only the more to be his. With a rarely heard Concerto of Beethoven and a novel Fantasia of Debussy, between a relatively insignificant prelude and postlude, he was bound to prevail. At his first coming to Boston to play the piano-parts in Franck's Symphonic Variations and d'Indy's Symphony on a Mountain Air, he quite swept poor old Rabaud into the background. Fortunately, Mr. Monteux is of another mettle and well divided with Mr. Cortot the honors of Debussy's Fantasia. Nevertheless it was he who came, played, conquered. From season to season the old régime at Symphony Hall used to surrender a pair of concerts to Mr. Paderewski. The new régime seems disposed to do likewise by Mr. Cortot. Yet somehow the notion will persist that the Symphony Orchestra ought to be preponderant on its own days in its own house. Else why its official designation of soloists as "assisting artists"?

At two concerts in New York at mid-winter, Mr. Cortot, with Mr. Damrosch's orchestra played all five of Beethoven's Concertos for piano. Thus prepared, he began yesterday with the third in C minor, heard but four times in the whole forty years of the Symphony Concerts. It deserves frequent revival—the more because the fifth ("The Emperor") tends to become a kiln-dried masterpiece; while the fourth grows tedious nowadays before and after the poetic slow movement. Presumably the first and the second are little brothers to Beethoven's first and second symphonies. The third, however, by intrinsic quality as well as by relative freshness, gives lively pleasure. No sooner has the orchestra opened the way into the first Allegro than the light energy and elastic pace of the music win the ear. The contrasting melody matches not a few of Mozart in grace of line and supple, fanciful progress. The succeeding slow division begins in Beethoven-like song, warm and rich; before long the piano, passing it to the orchestra, is garlanding melodious measures with Mozartean arabesques—to end with Mozartean euphonies, and something more, between the several voices. The closing Rondo, unlike some of Beethoven's finales, charms the listening perceptions rather than stretches taut the listening nerves. In fine, the music of Beethoven light-handed, lithe-footed, graceful, fanciful, transparent, lyric, writing a tone-poem that flows or sparkles through all the deference to orthodox form and method.

In turn, Mr. Cortot, cultivating his familiar dry lights, was as luminous as the piece. Phrase, period, modulation, progression, ran crystal-clear. Every jointure snapped gently upon the ear; every inflection fell as crisply. Animated, indeed a shade too urgent, was Mr. Cortot's pace in the first movement; but the light beat of his elastic rhythm never flagged. He polished the suavities of the Mozartean song, burnishing phrase into phrase. He touched it with a cool sentiment of the mind. Precision and elegance hand in hand achieved the euphonies of the Largo; while cool color played over its more songful measures. The interplay of motifs and rhythms in the Finale was a sportive jugglery, delicate, piquant, sure. Mr. Cortot's perceptive faculties were as unerring as his revealing fingers. Beethoven in high light, in dry light, could not have stood more clear. Perish the thought that the slow song might have pulsed more warmly; the Mozartean song flowed more tenderly. Enough that the lights upon Mr. Cortot's crystal were prismatic.

Debussy's Fantasia yielded the pianist room for more diversified and subtler tonal color; gave him and the orchestra oppor-

tunity for harmonic half-tint and suggestion; bade him to rhythmic intricacies; invited him to ornate and resilient rhapsody in the Finale; opened before him in the slow division a rarefied and poignant beauty; touched with mystery the preluding measures whence the music expands. A master of clarity was Mr. Cortot as he carried the germinating and unifying motif through the whole body of the Fantasia. Whenever the harmonic color was characteristically Debussyan, he touched it in as with fine shining points. His communicating ardor sped the two displayful Allegros. His comprehension of the mood of mystery in the opening measures, of the aerial and penetrating voice of the slow movement, was unerring. Again Mr. Cortot's mind was as fine and keen as his touch. Whatever the limits of his temperament, it is in even balance. Its passion (as a Parisian wit once said) is poise.

As the Fantasia came and went, for the first time in American concert-hall, it was hard to understand Parisian and British regrets over it as a relatively early and uncharacteristic music that Debussy in his lifetime had of purpose denied to publishers and pianists. It is far more interesting than some of his pieces of the eighties that he himself revised and sanctioned for performance—the cantata of "The Prodigal Son," for example, or the "Springtime" suite. In retrospective glance from his prime, it is a more individualized music than the setting of "The Blessed Damsel" or the youthful piano-pieces. True, there are moments, especially in the first Allegro when the Fantasia treads water, and other moments, as in the Finale, when it is more displayful than choice of means. The mature Debussy endlessly selected, endlessly sifted. Before ripening, he was more easily content. On the other hand, the texture of the whole Fantasia is no small feat of technical, yet seemingly spontaneous, ingenuity; the preluding measures foretell the Debussy of shadowy atmospheres; while the slow movement not only prophesies but gains the sublimated and piercing beauty that overspreads "The Afternoon of a Faun" or permeates the slow section of "Ibéria." Such measures are not to be buried; they better deserve the light than many another of Debussy's decline.

So much for Mr. Cortot's concert. The rest, as has been said, was prelude—Beethoven's overture, "Fidelio"—and postlude—the fragments of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Golden Cockerel." Both are music of the theatre, by which sign Mr. Monteux "read" them graphically, fervidly. The excerpts from the Russian opera are also music of the stage—a prelude designed to summon the sun-drenched, droning, somnolent atmosphere of the first act; a march designed to clothe and point a prescribed procession.

Removed to the concert-hall, stripped of the accessory—or rather the essential—stage, they become but cursory examples of Rimsky-Korsakov's skill and imagination with rhythms, harmonies, timbres, a vivid but also an empty vesture. As for the overture, "Fidelio," it would be all very well were not the other overture ("Leonora No. 3"), in which Beethoven concentrated and magnified his opera ten times more familiar and twenty-fold more eloquent.

H. T. PARKER

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF ENLIVENS CONCERT

Scots — *Apr. 7, 1920*
Parts of "Le Coq d'Or" by
Symphony Orchestra

Beethoven and Debussy Also Are Brilliantly Rendered

The most interesting number on the program of yesterday's Symphony concert was a spirited performance of excerpts from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera "Le Coq d'Or," which had been previously heard in this city only at a single performance by the Metropolitan Opera Company in April, 1918. Mr. Monteux, who has conducted many operatic performances of the music, chose selections which included all of the chief themes on which it is founded. When fragments of the "Hymn to the Sun" were heard, there was a buzz of whispered recognition in the audience, to which Kreisler's transcription for violin has become familiar, through repeated hearings.

Sticklers for tradition may protest that operatic pot-pourris belong at the "Pops" and not on the regular Symphony programs, where they have not appeared in recent years. Yet where the music in question is of remarkable quality and able to stand alone in the concert hall, there seems no valid reason for objecting to the introduction of excerpts, especially from unfamiliar masterpieces, in which the voice parts are either absent or of minor importance.

Russian music is not, in the main, characterized by connected development of motives. Its charm lies in the themes themselves and in the harmonic and orchestral color. There was quite as much continuity in these fragments of "Le Coq d'Or" as there is in "Scheherazade" or in "Thamar," which were written for concert performance.

Alfred Cortot, the soloist, chose distinctly inferior specimens of Beethoven and of Debussy. To the piano part in each he brought a delicate, smooth tone and a considerable feeling for nuance in interpretation. His chief defect is a lack of reserve force behind his fortissimo, which is strained and brittle in quality.

Beethoven was far better represented by the noble Overture to "Fidelio" than by the unfamiliar Third Concerto, an early work. Its slow movement

Debussy's Fantasy

That admirable pianist Alfred Cortot will play at the Symphony concerts this week a concerto of Beethoven that is not often heard, and a Fantasy of Debussy which will be performed in this country for the first time. The history of this Fantasy is a singular one.

Debussy was awarded the prix de Rome in 1884. From Rome he sent as his "envoi" for the first year a fragment of a lyric drama, "Almanzor" (drama of Heine); an orchestral Suite in two parts, "Spring," for orchestra and chorus; the third was "The Blessed Damsel"; the fourth was to have been this "Fantasy" for piano and orchestra.

As he could not find a satisfactory translation of Heine's poem, he never completed the drama. His "Printemps" did not please the hide-bound conservatives of the Institute at Paris. They were shocked by the use of the voice, without words, used in an instrumental role, and the tonality seemed to them dangerous. One of them re-

Mr. Cortot played it at a concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society, London, on November 20, 1919. It was said at the time that there had been a semi-private performance in London by Mr. Cortot, not with orchestra, but with Berthe Bert playing the transcription for second piano from the score.

The concerto was performed in Paris for the first time on Dec. 7, 1919, at a Lamoureux concert conducted by Messager, when Marguerite Long was the pianist. Gustave Samazeuilh, reviewing the performance, said that while the orchestration was not characteristic of the later Debussy, the music showed the exceptional gifts that gave him later his world-wide reputation. The reviewer found in the first portion an irresistibly fascinating youthful freshness and spirit, and certain formal features that reminded him of d'Indy's Symphony on a Mountain Air. In the transition from the Andante to the Finale, one heard already the voices of the sirens in Debussy's "Nocturnes"; in the Finale there is anticipation of the fancy that vitalized his string quartet, the fourth "Lyric Prose," and the subtle rhythm of "Fetes." "The writing for the piano often enlures the orchestral speech with capricious garlands." Well, well! We shall hear what we shall hear. Certainly if any one can bring out all that is in this Fantasy, his name is Alfred Cortot. *Herald Apr. 11, 1920*

THE ORCHESTRAS OF NEW YORK

Apr. 7, 1920
Special to The Christian Science Monitor
from its Eastern News Office

NEW YORK, New York—Orchestral music here has lately begun to drag its anchor. Instead of riding the tide, as it used to do, securely fastened to the favor of the public, it has taken to drifting, pulled by two cross-currents, one of which is wealthy patronage and the other, professional dictation. Formerly an art, expressing the aspirations of audiences, orchestral music is becoming an industry, or something very like one, answering to the people's capacity for absorbing sound. For it has been organized, as nobody can deny, upon a basis of administration and production, after the manner of a monopoly, with one group of persons furnishing the capital and the other the labor, and both groups, by collective agreement, determining what kind of programs and what kind of performances the town shall be treated to.

Policies and the Public

Things are going this way, obviously, in about all the orchestras of New York, artistic policies being formed not so much upon what the public may be supposed to wish to hear, as upon what the representatives of the guarantors and the committees of the players, taking thought together, conclude is best for it to hear. Not that guarantors and players ever hold formal deliberations over the matter. That would be unnecessary. The conductor can easily find out what is in the minds of both parties and can nominally himself be the arbiter of artistic policies. The idea is, that whereas a few years ago he did not have to trouble himself for a moment about either the patron on the one hand or the players on the other, but was responsible only to his audiences, today he may leave his audiences out of the reckoning altogether.

Guarantors being conservative, and players being disposed to live much in tradition, it is hardly to be wondered

at that orchestral programs in the season now maturing have been stationary. The New Symphony Orchestra, which has enjoyed a successful winter under the baton of Artur Bodanzky, has been little more than a repertory practice class. Lately it gave a concert, with Leopold Godowsky, pianist, assisting, with Tchaikovsky's fourth symphony and Chopin's concerto in F minor as topics of dutiful study. This organization is taking on a second conductor, William Mengelberg, next year, and is doubling, if not nearly trebling, its schedule of performances, and is changing its name to the National Symphony Orchestra. Unless it plays more national music under this designation than it played new music under the former one, it can with propriety in 1921 ask the state authorities' permission for another change.

The Russian Orchestra

An institution which used to be progressively inclined, but which has been little heard from this season, the Russian Symphony Orchestra, recently gave a concert under the direction of Modest Altschuler, at which it presented nothing more startling than Kalinnikoff's symphony in G minor and Rubinstein's piano concerto in D minor, with Leo Ornstein, much in the character of a repentant rebel, as soloist.

The orchestra which has always been in the forefront and still holds its place there, the New York Symphony, has led its supporters into the splendid extravagance of a music festival, which opened in the Seventy-First Regiment Armory on April 6, under the direction of Walter Damrosch.

An orchestra which David Mannes brought together for the special purpose of giving free Saturday evening concerts in the main hall of the Metropolitan Museum of Art has been the delight of the throngs of people who heard it play, and must accordingly have been a satisfaction to the patron of music who paid for its services. At the last concert, given on the evening of March 27, the number of persons registered on the turnstiles at the museum doors is said to have totaled 9644.

MR. ALFRED DENIS CORTOT was born of French parents at Nyon, Switzerland, on September 26, 1877. Going at an early age with his family to Paris, he received his first pianoforte lessons from his sisters. He entered the Paris Conservatory, where he was in turn the pupil of Decombes* and Diémer. As a pupil of the latter he was awarded the first prize for pianoforte-playing in 1896. Taking part in the Lamoureux and Colonne concerts, he soon became known throughout Europe. He has played in England, Italy, The Netherlands, Russia, Spain, Switzerland. Having been a *répétiteur* at Bayreuth he staged in Paris "Götterdämmerung." In 1904 he founded the concert society that bears his name, and with it he has given performances of important choral works by Beethoven, Brahms, Liszt, etc., also a concert performance of "Parsifal." In 1904 he was chosen conductor of the Société Nationale; in 1907 he took charge of an advanced pianoforte class at the Paris Conservatory. Chief of the Service d'Études Artistiques du Ministère de l'Instruction Publique et des Beaux-Arts, he was named a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1914.

Coming to the United States with the Société des Concerts du

* Émile Decombes, born at Nîmes in 1829, was awarded the first prize for piano-forte-playing at the Paris Conservatory in 1846. It is said that he was one of the last pupils of Chopin. From 1875 to 1899, Decombes was an instructor of preparatory classes in pianoforte-playing at the Conservatory. He wrote a "Méthode," exercises and transcriptions for the pianoforte.

Conservatoire, André Messager conductor, in the fall of 1918, he played in Boston at a concert of that orchestra on October 30, 1918 (Saint-Saëns's Concerto in C minor, No. 4). He played at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston on January 24, 1919 (Franck's Symphonic Variations and d'Indy's Symphony on a French Mountain Song).

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 18, at 3.30

**THIRTY-FOURTH CONCERT FOR THE
BENEFIT OF THE ORCHESTRA'S**

PENSION FUND

By the

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

Assisted by

The Harvard Glee Club

Dr. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON, Conductor

.. PROGRAMME ..

SAINT-SAENS Symphony in C minor, No. 3, Op. 78

I. Adagio; Allegro moderato; Poco adagio.

II. Allegro moderato; Presto; Maestoso; Allegro.

Organist, Mr. ALBERT SNOW.

Pianist, Mr. ALFRED DE VOTO

A CAPPELLA	{	PALESTRINA	Adoramus Te
		LOTTI	Crucifixus
		LEISRING	O Filii et Filiae

GLUCK Minuet from the Opera "Orpheus"
Flute solo, GEORGES LAURENT

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA { RUBINSTEIN Two Pictures from "The Tower of Babel"
(Choruses of Ham and Japheth)
NETHERLAND FOLK-SONG Prayer of Thanksgiving

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF . . Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34
Alborada—Variations—Alborada—Scene and Gypsy Song—
Fandango of the Asturias

MASON & HAMLIN PIANO USED.

The assistance of the Harvard Glee Club is gratefully acknowledged by the Pension Fund Institution.

SYMPHONY HALL

40th Season

1920-1921

AIDS SYMPHONY PENSION FUND

Herald Apr. 19, 1920
Harvard Glee Club's Sing-
ing a Notable Feature
of 34th Concert

CHORUSES RECEIVED WITH ENTHUSIASM

By PHILIP HALE

The 34th concert for the benefit of the Orchestra Pension Fund was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, assisted by the Harvard Glee Club, Archibald T. Davison, conductor. There was a very large audience. The program was as follows: Saint-Saens, Symphony in C minor, No. 3; unaccompanied choruses: Palestrina, Adoramus Te; Lotti, Crucifixus; Leisring, O Filii et Filiae, conducted by Dr. Davison. Gluck, Minuet from "Orpheus" (flute solo, Mr. Laurent); chorus and orchestra. Rubinstein, Choruses of Ham and Japheth from "The Tower of Babel;" Netherlands Folk Song, Prayer of Thanksgiving, conducted by Mr. Monteux. Orchestra: Rimsky-Korsakoff, Caprice on Spanish themes.

Music by Coleridge Taylor if we are not mistaken, to Newbolt's sturdy verses, "Drake's Drum," was sung after the first group of choruses in response to the enthusiastic applause. This applause was deserved. Harvard University may well be proud of its Glee Club and the conductor of it. It should be remembered that the per-

sonnel necessarily changes with each graduating class. This makes the task of drilling the more arduous.

There was a time when the Glee clubs of Harvard and Yale sang chiefly college and popular songs for their own amusement and for the pleasure of the alumni in the cities the clubs visited. The singing as a rule was of the rough and ready-go-as-you-please, muscular variety. Throats were strained, chords stuck out on the sides of the neck, faces were flushed, there was painfully evident bodily activity from the waist up. In these clubs were often good voices and a few men that had studied singing; but the general result was a fervent roar of mediocrity. Today the Harvard Club challenges the admiration of all those interested in chorus singing. Dr. Davison has taught these students intelligently, musically; he has not over-trained them, for they sang yesterday with delightful spontaneity, yet with a careful regard for nuances of expression, with a mastery of dynamic gradations. In piano passages there was security of intonation; when full vocal strength was demanded, tonal quality was not lost. Especially noteworthy was the performance of the music by Lotti and Leisring, a performance that might excite the envy of any male chorus composed of picked professional singers who had long worked together.

It was a pleasure to hear the choruses from "The Tower of Babel." When this oratorio was performed by the Handel and Haydn Society in 1883 the music given to the Shemites and the Hamites was thought to be extremely oriental. In 1920 young composers, French, Americans, English, when their musical thoughts turn eastward, are more oriental than the orientals themselves.

It was a happy thought to call in the assistance of the Harvard Glee Club for this occasion. The club responded in most generous spirit. Let us hope that these singers next season may be heard in some important work for male voices and orchestra at a subscription concert.

Saint-Saens's impressive symphony was finely played. The lyrical section with organ displayed the eloquence of the upper strings, sonorous and beautiful in the long cantidena. Mr. Monteux gave a dramatic reading, and prepared the grand climaxes in a masterly manner. Mr. Laurent's full tone and expressive interpretation in Gluck's heavenly music were warmly appreciated. A brilliant performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's familiar Caprice ended a concert of much more than ordinary interest.

A CAPPELLA—

ADORAMUS TE Giovanni Pierluigi Palestrina (1526-1594)

Adoramus te, Christe!
Et benedicimus tibi.
Quia per sanctam crucem tuam
Redemisti mundum!
Qui passus es pro nobis
Misere nobis, Domine!

CRUCIFIXUS Antonio Lotti (1667-1740)

Crucifixus etiam pro nobis, sub Pontio Pilato; passus, et sepultus est.

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O filii et filiae!
Rex celestis! Rex gloriae!
Christus surrexit hodie!
Alleluia.

TWO PICTURES from the "Tower of Babel"

Anton Gregorovitch Rubinstein (1830-1894)

FIRST PICTURE. Chorus of the Sons of Ham:—

Forth from Euphrates' fertile vale we wander,
Unto the burning sandy desert,
Where the sun darts forth his ray,
And night ne'er cools the heat of day!

We roam far and wide without rest or peace,
Like the sand when blown by the whirlwind
So wander we forever.

We pitch our light tent, and our cattle graze,
And the place of our sojourning
Sees us no more returning.

SECOND PICTURE. Chorus of the Sons of Japheth:—

Where in inlets deep sports the ocean glad,
Where the murmuring streamlet the shore doth kiss,
That bright shore all in verdure clad:
There, make we our abode.

Where in desolate forests, in piny crag
Eagles build their eyrie,
Where all around is heard ne'er a sound:
There, make we our abode.

Where on high their blue peaks the mountains raise;
Where the landscape ever new charm unfolds
To the spirits' dreamy gaze:
There, make we our abode.

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING Netherlands Folk-song

We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing,
He chastens and hastens his will to make known;
The wicked oppressing cease then from distressing,
Sing praises to his name, he forgets not his own.

Beside us to guide us, our God with us joining,
Ordaining, maintaining his kingdom divine,
So from the beginning the fight we were winning!
Thou, Lord, wast at our side, the glory be thine!

We all do extol thee, thou Leader in battle,
And pray that thou still our Defender wilt be.
Let thy congregation escape tribulation:
Thy name be ever praised! O Lord, make us free!

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The Symphony Orchestra Plays for Its Pension Fund—Lights and Shadows Upon The New Quality of the Band—Mr. Monteux and Theatre-Music—Dr. Davison's Glee Club from Harvard Assists in Familiar Glories—Mmes Lipkowska and Raisa Reveal Themselves in Variegated Song—Mr. Griffes and Fate—Mr. Heifetz Departs

WITH music of the theatre, with music depending for impression, there or elsewhere, upon rhythm and color, there is no doubting Mr. Monteux's admirable powers. Thus, on Saturday evening, as after-piece to Mr. Cortot's concert, he repeated the introduction to the first act and the march from the third act in Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, "The Golden Cockerel." To the march, awaited by his simple-minded, obedient, inquisitive folk, foolish, doting old King Dodon brings back his bride, the capricious and fantastical Queen of Shemanakha. Warriors and slaves lead the procession; then come the giants, dwarfs, acrobats and "freaks" with which it was her custom to be amused; and last appear high in their gilded chariot their Majesties themselves. The folk, says the stage-direction, are as "excited as children"; akin to a page from some big, warmly colored child's picture-book should be the pageant; the music, like the rest of the opera, takes half-seriously, half-mockingly, the action it clothes and points. For a few measures before the march sounds, there is preluding of the expectant, bobbing; then from a distance it begins; soon the warriors, the slaves, are hastening across the scene. Then, look at the acrobats turning hand-springs, O Marousia! See the one-eyed giant, O my Feodor! And last—molto crescendo—the queen, the royal pair themselves.

Not many in Symphony Hall had seen and heard the opera; fewer still could have read and remembered it; there were no stage, no pageant, no crowd, no lights, settings, dresses and bustle. Yet by sheer imagination in the quickening or the staying of the rhythms, in the quality and the intensity of tone, in the varying play of harmonic and instrumental color, Mr. Monteux gave the music almost the effect it gains in the theatre—manifold and freakish, suspensive and exciting, pageant of the stage, picture-book of folk-lore. By like intuition and experience with rhythm, with like sensibility to sustained or modulated tone, Mr. Monteux kept the quality of the droning or the prattling music of the lazy, sunny introduction.

On Sunday afternoon at the concert of the Symphony Orchestra for its Pension Fund, the conductor did as much for another music of Rimsky-Korsakov that he was undertaking for the first time in Boston—the "Spanish Caprice," show-piece, these many years at Symphony Hall. It was not written for the theatre; but it might well be shifted thither. The wonder is, indeed, that Mr. Diaghilev or Mme. Pavlova has not long since laid transferring hand upon it. The final "Fandango of the Asturias" invites the rhythmic and colorful whirl of the Russian dance; the repeated introduction is as tempting; individual and artful prowess could display itself (as it does in the concert-hall) to the variations and to the succession of cadenzas. The eye of fancy readily clothes the music in the glow of Spanish backgrounds and Spanish dresses. Certainly it was as music of the stage that Mr. Monteux brought the Caprice to such performance as in Boston it had never known before. Dr. Muck refined upon the Fandango; Mr. Monteux cut it loose with the keenest intuition in the slackening or the tightening of the rhythm. It rushed; it glowed. There was like rhythmic flare, like tonal elasticity in his version of the introduction returning as intermezzo; while this or that virtuoso of the orchestra proved his mettle in variations or cadenzas. Who but Rimsky-Korsakov, in sheer exuberance of mastery, would have set first violin over snare-drum and bade the rest of the band be silent? Of all the show-pieces of Symphony Hall none is quite so good fun as this "Spanish Caprice." The bearded, spectacled composer, professor of this and that in one and t'other state school, must have had "the time of his life" as he wrote it.

In this Caprice, in the other orchestral numbers of Sunday afternoon—Saint-Saëns's "organ" symphony and the dance of the blessed spirits in the Elysian Fields of Gluck's "Orpheus"; in Debussy's Fantasia and other music of Saturday evening, the quality of the reconstituted orchestra stood fairly clear. The wood-winds, of course—virtually an unchanged choir—keep their familiar distinctions. Mr. Laurent, indeed, spoke for them when he played the flute-part in Gluck's dance with a felicity of tone that was the flower of technical skill and musical perception. In the transparent, undulant voice of his flute went the simplicity, remoteness, wistfulness of Gluck's measures, painting in melody and modulation what a century later Puvis de Chavannes painted in line and color. There might have been softer, more shimmering texture in the voices of the accompanying violins. Warmth, animation, accent, alertness the string choir does not lack; its bows bite; its instruments sing. Yet it might be mellow, more translucent, more golden of tone; while the darker voices are

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 18, at 3.30

not yet numerous enough for full underbody, for rich or darkly glowing background. The brass keeps balance; the players upon the instruments of percussion feel rhythm and color. There was no doubting the power of the orchestra in the upswelling periods of Saint-Saëns's symphony or the climax of Rimsky-Korsakov's march. Its elasticities quickened the occasional monotones of Debussy's Allegros. It sustained, full-throated, the ample progress of Saint-Saëns's slow movements. A finer-textured, a more sensitive, a more euphonious tone are necessarily works of time. Mr. Monteux's acute ear and tireless hand should yet achieve them. The autumn will not go far before the orchestra in quality as well as in numbers will again be the orchestra.

For a second time a choir from Harvard led by Dr. Davison shared in a concert for the Pension Fund—the Glee Club as he has developed it into a body of adept singers unsurpassed hereabouts, and probably through the whole country, in the music that it sings. As the tale is told, Dr. Davison has a theory about the youth he has brought to such perfections. They are of an age—he believes—that craves self-expression, emotional, even romantic self-expression. As individuals they will not so release themselves; it is bad form according to the lights of their years and station. No more will they do so in a work specifically from their hands, like a story for print, a play for the theatre, a drawing for public exhibition. Per contra, assemble them in numbers with each separate identity merged into a mass; give them some common channel for mutual expression like choral song—and the inhibitions disappear, the checked impulses find voice and the outcome is a rare warmth, sensibility, sincerity of utterance. Whatever the theory, the Glee Club under Dr. Davison's training and by its own united effort has certainly attained these qualities. Yet, being wise, he has been careful to instil and cultivate the technical means that best release them. The student-singers now share his ear for roundness, smoothness, transparency of tone. They know and use the virtues of exact intonation and clean-cut song. They have gained the finesse that modulates and shades a long vocal gradient. At need they can summon vigor, but their tone never becomes harsh; at need they can sustain unclouded a delicate softness of song; while between goes unfailing elasticity. When a choir of men and boys from the basilicas

of Rome visited the United States last autumn, it received just praise for the quality of its song. Yet it is excelled here in America, no farther away than Cambridge, by the youth of Harvard College—and, most of all, by Dr. Davison.

Ancient churchly music, unaccompanied, from Palestrina, Lotti and Lelzing and modern pieces—two choruses from Rubinstein's oratorio, "The Tower of Babel," and Coleridge-Taylor's setting of Newbolt's churning ballad, "Drake's Drum"—exemplified these abilities on Sunday, with a folk-chorus of the Netherlands, "Prayer of Thanksgiving," added for good measure. In this piece, moreover, and the fragments from Rubinstein, the orchestra joined the singers. The sons of Ham sing of their wanderings in murmuring, monotonously rhythmical oriental song. The half-voice of the choir, the sustained yet flexible rhythm won the ear. The sons of Japhet sing an idyl of mountain and sea. The Glee Club looped the gentle phrases as though not eighty voices, but rather one, were shaping them. In the clean-cut, sturdy singing of "Drake's Drum" Dr. Davison and his choir imparted exactly the stark sinewy vigors of English balladry when it puts by its bane which is over-sentiment. The folk-chorus ascended in broadly sustained and interlocked sonorities. Yet in the churchly pieces, the finest glories of conductor and chorus stood clear. Often the intrinsic beauty of the tone was an emotion in itself. At the beginning of Lotti's "Crucifixus," indeed throughout the piece, it melted not only the listening ear, but the answering heart. The contrasts of Palestrina's "Adoramus Te" seemed more as the quickened impulses of devout spirits stirred than as the prescriptions of the composer. When the ancient painters set on canvas the ascension of Jesus, they suffused the surrounding air with radiance. So sounded the voices as phrase upon phrase ascended in Lelzing's seemingly simple hymn. In such singing live the very body and spirit of this ancient music of devotion. The mind follows the artfully interwoven strands, heeds the adroit contrasts; the ear receives the beauty of the singers' tone laid upon them; the heart swells to the warmth, the depth of the simple, the direct emotion. Far away across a gulf of method and spirit wider than the three centuries, seemed the Saint-Saëns of the "effective" climaxes, the smoothed slow movements, the neat Allegros of the "organ" symphony.

The assistance of the Harvard Glee Club is gratefully acknowledged by the Pension Fund Institution.

SYMPHONY HALL

40th Season

1920-1921



Archibald Thompson Davison

Symphony Hall, Boston

"THE MAN WHO MADE US"

Trans. — Apr. 10, 1920
Dr. Davison Whose Work and Spirit
Has Transformed the Harvard Glee Club
Into a Remarkable Men's Choir—As His
Singers See Him

If you ask any member of the Harvard Glee Club how it happens that the club has achieved the impossible and become one of the most thoroughly trained and accomplished men's choruses in the country, the answer is simply "Doc."

Dr. Archibald T. Davison—or Assistant Professor Davison, to be exact, for that is his title on the Harvard record books, although the men in the Glee Club all call him "Doc"—has spent most of his thirty-five years at Harvard. He studied there as an undergraduate from 1902 to 1906. He continued there, doing graduate work in music, with one brief intermission when he studied the organ under Widor in Paris, taking first prizes for his playing. He began to teach in 1908. In 1910 he became organist and choirmaster at the college chapel. This position he still holds. Meanwhile, during the last ten years his growing success has carried him steadily up the ladder of promotion to the rung of assistant professor. In 1916 one of his compositions was played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Now he is directing the Glee Club. A few years ago one of his Harvard choirs sang with the Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Muck; a week from next Sunday his Glee Club will sing with it under Mr. Monteux.

That is all you find on the college records, and it doesn't look like anything extraordinary. What matters is the story that lies behind those commonplace facts. Davison, as choirmaster, began to attract attention a good many years ago by making the Harvard choir a brilliant musical organization. He taught them, little by little, the best church music of all ages and he revealed to them the fascination of that music. Many members of the choir were also members of the Glee Club of that day—on ordinary college Glee Club, wedded to a banjo club and a mandolin club, and dedicated to the cause of sentimental or jazz music lifted from the musical comedy stage. These particular men, to whom Davison had revealed the fact that first-class music is worth singing, preferred the things he taught them to the stuff which they performed in the Glee Club. They found that the better the music, the more fun it was to sing and the more the audience liked it.

So, to make a long story short, this year the Glee Club turned over a new leaf, forsook the instrumental clubs, and set out for itself. As now organized, it is new in everything but name. And the members of the club are still marveling at the success of their venture, and wondering whether the critics are really sincere in saying that the club has not only out-distanced all other college glee clubs, but gone far toward surpassing all other choral organizations in the country, of whatever sort, with the possible exception of the Russian Cathedral Choir in New York. The voices of the men in the club are not remarkable. They are not a brilliantly musical group. And yet Davison has made them into the most perfectly sensitive musical instrument, capable of performing the most difficult choral music. How does he do it?

Dr. Davison is a smallish, strongly-built, light-haired man of about 35. Not an unusual-looking fellow, except, perhaps, for his keen blue eyes. But watch him as with his quick step he walks upon the concert platform and begins to lead the chorus. He is electric with energy and controlled enthusiasm. Listen to him as he talks to the men between pieces. You can see that he has leadership, sympathy, and a friendly attitude toward the men no less than he has an alert sensitiveness to musical values. The men are loyal to him. They follow his every motion, listen to his every word; and the result is that he plays upon them as he might upon an organ. It is the old, old story of the power of personality.

If you ask Dr. Davison how such a state of affairs has been brought about, he tells you about a prominent musician connected with another well-known college, who heard the Harvard Glee Club and went home and asked the leader of his own glee club why they didn't have the same sort of thing.

"I guess we never thought of it," said the leader.

"That's just it," says Dr. Davison. "Most college glee clubs haven't thought of it. Those fellows happened to have the idea. They put it through. It works. And I will venture that other clubs could do the same thing if they woke up to the fact that the better the music you sing, the more you and your audience enjoy it." But the undergraduates in the club prefer their own explanation. They simply point to the fact that Harvard has its Dr. Davison, and not every college possesses such a source of musical enthusiasm and inspiration.

We all do extol thee, thou Leader in battle,
And pray that thou still our Defender wilt be.
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PENSION CONCERT BEST YET

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Symphony

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BY OLIN DOWNES

Perhaps the finest programme in the history of the Pension Fund concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestral compositions, conducted by Pierre Monteux, were Saint-Saens' C minor symphony for organ and orchestra, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's gorgeously-colored "Spanish Caprice." These works and their performance would have made the concert well worth while. In addition, the Harvard Glee Club, directed by Dr. Archibald Davison, sang a capella music by Palestrina, Lotti and Leisring, two "pictures" from a forgotten choral work of Rubinstein, "The Tower of Babel," and the Netherlands folk-song known as "Prayer of Thanksgiving," with accompaniment of orchestra and organ.

IDEAL PROGRAMME

In all respects this was an ideal programme for a Sunday afternoon concert. The Saint-Saens symphony is a sonorous and impressive work, very seriously composed, yet with sufficient brilliancy and dramatic rhetoric in it to make it immediately popular. It enlisted the full resources of the orchestra, and those who do not regularly attend these concerts had unusual opportunity in this symphony and in the scintillating music of Rimsky-Kors-

koff to realize what wonderful things these players bring to pass.

The singing of the chorus was extremely impressive. Too much praise cannot be given Dr. Davison for the work he accomplishes with these singers. They are young men, with voices of good or average quality, many of whom are not preparing for a musical career, with whom music is a side issue at the college. Yet the most noted

note Apr. 19, 1920
The Harvard Glee Club, which under Dr. Davison's remarkably able leadership has become the finest chorus in Boston, assisted the Symphony Orchestra at yesterday's Pension Fund concert in Symphony Hall. Their singing, both a capella and with orchestral accompaniment, was of such phenomenal excellence that the prolonged and spontaneous applause which greeted it was thoroughly deserved. They gave one encore, "Drake's Drum," by Coleridge-Taylor, but, probably owing to the length of the program, resisted determined efforts to obtain other extras.

Following the present policy of the Glee Club at all its concerts their selections were of as high artistic quality as those of the Symphony Orchestra. Palestrina's "Adoramus Te," one of the most perfect and most moving pieces in the whole range of religious music, could hardly have been better sung by the Vatican Choir than it was yesterday by these college students.

The individual voices in the Glee Club are few of them exceptional, but the ensemble singing has a tone quality, a precision of attack and phrasing and a clarity of enunciation rare in the work of the best professional singers. Dr. Davison both feels and understands the music he conducts, but it seems almost miraculous that he can get such intelligent and enthusiastic cooperation from an amateur chorus.

The two choruses from Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel," in which Mr. Monteux led the Glee Club and orchestra, are seldom heard. Yet their oriental atmosphere, with its vivid rhythms and distinctive harmonies, recalled the work of Borodin and of Rimsky-Korsakoff rather than the pseudo-German banality of the composer's more familiar works and suggested that other delvers among his forgotten pieces might, like Dr. Davison, make interesting discoveries.

A performance which was both accurate and spirited won instant favor with the audience. The "Prayer of Thanksgiving," one of the loveliest of folk tunes, in an excellent arrangement for chorus, orchestra and organ, was the most memorable item in a memorable concert.

The orchestra gave excellent routine performances of two familiar numbers, Saint-Saens' "Organ" symphony and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Spanish Caprice." Mr. Laurent played the flute solo in the minuet from Gluck's "Orpheus" in masterly fashion. One wished that operatic excerpts of this quality could replace some of the third-rate symphonic music heard at the regular concerts.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919-20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

TWENTY-THIRD PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 23, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, AT 8 P. M.

SCHUBERT,

SYMPHONY in C major, No. 7

- I. Andante; Allegro ma non troppo
- II. Andante con moto
- III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace. Trio
- IV. Finale: Allegro vivace

MOUSSORGSKY,

ORCHESTRAL FANTASIA, "Une Nuit sur le Mont Chauve," ("A Night on the Bare Mountain")

RABAUD,

SYMPHONIC POEM, (after Lenau), "La Procession Nocturne"

SVENDSEN,

EPISODE for Orchestra, "Carnival in Paris" op. 9

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

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In all respects this was an ideal programme for a Sunday afternoon concert. The Saint-Saens symphony is a sonorous and impressive work, very seriously composed, yet with sufficient brilliancy and dramatic rhetoric in it to make it immediately popular. It enlisted the full resources of the orchestra, and those who do not regularly attend these concerts had unusual opportunity in this symphony and in the scintillating music of Rimsky-Korsa-

koff to realize what wonderful things these players bring to pass.

The singing of the chorus was extremely impressive. Too much praise cannot be given Dr. Davison for the work he accomplishes with these singers. They are young men, with voices of good or average quality, many of whom are not preparing for a musical career, with whom music is a side issue at the college. Yet the most noted

voice — Apr. 19, 1920
The Harvard Glee Club, which under Dr Davison's remarkably able leadership has become the finest chorus in Boston, assisted the Symphony Orchestra at yesterday's Pension Fund concert in Symphony Hall. Their singing, both a capella and with orchestral accompaniment, was of such phenomenal excellence that the prolonged and spontaneous applause which greeted it was thoroughly deserved. They gave one encore, "Drake's Drum," by Coleridge-Taylor, but, probably owing to the length of the program, resisted determined efforts to obtain other extras.

Following the present policy of the Glee Club at all its concerts their selections were of as high artistic quality as those of the Symphony Orchestra. Palestrina's "Adoramus Te," one of the most perfect and most moving pieces in the whole range of religious music, could hardly have been better sung by the Vatican Choir than it was yesterday by these college students.

The individual voices in the Glee Club are few of them exceptional, but the ensemble singing has a tone quality, a precision of attack and phrasing and a clarity of enunciation rare in the work of the best professional singers. Dr Davison both feels and understands the music he conducts, but it seems almost miraculous that he can get such intelligent and enthusiastic cooperation from an amateur chorus.

The two choruses from Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel," in which Mr Monteux led the Glee Club and orchestra, are seldom heard. Yet their oriental atmosphere, with its vivid rhythms and distinctive harmonies, recalled the work of Borodin and of Rimsky-Korsakoff rather than the pseudo-German banality of the composer's more familiar works and suggested that other delvers among his forgotten pieces might, like Dr Davison, make interesting discoveries.

A performance which was both accurate and spirited won instant favor with the audience. The "Prayer of Thanksgiving," one of the loveliest of folk tunes, in an excellent arrangement for chorus, orchestra and organ, was the most memorable item in a memorable concert.

The orchestra gave excellent routine performances of two familiar numbers, Saint-Saens' "Organ" symphony and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Spanish Caprice." Mr Laurent played the flute solo in the minuet from Gluck's "Orpheus" in masterly fashion. One wished that operatic excerpts of this quality could replace some of the third-rate symphonic music heard at the regular concerts.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1919-20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

TWENTY-THIRD PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 23, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, AT 8 P. M.

SCHUBERT,

SYMPHONY in C major, No. 7

- I. Andante; Allegro ma non troppo
- II. Andante con moto
- III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace. Trio
- IV. Finale: Allegro vivace

MOUSSORGSKY,

ORCHESTRAL FANTASIA, "Une Nuit sur le Mont Chauve," ("A Night on the Bare Mountain")

RABAUD,

SYMPHONIC POEM, (after Lenau), "La Procession Nocturne"

SVENDSEN,

EPISODE for Orchestra, "Carnival in Paris" op. 9

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

PENSION CONCERT BEST YET

Harvard Glee Club
Sings With
Symphony

Post ——— Apr. 19, 1920
BY OLIN DOWNES

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The singing of the chorus was extremely impressive. Too much praise cannot be given Dr. Davison for the work he accomplishes with these singers. They are young men, with voices of good or average quality, many of whom are not preparing for a musical career, with whom music is a side issue at the college. Yet the most noted chorus might be proud of such tone-quality, such musicianly pleasing fineness of nuance, clearness of enunciation. More: It was evident that the singers felt the music profoundly. It would be hard to overestimate the effect of this noble music on the audience, as it would be difficult to overestimate the effect on character which work such as Dr. Davison's must exert in a university.

As an encore to the first a capella group, the chorus sang a setting of "Drake's Lullaby." The choruses of Ham and Japheth from Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel" have a melodious and pseudo-oriental character to commend them, and were greatly enjoyed by the audience. Enthusiasm rose to its height after the "Prayer of Thanksgiving."

Finally, Mr. Monteux and the orchestra distinguished themselves in a superb performance of the "Spanish Caprice." The audience was a very large one. The concert will long be remembered.

NEW YORK, April 18—Wall Street viewed this week's action of the Government in approving an issue of short-term Treasury 6½ percent certificates as a formal recognition of the rise in interest rates.

That is the highest interest rate paid by the Government since the Civil War, and it follows a short-term loan made last week by the Pennsylvania, the premier railroad of the country, that cost that company, including bankers' commission, something like 7½ percent. For the past week, or ever since the terms of the Pennsylvania Railroad became known to Wall Street, the price of Liberty Bonds and other high-class securities have been declining. The net result, from the viewpoint of the investor with idle cash seeking employment, is an opportunity that comes once in a lifetime.

This week a number of Liberty issues made new low records for all time, with the income return offered to investors in some cases as high as 7½ percent.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Spanish Caprice" — Mr. Laurent played the flute solo in the minuet from Gluck's "Orpheus" in masterly fashion. One wished that operatic excerpts of this quality could replace some of the third-rate symphonic music heard at the regular concerts.

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23D CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald

Apr. 24, 1920

Orchestra Gives Eloquent
Performance of Schu-
bert Master Work

RUSSIAN'S SATANIC REVEL PICTURESQUE

By PHILIP HALE

The 23d symphony concert, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, Symphony in C; Moussorgsky, "A Night on Bald Mountain", symphonic poem; Rabaud, "The Nocturnal Procession"; Svendsen, "Carnival at Paris."

Moussorgsky's *Fantasia* was composed in 1867 and was thus one of the few early Russian orchestral compositions of a fantastically picturesque nature. In the original form it was no doubt crude, for Moussorgsky had little technic for the larger forms of music; he despised "style" and believed that much knowledge would prevent him from attaining the realism that was his goal. That he himself was not satisfied with this symphonic poem is shown by the fact that he revised it two or three times. He died; Rimsky Korsakoff edited it and orchestrated it. The music was finally heard after Moussorgsky's death. Rimsky Korsakoff was a fastidious musician, a learned harmonist, a master of orchestrations. It is said that he sandpapered and polished "Boris Godorenoff" to the great detriment of Moussorgsky's opera; he chastened the wild spirit; he tamed the native savagery so it is said. What did he do to this musical picture of a Witches' Sabbath on Bald Mountain?

Having heard several musical descriptions of these unholy Sabbaths, where reverence was paid Satan, exultantly ruling in the form of a he-goat, where there was horrid, obscene revelry, if we may believe well-instructed ancient and modern writers on Satanism and witchcraft, we wonder why any woman, young or old, straddled a broomstick and made her way hopefully and joyfully to a lonely mountain or barren plain. If we can put faith in the musical descriptions given by Berlioz, Boito,

Gounod, Satan's evening receptions were comparatively tame affairs, with dancing of a nature that would not have offended the selectmen and their wives and sisters of our little village in the Sixties; when the waltz was frowned on as a sensual and ungodly diversion. Liszt's *Mephisto waltz* is, indeed, sensual, fleshly, but Satan in this instance only plays the fiddle; he is not master of Sabbatic revels. In Moussorgsky's symphonic poem, which was performed here for the first time at a Symphony concert—Mr. Longy conducted it 16 years ago at a concert of the Orchestral Club—the allegro devoted to the worshippers of the devil is rather commonplace; its laborious wildness becomes monotonous in spite of the editor's instrumentation. Far more original and effective is the second section, in which a church bell puts the blasphemous revelers to flight.

The performance of Schubert's great symphony was a most eloquent one, surpassing any performance that we remember, here or abroad. It was remarkable by reason of tempi happily chosen; of a poetic treatment of episodes that did not check the musical flow; of a masterly handling of dynamic gradations—witness the marvellously managed sinking from fortissimo to pianissimo in the finale; of brilliant solo work; of the constantly pervading romantic spirit with which the music is charged. One of the many memorable features of this performance was the reading of the opening flourish of the finale; music that would have suited the great feast at which Belshazzar drank wine before a thousand of his lords.

It was a pleasure to hear Rabaud's beautiful music again, beautifully played; not only because this music reminded one of the composer-conductor, his dignified, high-bred, and gentle nature, and the many imaginative interpretations during the last season; the music itself has character and charm.

Svendsen's "Carnival at Paris" had not been heard at a symphony concert for many years. As we remembered, it was an earnest, preconcert effort to be jolly with slim results. Yesterday it was, for the most part, fresh and joyous, while the idyllic episode, developed at length, had a northern rather than a Parisian tenderness, and suggested abiding love rather than an accidental amorous encounter.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concert next week, the last of the season, will be as follows: Berlioz, *Fantastic Symphony* (by request); Mozart, *Scene and Rondo*, "Non temer"; d'Indy, "Istar," variations; Frank Bridge, *Sonnet for voice and orchestra*, "Blow Out You Bugles"; Wagner, *overture to "The Mastersingers"*. John McCormack will be the singer.

SYMPHONY DISPLAYS SCHUBERT

Post — Apr. 24, 1920
First Hearing Given
Striking Russian
Work

BY OLIN DOWNES

Schubert's C major symphony, the one of "heavenly length"—and the description is not inaccurate—opened the programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

IMPRESSIVE MUSIC

This symphony made an astonishing impression, not merely because of a very brilliant performance, but above all because of the music itself. And the impression the music made in turn had much to do with Mr. Monteux's treatment of the introduction. We had never heard this part of the symphony read with such feeling and imagination. Once having heard it thus played the hearer was at the mercy, so to speak, of composer and conductor.

We have reservations about Mr. Monteux's interpretation of certain movements. The pace of the slow movement for us verged perilously on "allegretto" (somewhat fast), rather than an "andante con moto" (slow, with motion). The shorter notes, in energetic dotted rhythms, were a little scrambled, and one could have wished a somewhat broader restatement of the theme of the introduction where it recurs at the

end of the first movement. These are the reservations. But after the intoxicating beauty of the opening measures and the joyous accents, the fluttering accompaniment figures of the movement proper, one was in no state of mind to bother very much as to details.

Has Marvellous Effect

With a much poorer performance, with wind players of infinitely less art, the symphony would have made a marvellous effect. Perhaps it needed the terrific experiences of a war to make the younger generation realize what a wondrous work this is. It is so clear, so melodious, so Olympian in its joy, and yet it is so human, comprehending, and seraphic in its expression. After innumerable hearings of this symphony its beauty still impresses one afresh as a prodigious and incredible thing. In the slow movement is deep melancholy, but this, and the autumnal sadness of the middle section of the scherzo, are warp and woof of a great poetic fabric which is all-embracing in its emotional gamut, like life, and again, like life, a promise of inconceivable exaltation at some unknown time to come.

But what is the use of attempting to describe the music of Franz Schubert? The audience felt the music profoundly. Personal opinion of certain details of the performance aside, it was a remarkable interpretation in its phrasing, its rhythmic impulse, its revelations of instrumental color.

"Night on Bald Mountain"

Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain" was played for the first time at these concerts. This is the argument published in the score: "Subterranean din of supernatural voices. Appearance of spirits of darkness, followed by that of the god Tchernobog. Glorification of Tchernobog. Black mass. Witches' Sabbath. At the height of the Sabbath, there sounds far off the bell of the little church in a village, which scatters the spirits of darkness. Daybreak." It is music highly tinged with Berlioz, effectively orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakoff, immature in conception, mediocre in invention. For all that it makes a striking effect, and it has imagination. But after all it is a work to be taken with charity by the hearer, and to be regarded with historical forbearance.

The programme was completed by Henri Rabaud's poetic "Procession nocturne," and by Svendsen's brilliant "Carnaval in Paris."

SYMPHONY CONCERT

MR. MONTEUX FINDS NEW VOICE FOR SCHUBERT

A Performance of the Symphony in C Major, Departing from "the Tradition," Shunning Sentimentality, Rekindling and Exalting the Music—The Disappointing Musorgsky of a Tone-Picture—Rabaud and Svendsen, Carnival and Contemplation, Set in Contrast

NOT long ago Monsieur Camille Chevillard, the eminent Parisian conductor, paid a professional visit to the German cities on the west bank of the Rhine, now occupied by French soldiery. At one of them, Mainz, he led a German orchestra through various French and German pieces. An English listener, who happened to be in the audience, recorded in a letter to a friend in America the tendency of the German band to linger over songful measures, to sentimentalize them; whereas the French director was disposed to brisker pace and more energetic progress. In Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon, thought of this contrast returned before Mr. Monteux and his orchestra had proceeded far into Schubert's symphony in C major. Never before had most of the audience received the music from a French conductor; while few could have heard it anywhere or from any hand in such quick movement. Mr. Gericke, in his days at Symphony Hall, liked to say that Schubert spoke for himself; that with this symphony all the conductor needed to do was "to let it run." Yet neither he nor his German successors, if they shared that belief, quite fulfilled it. In spite of their minds, their hearts and also their hands drew out long Schubert's instrumental melodies. With reason they loved them—for it is the way of his music to inspire an almost personal affection—and they were prone to dwell upon their love. They were disposed also and in like spirit, to soften the composer's vigors in contrasting measures and to set forth the whole symphony in "sweetness and light," as so much lyric song with the orchestra as singer. So treated, the music almost always seemed lengthy, repetitious, over-written. There was not only beauty, but a surfeit of beauty.

A year and more ago, when Mr. Rabaud undertook the Unfinished Symphony, he gave hint of a French way with Schubert's music; while yesterday, with the symphony in C, Mr. Monteux supplemented suggestion with revelation. Throughout, and particularly in the first movement, he took the music at a swifter pace than is the German way. He indeed disclosed it as instrumental song, stirring the ear, stimulating fancy, warming emotions; but at every turn he shunned the sentimentality that lingers and sugars. More: when Schubert spoke boldly, largely, as he does, for example, in the introductory Andante and in the Finale, the conductor sustained his vigors, communicated his energies. Then the music strode, as in tonal mass, wide-spaced, plastic, buoyant. In such voice the symphony, for once and in spite of Schubert's repetitions, escaped tedious lengths, sustained animation, gained contrasts, tingled upon the ear as well as caressed it. Modulations seemed more impulsive; decorative figures ran more brightly; the music had sinew as well as grace; suggestion replaced over-emphasis; spacious simplicities relieved linked sweetness. On the other hand, in this speed, vigor and breadth of contour, not a few of Schubert's marvellous euphonies, tremulous modulations, flecks of ornament, merely swept past—barely heeded eddies upon the flood of tone. Even so, it was new and penetrating sensation to hear this symphony in C unsentimentalized, led, as it were, out of the hothouse of reverent and affectionate tradition, into the open air of direct yet romantic speech.

So played and heard, moreover, the symphony gained an appeal to the mind and the imagination. No longer did it address only the innocently sensuous ear. The instrumental melody of Schubert is often like to the opening of a window in a bright morning upon a fair prospect. Fresh is the air, warm and quivering the sunshine. Akin to rapture is the first deep sensation. But Schubert lingers over the melody; while the listener tarries, as it were, at the opened casement. Before long, the prospect becomes familiar, soon a little monotonous. Look, look and look again Schubert seems to be saying with his tremulous modulations and gliding figures; whereas Beethoven, for example, more variously developing his instrumental song, is ever finding new vistas, arraying new lights and shadows. Schubert may cloy; Beethoven never satiates. The quick pace, the kindling energies, the bold contrasts of Mr. Monteux with this symphony in C relaxed these limitations. Upon a terrace

sweeping the tonal landscape, rather than from window to window in more separate contemplation, walked the listener. Besides, in the introductory Andante, in the Finale, in measure through the slow movement, it was possible to feel as in new sensation the frequent spaciousness, the recurring exaltation of Schubert's speech in tones. After all, he was more than writer of relatively simple song, in endless fertility, for orchestra as for voice. In the symphony in C, in the Unfinished Symphony he also achieved the noble period, the tongue of power. Achieving them, moreover, he strode onward; while it is over his purest and most naïve instrumental song that he lingers until satiety numbs the hearer. One and another, of late, has argued for a sympathetic revision of this symphony of the "heavenly lengths," excising repetitions, daring discreet compressions. When Mr. Monteux wings the music, as he did yesterday, the listener is not so sure of such necessity.

Thus did Schubert prevail through the length and breadth of the concert, though it was no distinguished miscellany that followed his symphony. Expectation was keen over Mussorgsky's tone-picture of a witches' Sabbath—"A Night on Bald Mountain"; but, as the music soon made evident, there are at least three Mussorgskys. First the Mussorgsky of the songs and a few piano-pieces (like "Pictures at an Exhibition")—composer of rare delineative imagination playing through the barest of expressive means. Second, the Mussorgsky of the theatre—of the music-dramas of "Boris Godunov" and in less degree, "Khovanchchina"—who could summon to the stage beyond any other composer, the voice and the spirit of the folk; who, again, could strip tones until they are like a naked nerve of speech or emotion. Third, the Mussorgsky of this tone-picture and of a few other symphonic pieces, wherein he is, in no respect individual or significant composer. Toward the end of "A Night on Bald Mountain," a distant church-bell interrupts the satanic revels; they subside; the dawn breaks serene upon a smiling earth, upon the untroubled spirits of a sleeping, pious folk. And the music that is to summon this illusion is veritable commonplace—Mild-Victorian or worse. An English "successor to Mendelssohn" would have made it more graphic. As amorphous, cloudy and relatively feeble is the din of the devilish rout. Suspensive pauses, sharp juxtapositions, insistent or broken rhythms, wild reels, tonal mutterings and shriekings are Mussorgsky's means. Valiantly he strives with them; unmoved the hearer watches the struggle. Never once does the listener say to himself "I am there," and only rarely "This is Mussorgsky." "Allegro Feroce" he labels the piece.

"The Black Mass"—the impious sacrifice of the buck goat—is, he says, celebrated. Memory recalls Berlioz's infernal trombones designed by the composer "to shout obscenities"—and the one stage direction is as foolish and futile as the other. No! Mussorgsky, even revised—once more—by the indispensable Rimsky-Korsakov was not a composer of symphonic music.

Two more tone-pictures—Rabaud's "Midnight Procession" and Svendsen's "Carnival in Paris"—at least set each other in contrast. So far as they go, the Frenchman's exact and economical measures summon vision of the still, solitary, foreboding forest; of the train of old men, boys and virgins that cross it singing a holy chant, bathed in semi-celestial glow; of the bitter, torturing emotion in the soul of the watching Faust. Precisely the composer has shaped his design, assembled and adjusted his means; even the proper page of Wagner to recall and utilize never once escapes him. A deliberate music accomplishes as deliberate an end: Better far than these calculations, the Svendsen that "cuts loose." His rhythms snap; his phrases chortle; his tumult is gay; his dissonances squeak and scream; and how warm-hearted, and warm-voiced is his amorous interlude upon the songful strings and horns. (For symphonic carnivals are as obliging as stage-carnivals when lovers crave solitude.) Hardly a brilliant or a highly fanciful music; yet colorful, brightly rhythmed, vivid and animated withal. Handiwork, if the hearer chooses, yet not altogether the handiwork of a thoughtful, an eminently respectable gentleman making effective music. The bourgeoisie may have their Rabaud and welcome. They could not and did not quite kill Svendsen's native wildness.

H. T. PARKER

April Boston Music 24.1920
Specially for The Christian Science Monitor
BOSTON, Massachusetts—The twenty-third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place on April 23 with the following program:

Schubert.....Symphony in C major
Mussorgsky, "Une nuit sur le Mont Chauve"
Rabaud....."La Procession Nocturne"
Svendsen....."Carnival in Paris"

A program, almost entirely devoted to the symphonic poem, could not fail but produce a certain sense of monotony, which was not lessened by Schubert's symphony. This symphony contains many beautiful thoughts, but would that they were more succinctly expressed. The performance was all that could be desired, spirited, warm, emotional, and the phrasing (particularly by Mr. Longy in the andante), was of great beauty.

Mussorgsky's tone poem was played for the first time at these concerts. It is picturesque music, brilliantly orchestrated and plainly shows the influence of Liszt and Berlioz.

Rabaud's "Procession Nocturne," already known here, recalled pleasantly the days when its distinguished composer conducted the orchestra. Its romantic melancholy was admirably delineated by Mr. Monteux and the orchestra, which played with evident sympathy for the work. The incidental violin solo was expressively rendered by Mr. Theodorowicz. Svendsen's "Carnival in Paris" is a lively affair. If not serious music, it is still effective even in these days of highly colored orchestral effects.

MONTEUX SHINES IN SYMPHONY PROGRAM

April 24, 1920
Schubert's Long Work Given
Spirited Production

Mussorgsky, Svendsen and Rabaud
Contribute to the List

Whatever his general merits and defects may be, there is plainly one point on which Mr. Monteux surpasses most of his predecessors, the ability to choose interesting programs. At yesterday's Symphony concert there was no soloist and no new composition. The chief item was Schubert's C major Symphony, one of the masterpieces which a wise tradition requires to be played every other season.

Instead of getting other and perhaps less welcome routine numbers out of the way at the same concert, as Dr. Muck would probably have done, Mr. Monteux chose two unfamiliar numbers by Mussorgsky and Svendsen, and repeated from last season what was then a well-liked novelty, Rabaud's "La Procession Nocturne."

The applause showed that the audience got as much pleasure from the concert as they would from one with special features in the shape of a soloist of the first rank or an outstanding novelty.

The length of Schubert's C major Symphony is proverbial. Some have found it heavenly, and others have hinted that a few cuts would do no harm. Mr. Monteux did not take all the repeats, and he hurried the Andante into a sort of "Marche Militaire." The result was an exceptionally brief and spirited performance which stressed the gaiety of the music at the expense of its quiet lyric melancholy. Yet the peculiar charm of Schubert depends on a blending of both qualities.

Mussorgsky's orchestral fantasy, "A Night on Bald Mountain," was first written in 1867 and afterwards revised by the composer and by his friend Rimsky-Korsakov. It had never been played till yesterday at the Symphony concerts. The music deals with a Russian Witches' Sabbath, which contrasts with the one in the last movement of Berlioz' "Fantastic Symphony" to be heard next week. The themes are not strong enough intrinsically to avoid bombastic effects when they are given out fortissimo by full orchestra.

The work is, as a whole, rather tentative, but interesting historically as a specimen of the early work of the modern Russian school of composers. The performance had all the requisite dash and fire.

Svendsen's "Carnival" is one of those agreeable minor works easily listened to and as easily forgotten, which show great talent and a slender creative imagination. Rabaud's "La Procession Nocturne" escapes falling in the same category chiefly because every bit of it is delicately and finely wrought.

Perfect workmanship and the infinite capacity for taking pains are not quite genius, but when guided by a taste as exquisite as Mr. Rabaud's they can produce works sure to give pleasure to cultivated musician. Mr. Monteux no pains to make the perfect the music.

SANDERS THEATRE . . CAMBRIDGE

CLOSING CONCERT OF THE SEASON

Thursday Evening, April 22, 1920

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SOLOIST

E. ROBERT SCHMITZ

PIANIST

When E. Robert Schmitz played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall last February 13 and 14, the newspapers commented as follows:

Boston Herald: "Mr. Schmitz displayed a singularly beautiful and liquid touch, a strength that is in contrast with his delicate, sensitive appearance, compelling brilliance, and exquisite phrasing."

Boston Transcript: "His light, bright touch suited the music; he had been sensitive to its caprice of rhythm, modulation, mood, and course."

Boston Post: "Mr. Schmitz proved himself a super-pianist in mastering any and all difficulties, in showing his complete orchestral understanding of the music, in expressing himself on the piano with a virtuosity as unbridled and yet under control as certain as the virtuosity of the composer."

Boston Globe: "Mr. Schmitz plays with remarkable technical skill and with feeling for the spirit of the music. He will be heard again with pleasure."

Christian Science Monitor: "His tone is of great beauty, and his playing indicated the true artist."

Tickets at Kent's University Bookstore, Harvard Square, Cambridge

From Schubert to Schmitz

Originally announced to be played in Boston as a companion piece to Mr. Carpenter's Concertino on the occasion of Mr. Robert Schmitz's first appearance with the Symphony Orchestra, the Symphonic Variations of Franck came finally to performance in Cambridge last evening, with Mr. Schmitz as pianist. Each succeeding time that he is heard Mr. Schmitz strengthens the excellent impression which he originally made. At his recent recital he revealed many admirable qualities which he could hardly display in his rather inconspicuous part in the Concertino. And if he disclosed no additional virtues last evening, at least he fulfilled the expectation that he would bring César Franck's golden music to finer and more revealing performance than it had ever received here. Exquisitely sensitive, finely poised—perhaps beyond any pianist that has come to us—yet brilliant when the occasion demands, Mr. Schmitz is preëminently fitted to play these Variations, and his performance of them was a thing long to be remembered. Mr. Monteux and the Orchestra led or followed, according to their place in the musical scheme, no less responsive than Mr. Schmitz to its varying moods, no less sensitive to its changing flux and flow.

As the performance of the Variations surpassed its predecessors, so in many respects was Mr. Monteux unusually happy in his reading of Schubert's Symphony in C major. By his tactful quickening of the pace in the Andante, by his successful maintenance of the pervading rhythm of all the movements—yet with no slighting of details—and by his skilful brightening of Schubert's instrumental colors, Mr. Monteux made the lengths of the symphony more endurable than they have been within recollection. Many varying comments have been passed on this symphony, if Schumann found its length "heavenly," Bernard Shaw has pronounced it to be no more than a huge "Rossini crescendo," yet so discriminating a musician as Felix Weingartner confesses that the piece exhilarates him strangely, giving him the sensation of a flight through space. Certainly Beethoven at thirty-one had written no music to compare with it, perhaps he never attained to the sweep of the first and final movements, but Schubert had the good fortune to be born twenty-seven years later. On the other hand, Hector Berlioz, who in the minds of most musi-

cians does not occupy so high a place as Schubert in the Pantheon of composers, was but four years his junior, and he composed his "Fantastic Symphony" when he was twenty-nine, but two years after this symphony of Schubert's—a circumstance which may well modify our admiration for Schubert's orchestration, superior as it is to that of his fore-runners. And while Schubert was writing the last of the great line of "classical symphonies," his French contemporary was blazing the trail for modern music; and the four years which separate them now seem like half a century.

The remainder of the programme fell to Musorgsky's Orchestral Fantasia, "A Night on Bald Mountain" and "Svendsten's Carnival in Paris." Composed in 1867, Musorgsky's piece is chiefly interesting as one of the first examples of the nationalistic tendency in Russian symphonic music. Although unquestionably wild, it probably was much more "blood-curdling" when it was first played than it is today. And the closing Andante is weak and commonplace, realizing but faintly the picturesque suggestion of the "argument" found in the score of the bell of the little church in the village which sounds far off scattering the spirits of Darkness, with the ensuing dawn of day. Musorgsky's lack of training deprived him of the constructive power necessary for even so simple a piece as this. Perhaps his "Boris" will hold the stage for sometime, at least in Russia, but there is every probability that in the not-far-distant future he will be known only through his extraordinary songs, and as a composer whose greatest work was after all the inspiration which he gave to his fellows and his followers. On the other hand, because of Svendsen's greater skill in composition and superior mastery of orchestration his "Carnival in Paris," although composed but three years later, sounds far fresher today. And he had but a tithe of Musorgsky's genius and originality. While no more typical of Paris than of any other gay city, this Carnival is brilliant, exciting even in such performance as it received last evening. The instrumentation is highly effective and there is genuine beauty in the lyrical section. As in the last concerts in Boston there was no longer any thought in the playing of the orchestra of its recent vicissitudes. It is possible that there will be improvement in certain minor details next season; but there is no longer any need for reservations or apologies. W. S. S.

Schmitz a Versatile Pianist

Post Apr. 18, 1920.

A Virtuoso Creative and Interpretive — At Home With Modern French Music—"Monsieur Beaucaire"—What Is an Operetta?

Most concerts, or recitals, are not worth writing about. Still less reading about. It is hard enough to write the 16483d article about a pianist or a singer or fiddler and say something interesting under any circumstances, but it is really unfair to expect any writer to say something interesting about a concert which does not deserve space in a newspaper at all.

But when an artist does come along who is worth writing about great is the joy in newspaper row. This reflection is inspired by the piano recital given by Robert Schmitz last Thursday afternoon in Jordan Hall. That was a concert, he is a pianist, worth writing about.

An artist is not worth writing about because of his whiskers or his "technique," or the fact that he tells you how Lady Paget gave him letters of introduction to all the best people in this saintly town, or because he has studied with all of the great teachers and played with all the noted orchestras in the world, or even because he can play important compositions in a brilliant and authoritative manner. An artist is worth listening to, learning from, and telling a reader to the best of one's ability what one has learned when he interprets in a great and creative manner.

A Creative Artist

Mr. Schmitz, a virtuoso of the first rank, an orchestral conductor, a learned and versatile musician, is also a creative artist. When he interprets the music of a given composer he first lays at the composer's disposal his technique, his musicianship, his eclectic appreciation of the music of that composer and his school. After which, starting from this point, Mr. Schmitz presents the music in the mirror of his own striking individuality. Since this pianist is a man of intellect, imagination, with an evidently profound knowledge of his art, it develops that in conveying the message of the composer he gives it a personal inflection, coloring and emotional quality which is significantly expressive of himself. His own imagination and personality causes him to re-create, though not to re-compose the music, as he plays.

As a matter of fact, any artist who interprets must re-create his music. He will either do this or he will do a negative thing which has no real vitality or significance for anyone. There is no middle path. No man interprets a piece of music exactly as it is written or exactly as the composer intended, any more than any man ever knows the exact truth about anything, or there exists a single person who is not to a greater or lesser degree insane. There are varying degrees of insanity. Absolute sanity, the ability to perceive values exactly as they stand, uncolored by personal qualifications of vision, or to make any purely reasonable and dispassionate decision—this does not exist. According to the same principle, an interpretive artist to be sincere must interpret the music as it appeals to him, and can never hope to interpret the music in precise accordance with either the letter or the spirit of the printed page.

Players Who Imitate

But most performers do not interpret at all. They play as they have been told to play. They follow the signposts provided by the expression marks in a score. They play the music inch by inch, looking no farther than their nose. They very seldom indeed consult themselves, and say, "Now, having studied this music with all care and reverence for a work of art, do I, can I, feel it as as I am informed I should feel it?" They do not do this, and then act accordingly. They are slavish imitators. Others are reckless poseurs or charlatans. The very few emerge from the mass fitted by knowledge, by breadth of appreciation, by temperament, by respect for their own immortal soul, to say something important to the world. Mr. Schmitz is such a musician. So, among his colleagues are, for example, Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Rachmaninoff, Mr. George Copeland in certain music and when he is wholly in the vein, and there are, of course, others, a number whose names do not come instantaneously to mind, but they are, relatively speaking, very few.

Mr. Schmitz is an interesting pianist for another reason. He is in the broadest and most fundamental meaning of



E. Robert Schnitz, pianist.

the phrase the admirable exponent of a certain school. He is, as we have tried to show, a strong individuality as an artist, but he is also a French artist and an artist peculiarly in sympathy with the music of his country and his period.

Doubtless he will be heard in other music than that by modern French and Russian composers in time to come, and it is reasonably certain that he will show the same fine appreciation when he plays German, Scandinavian, English, American or other music that other French musicians of today display in the same circumstances. Witness the accomplishments of Messrs. Rabaud and Monteux at the Boston Symphony concerts in the last two years. But at the bottom of his soul Mr. Schnitz is a French pianist, his musical consciousness is French, and we think it evident that these racial and temperamental characteristics of his art result in certain valuable and unusual characteristics of his piano playing.

French Piano Compositions

The compositions for piano as well as the performance of piano virtuoso of this period in French musical development show that combination of extremely clear, scientific analysis with the intuition for pure beauty which has

always been characteristic of French art. Take the compositions of Debussy or Ravel. They carry on piano technic, piano effects, to places never reached before, but they do this less as Liszt for instance, did it—by making an orchestra of the piano—than by reckoning first of all with what the piano is. These Frenchmen reflect, before they begin to write, on the peculiar beauties and the characteristic limitations of the instrument. The resultant step in the evolution of piano music is one marvellously expressive of the spirit of the instrument itself, yet new, and intoxicating in its possibilities. It is as if the piano had gratefully responded, as if, having at last found in a composer or two a congenial confidant, it had said, "Since you understand me and sympathize with me so deeply, I will show you some things you will be glad to know, which I have never told anyone else." Therefore we have the new, extraordinary richness of piano figures, of sonorities so delicate, varied and haunting in their beauty that one wonders what else and if anything else can possibly be done with this supposedly hard and uninteresting box of wires and keys. (Then one remembers how he said exactly the same thing when he first came to the music of Chopin, and when next he explored the treasure-house of Schumann's imagery of the piano).

Chopin the Godfather

These modern French composers appear to start with two plain and incontestable assumptions. (1) The piano is a percussive instrument, one in which the sound is produced by striking, and one which cannot sustain a note in the way an organ, a string, brass, or woodwind instrument can sustain it. (2) The magic of the piano, a magic possessed by no other instrument, is the pedals. From this point they build, Chopin is their godfather. But if one thinks Chopin did everything that could be done with the pedal, just consult Ravel's "Jeux d'eau" as one of a dozen astounding accomplishments, or a simple piece like Debussy's "Reflets dans l'eau"—and listen to the harmonic over-tones. Or for technical figures and effects consult Ravel's "Gibet" or his "Alborada del graziosa." These are not the most remarkable samples of the discoveries of modern Frenchmen, but they are enough to illustrate the case. Instead of forcing the piano to do what it could to embody a tonal conception, these men have made sure, before they began to compose a piece in this medium, that their idea was suitable to the genius of the piano.

Twenty-fourth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 30, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 1, at 8 o'clock

- | | |
|--------------|--|
| Berlioz | Fantastic Symphony No. 1 in C major, Op. 14 A
(By request) |
| I. | Dreams, Passions.
Largo; Allegro agitato e appassionato assai. |
| II. | A Ball.
Waltz: Allegro non troppo. |
| III. | Scene in the Meadows.
Adagio. |
| IV. | March to the Scaffold.
Allegretto non troppo. |
| V. | A Witches' Sabbath.
Larghetto; Allegro. |
| Mozart | Recitative "Non piu! tutto ascoltae," and Aria "Non temer, amato bene" (with violin obbligato) |
| d'Indy | Symphonic Variations, "Istar," Op. 42 |
| Frank Bridge | Sonnet for Voice and Orchestra: "Blow Out, You Bugles" |
| Wagner | Overture to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" |

SOLOIST
JOHN McCORMACK

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the symphony

The ladies of the audience are earnestly requested not to put on hats before the end of a number.

The doors of the hall will be closed during the performance of each number on the programme. Those who wish to leave before the end of the concert are requested to do so in an interval between the numbers.

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,— Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.



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John McCormack

24TH CONCERT OF SYMPHONY

D'Indy's "Istar" Variations
Heard Again After In-
terval of Eight Years

JOHN McCORMACK ON THE PROGRAM

Herald May 1, 1920
By PHILIP HALE

The 24th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Berlioz, Fantastic Symphony (by request); Mozart, scene with Rondo, "Von Temer" (John McCormack); d'Indy, "Istar" variations; Frank Bridge, sonnet for voice and orchestra, "Blow out, you Bugles" (Mr. McCormack); Wagner, prelude to "The Mastersingers."

It was a pleasure to hear d'Indy's "Istar" variations again after an interval of eight years. They are to be ranked with his symphony on a mountain air and his symphony in B flat major. Taking an oriental subject, he did not succumb to orientalism either in the invention of thematic material or in harmonic or orchestral treatment. Nor is the originality of the structure, the announcement of the theme at the very end, typifying the stripping of Istar's last veil and the revelation of her splendid nudity, the chief feature of the workmanship. Each variation, as it marks the progress of Istar's descent to the immutable land, and the stripping in turn of tiara, pendans, precious stones, etc., in itself and as it comes nearer to the theme, is a masterpiece in musical construction and in color. The performance was a brilliant one, as was that of Berlioz's remarkable symphony, which played here on March 6 was requested for the concert of yesterday. Again the scene in the fields, with the famous pastoral music and the still more famous measures for kettle-drums, the wild nightmare, March to the Scaffold, and the Witches Sabbath were enthusiastically applauded.

Mr. McCormack is a master of the Mozartian style. In this respect he is among tenors what Mme. Sembrich in her prime was among sopranos. Yes-

terday he chose a Scene and Rondo written by Mozart for a private performance of his "Idomeneo" in Vienna. Mr. McCormack's delivery of the Recitative was dramatically varied and effective. The Rondo he sang skilfully, but the voice itself did not always have body or pleasing quality. His other selection was a setting to music by Frank Bridge to a sonnet of Rupert Brooke. This Bridge, an Englishman, but not to be confounded with the Bridge that turned out oratorios—is there not a "Jonah" among them, a "Jonah" but without music for the whale?—made the mistake of attempting to give musical significance to nearly every word of the sonnet. As a result there is a far nobler spirit in Brooke's poem than in Bridge's music. The attempt was laborious. In spite of Mr. McCormack's earnest and lofty interpretation, he could not raise this music to the poet's or his own noble conception.

The concert will be repeated tonight, when the 39th season of the orchestra will end.

In the weeks preceding the arrival of Mr. Rabaud, Mr. Monteux formed practically a new orchestra. He brought it to so high a state of perfection that Mr. Rabaud found it a euphonious and plastic instrument to play upon.

In the course of this season, when, suddenly, another conductor might have lost heart, he again formed an orchestra and in a few weeks worked a miracle. The concerts of the last month have been worthy of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the height of its reputation. Nor has Mr. Monteux shone only as a drill-master; throughout the season he has proved himself an interpreter of the very first rank. A glance at the review of the season, which will be published in the Herald tomorrow, will show the catholicity of his taste. As an interpreter, no school, no period, is foreign to him: Beethoven and Debussy, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Griffes, Handel and Berlioz—he understands them, he shares his understanding and appreciation with the audience. He has been dramatic, but not sensational; reverential, but not dull; poetic, but not sentimental. And throughout the season, he has conducted himself as a modest, sincere gentleman; serious in his purpose, but not taking himself too seriously, for he has the saving grace of humor. Once asked if he was disturbed or upset by a wholly unforeseen and annoying occurrence, he smiled and said that he had been conductor of the Russian Ballet for several years.

Boston should be today as proud of its orchestra as at any time during its glorious past. It should also be proud of this orchestra's conductor. With him the future of the orchestra will be glorious.

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Mr. JOHN McCORMACK, tenor, was born in Athlone, County Westmeath, Ireland, on June 14, 1884. Having been in school there, he went to Summer Hill College, Sligo, when he was twelve years old. There he won prizes and scholarships enough to pay his tuition for five of the six years. He went to Dublin, hoping to study law, but his voice attracted attention. He joined the Marlborough Choir and the Dublin Oratorio Society. On May 14, 1903, he competed at a festival open to tenors from all parts of Great Britain, and took the first prize. For two years he studied singing in Milan under Sabattini. On March 1, 1907, he sang at a Ballad Concert in London and made a sensation. He made his debut in opera at Covent Garden, October 15, 1907, as Turiddu, and was engaged at that theatre until the war. Coming to the United States in 1909, he made his first appearance at the Manhattan Opera House, New York, November 10, as Alfredo. For the two seasons following he was engaged with the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company and later with the Boston Opera Company, appearing as "guest" at the Metropolitan Opera House. In the fall of 1911 he went to Australia with Mme. Melba's company. On his way back to London he gave concerts in America, and in 1912-13 he gave many concerts in the United States and Canada. There was a second visit to Australia in the fall of 1913. In 1914, besides his concert work, he sang in opera with Mme. Melba in Paris, gave concerts in Ostend, and was to have taken part in "Don Giovanni" at the Salzburg Mozart Festival organized by Mme. Lilli Lehmann, but the war prevented. Since then he has given a great many concerts in the United States and Canada.

His operatic engagements in Boston have been as follows:—

MANHATTAN OPERA COMPANY in the Boston Theatre:—

Edgardo, March 29, 1910 (his first appearance in Boston). Tonio ("Daughter of the Regiment"), March 31, 1910.
Alfredo, April 2, 1910.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE:—

Turiddu, December 2, 5, 1910.
Rodolfo, December 3, 15, 1910; December 28, 1912.
Pinkerton, December 14, 1912.
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Don Ottavio, February 7, 12, 15, 1913.

He sang at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, February 2, 3, 1917: Mozart, Rondo, "Per Pietà, non Ricercale"; Handel, "Stay, shepherd, stay," and Air, "Shepherd, what art thou pursuing," from "Acis and Galatea"; at the concerts December 14, 15, 1917: Handel, Air "Di ad Irene," from the opera "Atalanta"; Beethoven, Recitative, "Jehovah! Hear, oh, hear me," and Air, "Oh, my heart is sore within me," from the oratorio "Christ on the Mount of Olives."

24-5

SYMPHONY AUDIENCE RESPONDS

Tribute to Monteux and Players. Mc- Cormack Soloist

Post — May 1, 1920

BY OLIN DOWNES

The final concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. John McCormack was soloist. The orchestra, almost completed today in its membership, and performing with the superb virtuosity and sonority of its best days, played Berlioz' Fantastic Symphony, which was on a former programme this season, and yesterday repeated by request, d'Indy's "Istar" variations, and Wagner's overture to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

Mr. McCormack sang the recitative, "Non piu! tutto ascoltae" and the aria, "Non temer, amato bene," of Mozart and Frank Bridge's sonnet for voice and orchestra, "Blow Out, You Bugles." Throughout the concert the audience was very enthusiastic. It greeted Mr. Monteux long and loudly and the concert was a crescendo of applause, until at the last conductor and orchestra stood, acknowledging the tribute.

TO MONTEUX AND BRENNAN

This concert was indeed a tribute to Mr. Monteux's ability in whipping an orchestra recently reorganized in many positions into shape and making it capable, in a very few days, of virtuoso performances.

It was also testimony to the sagacity and energy of Mr. William H. Brennan, without whose judgment and masterly control of recent untoward conditions Mr. Monteux would not have had such a membership to work with.

Bridge's Song Poor Music

Mr. McCormack never interpreted a dramatic recitative more artistically than he treated Mozart's opening lines. The first two-thirds of the piece went admirably; but, probably for the reason that Mr. McCormack has been singing so much of late years, his voice was not in the best shape when he came to the rapid passages of the concluding rondo. It would be a pity for such a singer, such an artist, to be so prodigal of his voice that such conditions should recur.

In the song of Frank Bridge, a song very taxing because of its range and its tonal demands, Mr. McCormack was as dramatic as he could have been under the circumstances. But from a repetition of this composition may we be delivered! It is false music from the first bar to the last, strained in its effects, with no well-established outlines of any kind. The composer, underscoring each word and syllable of his text, becomes episodic and wanders now hither, and when he attempts to do the terse and manly he is merely affected and dull. Mr. McCormack and Mr. Monteux did much for Mr. Bridge, but Mr. Bridge did very little for Mr. Monteux and Mr. McCormack.

D'Indy's Variations

Berlioz's symphony was given a performance felt by many to be superior to the brilliant performance of this work given earlier in the season. For others the feature of the concert was the performance of d'Indy's variations. Here is a white heat of musical inspiration, imagination and intellectuality. It might be called by some intellectual emotion, for there are those who recognize only what is called emotion and is but an aspect of sensuality.

There is transparent, blazing, white heat of beauty in this noble music.

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TO MONTEUX AND BRENNAN

This concert was indeed a tribute to Mr. Monteux's ability in whipping an orchestra recently reorganized in many positions into shape and making it capable, in a very few days, of virtuoso performances.

It was also testimony to the sagacity and energy of Mr. William H. Brennan, without whose judgment and masterly control of recent untoward conditions Mr. Monteux would not have had such a membership to work with.

Bridge's Song Poor Music

Mr. McCormack never interpreted a dramatic recitative more artistically than he treated Mozart's opening lines. The first two-thirds of the piece went admirably; but, probably for the reason that Mr. McCormack has been singing so much of late years, his voice was not in the best shape when he came to the rapid passages of the concluding rondo. It would be a pity for such a singer, such an artist, to be so prodigal of his voice that such conditions should recur.

In the song of Frank Bridge, a song very taxing because of its range and its tonal demands, Mr. McCormack was as dramatic as he could have been under the circumstances. But from a repetition of this composition may we be delivered! It is false music from the first bar to the last, strained in its effects, with no well-established outlines of any kind. The composer, underscoring each word and syllable of his text, becomes episodic and wanders now hither, and when he attempts to do the terse and manly he is merely affected and dull. Mr. McCormack and Mr. Monteux did much for Mr. Bridge, but Mr. Bridge did very little for Mr. Monteux and Mr. McCormack.

D'Indy's Variations

Berlioz's symphony was given a performance felt by many to be superior to the brilliant performance of this work given earlier in the season. For others the feature of the concert was the performance of d'Indy's variations. Here is a white heat of musical inspiration, imagination and intellectuality. It might be called by some intellectual emotion, for there are those who recognize only what is called emotion and is but an aspect of sensuality.

There is transparent, blazing, white heat of beauty in this noble music

which can be understood only by listening to the music itself. Its architecture towers to the skies, yet there is present also the note of that which is ancient, Oriental and languorous. Of such pages are those of the introduction itself, and the motive of three notes played at first by the horn, a motive which, recurring again and again as a salient feature of the theme of Istar, is as the cry of the goddess, or the woman, for her lover, whom she goes to the depths of hell to reclaim.

In Radiant Colors

And there is the thought of the gorgeousness of her dress, the glint of the jewels which are taken from her, and finally when Istar, deprived of one after one of her garments, stands forth in all the splendor of her nudity, D'Indy makes his orchestra throb and glow with a thousand radiant colors. It is a passage—this apostrophe to a beauty not seen by the crowd or known to those who have not come into contact with the pure spirit of art—which makes the throat tighten when the cry of longing is heard for the last time and the strings hymn the triumph of love. To this music, with its supreme logic and glorification of art, its miracles of workmanship, its elevation to a sublime ideal, one does indeed bow the knee.

The concluding performance of the "Meistersinger" overture was one singularly just to the music, singularly fortunate in the choice of tempi, in the warm, lyrical character of the love music, the humor of the fugue, of the conclusion. In certain passages, it is true, a part for a trombone or a trumpet, not in itself important, was over-emphasized. Otherwise this reading of the "Meistersinger" overture was one of the great readings of this score which Symphony audiences have known.

May Music in Boston 1. 1920
Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its twenty-fourth and last concert of the present season on April 30 with the following program:

Berlioz Fantastic Symphony
Mozart Recitative and Aria
d'Indy "Istar"
Frank Bridge, Sonnet for voice and orchestra.
Wagner, Overture to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."
The soloist was John McCormack.

We venture to say that the music of Berlioz has never been so well played in Boston as during the past season. Mr. Monteux may well be said to have revealed this composer to us. He has played this music with conviction and sincerity, and we have learned from him that Berlioz was not simply a juggler in orchestral tone, a searcher for the picturesque and bizarre; but that he was above all a poetic, sensitive genius whose music is quite capable of exciting and holding the listener's interest apart from the excessively romantic programs which were attached to it by its composer.

No program is necessary to understand the "Scene in the Meadows" in all its calm and peaceful beauty, which is only intensified by the pianissimo rolls of the drums. Neither is a printed synopsis essential to the comprehension of the wild and brutally realistic "Witches' Sabbath." All this and more has Mr. Monteux shown.

D'Indy's "Istar" variations added one more to the already long list of authoritative interpretations of works of the modern French school which it has been our privilege to hear during the past season. These variations, so often thought cold and unimaginative, glowed with warmth and color under Mr. Monteux's baton. Frank Bridge's sonnet for voice and orchestra aroused a desire to hear more of the music of this gifted and original composer.

The Boston symphony programs of this season have been of consistent merit. Though there has been an evident search for novelty, no piece has been selected which had only novelty to recommend it. American composers have had a fair share of attention, and their works have been given with a care indicating a desire to bring forward their merits. Many works long absent from these programs have been revived for the symphony patrons; and lastly, the classics have been interpreted with a new enthusiasm which has made them once more vividly alive. Boston should take pride in its orchestra and above all in its conductor, who has so bravely and intelligently guided its course.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

THE FINAL AFTERNOON OF THE
SEASON May 1, 1920

Frank Bridge
Less Tribute to Mr. Monteux Than His
Signal Services, Throughout the Year,
Have Deserved — Berlioz's "Fantastic
Symphony" in Vivid Voice, d'Indy's
"Istar" Revived and the Prelude to
"The Mastersingers" in Its Old Place as
Proud and Joyous Ending—Mr. McCormack and Perfections of Mozartean Song

A MODEST as well as an able and tireless conductor is Mr. Monteux. By his works, and by his works only, have his audiences known and applauded him from last October into this present May. The more the satisfaction, then, that the programme of the final afternoon concert of the Symphony Orchestra, yesterday, gave room for not a few of his best abilities. The less the satisfaction also, as some bystanders noted the incidents of the day, that his hearers, filling Symphony Hall to the last seat, did not return him longer and warmer personal tribute. True, they clapped him heartily when he came first to his place and when, with Mr. McCormack as "assisting artist," he returned to it after the intermission. Plentiful, too, were the plaudits at each pause in Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony," presumably for piece and performance both; while at the end, the standing orchestra received its usual meed. On the other hand, the audience received rather coolly d'Indy's tone-poem, "Istar," and in vivid voice; while it lingered no longer after the final number—the prelude to Wagner's opera, "The Mastersingers"—than was necessary to take courteous leave of the conductor. At the end of many a season, the public of Friday afternoons has tarried for heartier farewell to one or another of his predecessors. But the concert of yesterday was not short.

On many a score, moreover, Mr. Monteux's deserts for the day and for the orchestral year in retrospect, ran high. He came to his post last autumn when the concerts were at lower ebb than they had been in long memory. The helpless provinciality of the passing Rabaud, the lingering prejudices of wartime, had stripped the programmes of catholicity, even of variety. They had become lists of formula and 191

time, like to those which Messieurs Pierné and Chevillard—but not the "intruding" and also eager Monsieur Khéné-Baton—impose upon the patient public of Paris. From the beginning to the end of the musical year, as the usual tables in the final programme-book attest, Mr. Monteux has restored the "active repertory" to familiar and established standards. His choice of pieces has ranged widely, interestingly; he has bidden his hearers to many novel, to not a few unfamiliar numbers, and almost every one has well deserved introduction or revival. He has assembled music for its merits as music, be it French, German, Italian, Czech, American, and not by reason of the nationality or the associations of the composers or the policies of their Governments through the years of war. He has whisked away the bigotries of that unhappy time. Once more the Symphony Contents are catholic, with doors flung wide to new music. Once more a cosmopolitan man of the world, a well-read musician, a receptive and ambitious conductor orders them.

Similarly Mr. Monteux received the orchestra when, however able the band, individual by individual, the mediocrity and the mildness of the temporary Rabaud had dulled and relaxed standards of performance. Reasonably, courteously, but unyieldingly, the new conductor restored discipline. Once more rehearsal became unrelenting. Anew the orchestra yielded the particular eloquence of the music in hand. If Mr. Monteux spared not his men, as little did he spare himself. His ear is keen; his hand often sensitive; gradually the band regained the beauty, the plasticity, the ardor of tone that had been familiar distinctions. Again it became the revealing, characterizing, enhancing voice of the chosen music, especially in the dramatic, pictorial, romantic, warmly colored, sharply rhythmical and generally high-pitched pieces in which the conductor excels. The orchestra was well on the way to these bettered standards when the strife and the secession of March again shook it. Mr. Monteux met the emergency with quiet resolution, with tranquil but inexhaustible energy. When his forces were diminished he yet made interesting programmes, and to the utmost of his own and the band's abilities maintained the quality of performance. When he and others had newly recruited the orchestra, and often for the better, he resumed in the spring—and nothing daunted—the assimilating work he had begun in the autumn. For a month past the outcome has weekly and richly praised him. Again the Symphony Orchestra goes forward; again its future in the season next to come sets fair. With reason the programme-book yesterday listed the per-

sonnel of the band; with just satisfaction the management reported scarcely a lapse in the renewal of subscriptions. Now and again in the forty years of the Symphony Concerts more eminent conductors than Mr. Monteux may have graced them. Not one, however, has done them so signal service. Double the plaudits he received yesterday would have fallen short of just reward.

Programme and performance were alike characteristic of the conductor at his best. He began with Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony," played once and remarkably on the eve of the secession; then necessarily set aside; now repeated at just and general request. It does not return so often to Symphony Hall as to become hackneyed. For nearly a century, in fact, the intrinsic vitality of the music has forestalled such fate. No more does it come back to the concert room of 1920 as interesting curiosity of a romantic composer and a romantic day in the arts. Rather, it still speaks for itself in highly individual and keenly penetrating voice. Fortunate in the years since Berlioz, in the years before him, the composer who could invent such a motif and so enrich it as that which embodies the haunting woman, the "fixed idea" of this symphony of drugged dream. Fortunate, again, and over like span of time, the composer who could imagine and accomplish music of such grim, graphic, fantastic power as "The March to the Scaffold" whether it rage in outburst or drone in sombre repetition. Fortunate, once more the composer, through the long line of two centuries, who from the poetry of mind and heart could summon such beauty of design as that which shapes the scene "In The Fields" and such poignancy of utterance as that which there speaks mood and picture.

Fortunate, finally, the composer yesterday, today and forever, who can write with such individuality as that which still vitalizes at least three of the divisions of the "Fantastic Symphony." Agreed that the episode of the ball has waned into commonplace, albeit still faintly flaming with romantic glow. Agreed that the finale of the witches' Sabbath has declined into what seems now the routine of romantic extravagance. But the rest as already set down, the rest through which flows the long, lean, incisive line of the music, the marvellous directness of imagery and expression, the high intensity of mood, emotion, utterance, the sinewy harmonies, the vivid timbres, the melody that is unescapable voice of the passion or the vision behind! It is accounted the chief glory of Musorgsky that in his music the thing to be expressed and the expression have become inextricably fused in single impression upon the hearer. Surely the like glory falls to Berlioz in this "Fantastic Sym-

phony" and the more amply because, while the Russian is avowed realist, the Frenchman is as frankly romantic. There is music of Berlioz that has withered—the symphony of Harold and Italy, heard afresh only last autumn; but not the "Fantastic Symphony" when it is played as Mr. Monteux and the orchestra played it yesterday. It has been the custom to say that only Mr. Weingartner, of living conductors, truly divines Berlioz's music, summons it anew to vivid and puissant voice. Mr. Monteux now parts the distinction with him.

Conductor and band shone again in the revival of Mr. d'Indy's "Istar," through nearly eight years unheard in Symphony Hall. The form of the music is characteristic of the familiar, the classified composer—seven successive variations with the theme, whence they spring unheard until in the finale it emerges first in naked unisons and then in full harmonic panoply. Hear the "cerebral" d'Indy even in those relatively young years of the nineties, who makes music, first of all, an exercise of the intellect. Another d'Indy, however, speaks in this "Istar" as tone-poem—a d'Indy of clearly and pervadingly sensuous imagination. Upon a clew from Phœnician legend, he imagines the goddess descending into the underworld where her lover is held captive. Seven closed portals bar her way. Each she passes, but at each the guardian of the gate strips her of jewel or of veil. Only in the stripped splendor of her revealed body may she finally conquer. Not only sensuous imagery but sensuous treatment. The jewels glint, the mantles shimmer in the motion and the color of the music. With harmonies and timbres Mr. d'Indy is almost voluptuous. There is cumulative progress; there is the haunting and wistful background of the quest. The ear hears the music as the eye sees one of Moreau's jewelled palpitating pictures of old legend—of Phaeton, of Salome. Yet d'Indy would not be d'Indy were not his inverted form, his cumulative processes contrived and adroit reflection of the course of his tonal narrative. Sensuous he may will to be, but the old cerebral Adam within him does timely get its way. In such music of color, of fantastical imagery it is Mr. Monteux's way to excel. Nor did he and the orchestra fall short in the Prelude to "The Mastersingers"—music of unfolding and manifold instrumental song as only genius may write it; music of the richness, the joy, the pride of life as only high-pitched and amply dowered spirit may know and release it; music that is very pæan to the arts it exemplifies. There is no piece so meet to end the Symphony Concerts. It was stirring to hear it restored to what is, almost, its traditional place in them.

There were interludes also—interludes of Mr. McCormack in declamation and song out of Mozart; in a sonnet of Rupert Brooke to the glory of those who to death in the war gave all the promise of their future living, who, so doing, restored noble passions to a world as sorely needing them as it has soon forgotten them. Frank Bridge, of the younger generation of British composers set the verse for tenor voice and orchestra—straightforwardly, sinewily, man-fashion, but without too much distinction and with overemphasis recurring. In these interludes, however, more significant was the manner than the matter of Mr. McCormack's song. When he is on his mettle as he was yesterday, when he holds every ability in elastic command, when circumstance and audience plainly stir him, he is incomparable singer, save only with Mme. Sembrich in our time, of the music of Mozart. Lengthy measures of declamation—"Non Più! Tutto Ascoltae"—precede the air and rondo—"Non Temer, Amato Bene"—which he sang yesterday as the composer interpolated them into his early and usually overlooked opera, "Idomeneo."

Uncoloured, unbroken, Mr. McCormack sustained the long line of the recitative; impeccably he placed every pause, shaped and adjusted every phrase. His diction was clarity itself, while at every turn his tones took color from the sentiment of the verse. Equally adroit of contour and of expression went the unfolding periods. He passed to the air; and he outdid himself in grace of melodic line, in loveliness of phrase, in the melting of contour into contour, in the play of sentiment as in undulation upon the whole. He ended with the rondo in traceries of tone more delicate than even those which the violin was weaving between the periods in Mozart's gossamer figures. The perfect art of Mozartean song inset within a voice that yesterday did it matchless service. Brooke's and Bridge's sonnet invited Mr. McCormack's larger and more heroic vein—the vein which maturity of mind, heart, art and voice steadily ripens. Readily he gained and sustained it. Yet his particular glory was the glory of his Mozartean song. In kind and quality, it fitly companioned the Berlioz of the "Fantastic Symphony," the Wagner, even, of the prelude to "The Mastersingers."

H. T. PARKER

WHATEVER the audience at the Symphony Concert of Friday afternoon lacked in heartiness toward Mr. Monteux, the succeeding audience of Saturday evening amply returned to him. For the conductor, for Mr. McCormack as assisting singer, for the orchestra, for the concerts as an institution, momentarily shaken but now firm-set again, the company filled Symphony Hall to the last seat. It was long, loud, sincere in applause when Mr. Monteux came to his place. It was first engrossed and then stirred by his version of Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony" which, unlike the listeners of Friday, it was hearing for the first time. The "Scene in the Fields," the "March to the Scaffold" won warm plaudits; and at the end of the whole piece conductor and orchestra shared round after round of clapping. Mr. d'Indy's tone-poem, "Istar," was likewise better received on Saturday; while with Wagner's Prelude to "The Mastersingers," the pleasure of music and performance plainly ran high and deep. When both were done nearly the whole audience lingered and, standing, recalled Mr. Monteux again and again. Soon he had the orchestra on its feet around him. For, without its fortitude, loyalties and zeal, not even he could have saved and restored the Symphony Concerts.

As good fortune would have it, both the conductor and the band were on their mettle. Clearly out of Berlioz's stripped, concentrated, superlatively direct music, wherein so many instruments and choirs are used separately, stood the individual quality of the orchestra and Mr. Monteux's ability as fusing leader. Seldom has the band been more graphic voice to such a symphony of pictorial, romantic, highly strung fantasy or a conductor, here in Boston, shown larger and finer mastery of these exacting pages. The orchestra's command of harmonic and instrumental color, Mr. Monteux's imagination with it and ear for it, shone manifold throughout the performance of "Istar," while both were equally plastic, songful, sumptuous and striding of tone through Wagner's Prelude. Even in Dr. Muck's time, it was hardly more thrilling to hear as crown to an ending season. Since those days also and in happy omen for the autumn, there has not been warmer leave-taking between audience, conductor and orchestra. Thanks, most, to Mr. Monteux, the Symphony Concerts are themselves again.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

"FANTASTIC" AGAIN AT THE SYMPHONY

Berlioz' Work Rendered
With Distinction

Globe May 1, 1920

The chief item on the program of yesterday's Symphony concert was Berlioz' "Fantastic Symphony," played for the second time this season by request of many subscribers. It was at the close of the former performance that the much discussed Fradkin incident took place. Owing to the ensuing strike, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony had to be substituted at the Saturday concert. Yesterday the renewed orchestra gave an interpretation as finished and brilliant as that last March.

Berlioz certainly had the power of inventing distinctively beautiful themes, and his skill at orchestration is proverbial. His imagination is of the sort which subordinates formal proportioned perfection of structure to vivid and dramatic effects. All his works live chiefly by virtue of the striking musical episodes they contain. They lack the power and nobility Beethoven gained by sustained and unified structural development. They are all dramatic lyrics which lack epic grandeur.

D'Indy, who is commonly regarded as cerebral rather than emotional, succeeds in the "Istar" variations in suggesting the sensuous, almost sensual, emotional quality of the legend by means of music which like all his later works is, nevertheless, almost too painstakingly well constructed.

Wagner in the prelude to "Die Meistersinger" is as erudite as D'Indy, though he does not do any stunts comparable to the Frenchman's clever but rather perplexing trick of giving his variations first and his theme afterward. But the emotional force back of Wagner's music is so tremendous that most listeners never notice its intricate construction.

John McCormack showed his wonted artistry and taste in his Mozart recitative and aria. No tenor now before the public can excel him in such music. His other number, a setting of one of Rupert Brooke's sonnets on the war, by Frank Bridge, an English composer little known in America, was effective in a rather banal way. The music suited the words, which are platitudinously optimistic in the face of a tragedy still too near for any artist to approach objectively. It was well sung and capably played.

The end of the season sees the orchestra back in its old form. The return of Mr. Neumann to the tympani, is an especial cause for congratulation. He is in a class by himself as far as American orchestras are concerned and could not be adequately replaced. The list of members of the orchestra, printed in the programs for the first time since the strike, showed other welcome accessions and few vacancies still to be filled.

The concert will be repeated as usual tonight at 8. The 40th season begins Oct 8 and 9, with Mr. Monteux as conductor.

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Boston Symphony Orchestra Triumphs Over Obstacles

With Band Happily Restored to Old-Time Efficiency,
a Season Rich in Accomplishments Closes —
Thrift of Certain Patrons of Boston Musical Asso-
ciation — Its Programmes

BY OLIN DOWNES

After three years, in which it was strongly and at times very disturbingly affected by issues of the war and the war's aftermath, the Boston Symphony Orchestra has emerged from its 39th season with flying colors and with unusually brilliant prospects, so far as one can judge in these troubled times, for the future.

It is reasonable to believe that the concerts next season will be fully as well patronized as they have during the winter past. The union issue, unfortunately and unwisely connected with the Fradkin issue, seems to have subsided, with the orchestra remaining intact and destined, by all signs and tokens, to be a better body than ever when the first concerts of next October take place. A campaign is on to secure guarantees of more money for the running expenses of this orchestra, which, like the expenses of everything else, have been constantly ascending during the last five years. This campaign should be vigorously and generously supported and no doubt it will be.

One element of the popularity of these concerts is Mr. Monteux's programmes. He is probably the best programme maker who has ever stood at the head of the orchestra, an ultra-modern in his keen, musical perceptions and sympathies, yet a profound student of the music of classic masters. Mr. Monteux is very eclectic in his musical interests. During the winter past 15 French composers, 10 German composers, seven Russian composers, four American composers, Gluck and Goldmark, Austrians; the Rumanian, Enesco; Ernest Bloch, the Swiss Jew; two Bohemians, Dvorak and Smetana; the Hungarian, Liszt; the Pole, Stokowski; two Italian composers, Verdi and Malapiero; one Spanish composer, Albeniz, and one English composer, Frank Bridges, have been heard. Of single composers Beethoven had the greatest number of works given. Ten of his compositions were performed.

Then came Wagner with 8; Schumann and Debussy with 5 each; Berlioz with 4, Brahms, Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Schubert and d'Indy with 3 each; Bloch, Borodin, Dvorak, Franck, Liszt, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Saint-Saens, with 2 each, with the rest represented by a single work apiece. Haydn's "Queen Anne" symphony was repeated on two different programmes, as was Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique." Although there were but 10 names of German composers—including Handel, in his later life a naturalized Englishman—and 15 names of French composers, including the Belgian, Cesar Franck, there were 44 performances of German works and but 25 of compositions by Frenchmen—sufficient of a reply to those who have tried to fasten on Messrs. Rabaud and Monteux, the two French conductors of the Boston Symphony, the charge of chauvinism in music, chauvinism which, as a matter of fact, was a prevailing characteristic of every German conductor the Boston Symphony knew. One German, Max Fiedler, had an exceptional curiosity and breadth of appreciation, but the programmes have never been so inclusive as they have during the last three years under French leadership.

Conductors who are internationalists are certainly desired by American audiences. When to this internationalism is added an enthusiasm, an appreciation, subjective as well as objective, of the works of classic masters even of enemy countries, then the audiences are fortunate indeed. No conductor we have ever heard equalled Mr. Rabaud's performance of Beethoven's fifth symphony. The same thing is true of Mr. Monteux's reading, among other works of Schumann's symphony No. 1—the symphony of Spring, and of Schubert's symphonie in B minor; but neither Mr. Rabaud nor Mr. Monteux has yet approached Dr. Muck, for instance, in his interpretation of Brahms or of Wagner. We say these things because

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Here in Boston

Mr. Monteux has changed his plans for the spring and summer. He will not return to Paris as he originally proposed. For the present he will remain in Boston where there is much to do in preparation for the Symphony Concerts of next season.

Frequenters of the Pop Concerts, when they return to Symphony Hall next Monday will discover that a bar—or rather what passes for one in these days of sweet shops—has been installed in the little used corridor back of the lower balcony.

Mr. Neumann, the player upon the kettle-drums, who was persuaded into the recent secession from the Symphony Orchestra, returns to his place today, there to continue indefinitely. For years he has been one of the ornaments of the band and well deserves re-instatement. On the other hand, it is definitely decided that Mr. Heim, the former first trumpet, will not be taken back.

Without so much as half a smile, Musical America solemnly announces in heavy black type that there is little likelihood that the seceders from the Symphony Orchestra can or will assemble a rival band. Nearly everybody else had forgotten them and it.

Mr. Noack, who left the first desk in the violins of the Symphony Orchestra last autumn and who is now settled at Los Angeles, has assembled a string quartet there. He also led the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra through a single concert when the regular conductor, Mr. Rothwell, was disabled. Evidently Mr. Noack is developing new talents.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Triumphs Over Obstacles

With Band Happily Restored to Old-Time Efficiency,
a Season Rich in Accomplishments Closes —
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It is reasonable to believe that the concerts next season will be fully as well patronized as they have during the winter past. The union issue, unfortunately and unwisely connected with the Fradkin issue, seems to have subsided, with the orchestra remaining intact and destined, by all signs and tokens, to be a better body than ever when the first concerts of next October take place. A campaign is on to secure guarantees of more money for the running expenses of this orchestra, which, like the expenses of everything else, have been constantly ascending during the last five years. This campaign should be vigorously and generously supported and no doubt it will be.

One element of the popularity of these concerts is Mr. Monteux's programmes. He is probably the best programme maker who has ever stood at the head of the orchestra, an ultra-modern in his keen musical perceptions and sympathies, yet a profound student of the music of classic masters. Mr. Monteux is very eclectic in his musical interests. During the winter past 15 French composers, 10 German composers, seven Russian composers, four American composers, Gluck and Goldmark, Austrians; the Rumanian, Enesco; Ernest Bloch, the Swiss Jew; two Bohemians, Dvorak and Smetana; the Hungarian, Liszt; the Pole, Stojowski; two Italian composers, Verdi and Malapiero; one Spanish composer, Albeniz, and one English composer, Frank Bridges, have been heard. Of single composers Beethoven had the greatest number of works given. Ten of his compositions were performed.

Then came Wagner with 8; Schumann and Debussy with 5 each; Berlioz with 4, Brahms, Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Schubert and d'Indy with 3 each; Bloch, Borodin, Dvorak, Franck, Liszt, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Saint-Saens, with 2 each, with the rest represented by a single work apiece. Haydn's "Queen Anne" symphony was repeated on two different programmes, as was Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique." Although there were but 10 names of German composers—including Handel, in his later life a naturalized Englishman—and 15 names of French composers, including the Belgian, Cesar Franck, there were 44 performances of German works and but 25 of compositions by Frenchmen—sufficient of a reply to those who have tried to fasten on Messrs. Rabaud and Monteux, the two French conductors of the Boston Symphony, the charge of chauvinism in music, chauvinism which, as a matter of fact, was a prevailing characteristic of every German conductor the Boston Symphony knew. One German, Max Fiedler, had an exceptional curiosity and breadth of appreciation, but the programmes have never been so inclusive as they have during the last three years under French leadership.

Conductors who are internationalists are certainly desired by American audiences. When to this internationalism is added an enthusiasm, an appreciation, subjective as well as objective, of the works of classic masters even of enemy countries, then the audiences are fortunate indeed. No conductor we have ever heard equalled Mr. Rabaud's performance of Beethoven's fifth symphony. The same thing is true of Mr. Monteux's reading, among other works of Schumann's symphony No. 1—the symphony of Spring, and of Schubert's symphonie in B minor; but neither Mr. Rabaud nor Mr. Monteux has yet approached Dr. Muck, for instance, in his interpretation of Brahms or of Wagner. We say these things because

there appear still to be those who are worrying over the change from what they term the "French regime," which has replaced the "German regime" at Symphony Hall. They have tried to represent the Frenchmen as narrow or limited in their musical appreciations. The only answer required is a record of recent programmes and reference to a majority of unprejudiced opinion about the interpretations. The scope of the programmes has been broader, the musical atmosphere freer from provincialism or arbitrariness, since Messrs. Rabaud and Monteux came to Boston, than ever before.

The orchestral compositions performed for the first time anywhere were Converse's C minor symphony and Griffes' "Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan." The tragic death of Charles T. Griffes, just as he was gaining widespread recognition as an American composer or rarely sensitive fancy and skill with the orchestra, is one of the real losses of American music. Mr. Converse's symphony is on a classical basis, and the writer personally did not find that it ranked in value with the same composer's "Mystic Trumpeter," which remains up to the present time Mr. Converse's masterpiece.

Of the works performed for the first time in America there were three. Debussy's "Jeux" and Fantasy for piano and orchestra—the piano part played by Alfred Cortot—and d'Indy's "Sinfonia Brevis de Bello Gallico," a symphony inspired by the war which proved to be one of d'Indy's poorest works. Nor did the two compositions of Debussy, the one a very early work, the latter one of the latest efforts of the composer, make a very deep impression on initial acquaintance.

Of the works performed for the first time in Boston Albeniz's "Catalonia" pleases some and offended others by its vulgarity, its swinging rhythms, its crackling color. Carpenter's brilliant concerto for piano and orchestra, the piano part superbly played by E. Robert Schmitz, was heartily applauded and much enjoyed. Whether it has as much permanent value as other works of this composer is another question. Rachmaninoff's 3d concerto is poor music, but the composer played like a god; he has a very impressive personality. The audience was wild with delight.

Ernest Bloch's settings of Psalms 137 and 114 stand out in the memory as the greatest novelties of the season, and as works certain to live long because of their inspiration, their dramatic and emotional qualities. Here, thank heaven, is a living composer of true greatness, simplicity, sincerity, breath of vision. Other first performances in Boston need not detain us. The works are already forgotten, though it was just that they should be heard.

Of first performances at the Boston Symphony concerts of unusual interest were those of Borodin's "Poloskian" dances from "Prince Igor," Gilbert's "Dance on Place Congo," and Stravinsky's suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu." As shown, these works and others to be classified in the same category, had been performed previously in Boston by other organizations—the Borodin dances by the orchestra of the Boston Opera company and by the Russian ballet, which also gave repeated performances of Stravinsky's wonderful "Oiseau de feu." But one work, strictly speaking, had not been heard before to full advantage. This was Gilbert's "Dance on Place Congo," poorly suited for ballet performance by the Metropolitan Opera Company, and only heard to advantage when Mr. Monteux gave it in its original form as a symphonic poem in Symphony Hall. Then the music, in all its virility, its uncouthness, its romantic poetry, and its eerie conclusion was felt with its full force. For one listener, at least, Mr. Gilbert has produced in this work some of his greatest pages, pages which make him stand out, an individual and inimitable musical personality of today.

Another thing which has been brought overpoweringly to mind at these concerts is the unspeakable greatness of many works which young musicians of today—the writer has not been guileless in this respect—describe condescendingly as "classic masterpieces," or in words more contemptuous. The reason this has come so forcibly to mind is threefold. First, Mr. Monteux has gone rather extensively into orchestral literature of the classic period; secondly, he understands most of this literature uncommonly well, and communicates his understanding to the listener; thirdly, listeners themselves grow, experiencing strange reversals of opinion and judgment in so doing.

For instance, the Schubert C major symphony is for us, now, none too long, and it is a work which towers to the very stars, despite its sequences and its excess of thematic material. It has taken us 20 years of listening at these concerts to feel the sublime greatness of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, which, as it is with the exception of the ninth the most substantial, the most closely packed with thought and with romantic emotion of the remaining eight symphonies, was logically the one it took longest to grasp. Perhaps, also, it is the one which the world will take longest to forget. There are symphonies by Schubert, by Schumann, which we could not lose today, although we would have exchanged them, 15 years ago, with great willingness, for a work by Tschalkowsky or Richard Strauss. (Of course there are pages of Strauss one could never spare—for example, the

"Also Sprach Zarathustra," "Tod und Verklärung" and "Till Eulenspiegel." We are the last to yield in our admiration for Strauss, or for the Debussy of "Iberia" as well as "L'Après-midi d'un faune," or for music of Ernest Bloch, or for symphonies and symphonic poems of Jean Sibelius. But, how much, after all, even of this glorious music we refer to, is as chaff in the wind by the side of a Beethoven, a Schubert, a Mozart in a great mood. The C major symphony of Mozart is, after all, a very grand affair. Beethoven's symphonies, in the hands of a real conductor, lose little of their spirituality, their plain brotherhood and humanity, with the year. These things have been said before. They will be said again. They will be hooted in all sincerity by the young fry, and reiterated with savage conviction by their elders. This is only to chronicle, for those who are passing through the writer's stage of 15 and 20 years ago, the experiences and conclusions of an average mind. The effect of these great compositions on the spirit is another matter. It cannot be told.

THE POPS ARE HERE

Tomorrow night in Symphony Hall there will start what promises to be the biggest season of Pop concerts in the 35 years of their history. An orchestra of 80 musicians will present, under Mr. Jacchia's leadership, a record list of popular but worth while programs. Undaunted by the clamp of prohibition, the cafe service at the Pops last season was worked harder than ever before. To an unprecedented number of patrons \$15,000 worth of "ginger pop" and the like was served, as against \$11,000 worth in the last year of beer. Never were so many special nights dedicated to colleges, clubs, conventions, etc. In each of these respects the Pops will go still stronger this year. To meet the ever-flowing demand for refreshments, a bar is being installed in the large foyer in front of the first balcony. The prices of tables and seats have not been changed. A number of organizations have already arranged to spend some special nights at the Pops. For Monday, May 10, the Boston Chamber of Commerce has requisitioned the entire hall. There will also be Amherst night, Roxbury Latin night, Simmons College, Boston University and Harvard nights; Boston City Club, Commercial Travelers, Professional Women's Club, Graduate Nurses, Euclid Lodge, New England Conservatory, Insurance Society of Massachusetts, and National Bankers' Convention nights. Most of these nights are open to the public. A few dates still remain open for such purposes—but only a few. The programs of this week follow:

MONDAY

Marsch Militaire.....Schubert
Overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor".....Nicolai
Song without Words.....Tschalkowsky
Fantasia "La Boheme".....Puccini
Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner
Gypsy Dance from "Carmen".....Bizet
Organ Solo, Finale 6th Symphony.....Widor
Mr. Snow
Tempest Scene from "Othello".....Verdi
Selection, "Samson and Delilah".....Saint-Saens
Canzone.....Van Westerhout
Intermezzo from "L'Amico Fritz".....Mascagni
Hungarian Dance No. 1, in G minor.....Brahms

TUESDAY

Cortege from "The Queen of Sheba".....Gounod
Overture to "Il Guarany".....Gomez
Capriccio.....Scriabin
Fantasia, "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Dance of the Hours.....Ponchielli
Harp Solo, "In Springtime".....Holy
Mr. Holy
Rondo, Capriccioso.....Mendelssohn
Finale from the Fourth Symphony, Tschalkowsky
Selection, "Madama Butterfly".....Puccini
Enfantillage.....Van Westerhout
Waltz, "España".....Waldteufel
Hungarian Dance No. 3, in F major.....Brahms

WEDNESDAY

Entrance of the Boyards.....Halvorsen
Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro".....Mozart
Cortege de Bacchus.....Debussy
Fantasia, "Carmen".....Bizet
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner
Violin solo, Rondo.....Mozart-Kreisler
Mr. Theodorowicz

Serenade.....Schubert
Tempest Scene from "Othello".....Verdi
Selection, "Cavalleria Rusticana".....Mascagni
Reve Angelique.....Rubinstein
Waltz, "Jolly Fellows".....Vollstedt
Hungarian Dance No. 5, in G minor.....Brahms

THURSDAY, Operatic Night

Triumphal March, from "Aida".....Verdi
Overture to "Mignon".....Thomas
Waltzes from "The Rose Cavalier".....Strauss
Fantasia, "La Tosca".....Puccini
Prelude to "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Polonaise from "Eugen Onegin".....Tschalkowsky
"Depuis le Jour" from "Louise".....Chapientier
Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini
Suite from "Carmen".....Bizet
Intermezzo, "William Ratcliff".....Mascagni
Intermezzo, Act III, "Jewels of the Madonna".....Wolf-Ferrari
"Dance of the Hours," from "La Gioconda".....Ponchielli

FRIDAY

Entrance of the Gladiators.....Fucik
Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini
Madrigal.....Caccini
Fantasia, "Faust".....Gounod
First Hungarian Rhapsody, in F major.....Liszt
Flute solo:
Romance sans Paroles.....Guilmant
Polonaise.....Possard
Mr. Brooke
Prelude.....Rachmaninoff
Scenes Pittoresques.....Massenet
a. Air de Ballet, b. Feie Boheme.
Overture Solennelle, "1812".....Tschalkowsky
Ave Maria, from "Othello".....Verdi
Waltz, "Estudiantina".....Waldteufel
Slavonic Dance No. 1.....Dvorak

SATURDAY

French Military March.....Saint-Saens
Overture to "Masaniello".....Anser
Whispering of the Flowers.....Blon
Fantasia, "Metastefele".....Bolto
Finale of "Scheherazade".....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Minuet for Strings.....Boccherini
Tarantella, Flute Solo.....Jacchia
Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Three Russian Folk Songs.....Arr. by Jacchia
The Marionettes.....Lacombe
Waltz, "The Skaters".....Waldteufel
Polonaise from "Eugen Onegin".....Tschalkowsky



Agide Jacchia, conductor of Pop Concerts in Symphony Hall.

SYMPHONY HALL

MOST SYMPHONY SUBSCRIBERS
REGULARLY ATTEND
THE FAMOUS

POP CONCERTS

AND WILL WANT
TO BE PRESENT AT
THE OPENING NIGHT—MAY 3

PROGRAMME

- | | | |
|---|---------|----------------|
| 1. MARCH MILITAIRE | - - - - | Schubert |
| 2. OVERTURE to "The Merry Wives of Windsor" | - - - - | Nicolai |
| 3. SONG WITHOUT WORDS | - - - - | Tschaikowsky |
| 4. FANTASIA, "La Bohème" | - - - - | Puccini |
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| 5. PRELUDE to "Tristan and Isolde" | - - - - | Wagner |
| 6. "GYPSY DANCE" from "Carmen" | - - - - | Bizet |
| 7. ORGAN SOLO: Finale, Sixth Symphony
(Mr. Albert W. Snow) | - - - - | Widor |
| 8. TEMPEST SCENE from "Othello" | - - - - | Verdi |
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| 9. SELECTION, "Samson and Delilah" | - - - - | Saint-Saëns |
| 10. CANZONE | - - - - | Van Westerhout |
| 11. INTERMEZZO from "L'Amico Fritz" | - - - - | Mascagni |
| 12. HUNGARIAN DANCE No. 1, in G minor | - - - - | Brahms |

TICKETS NOW AT BOX OFFICE

\$1, 75c., 50c. ADMISSION 25c. NO TAX



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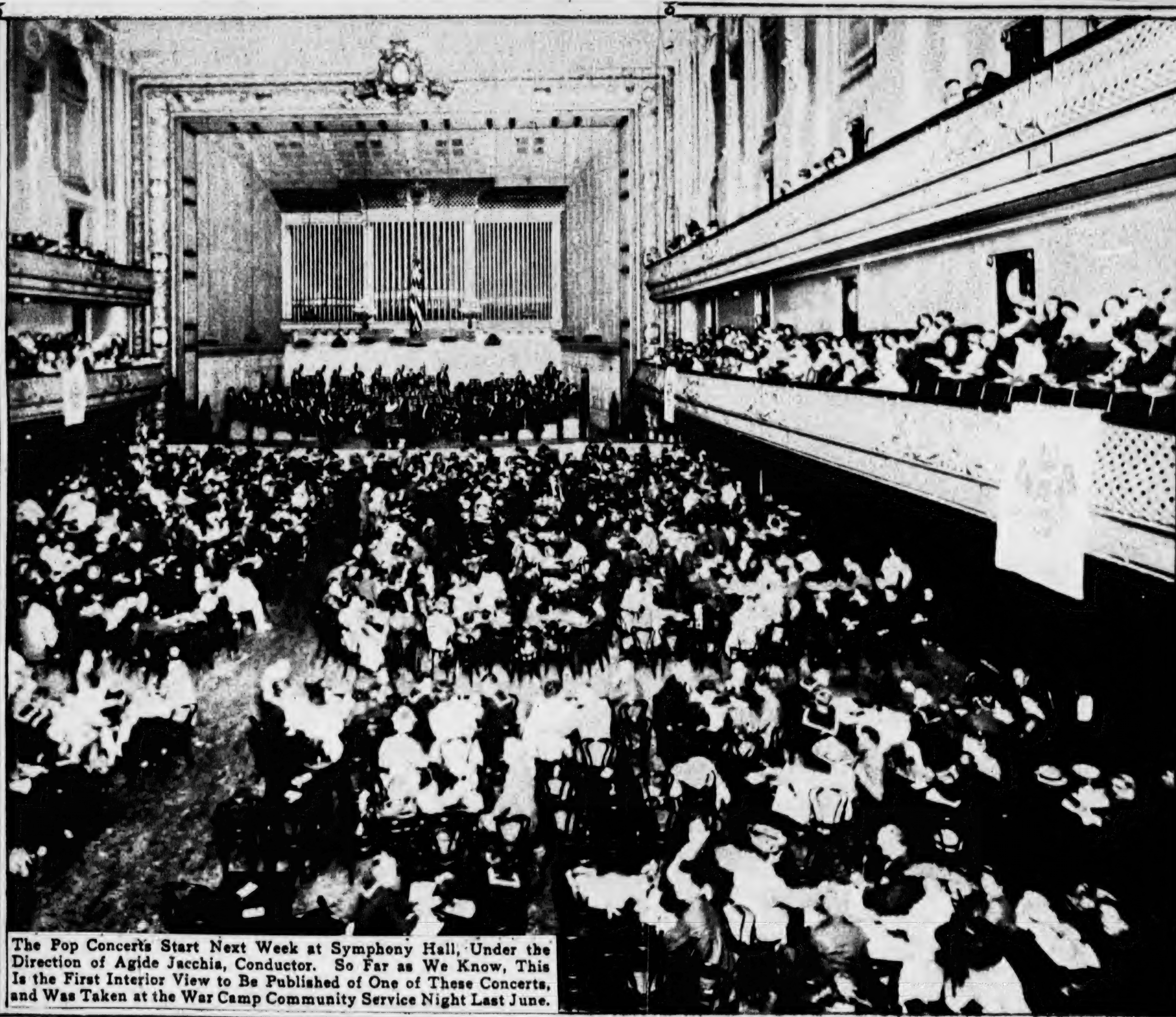
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The Pop Concerts Start Next Week at Symphony Hall, Under the Direction of Agide Jacchia, Conductor. So Far as We Know, This Is the First Interior View to Be Published of One of These Concerts, and Was Taken at the War Camp Community Service Night Last June.

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SPRING BRINGS "THE POPS"

Trans. — May 4, 1920
Variations of 1920 Upon the Annual
Theme of Orchestra and Audience at
Play in Symphony Hall

NOT even restricting the gratification of a body's thirst to a "half of one per cent" can quench the desire of Bostonians for the spring season of "Pops," and the beginning of the thirty-fifth year at Symphony Hall last evening was welcomed by an audience which filled every place in the large auditorium. To be more correct, it might be said that three audiences were present: for the floor and balconies twain have each their individuality. On high sit the eager music lovers who would hear a noted orchestra for the little fee which outdoes the "movies" in inexpensiveness and far excels them in satisfactions. One remove below are many austere souls who fret that anyone should be so bold as to speak during the band's playing, who tolerate the smoke but approve it not; they regard the evening as wholly "elevating" and deprecate the intruding pop of cork and movement of service. For yea another audience, the floor contains an assemblage of those who take pleasure in the programme and rejoice along with it the opportunity to sip a "highball" compounded of Mr. Burbank's special berry and ginger ale—the "Pops" were never the resort of the really bibulous—while blowing wreaths of smoke or idly chatting on the chances of Mr. Hoover for the presidency and the prevailing tone of green in spring millinery.

Nonetheless the denizens, so to speak, of the floor are not without discrimination and attentive listening powers. They appreciate the abilities of Mr. Jacchia in conducting so admirably as he did last

OR PACIFIC COAST

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SUGGESTS FALL POPS TO INCREASE PAY

Globe
Feb. 26/20

Pres Cabot Asks Symphony Players to Say Now Whether They Wish to Continue— Orchestra to Go On, Anyway

At the close of the rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon, Judge Frederick P. Cabot, president of the trustees of the orchestra, made an address to the musicians in reply to their recent salary demands. He said:

"This orchestra has been maintained for 39 years. It is going to continue to be maintained. This is to be done for the present through the generosity of persons making annual gifts and ultimately through the income of money given as an endowment for the purpose of its continuance. There is no occasion on the ground of such fear for any member of the orchestra to seek a position elsewhere.

"The first point then is, that this orchestra is to be continued with its traditional standards of excellence.

"The orchestra at present is being supported by annual contributions, the total of which is twice as large as the amount paid by Maj Higginson in any one of the first 37 years of its existence. In other words, to support it is now costing more than double what it ever cost before.

Increases Since 1914

"The total of salaries paid to the musicians is today 30 percent greater than it was in 1914.

"In 1918 every musician receiving less than \$3000 a year was given an additional payment of \$250 a year, regardless of whether he had or did not have a continuing contract at a fixed sum. Furthermore, where contracts expired and new contracts were entered into, so far as possible other increases were given.

"Payments to all musicians receiving less than \$3000 a year are distributed weekly throughout the year, the rate of payment being higher during the 40 weeks of the Symphony Concert season and Pop Concert season than in Summer when no services are required of the musicians.

"One member of the orchestra, whose service is required at only some of the concerts, is now being paid \$1450 a year. Seven members are now being paid \$1650 a year. All other members are paid at least \$1850 a year and a large number more.

"For the purpose of comparison with other orchestras the length of service should be taken into consideration. In this orchestra, for the men who care to play in the Pop Concerts as well as the Symphony Concerts, there are 40 weeks of service. In most orchestras the time of employment is only from 28 to 30 weeks and in only one other orchestra is employment for so long a period as that in Boston. On the basis of 30 weeks of service the annual payment of \$1650 is equivalent to \$55 a week and \$1850 is equivalent to \$61.68 a week; on the basis of 40 weeks of service, \$1650 is equivalent to \$41.25 a week and \$1850 is equivalent to \$46.25 a week.

Offers Full Pop Concerts

"Furthermore, the trustees are ready to carry on the Pop Concerts for an additional season of four or five weeks beginning at Labor Day and running until the opening of the Symphony Concerts, and to pay the musicians during that additional Pop season the full salary paid them during the Spring Pop season.

"The second point made clear is, then, that the present minimum salaries apply to only eight men in the orchestra and that the opportunity is given to the members to play for four or five additional weeks in Pop Concerts in September and to be paid an additional sum for that service.

"When the orchestra travels each musician is allowed \$5 a day for his living expenses. With one exception, this compares with \$4 a day allowed in other orchestras.

"The members of this orchestra have the privilege of membership in a pension fund, the amount of payment to them, or, in the event of death, to their widow or minor children, depending on length of service. A substantial portion of the money available for pensions

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Four-score men filled the stage last evening, with never a hint of the winter's troubles to mar the flower-bedecked and tree-banked platform. Mr. Jacchia's enthusiasm and vigor brought forth the necessary vivacity from the players and stirred responsive applause from the satisfied audience. Mr. Albert W. Snow's capital organ playing of the finale of Widor's Sixth Symphony provided the fillip of desired solo work and even the weather man condescended to be kind to the opening of Boston's favorite springtime institution.

FRANCES A. GOELL

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"The members of this orchestra have the privilege of membership in a pension fund, the amount of payment to them, or, in the event of death, to their widow or minor children, depending on length of service. A substantial portion of the money available for pensions

comes from concerts which the members themselves give for the purpose during each year, a right which is secured to them under their contract.

"The members of the orchestra are entitled, according to length of service, to death benefit and disability payments under group insurance paid for by the trustees.

"In other orchestras contracts are made only from year to year. In this orchestra they may be and usually are made for two to three years at a time. In no orchestra has there been a greater permanence of employment for a man of proved artistic ability than in this orchestra.

Increase Asked Impossible

"On Feb 6, 1920, a large proportion of the orchestra united in a written request for an increase in compensation of each member, stating that 'any increase less than \$1000 a year would be futile,' and asking for a reply not later than Feb 20, 1920.

"Feb 14, on behalf of the trustees, the president met the entire orchestra as a group and pointed out that the increase which was insisted upon as a minimum would require contributions from the public of \$100,000 a year in addition to the present contributions of \$100,000 made for running the orchestra, or that, if a permanent fund was raised to maintain the orchestra, it would require \$4,000,000 instead of \$2,000,000, and that in the absence of such gifts from generous citizens, either annually or to an endowment fund, it was impossible to grant the request.

"He further stated that some increase in salaries, such as had been given in previous years, would be possible by revising the prices of tickets to the concerts and that that matter had for some time been under consideration by the trustees.

"He stated that in the case of members whose contracts were expiring, and in the case of members then receiving the minimum pay, and in the case of the basses, even though they had continuing contracts, the matter of salaries would be gone over. Before closing the meeting he stated he would post definite hours when he would be glad to confer with members as to their salaries. This was done.

Glad to Meet Committee

"It is suggested by some members of the orchestra that it might be advisable to have the members select a committee of three, one from the brass section, one from the wood wind and one from the string, to advise with the members of the orchestra and the trustees to promote the general good of the entire orchestra, but not to pass upon the artistic merits of any member, that being properly a matter for the conductor. This suggestion is entirely satisfactory to the trustees. Indeed, they will be glad at any time to consider with individual members of a committee of the orchestra any matter affecting the general or individual welfare of its members.

"To sum up: Those members whose contracts are about to expire are requested to notify the management at once whether they wish to continue as members of the orchestra. If they do,

the details of their new contracts will be taken up forthwith. All others who have any statement which they wish to make are requested to make such statements to the management now. It is important for the trustees to know without delay to what extent, if at all, there are any places to be filled in the orchestra so that they may select the best personnel for any such places, because, in any event, the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to be carried on and its great qualities maintained."

MORE ORCHESTRA MEMBERS SIGN UNION APPLICATIONS

A number of additional members of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday filled out applications for membership in the union of musicians affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, it was announced by Carl E. Gardner, publicity chairman of the committee of players. Mr Gardner said that every member of the orchestra at the rehearsal expressed sympathy with the union affiliation and, while pledges were not received from all of them, it was predicted that the orchestra will be 100 percent organized within a few days.

The committee expects to receive from Judge Frederick P. Cabot a copy of the salary list of the orchestra. It will go over the list and figure out just what increases were granted that brought the total to 30 percent, as stated by Judge Cabot.

It is claimed that many of the higher salaried artists received big increases, some as high as 75 percent, while some of the others received less than 30 percent.

ENDOWMENT FOR THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Trans. — Feb. 20/20
A Way Out of Present Difficulties—The Wisdom of a Test of the Public—More Manœuvring for Position—The Flonzaleys and Three Classic Quartets—Programmes in Prospect

NO symphony orchestra in the United States can maintain itself out of the income its concerts yield. If it is to keep a high standard of repertory and performance, it must not over-tax conductor and players with too frequent journeying from its seat, with too many concerts at home and abroad in the short space of the "musical season" in America. Similarly, if it is to hold its public in the cities in which it is regularly heard, the scale of prices for its concerts must not be set higher than is the custom of the hour. If it is to enjoy a desirable, even a necessary prestige, it must employ a conductor of signal ability and pay him well; it must assemble players of proportionate quality and proportionately compensate them; it must have ample oppor-

tunity for rehearsal and ample means to command "assisting artists," occasional choruses and other decorations to concerts of the first order. By the test of years, no orchestra so organized, so remunerated and so working from season to season can pay its way, however numerous, widespread and faithful its public may be.

Under these conditions, a symphony orchestra in the United States must be sustained by an individual benefactor who annually pays the deficit between receipts and expenditures; by a body of guarantors who do likewise; or by an endowment, either permanent or assured through a substantial period. In Mr. Higginson's day, the Boston Symphony Orchestra was maintained by a single "patron"; the New York Symphony Orchestra—Mr. Damrosch's—is now so supported by Mr. Flagler. Various guarantors stand ready to provide the New Symphony Orchestra in New York—Mr. Bodanzky's—with necessary funds; most of the symphony orchestras in the Middle West are similarly kept in being; the Boston Orchestra is at present so sustained. In Philadelphia, after no little effort, an endowment fund collected from many subscribers will meet the deficits of Mr. Stokowski's orchestra through a term of years. Beyond these three, no methods for the maintaining of a symphony orchestra in America have borne the test of actual application.

Here in Boston, the Symphony Orchestra flourished when it was sustained by a single "patron." When he withdrew his support, no single man stood ready to succeed him and none is likely to present himself. A board of trustees undertook the control of the orchestra; sundry guarantors, privately pledged, agreed to pay deficits through three seasons. These trustees and these guarantors have met as best they might a rising scale of expenses which keeps annual revenue short of annual expenditure by, approximately, \$100,000. Players in the orchestra now ask increases in salary that would add another \$100,000 to this deficit. As present costs of living go, as present standards of compensation run in their calling, their request is reasonable, even though gradual adjustment, individual case by individual case, might lower the sum total of these increases. The trustees reply that they have not the income wherewith to meet this expenditure, however moment it may be. The outcome, for the moment is an impasse, which the dictionary defines as a passage open at only one end.

That "open end" may, with reason, be direct request to the community

for a permanent endowment for the Symphony Orchestra sufficient to meet present and future vicissitude. The trustees have for months been meditating such a step; they might as advisedly take it as enter upon fresh solicitation of private subscriptions to meet new needs. Either this community, by and large, regards the Symphony Orchestra as an institution worth maintaining—or it does not. Either the public of the Symphony Concerts takes enough pleasure in them to sustain them—or it does not. Either a few individuals care enough for symphonic music in Boston to contribute largely to the continuance of it—or they do not. Either all three categories wish the Symphony Orchestra adequately provided with income according to the needs of the time—or they do not. A canvass of the city and the suburbs for an endowment fund, large enough to assure the future of the Symphony Concerts would clear the air of the uncertainties, the cross-purposes, the temporary expedient that now more or less becloud them. If the endowment or a large part of it were subscribed, then the Symphony Orchestra would be supported, as it should be, by so much of the community as takes pride and pleasure in it. If the outcome were a failure, then the temper of the community toward the Symphony Concerts would at last stand clear and private benefaction could decide whether or not it would continue them for its own satisfaction, from its own sense of obligation.

And Now the Union

The reported application of various players in the Symphony Orchestra for membership in the Musicians' Protective Association—otherwise "the union"—seems no more than a tactical manœuvre in the present controversy with the trustees of the orchestra. If the applicants purpose to leave the Symphony Orchestra at the end of the season, unless their requests are granted, and are now tentatively seeking employment elsewhere, membership in the union is an advantage, even a necessity. They know, moreover, that so long as they do their work and fulfill their obligations at Symphony Hall, no one in authority there will molest them because they have joined the union. If the secession should be general among those who ask higher salaries, tactics would still plausibly explain it. In that case, the union might urge for the increases with whatever influence it possesses, might ask the trustees to accept its rules and scales, might raise obstacles to new comers into the orchestra. As a mat-

ter of fact, nineteen out of every twenty men in the Symphony Orchestra care not a turn of their hands for the union, except as a means to aid them toward the higher salaries they are now seeking. In turn, the officers of the union amusingly delude themselves if, and when, they profess any other view of the reported "secession." Fluent "bunk" about "Americanism"—familiar cloak to many a selfish interest—as little serves any of the actual merits of the case.

Symphony Hall.

MUSICAL UNIONS: A PROBLEM

By special correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor

NEW YORK, New York—A storm is brewing and may soon break loose here, as a result of sweeping changes both in the rules and in the price lists of the organization which is usually referred to as the M. M. P. U. The full designation of this society, which is affiliated with the American Federation of Musicians, is the Musical Mutual Protective Union, Local 310.

The upheavals in the Boston Symphony Orchestra may ere long be followed by more conflicts between members of this active and important group of musicians and the directors of the New York symphony orchestras. And it is possible that these will be anticipated by a revolt of many New York theater managers against what they—with or without good reason—think unfair demands.

Of Public Interest

Some points at issue are of interest to the public, on which both parties in the expected clash depend for patronage. For, like almost everything connected with the unions, the impending quarrel will react upon the public. When the cost of producing coal or oil goes up, the public pays. And if the cost of producing music should be increased, that portion of the public which loves music in the theater or the concert room may be required to bear unpleasantly hard burdens.

Apart from this, the cause of art may suffer by anything which renders it more difficult to bring music within reach of the supporters of the concerts and the theaters. The public therefore surely has the right to know something of the matters in dispute.

When, nearly 60 years ago, the M. M. P. U. was chartered, it was em-

powered to make such rules and regulations not be "inconsistent with existing law," to "fix uniform rates of prices" by-laws. At the outset was not over popularly composed, in a great of non-naturalized ally German, or of d foreign sympathies. of the union, as they ll would-be members, American born, to "have intention to become ng to law." The sec- the second article of reads as follows: instrumental perform- ve come to this country s a member (members) or orchestra, or other- be eligible for member- nths after the expiration or engagement with said

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powered to make such rules and regulations as should not be "inconsistent with any existing law," to "fix and prescribe uniform rates of prices" and to adopt by-laws. At the outset, the new local was not over popular. It was composed, in a great measure, either of non-naturalized foreigners, chiefly German, or of citizens who had foreign sympathies. But the by-laws of the union, as they stand, require all would-be members, who are not American born, to "have declared their intention to become citizens, according to law." The second section of the second article of the same by-law reads as follows:

All professional instrumental performers who may have come to this country under contract as a member (members) of a foreign band or orchestra, or otherwise, shall not be eligible for membership until six months after the expiration of said contract or engagement with said orchestra or band.

The third section of the same article further stipulates that, except "during the present state of war," "this union shall not admit to membership musicians enlisted in the United States Army or Navy."

Some Peculiar Phases

It would take a lawyer to explain the exact significance of these quotations. The first, however, to a layman's mind, seems to imply that, for six months at least, a foreigner, whether he should or should not be under the necessity of earning his livelihood, is excluded from that right or privilege.

Moreover, according to the assertion of a well-known New York manager—who assures the writer that he has had evidence of his contention—members of musical locals, other than Local 310, are forbidden to become members of the M. M. P. U. till they have resided in or near New York for six months, and are therefore also, indirectly, debarred from their right, during their six months' probational residence hereabouts, to earn their bread as musicians. In other words, even born Americans, as it would ap-

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pear—if that manager is not mistaken—may be treated, as foreigners under contract. Part of the sixth section of the second article in the M. M. P. U. by-laws reads as under:

Members of the American Federation of Musicians from other jurisdictions located in this jurisdiction on travel or transfer cards must, after the expiration of six months, if desiring to remain longer, become full members and shall be required to pay the full initiation fee (\$100).

Whether this is legally defensible, or the contrary, deponent sayeth not. Such points, of course, are of internal interest. But, in effect, they may prevent a manager from engaging a musician, whom he needs for his orchestra, outside New York. At least one such case has occurred quite recently. No changes in the rule have been announced.

An Arbitrary Ruling

Another change, both in New York and elsewhere, is, it appears, to become part and parcel of the rules of the M. M. P. U. It will upset an earlier rule which had till lately—two years ago—been enforced by the same local, and bears upon the question of musical pitch. The purpose of this change is to discard what we all know as "international pitch" (435 vibrations) for a new pitch (440 vibrations). The ninth section of the third article of the by-laws, as it stood two years ago, reads thus:

No member shall be permitted to perform in any theater where any pitch is used other than low, or international pitch.

The new rule proposed forbids "any member to perform in any theater, band or orchestra, where any pitch is used than 'low' pitch, 440 A. 'United States Standard'."

As a consequence of this innovation, most of the wind instruments now in use, will soon have to be replaced. This means a considerable outlay with much profit to the manufacturing interests. Pianos will have to be tuned higher.

But the most important issues raised

by the projected changes in the M. M. P. U. rules deal with the prices to be paid to union musicians. These are the danger points. They affect not only managers of opera houses, but also theatre and concert managers and others. To quote at length from the 660 proposed alterations of the former or present rules would be impossible in a daily newspaper. Many suggestions which have already been discussed by the M. M. P. U. seem to conflict with other suggestions. For example one, demanding an increase of 75 per cent in "the salaries of all musicians employed in grand opera, grand opera stage bands, theaters, vaudeville houses, vaudeville and picture houses, picture houses, hotels, cabarets, dance places, summer resorts and all outside business."

As the writer is informed, it is the intention of the M. M. P. U. to demand \$11, in future, of grand opera managements, for each performance of regular or ordinary works in the repertory, and \$15 for each performance of a Wagner opera or music-drama. New prices are also to be insisted on for rehearsals. It is assumed, in the most arbitrary way, that to interpret such works as "Falstaff" or "Pelléas et Mélisande" is comparatively easy, while to play "Tannhäuser" or "Lohengrin"—which are based to a great extent on Weber's "Euryanthe"—or "Parsifal" is extremely difficult. There is no hint at any reduction in prices when the musicians have to play such relatively childish and simple scores as those of "Lucia," "L'Italiana in Algeri" and "La Sonnambula."

A Precarious Situation

To so wealthy an organization as the Metropolitan, the new rules, though irksome, may not be prohibitive. But they will doubtless seem more serious to less stable opera houses. They may render impossible the long hoped for realization of all plans for the establishment of a National Opera House. And they can

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BOSTON, MASS., March 10, 1920.

To the Supporters of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Recent events have produced a condition in the affairs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which calls for a frank statement from the Trustees.

It should be said at the outset that the termination of Mr. Fradkin's connection with the Orchestra bore no relation to his activities on behalf of the musicians' union. Mr. Fradkin was concert master, and as such had the special duty of maintaining the standards and discipline of the Orchestra. Under such circumstances his conduct was a breach of discipline and a discourtesy to the Orchestra's audience, which, in the light of his contracted obligations, would have required prompt and decisive action by the Trustees at any time.

The question of the affiliation of members of the Orchestra with the American Federation of Musicians, through the "Local" known as the Boston Musicians' Protective Association, is not of recent origin. This general problem confronted Major Higginson early in the thirty-seven years of his maintenance of the Orchestra. He took and resolutely held the position that the artistic ideals of the Orchestra he had established required absolute liberty in its management, unhampered from without, to select its members when, where, and for such length of service as the management deemed best, and to be the sole judge of the artistic qualifications of the artists selected; he considered no less essential the untrammelled power to terminate the engagement of any member in case his conduct or musical performance might no longer justify his connection with the Orchestra.

Shortly after the present Trustees assumed the conduct of the Orchestra, this question was raised again. The Trustees made no objection to the affiliation of members of the Orchestra with the Federation of Musicians, provided it could be brought about consistently with those ideals of the Orchestra which had become its most cherished traditions. The rules of the Association, as then shown and explained to the Trustees, were not consistent with such ideals. Substantially they provided for the "closed shop":—that is, only members of the Association could play in the Orchestra; no musician could be engaged outside the jurisdiction of the Boston "Local" without its consent; only citizens of the United States or Canada, and those who had taken out their first naturalization papers, could acquire membership in the Association, and therefore in the Orchestra; no artist could be engaged in Europe; contracts could be made only for one year; all obligations must be expressly subordinate to the obligations of membership in the Association. Any exceptions or modifications to these rules, which unmodified

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hardly fail to affect the New York plans of even so prosperous an institution as the Chicago Opera Company. One of the chief sufferers by the projected scale of prices in the cases of what are, technically, known as the Class II opera houses, will be the Park Theater, where, for the past year or two, the American Singers, under the direction of William Wade Hinshaw, have been giving performances of the Gilbert & Sullivan operas. Under the old rules of the M. M. P. U., the wages of musicians engaged for the season by Class II houses were, in 1918, \$35 weekly for seven performances and in 1919, \$42. In the near future they will be \$50 (or more), and the manager may be compelled either to reduce the number of musicians in his orchestra—with a corresponding loss in the excellence of the performances—or to abandon his enterprise, which has given pleasure to a host of New York music lovers. The prices to be paid for performances at symphony concerts will be those in force in the case of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Regarding Theaters

At the regular theaters, in the moving picture houses and in the New York restaurants and hotels, large increases will also be demanded.

Another of the rules will call for the doubling of small orchestras in theaters. One consequence of this may and, as many hope, will be the abolition of much wretched entr'acte music. There are times when well-played and well-chosen music helps a play. There are others when it seems a superfluity.

The distressing—and disturbing—rule permitting substitutes, unrehearsed, to play at performances of plays and Class II operas will not be abolished, though it has long been most obnoxious to the managers. Exceptions will be made, though, should the managers, to assure the unity and efficiency of their orchestras, pay each musician an additional \$10 weekly.

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BOSTON, MASS., March 10, 1920.

To the Supporters of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Recent events have produced a condition in the affairs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which calls for a frank statement from the Trustees.

It should be said at the outset that the termination of Mr. Fradkin's connection with the Orchestra bore no relation to his activities on behalf of the musicians' union. Mr. Fradkin was concert master, and as such had the special duty of maintaining the standards and discipline of the Orchestra. Under such circumstances his conduct was a breach of discipline and a discourtesy to the Orchestra's audience, which, in the light of his contracted obligations, would have required prompt and decisive action by the Trustees at any time.

The question of the affiliation of members of the Orchestra with the American Federation of Musicians, through the "Local" known as the Boston Musicians' Protective Association, is not of recent origin. This general problem confronted Major Higginson early in the thirty-seven years of his maintenance of the Orchestra. He took and resolutely held the position that the artistic ideals of the Orchestra he had established required absolute liberty in its management, unhampered from without, to select its members when, where, and for such length of service as the management deemed best, and to be the sole judge of the artistic qualifications of the artists selected; he considered no less essential the untrammelled power to terminate the engagement of any member in case his conduct or musical performance might no longer justify his connection with the Orchestra.

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As to the stage bands, it has been suggested, if settled, that in the future there will be no free rehearsals. If some musicians have their way, there will be none either in the grand opera houses or in the operatic theaters of Class II. On the other hand, the rule forbidding members of the M. M. P. U. to play anywhere and in any circumstances for charitable purposes without being paid full wages may be modified. By a new arrangement, "wherever the M. M. P. U. through its officers grants permission to its members to play at a performance or benefit without remuneration, such services must be paid for at the regular union scale out of the funds of the M. M. P. U."

The projected regulations deal with charges for overtime, allowances for traveling expenses, Sunday performances, extra payments to the contractors who engage orchestras, the time exacted for refreshment intermissions during rehearsals, and other delicate matters. But to go into these would merely be bewildering.

To sum up, before many weeks have passed, the cost of music in New York—and other cities—may be made so high that the already very heavily taxed patrons of the theater and the moving picture houses may be confronted with new charges for their pleasures. Unless, which is by no means quite impossible, the "movie" managers and their brethren of the regular theaters, drop orchestral music altogether.

In a letter which appeared some nights ago in a New York evening paper, a musician, doubtless a member of the union, frankly admitted that next July the M. M. P. U. meant to add 30 to 50 per cent to its old prices.

Without taking sides with either managers or musicians, one may be permitted to ask whether the M. M. P. U. was well inspired when it decided to make music seem a luxury. The public can stand just so much. No more. And one may kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

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the Trustees regarded as fatal to the conduct of the Orchestra in accordance with its past standards, were to depend not upon the judgment of the Trustees and Conductor but upon the consent of the Executive Board of the American Federation of Musicians, a board entirely without intimate knowledge of the Boston Symphony Orchestra or special interest in its welfare. Under the operation of these rules, a large part of the men who have contributed to the success of the Orchestra, men like J. Adamowski, Bedetti, E. Fiedler, Ferir, Grisez, Jacquet, Kneisel, Krasselt, Laurent, Longy, Neumann, Pourtau, Sautet, Schroeder, Svecenski, Theodorowicz, Wendler, Zach, and many other preeminent artists could not have been engaged without the consent of that committee.

The transfer of authority and responsibility could hardly be more complete. When the radical inconsistencies between the rules of the Association and the standards of the Boston Symphony Orchestra were pointed out to representatives of the Boston Local and of the Federation, they expressed confidence that the rules could be modified to meet the exceptional situation of this Orchestra. They subsequently reported their inability to secure the Federation's consent to the necessary exceptions. Thus the matter ended in 1918.

Within the past few weeks, this whole question has again been raised. The desire of some of the Symphony players to join the Federation has been placed upon the ground that their material welfare would thus be promoted. Independently of such affiliation they asked that the salary of each member of the Orchestra should be increased by \$1,000. This would involve a total addition of approximately \$100,000 a year to the expense of maintaining the Orchestra. The Trustees were obliged to point out the fact that such an increase was beyond any resources now at their command; that since 1914 the salary account, exclusive of the Conductor's salary, had grown from \$172,351.01 to \$224,169.36 a year; that they proposed to increase their resources available for salaries by an extension of the "Pop Concert" season, by such advance in the price of season tickets as they believed the subscribers would be willing to accept, and by an organized effort, at the most favorable time, to secure a large permanent endowment for the Orchestra.

It must be obvious that membership or non-membership in any musicians' association cannot increase the resources of the Trustees or their ability to pay larger salaries to the Orchestra. It has, however, been suggested that membership in the Federation would permit members of the Orchestra, now debarred from summer hotel and similar orchestras as "non-union" players, to enlarge their earnings. At best this suggestion is applicable to a comparatively small number of our musicians. Frequently a hotel orchestra is made up entirely of Boston Symphony players. When the proposed extension of the Pop Concert season, moreover, is accomplished, the

Symphony Hall,
March 12, 1920.

TO THE

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERTS:

Many friends of the Symphony Orchestra have requested an immediate opportunity to testify to their interest in securing its future through a permanently endowed foundation. This attitude means only one thing, that these great audiences realize all that this orchestra has signified. From its inception under Major Higginson it has brought beauty into the lives of our citizens and distinction to our city. The spontaneous desire to help should not be held back to perfect the detailed plan for raising an endowment fund of at least three millions; and accordingly the Trustees will gladly receive at once subscriptions and pledges from all those who believe in the vital importance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to our community and country.

There is annexed a subscription blank which may be signed and left at the box office or mailed to the Treasurer at Symphony Hall.

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40th Season

1920-1921

24 FRIDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS
24 SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS
BEGINNING OCTOBER 8-9, 1920

BY THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

WITH DISTINGUISHED SOLOISTS

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W. H. BRENNAN, Manager

Symphony Hall, Boston

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possible period for such summer engagements will be reduced to about eight weeks, and most of the players feel, with reason, that this is no more than they need as a vacation from the exacting artistic requirements of successive seasons. To lessen the need for such summer engagements, the Trustees, in 1918, made a provision for an annual payment of a summer salary of \$250 to all continuing members of the Orchestra whose salary during the concerts is less than \$3,000 a year. It was pointed out that for union members there would also be opportunities for additional earnings during the Symphony season. Yet in connection with such suggestions of increased opportunity for summer and other work, it is significant to note that the players who requested an increase of \$1,000 a year for every member of the Orchestra expressly urged that no additional concerts be given to defray this increase of salary, on the ground that the additional expense should be borne by the public.

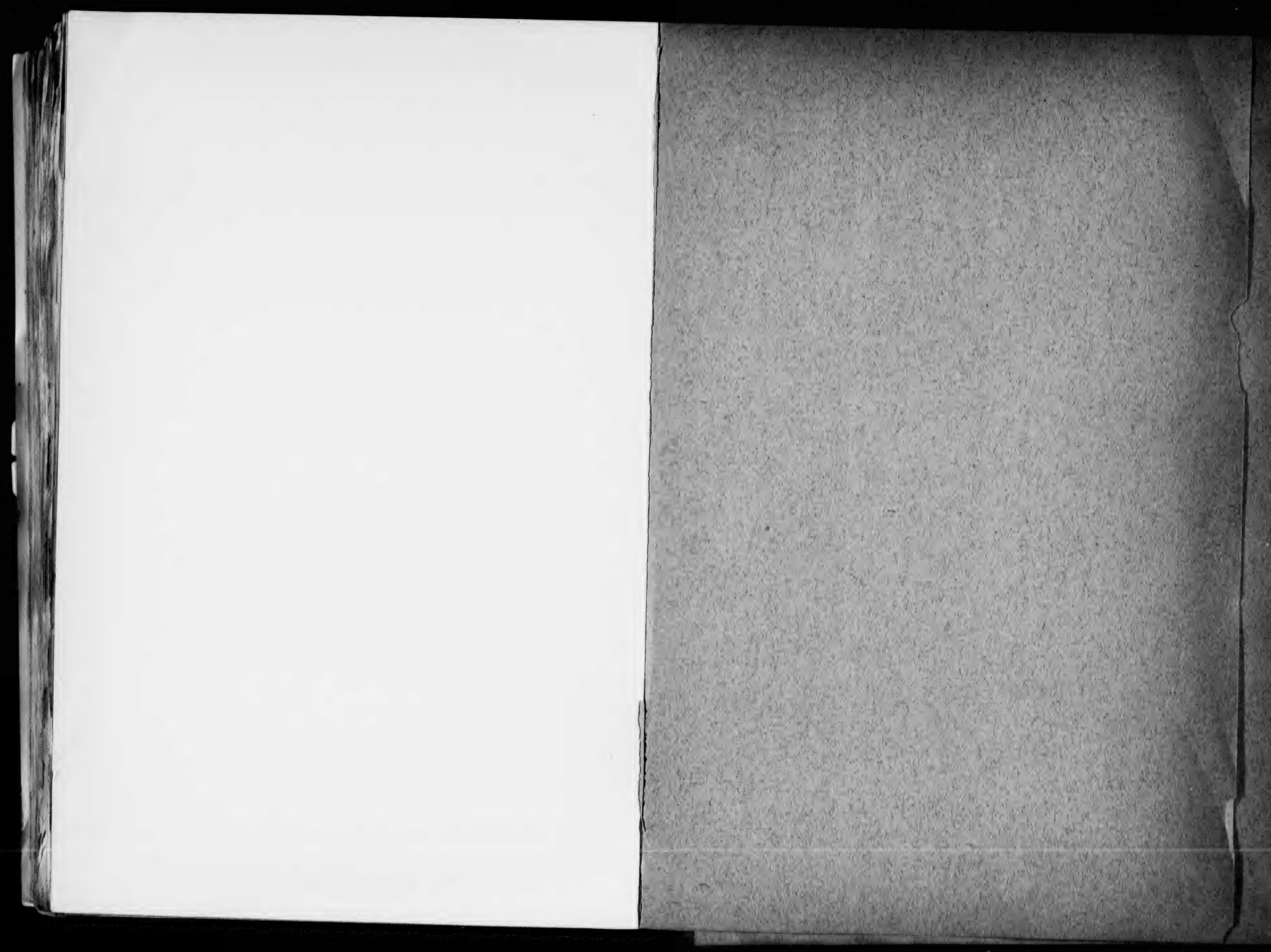
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The Trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yield to nobody in their desire to see the members of the Orchestra treated with all possible generosity. But the question of their joining the American Federation of Musicians is precisely the same as it was two years ago. Last week the rules of the Association were again shown to the Trustees. The rules are the same now as they were in 1918. They present the same conflict of authority. For the judgment and discretion of a board of trustees, who have accepted the obligation to maintain at the highest possible level of artistic excellence a distinguished local and national institution, these rules, unchanged, would substitute the judgment of the Executive Board of the American Federation of Musicians, a body with whom the musical supremacy of the Boston Symphony Orchestra would be, and probably ought to be, of an importance quite secondary to the welfare of the Federation.

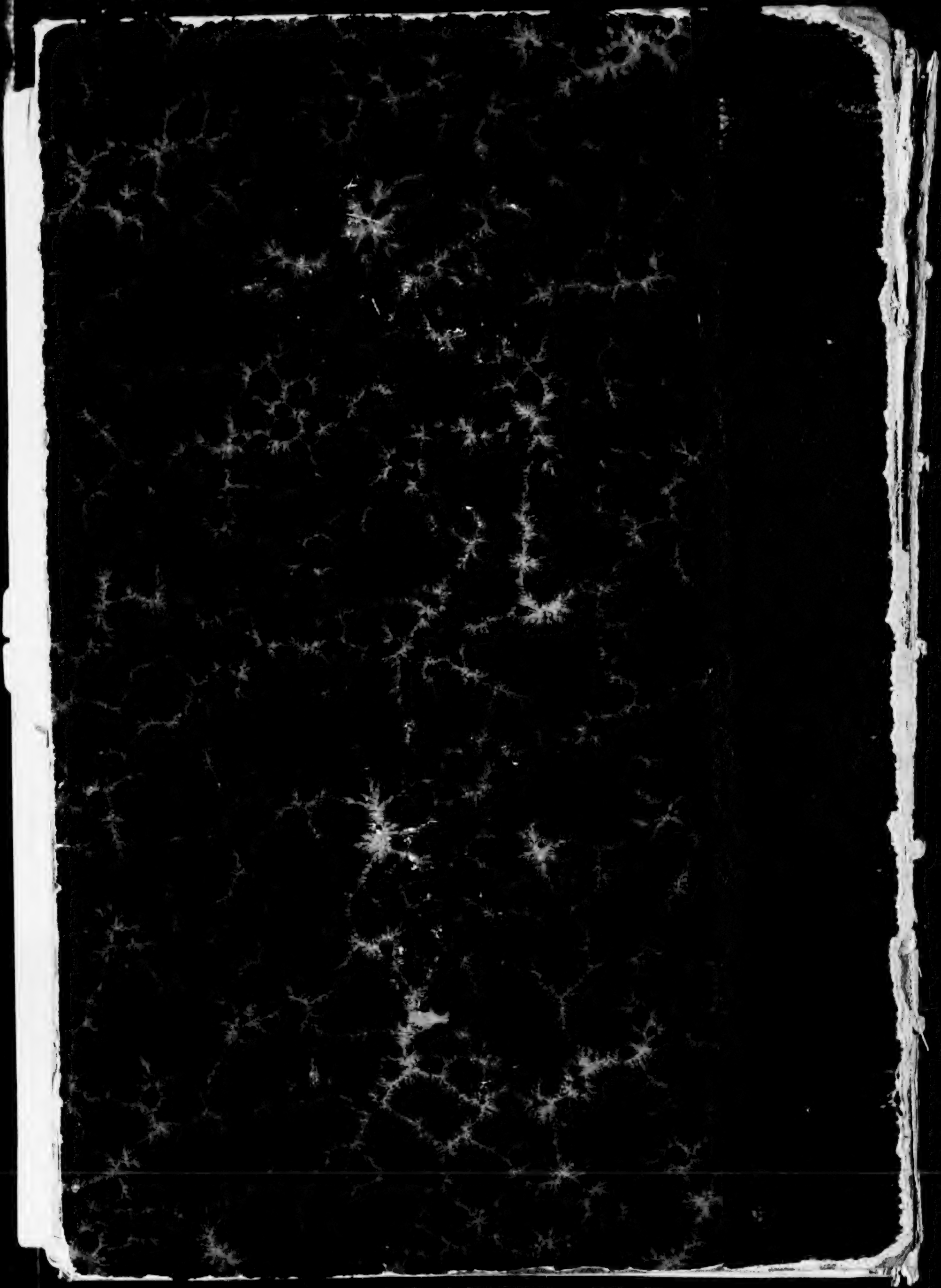
The Trustees of the Orchestra have for their chief concern its continuance and development as the splendid instrument of art and civilization into which it has grown through its nearly forty years of existence. Their concern is for the exceptional, the best; the concern of the Federation is, of necessity, for the general, the average. The Trustees believe that in a conflict between the rules representing these two ideals, they cannot accept the second, and that the upholding of the first will make in the long run not only for the higher standards of art but for the better interests of the members of the Orchestra.

TRUSTEES OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

FREDERICK P. CABOT, *President.*

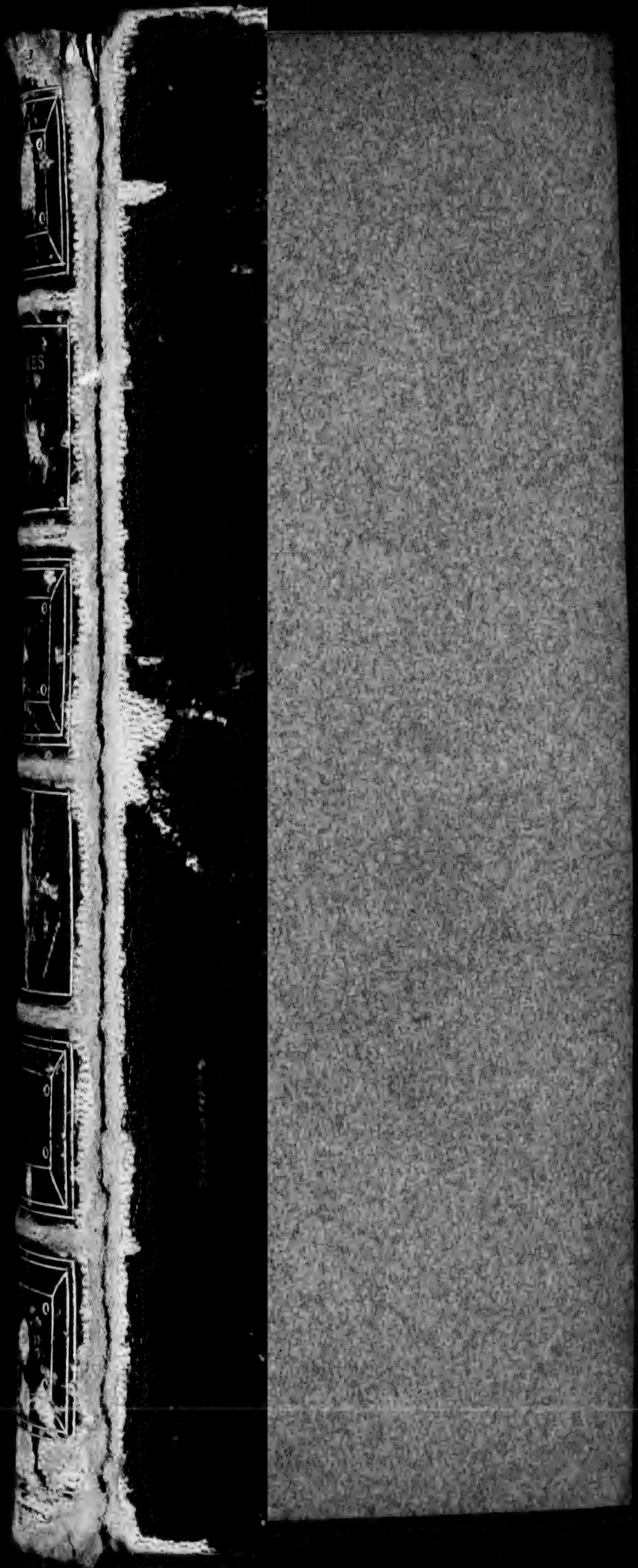


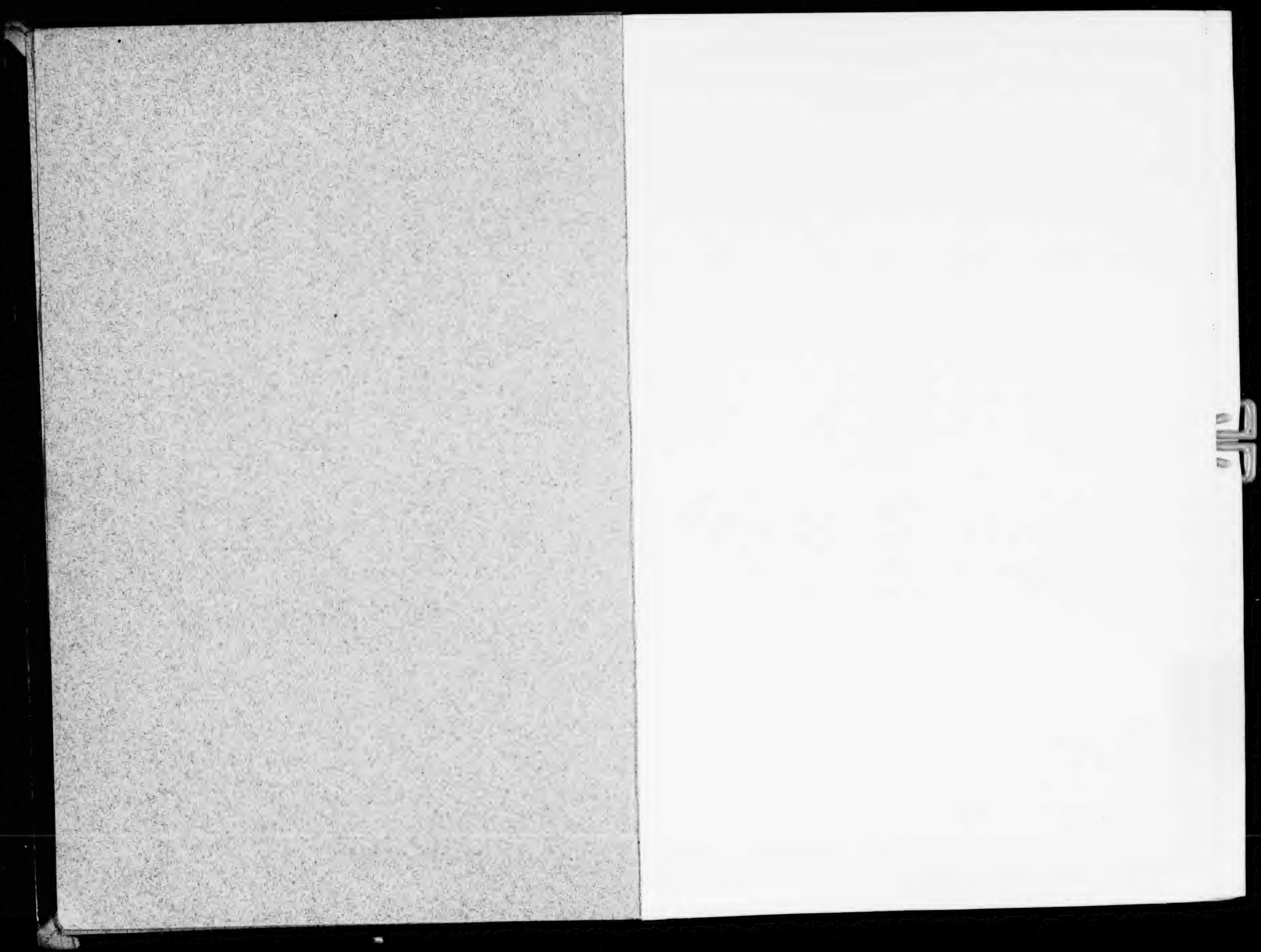
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Boston Symphony Orchestra

Fortieth Season, 1920-1921

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

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VIOLINS.

Burgin, R. <i>Concert-master.</i>	Hoffmann, J. Mahn, F.	Gerardi, A. Hamilton, V.	Sauvlet, H. Barozzi, S.
Theodorowicz, J.	Berger, H. Hoffmann, E.	Fiedler, B. Leveen, P.	Riedlinger, H. Gorodetzky, L.
Gundersen, R. Pinfield, C.	Kurth, R. Bryant, M.	Murray, J. Knudsen, C.	Stonestreet, L. Siegl, F.
Thillois, F. Goldstein, S.	Tapley, R. Reed, L.	Seiniger, S. Del Sordo, R.	Diamond, S. Erkelens, H.
Deane, C. Messina, S.			

VIOLAS.

Denayer, F. Artières, L.	Van Wynbergen, C. Shirley, P.	Grover, H. Fiedler, A.	Mullaly, J. Gerhardt, S.	Kluge, M. Welti, O.
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VIOLONCELLOS

Bedetti, J. Schroeder, A.	Keller, J. Barth, C.	Belinski, M. Fabrizio, E.	Warnke, J. Stockbridge, C.	Langendoen, J. Marjolle, L.
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BASSES.

Kunze, M. Gerhardt, G.	Seydel, T. Frankel, I.	Ludwig, O. Demetrides, L.	Kelley, A. Girard, H.
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FLUTES.

Laurent, G.
Brooke, A.
Amerena, P.

OBOES.

Longy, G.
Lenom, C.
Stanislaus, H.

CLARINETS.

Sand, A.
Vannini, A.

BASSOONS.

Laus, A.
Mueller, E.
Bettoney, F.

PICCOLO
Battles, A.

ENGLISH HORNS.

Mueller, F.
Speyer, L.

BASS CLARINET.

Mimart, P.

CONTRA-BASSOON.

Piller, B.

HORNS.

Wendler, G.
Lorbeer, H.
Hain, F.
Gebhardt, W.

HORNS.

Van Den Berg, C.
Hess, M.

TRUMPETS.

Mager, G.
Mann, J.
Perret, G.
Kloepfel, L.

TROMBONES.

Hampe, C.
Adam, E.
Mausebach, A.
Kenfield, L.

TUBA.

Adam, E.

HARPS.

Holy, A.
Delcourt, L.

TYMPANI.

Neumann, S.
Kandler, F.

PERCUSSION.

Rettberg, A.
Ludwig, C.

Burkhardt, H.
Zahn, F.

ORGAN.

Snow, A.

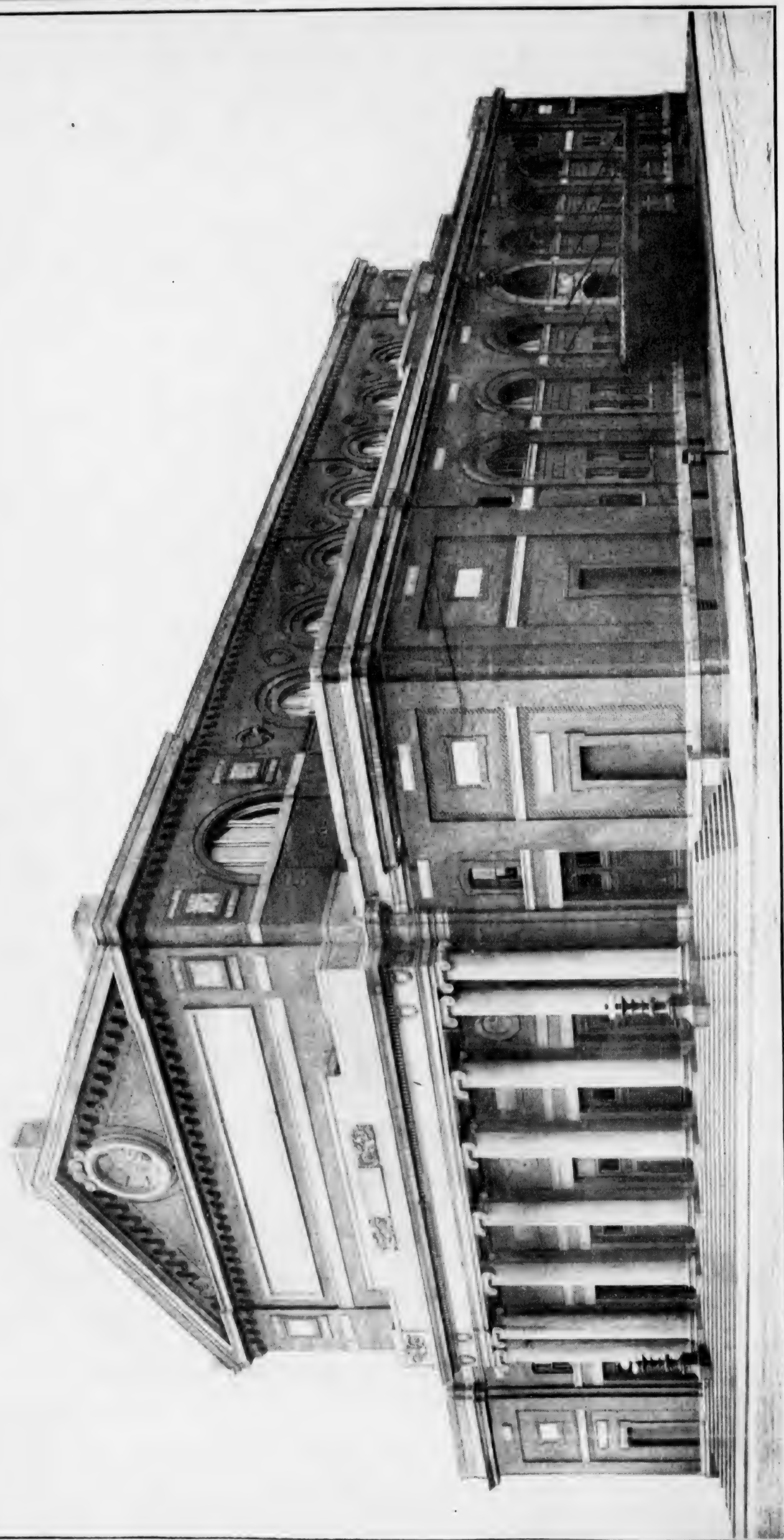
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Neumann, S.
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PERCUSSION.

Rettberg, A.
Ludwig, C.

LIBRARIAN.

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ORGAN.

Snow, A.

CELESTA.

Fiedler, A.

WORKS PERFORMED AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS DURING THE SEASON OF 1920-1921.

Works marked with a double asterisk were performed for the first time in Boston.
Works marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time at these concerts.
Works marked with a dagger were performed for the first time anywhere.
Artists marked with an asterisk appeared at these concerts for the first time.
Artists marked with a double asterisk appeared for the first time in Boston.
Artists marked with a dagger are members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

PAGE

- BALAKIREFF: "Islamey," Oriental Fantasy (orchestrated by Alfredo Casella),** December 17, 1920
- BAX: "In the Faery Hills," symphonic poem,** December 17, 1920
- BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 1, C major, Op. 21, January 21, 1921
Symphony No. 6, F major, "Pastoral," Op. 68, March 25, 1921
Symphony No. 8, F major, Op. 93, October 8, 1920
Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, Op. 72, October 29, 1920
Overture, "Dedication of the House," Op. 124, December 17, 1920
Concerto, C minor, No. 3, for pianoforte and orchestra, Op. 37 (MISCHA LEVITZKI), February 11, 1921
Concerto, G major, No. 4, for pianoforte and orchestra (ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN*), April 1, 1921
- BERLIOZ: Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini," Op. 23, October 15, 1920
"Romeo Alone: Grand Fête at the Capulets" from "Romeo and Juliet," March 11, 1921
- BINGHAM: Passacaglia for orchestra,† January 21, 1921
- BLOCH: Two Poems: "Winter," "Spring,"** April 29, 1921
- BRAHMS: Symphony, D major, No. 2, Op. 73, February 25, 1921
Symphony, E minor, No. 4, Op. 98, November 12, 1920
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 1, D minor, Op. 15 (HAROLD BAUER), October 15, 1920
Concerto for violin, D major, Op. 77 (RICHARD BURGINT†), December 17, 1920
- BRUCH: Concerto for violin, No. 1, G minor, Op. 26 (ISOLDE MENGES**), January 14, 1921
- CARPENTER: Suite from the Ballet "The Birthday of the Infanta,"** February 25, 1921
- CHABRIER: Overture to "Gwendoline," February 18, 1921
- CHADWICK: Dramatic Overture, "Melpomene," April 1, 1921
- CHARPENTIER: "Depuis le jour" from "Louise" (HULDA LA-SHANSKA**), January 28, 1921
- DEBUSSY: "La Mer," Trois Esquisses Symphoniques, January 14, 1921
- DELIUS: A Dance Rhapsody, December 23, 1920
- DUKAS: "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," April 22, 1921
- DVORÁK: Symphony No. 2, D minor, Op. 70, January 28, 1921
- ENESCO: Symphony, E-flat major, Op. 13, October 15, 1920
Roumanian Rhapsody, A major, Op. 11, No. 1, November 19, 1920

FOOTE: Suite, E major, for string orchestra, Op. 63, April 8, 1921
 FRANCK: Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue (orchestrated by Gabriel Pierné), ** October 8, 1920
 "Les Djinns," symphonic poem for piano (E. ROBERT SCHMITZ) and orchestra (after Victor Hugo), * January 21, 1921
 Symphony, D minor, April 29, 1921
 GILBERT: Indian Sketches, † March 4, 1921
 GRIFFES: "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan" (after Coleridge), December 31, 1920
 HAYDN: Symphony in G major, "Military" (B. & H. No. 11), January 14, 1921
 Concerto, D major, for violoncello (JEAN BEDETTI†), March 11, 1921
 HILL: Poem for orchestra, "The Fall of the House of Usher" (after Poe), † October 29, 1920
 D'INDY: "La Queste de Dieu," descriptive symphony from "Légende de Saint-Christophe," Act II., ** December 23, 1920
 KALINNIKOFF: Symphony No. 1, G minor, ** April 1, 1921
 LALO: Overture to "Le Roi d'Ys," December 31, 1920
 LEKEU: Symphonic Fantasia on Two Folk-songs of Anjou, ** October 8, 1920
 LISZT: "Tasso: Lamento e Trionfo," Symphonic Poem No. 2, October 8, 1920
 "Orpheus," Symphonic Poem No. 4, March 11, 1921
 LOEFFLER: Poem, "La Bonne Chanson" (after Verlaine), March 25, 1921
 MALIPIERO: "Impressioni dal Vero," Suite No. 1, ** December 23, 1920
 MASON, D. G.: "Russians," five songs for baritone (REINALD WERRENATH*) and orchestra, Op. 18, ** November 19, 1920
 MASON, S.: Rhapsody on a Persian Air for orchestra with piano-forte obbligato† (STUART MASON, * pianist), April 22, 1921
 MENDELSSOHN: Symphony No. 3, A minor, "Scotch," Op. 56, March 4, 1920
 Octette for Strings, E-flat major, Op. 20, November 26, 1920
 MILHAUD: Orchestral Suite No. 2, ** April 22, 1921
 MOZART: Symphony, C major (K. No. 425), November 19, 1920
 Symphony, C major, "Jupiter," April 22, 1921
 Overture to "Don Giovanni," December 23, 1920
 Overture to "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," March 4, 1921
 Concerto for two pianofortes, E-flat major (K. 365) (GUY MAIER* and LEE PATTISON*), December 23, 1920
 Concerto in E-flat major for violin* (JACQUES THIBAUD), February 18, 1921
 Air of Pamina* from "The Magic Flute" (HULDA LASHANSKA**), January 28, 1921 (sung in Italian)
 "Deh vieni non tardar" from "Le Nozze di Figaro" (ALICE NIELSEN*), March 4, 1921

"Batti, batti" from "Don Giovanni" (ALICE NIELSEN*), March 4, 1921
 RAVEL: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," suite for orchestra, ** November 19, 1920
 Valses Nobles et Sentimentales, ** March 11, 1921
 RESPIGHI: "Fontane di Roma," symphonic poem, ** November 12, 1920; November 26, 1920 -286
 ROGER-DUCASSE: Suite Française, D major, January 21, 1921
 ROPARTZ: Divertissement for orchestra, ** October 22, 1920
 SAINT-SAËNS: Concerto No. 2, G minor, for pianoforte, Op. 22 (PERCY GRAINGER), December 31, 1920
 Concerto for violoncello, A minor, No. 1, Op. 33 (ALWIN SCHROEDER†), April 8, 1921
 SCHUBERT: "Tragic" Symphony, No. 4, C minor, ** April 8, 1921
 Overture in the Italian Style, C major, Op. 170
 SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 2, C major, Op. 61, February 11, 1921
 Symphony No. 4, D minor, Op. 120, October 29, 1920
 Concerto in A minor for piano and orchestra, Op. 54 (BENNO MOISEWITSCH*), February 25, 1921
 SCOTT: Two Passacaglias, ** January 28, 1921
 Scriabin: "Le Poème d'Extase," Op. 54, October 22, 1920
 SHEPHERD: Fantasy for piano (HEINRICH GEBHARD) and orchestra, * April 15, 1921
 SIBELIUS: Symphony No. 1, E minor, Op. 39, October 22, 1920
 STRAUSS: "Tod und Verklärung" ("Death and Transfiguration"), tone poem (after Lenau), April 29, 1921
 "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Op. 28, November 12, 1920
 Orchestral Suite from "Der Bürger als Edelmann," ** opera based on Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," February 11, 1921
 STRAVINSKY: Orchestral Suite from the Ballet "Pétrouchka," ** November 26, 1920
 STRUBE: Four Preludes for orchestra, † November 12, 1920
 TSCHAIKOWSKY: "Manfred" Symphony (after Byron), Op. 58, December 31, 1920
 "Romeo and Juliet," overture-fantasia (after Shakespeare), April 15, 1921
 VASSILENKO: Epic Poem for orchestra, Op. 4, ** April 8, 1921
 WAGNER: Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde," October 29, 1920
 Transformation Music and Closing Scene from Act I. of "Parsifal," * March 25, 1921
 Overture to "Tannhäuser," April 29, 1921
 A Faust Overture, January 28, 1921
 WEBER: Overture to "Euryanthe," March 11, 1921
 WILLIAMS: A London Symphony, ** February 18, 1921; April 15, 1921 903,

SUMMARY.

The following composers were represented at these concerts for the first time: Bax, Bingham, Kalinnikoff, Lekeu, Mason, D.G., Mason, S., Milhaud, Respighi, Scott, Shepherd, Vassilenko, Williams.

BALAKIREFF	1	LOEFFLER	1
BAX	1	MALIPIERO	1
BEETHOVEN	7	MASON, D. G.	1
BERLIOZ	2	MASON, S.	1
BINGHAM	1	MENDELSSOHN	2
BLOCH	1	MILHAUD	1
BRAHMS	4	MOZART	9
BRUCH	1	RAVEL	2
CARPENTER	1	RESPIGHI	2*
CHABRIER	1	ROGER-DUCASSE	1
CHADWICK	1	ROPARTZ	1
CHARPENTIER	1	SAINT-SAËNS	2
DEBUSSY	1	SCHUBERT	2
DELIUS	1	SCHUMANN	3
DUKAS	1	SCOTT	1
DVORÁK	1	SCRIABIN	1
ENESCO	2	SHEPHERD	1
FOOTE	1	SIBELIUS	1
FRANCK	3	STRAUSS	3
GILBERT	1	STRAVINSKY	1
GRIFFES	1	STRUBE	1
HAYDN	2	TSCHAIKOWSKY	2
HILL	1	VASSILENKO	1
D'INDY	1	WAGNER	4
KALINNIKOFF	1	WEBER	1
LALO	1	WILLIAMS	2†
LEKEU	1		
LISZT	2		91

* Respighi's "Fountains of Rome" was played twice.
† Vaughan Williams's "London Symphony" was played twice.

ORCHESTRAL COMPOSITIONS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

BINGHAM: Passacaglia for orchestra, January 21, 1921.
GILBERT: Indian Sketches, March 4, 1921.
HILL: Poem: "The Fall of the House of Usher" (after Poe), October 29, 1920.
MASON, STUART: Rhapsody on a Persian Air, April 22, 1921.
STRUBE: Four Preludes, November 12, 1920 5

BAX: "In the Faery Hills," symphonic poem, December 17, 1920.
MALIPIERO: "Impressioni dal Vero," Suite No. 1, December 23, 1920.

MILHAUD: Suite No. 2, April 22, 1921.

RAVEL: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," November 19, 1920.

ROPARTZ: Divertissement, October 22, 1920.

STRAUSS: Suite from "Der Bürger als Edelmann," February 11, 1921 6

WORKS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN BOSTON.

SYMPHONIES, SYMPHONIC POEMS, ETC.

BALAKIREFF: "Islamey" (orchestrated by Casella), December 17, 1920.

BLOCH: "Hiver" and "Printemps," April 29, 1921.

CARPENTER: Suite from the Ballet "The Birthday of the Infanta," February 25, 1921.

FRANCK: Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue (orchestrated by Pierné), October 8, 1920.

D'INDY: "La Queste de Dieu" from "La Légende de Saint-Christophe," December 23, 1920.

KALINNIKOFF: Symphony No. 1, G minor, April 1, 1921.

LEKEU: Symphonic Fantasia on Two Folk-songs of Anjou, October 8, 1920.

RAVEL: Valses Nobles et Sentimentales, March 11, 1921.

RESPIGHI: "Fontane di Roma," November 12, 1920.

SCHUBERT: "Tragic" Symphony, No. 4, C minor (as a whole), April 8, 1921.

SCOTT: Two Passacaglias, January 28, 1921.

VASSILENKO: Epic Poem, April 8, 1921.

WILLIAMS: A London Symphony, February 18, 1921 13

SONGS.

MASON, D. G.: "Russians," Op. 18 (REINALD WERRENATH, baritone), November 19, 1920 1

FRANCK: "Les Djinns" (after Hugo), (E. ROBERT SCHMITZ, pianist), January 21, 1921.

MOZART: Pamina's Air from "The Magic Flute" (HULDA LASHANSKA**) January 28, 1921.

SHEPHERD: Fantasy for pianoforte and orchestra (HEINRICH GEBHARD, pianist), April 15, 1921.

STRAVINSKY: Orchestral Suite from "Petrouchka," November 26, 1920.

WAGNER: Transformation Music and Closing Scene, Act. I, "Parsifal," March 25, 1921 5

THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS HAVE APPEARED THIS SEASON.

BAUER, HAROLD: October 15, 1920, Brahms, Concerto for piano-forte, No. 1, D minor, Op. 15. Sketch
 BEDETTI, JEAN†: March 11, 1921, Haydn, Concerto, D major, for violoncello. Sketch
 BURGIN, RICHARD†: December 17, 1920, Brahms, Concerto for violin, Op. 77. Sketch
 GEBHARD, HEINRICH: April 15, 1921, Shepherd, Fantasy for pianoforte and orchestra.* Sketch
 GRAINGER, PERCY: December 31, 1920, Saint-Saëns, Concerto No. 2, for pianoforte, G minor, Op. 22
 LASHANSKA, HULDA**: January 28, 1921, Pamina's Air* from "The Magic Flute" (in Italian) and "Depuis le jour" from "Louise." Sketch
 LEVITZKI, MISCHA: February 11, 1921, Beethoven, Concerto No. 3, for pianoforte, C minor, Op. 37. Sketch
 MAIER, GUY*: December 23, 1920, with Lee Pattison,* Mozart, Concerto, E-flat, for two pianofortes (K. 365)
 MENGES, ISOLDE**: January 14, 1921, Bruch, Concerto No. 1, G minor, for violin, Op. 26. Sketch
 MOISEIWITSCH, BENNO*: February 25, 1921, Schumann, Concerto, A minor, for pianoforte, Op. 54. Sketch
 NIELSEN, ALICE*: March 4, 1921, Mozart: "Deh vieni non tardar" from "Le Nozze di Figaro," and "Batti, batti" from "Don Giovanni." Sketch
 PATTISON, LEE*: December 23, 1920, with Guy Maier,* Mozart, Concerto, E-flat, for two pianofortes (K. 365)
 RUBINSTEIN, ARTHUR*: April 1, 1921, Beethoven, Concerto for pianoforte, G major, No. 4, Op. 58. Sketch
 SCHROEDER, ALWIN†: April 8, 1921, Saint-Saëns, Concerto for violoncello, A minor, Op. 33. Sketch
 THIBAUD, JACQUES: February 18, 1921, Mozart, Concerto for violin, E-flat major.* Sketch
 WERRENATH, REINALD*: November 19, 1920, D. G. Mason, "Russians," five songs for baritone and orchestra, Op. 18.** Sketch

Sopranos: Mmes. Lashanska** and Nielsen*

Baritone: Mr. Werrenrath*

Violinists: Messrs. Burgin† and Thibaud; Miss Menges**

Violoncellists: Messrs. Bedetti† and Schroeder†

Pianists: Messrs. Bauer, Gebhard, Grainger, Levitzki, Maier,* Moiseiwitsch,* Pattison,* Rubinstein*

The Symphony Orchestra Membership

The only really new man among the leaders of the various sections of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is Richard Burgin, First Concert Master. He is of Polish parentage—a native of Warsaw—and obtained the greater part of his musical training in Russia. During the last 12 years he has served as concert master in the finest orchestras of Russia, Finland and Scandinavia.

Julius Theodorwicz, though only in his second season as second concert master, has been associated with the Boston Symphony Orchestra for many years. Prior to his coming to Boston, he was a member of the Kneisel Quartet.

Jacques Hoffmann, of the first quartet of the first violins, is also a veteran member of the orchestra, and was the organizer of the famous Hoffmann Quartet, which, although disbanded, is now being reorganized for the coming season. Besides having played as a brilliant soloist many times, it has been the custom for Mr. Hoffmann and Mr. Theodorwicz to alternate as leaders of the Pops. It is interesting to note that Mr. Hoffmann has a son Ernst Hoffmann, a remarkably talented violinist and pianist, playing in the Symphony Orchestra.

Frederick Mahn, the other distinguished member of the first quartet, was formerly conductor of the MacDowell Club, and has been for over 20 years a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

From the French Military Band last year Mr. Ferdinand Thillois came to Boston to lead the second violins. Born in Charleville (Ardennes) he took a first prize at the Paris Conservatory and played with the Colonne Orchestra for a long time.

Of the flute players the leader, Georges Laurent, was gleaned from Mr. Messager's Paris Conservatory Orchestra. He took first prize at the Paris Conservatory in 1905.

Max Kunze, the leader of the double basses, was prominent as a youth in Dresden, Hamburg and Warsaw. He came to America to play at the World's Fair in Chicago, and has been a member of the orchestra since 1894.

When d'Indy's newest symphony was played at a recent symphony concert, Georges Mager had to be called upon to play the extremely high trumpet passages with his French instrument. Studying the piano and violin as a child, his first Paris Conservatory prize was nevertheless awarded for his proficiency upon the French horn. Possessing good vocal ability, he developed his voice, meanwhile playing trumpet, violin, and viola in the various orchestras of Paris. Abandoning music for the war, he was taken prisoner and for 18 months entertained his countrymen

Oct. 24, 1920

THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS HAVE APPEARED THIS SEASON.

BAUER, HAROLD: October 15, 1920, Brahms, Concerto forte, No. 1, D minor, Op. 15. Sketch
 BEDETTI, JEAN†: March 11, 1921, Haydn, Concerto, D violoncello. Sketch
 BURGIN, RICHARD†: December 17, 1920, Brahms, Concerto, violin, Op. 77. Sketch
 GEBHARD, HEINRICH: April 15, 1921, Shepherd, Fantasia, pianoforte and orchestra.* Sketch
 GRAINGER, PERCY: December 31, 1920, Saint-Saëns, Concerto, No. 2, for pianoforte, G minor, Op. 22
 LASHANSKA, HULDA**: January 28, 1921, Pamina's Aria from "The Magic Flute" (in Italian) and "Depuis le jour" from "Louise." Sketch
 LEVITZKI, MISCHA: February 11, 1921, Beethoven, Concerto, No. 3, for pianoforte, C minor, Op. 37. Sketch
 MAIER, GUY*: December 23, 1920, with Lee Pattison,* Concerto, E-flat, for two pianofortes (K. 365)
 MENGES, ISOLDE**: January 14, 1921, Bruch, Concerto, G minor, for violin, Op. 26. Sketch
 MOISEIWITSCH, BENNO*: February 25, 1921, Schumann, Concerto, A minor, for pianoforte, Op. 54. Sketch
 NIELSEN, ALICE*: March 4, 1921, Mozart: "Deh vieni con me" from "Le Nozze di Figaro," and "Batti, batti il mio core" from "Don Giovanni." Sketch
 PATTISON, LEE*: December 23, 1920, with Guy Maier,* Concerto, E-flat, for two pianofortes (K. 365)
 RUBINSTEIN, ARTHUR*: April 1, 1921, Beethoven, Concerto, pianoforte, G major, No. 4, Op. 58. Sketch
 SCHROEDER, ALWIN†: April 8, 1921, Saint-Saëns, Concerto, violoncello, A minor, Op. 33. Sketch
 THIBAUD, JACQUES: February 18, 1921, Mozart, Concerto for violin, E-flat major.* Sketch
 WERRENATH, REINALD*: November 19, 1920, D. G. Mason, "Russians," five songs for baritone and orchestra, Op. 18.** Sketch

Sopranos: Mmes. Lashanska** and Nielsen*
 Baritone: Mr. Werrenrath*
 Violinists: Messrs. Burgin† and Thibaud; Miss Menges**
 Violoncellists: Messrs. Bedetti† and Schroeder†
 Pianists: Messrs. Bauer, Gebhard, Grainger, Levitzki, Maier,* Moiseiwitsch,* Pattison,* Rubinstein*

For the first time in the world's series history, brother played against brother. "Doc" Johnston (left) was first sacker for Cleveland and Jimmy Johnston covered third sack for Brooklyn. (Wide World.)

in the German prison camp by singing and playing to them. He was exchanged and brought home, only to journey to the thick of events in Macedonia. He came to this country with the French Military Band, playing the horn and singing in the same concert. He sang at the Pops, played the viola in the Boston Symphony Orchestra last season, and the trumpet this season.

Among the harpists, Mr. Alfred Holy is, perhaps, the first authority on the instrument in this country. Mr. Holy played in Germany and France. He was the favorite harpist upon whom Richter and Strauss relied.

Perhaps no musician in the orchestra is more conspicuous than Mr. S. Neumann, who, perched upon his high stool, has ruled the kettle drums for years. It may be easy to pound sheepskin with large sticks, but to attain utter rhythmic accuracy, to swell and diminish a roll precisely as required, to change the key of your drums in a few seconds—these things are so hard to do, superlatively well that if you are good enough you may bring a swarm of orchestral managers to your feet in short order. Since he was a boy, Mr. Neumann has concentrated upon his drums, and during his life has played professionally nothing else.

Georges Longy enters this season his 21st year as first oboeist of the orchestra. He is considered by many as the greatest living oboeist.

Albert Sand, leader of the clarinet section, was formerly a famous Russian virtuoso. He has been a member of this orchestra for the past six years.

Frederic Denayer enters this year upon his second season as first viola. He has had a long and distinguished record in Europe as a member of the principal orchestras of Paris, and has often been under the leadership of Monteux.

The first horn quartet remains unchanged this year with George Wendler leading for his 12th season. Like Denayer, Mr. Wendler before his appearance in America was leading horn in several of the first orchestras of the continent.

Abdon Laus, leader of the bassoon section, is now entering upon his third season in this capacity.

Carl Hampe is the peer of the trombonists. This year marks his 21st as leader of this section. During the war Mr. Hampe entered the army and did excellent work in organizing bands.

Post Oct. 24, 1920

Max Kunze, the basses, was prominent in Hamburg and Warsaw to play at the World has been a member of When d'Indy's played at a recent symphony Mager had to be called extremely high trumpet French instrument, violin as a child, his prize was nevertheless efficiency upon the good vocal ability, meanwhile playing in the various orchestras ing music for the war and for 18 months

THE PRINCIPALS OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA



FERDINAND THILLOIS MAX KUNZE FREDERIC DENAYER JEAN BEDETTI

The illustrious virtuosi who lead the various sections of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, according to its personnel at the opening concerts last Friday and Saturday, are unchanged from past years, except in the case of Richard Burgin, the new concertmaster, who recently arrived after his long voyage from Norway in time to be present at the first rehearsals for the opening pair of concerts in Symphony Hall.

To lead the string sections in the Orchestra, Ferdiand Thillois came from France to sit at the head of the second violin section in 1918, while Frederic Denayer and Jean Bedetti came likewise from Europe last autumn to be first viola and first 'cello respectively. These two fine musicians have more than confirmed their reputation abroad as worthy to be ranked among the few masters of their instruments now living.

Of longer standing in Boston are Max Kunze, leader of the double basses, and Julius Theodorowicz, second concertmaster whose career in Boston dates back to his participation in the Kneisel Quartet. Alfred Holy, the illustrious first harp, is well known indeed to all who are familiar with the orchestra. The veteran among the wood-wind is Georges Longy, who has been named authoritatively as without peer among living oboists. Alfred Sand, the Russian virtuoso, is now serving his seventh year as first clarinet. The newer comers are Georges Laurent, first flute Abdon Laus, first bassoon, and Louis Speyer, English horn, who are now in their third season with the orchestra. There are, strictly speak-



GEORGES LONGY ABDON LAUS LOUIS SPEYER ALBERT SAND GEORGES LAURENT



CARL HAMPE GEORGES MAGER GEORGE WENDLER

in, two English horn players, in that Mr. Speyer alternates with Mr. Frederick Mueller, who has played this beautiful wood-wind instrument for many years with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and under several conductors.

Of the brass choir, Carl Hampe, as first trombone, is the veteran among

the leaders, while George Wendler, as first horn, comes second in length of service. Georges Mager is now serving his second season as brilliant first trumpet. Stefan Neuman is perhaps as familiar as any single member of the orchestra on account of his agility and unerring accuracy upon the kettle drums.

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte

Into a Fortieth Year of Symphony Concerts

The Usual Schedule at Home and
Abroad, an Orchestra in Full
Strength, Promising Pro-
grammes, Prospective

Trans. Soloists Sept. 11, 1920

TEN years hence the Symphony Orchestra, half a century old, will enter upon its fiftieth season. As it is the American way to catch at anniversaries, no doubt the occasion will be duly celebrated. Meanwhile the band is beginning, this autumn, a fortieth year with better prospects at home than it has known since the days before the late war. As of old, every seat on the floor and in the lower balcony for the concerts of Friday afternoons has been taken by subscription made in the spring or the summer. Presumably every place in the upper gallery could be as readily sold to subscribers. In fact, the present trustees of the orchestra have been counselled so to sell them and thereby increase revenues in a needy hour. They prefer, however, to follow ancient custom, opening this second balcony on Friday afternoons to all comers at twenty-five cents per head. To do so has been the way of the orchestra "from the earliest times." That it should continue in such course pleases many who help to meet the annual deficits. Possibly those that now swarm into these "rush-seats" would find the Symphony Concerts otherwise beyond their means. However that may be, their favorite places will again be open to them on the familiar terms—not only next season, but probably through many seasons to come.

So do the concerts of Friday afternoon keep vogue; so do many, whose incomes have been harshly reduced in the economic unbalance of the day, willingly pay the mounting price for them. There are pleasures from symphonic music and the Symphony Orchestra not lightly to be resigned. There are quiet loyalties and years of habit. Some curiously prefer afternoon to evening, especially if that evening be Saturday, in concert-going. Suburbia finds journeying to music more agreeable by day than by night. It is ancient and honorable belief that the matinées at Symphony Hall possess a certain social cachet. At the least our faithful Jenkinsons weekly record "those present"—and sometimes forget to check up their standing lists.

None the less, the concerts of Saturday evenings have individuality. As the signs go, the more expert and exacting with music and the performance of music choose them; while the newer public for the orchestra—the sustaining public, may-be, of that fiftieth year—finds at them room and welcome. Again as the signs go, that desirable public is increasing. For, though there are still untaken places in appreciable number for the pending concerts of Saturday, the sum of subscriptions to them is already larger than it has been since Dr. Muck's time. Would a shift of these evening concerts, say to Thursdays, please the public? Some believe that it would in these years of passionate "week-ending" and as passionate pursuit of the theatres on the last day of the week. Yet such a change would upset the viable routine of rehearsals; while the regained subscriptions for Saturday evenings hardly encourage it. So it is that between Oct. 8 and 9 of 1920 and the end of April, 1921, the Symphony Orchestra announces its twenty-four pairs of concerts without departure from routine, but with clearly bettered prospects.

Abroad

These fifty concerts at home—since the two "extras" for the Pension Fund belong

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...in the schedule—are but half the work of the orchestra for the new year. As usual the remaining fifty-odd will be distributed among many cities. The series at Cambridge, at last with the increased prices long warranted by quality and costs, at Providence, at Worcester, will run familiar course. In spite of the risen charges for travel—and for a band a hundred strong—the occasional visits to other cities of New England, north and south, will be continued and multiplied. Abstractly they are an obligation to the region that sustains the orchestra; concretely they are also profitable to the treasury.

To New York and Brooklyn, to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, the band will go as usual in monthly journeys from November through March. Needless, almost, to say, the cost of these "trips" will rise by thousands of dollars. On the other hand, neither the trials and tribulations of the orchestra in recent years nor the high place that Mr. Stokowski and his forces have gained in four of the five cities, has materially lessened an assured and expectant public. From New York to Washington subscriptions for the new season stand virtually as they have stood for many seasons past. More: these journeys to other eastern capitals of music, this playing before other audiences than those of Symphony Hall, tend to keep conductor and men to their mettle, are an essential part, at home and abroad, of the prestige of the band. Therefore they continue.

Per contra, the annual expedition westward to various cities of the Middle States has been abandoned for the time. The new cost of travel, the recurring strain upon the orchestra both counted against it. Thereby will come more time and energy for fresh and interesting undertakings at home—for, say, the concerts to young people well begun last winter or the renewal of the Symphony Chorus to share with the band the performance of large choral pieces. For Mr. Monteux and all concerned in the ordering of the new season are as ambitious as they are diligent.

A Full Orchestra

Despite superfluous forebodings—the forebodings in particular that the gossip of New York likes to fondle—the Symphony Orchestra has been recruited again to full strength from thoroughly tested and thoroughly promising material. Those who may doubt have only to listen at The Pops to the new flute-player, for example, who succeeds Mr. de Mailly. In the solo-part of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Hindoo Song" on Thursday evening, technical ease, brightness and warmth of tone, quick sense of melodic contour and intensity alike commended him. Strange as it may seem in sundry quarters, there are able and de-

sirable orchestral musicians quite willing to forsake the precious Union for work at Symphony Hall. Reluctant as the elderly are to believe it, the present infusion of young blood into the orchestra, especially in the string-choirs, is much to its advantage. Before the secession of last March, it was on the way to look—and sometimes to be—as middle-aged as its audiences. Mr. Monteux has been patient in the quest and exacting in the sifting of new men. Mr. Jacchia and others have aided him. Before long a new concert-master will have crossed the sea who, until he sits in his place, must be nameless. A quiet expedition to western Europe has yielded other recruits; various bands in the United States have also contributed them. As of old, the orchestra of 1920-21 will be a cosmopolitan body.

It remains for Mr. Monteux, when he sets to rehearsals and concerts at the beginning of October, to fuse these forces new and old, to assimilate them to a pliant and sensitive routine, to make them responsive instruments to music, to each other, to him. How skilful and stimulating, ambitious and tireless he is in such a task, he proved last spring when he up-built the orchestra from the confusion into which the secession plunged it, and so did it a service that none other conductor from Henschel through Rabaud had excelled. Now calmer days, ampler time, an alert and tranquil "personnel," a freer opportunity generally, await him to remove the inevitable scars. To the utmost of his abilities, to the height of his fine standards, he will do so.

Prospective Programmes

Similarly in the choice of programmes Mr. Monteux will enjoy a freer range than was his lot last season. Le bonhomme Rabaud may have been highly "spiritual"; but he was not exactly widely read or widely curious in symphonic music. He was a provincial of Paris, quite content with what he had heard there, quite persuaded that the narrow routine of Messieurs Chevillard and Pierné was the beginning and the end of programme-making. Hence he traversed the more frequent and more eloquent symphonies of Beethoven; chose his other "classics" by like rule of thumb; had his inning with Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade" and "Antar"—the patois of "artists' rooms" calls them "sure-fire stuff"; laid quick hand upon the "old-reliables" of modern French music like Chabrier's "España" and Dukas's tale of the wetted sorcerer. By long-standing precedent of the Symphony Concerts, biennial performance at most is the portion of these pieces. Therefore Mr. Monteux might repeat none of them last season. This year they will be at his disposal to the amplifying of his

programmes on the classic and the semi-classic side, in interesting revelation of his way with "battle-horses" of the concert-hall.

Mr. Monteux, however, is widely read, curious and ambitious with symphonic music. Contrary to present Parisian habit, he is a true cosmopolitan among conductors. He has accepted wholeheartedly the fine tradition of the catholicity of the Symphony Concerts. He is laudably eager to make known the new work of new men. The rising generation of Italians, preferring symphonic to operatic music, interests him, and he has pieces by Malipiero, Respighi and, possibly, Tommasini, in mind for prospective programmes. He has turned a kindly eye upon the younger Englishmen, indecently overlooked in American concert-halls, and from them, as report runs, he has chosen for performance Vaughan Williams's renowned "London Symphony" and other promising music. In France last summer, the composers who have succeeded to Debussy and Ravel as innovating individualists, properly attracted him, and the public of Symphony Hall will listen next winter to Milhaud and, maybe, some of his brethren.

With characteristic discrimination, Mr. Monteux sets store by the two most individual American composers—Mr. Loeffler and Mr. Carpenter. Each has written a symphony, too long unrepeatable since Boston first heard it. Before long also, Mr. Carpenter will have drawn a Suite for the concert-hall from his ballet, "The Birthday of The Infanta." Wherever he is, Mr. Monteux does not forego his explorations. Now that he is in town again, he is at his daily studies in the library of Symphony Hall. There, it is said, he is traversing the symphonies of Sibelius, with an eye to possible performance of the baffling fourth or the clanging second. By this time, too, he can hardly overlook the well-filled shelf labeled R. Strauss. How well "Don Juan" or "Til Eulenspiegel" or "Don Quixote" would suit Mr. Monteux's abilities! Only those resolved to fight the late war through their natural lives and, doubtless, into the next world as well, can raise malevolent and altogether non-musical objection to these acknowledged masterpieces. Strauss will have place on Mr. Bodanzky's programmes in New York this season, upon Mr. Toscanini's in New York and Boston, both; probably on Mr. Stock's and Mr. Stokowski's as well. Is there a valid reason why his music should not be restored to the Symphony Concerts? There is a public hungry for it.

"Assisting Artists"

So much for orchestra and programmes.

17

There are also "soloists"—a baker's dozen of them, if Messrs. Maier and Pattison in a concerto for two pianos are to be counted as a twain that is one flesh and the new concert-master added to the advertised list. Except Mr. Bauer and Mr. Levitzki among the pianists and Mr. Thibaud of the three violinists, not one has previously been heard in the regular course of the Symphony Concerts. Except Mr. Bauer and Mr. Thibaud again, with Miss Nielsen now added among the singers, every one is of the newer generation in American concert-halls. For the most part, thus, an inning of youth, vexing perhaps to the elders accustomed to jog complaisantly through a round of "old favorites," but an inning also of well-tested and well-established youth. Run down the list, the rather superabundant list, of pianists. Mr. Bauer, of course, and especially in his chosen piece, the first concerto of Brahms, needs no bush. Grant him, even, to the "old-timers." (But of the deservedly risen youth are Mr. Levitzki, heard first at the Symphony Concerts and loudly applauded in the autumn of 1917; Mr. Grainger, a vivid personality of the concert-hall, if ever there was such, an individualist through and through, a poseur, if the detractor likes, but an interesting poseur; Mr. Rubinstein, the virtuoso in excelsis, the musician pur sang, who lives, moves and has his being in his piano and the pieces he plays upon it; Messrs. Maier and Pattison, bringing into Symphony Hall for the first time in recent years music for two pianos, and a merit therein stretching from Boston to Paris. Not quite so young in years is Mr. Moiselwitsch, the Anglo-Russian, but he was newcomer to America last season and then and there sealed himself as meet companion for symphony orchestras.

So, also, with the violinists, too few rather than too many, and the singers. Mr. Thibaud is in Mr. Bauer's happy case, an established master even in the days of Kreisler, Ysaye and Heifetz, a musician no less than a violinist of rarely fine and rarely personal fibre. Miss Menges is youth again—and youth that has struck its fire of temperament from London as far east as Dresden, as far west as New York.

Possibly the singers, Mr. Werrenrath and Miss Lashanska aside, are a more questionable list. Over him the most sceptical need have no scruple. Time and again in Boston, in concerts of his own, in concerts of choral music, he has given proof of a musical intelligence, an artistic honesty, a range and mastery of vocal means, a penetrating and projecting imagination that set him high in his generation. He has served the Symphony Orchestra in

various choral concerts, timely, he is now to companion it in regular course. In Miss Lashanska, in turn, young ability has ripened into a rich young prime. If she has been more extolled by private report than public performance, that report, for once, seems not to mislead. As for the other two, Miss Nielsen seemed last spring to have renewed and refined qualities of voice and song that for a while mischance and mistake clouded. She is destined for music of Mozart and of old she sang it artfully and charmingly. At her ambitious best and her artistic ease, Mme. Stanley may also prove worthy of a place in the Symphony Concerts.

So run the decorations of the new season at Symphony Hall. For the most part they promise to be pleasing ornaments, grave or gay. Yet accessories they remain to an orchestra that may reasonably anticipate a year of untroubled recovery and firm-set progress and to a conductor whose quality, on many sides and however it may be finally judged, has flowered in signal service.

H. T. PARKER

40TH SYMPHONY SEASON TO OPEN

Valuable New Members in
String Section Increase
Orchestra's Strength

PROGRAM FOR THIS WEEK'S CONCERTS

Herald — Oct. 7, 1920

By PHILIP HALE

The 40th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin with the concert tomorrow afternoon. The orchestra has been strengthened by the addition of valuable new members, chiefly in the string section. This

season there will be ten double basses instead of eight. There is a new flute player, replacing the regretted Charles de Maillay.

In spite of the malicious statements that have been published in New York, the orchestra is today of the high standard that made it famous in the past years. Only members that could easily be spared, with one or two exceptions, deserted the orchestra last season. The places of these exceptions have been more than adequately filled. The sale of seats has been gratifyingly large. There are no seats purchasable for the Friday concerts, and the subscription sale for Saturday nights is far greater than it has been in the preceding years.

The program of the concerts this week is as follows: Beethoven, Symphony, No. 8; Lekeu, Fantasia on two folk tunes of Anjou; Franck, Prelude, Chorale and Fugue (orchestrated by Pierne); Liszt's symphonic poem, "Tasso."

Beethoven's eighth Symphony has been on the program of a Boston Symphony concert beginning the season only once in 30 years. During these years Symphonies of Beethoven have had the honor 19 times. The C Minor was the favorite; next to it the Eroica; then the seventh. The second was played at opening concerts twice; the Pastoral once. At other concerts the symphonies at the opening concert were by Schumann, Brahms, Tchaikowsky, Dvorak and Franck.

The Fantasia by Lekeu and Pierne's orchestral transcription will be performed here for the first time. Lekeu, a Belgian, who died too young, is known in Boston chiefly by his violin sonata. The Fantasia was composed in 1891-92. Pierne's transcription of Franck's noble and familiar piano piece, first played here by Harold Bauer, was brought out at a Colonne concert, Paris, in 1904.

The program of the concerts next week includes Enesco's Symphony, Brahms's piano concerto, No. 1, and the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," by Berlioz. Harold Bauer will play the concerto for the third time in Boston with this orchestra.

Stephen Townsend is to reassemble the admirable Symphony Chorus of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the production of works by that organization, requiring the assistance of a chorus. Formerly Mr. Townsend held a similar position with the New York Symphony Orchestra.

Novelties for Symphony Season

Post Oct. 10, 1920

A suite by Victor de Sabata—Casella's "Le Couvent sur l'Eau"—Rimsky-Korsakoff again—a symphony by the brother of Ysaye, the violinist—other offerings from other lands.

Bright fall mornings and Symphony Hall at the opening of the season go together in the mind, and make one impression which those who hang around this place for various reasons never forget. There is in Symphony at this time a lot of polite bustle, an effect of Spotless Town, and sonorous echoes of the great orchestra which Mr. Monteux has assembled and is rehearsing inside the hermetically sealed auditorium. "The boys" in their offices give you greetings of the season. There is a pervading atmosphere of gentleman-like joy.

Finding yourself in a shadowy corridor you peak in through one of the entrances to the rehearsal hall, though this was "verboten," and is now "defendu." Nevertheless, you sneak over to the door, open it an inch and peak in. Mr. Monteux is seated before at his conductor's stand, picking to pieces, in a preliminary rehearsal, details of the compositions to be performed. It is a maddening experience for the listener outside. He glues his ear to the crack. The orchestra gets going, with all kinds of wonderful effects. The brass comes in with a crash, and the strings soar up over it, when, in the very middle of it all, Monteux raps on his desk and stops the whole business. Go back to letter "H," he says, and again lifts his baton. This is a physical shock, as well as a disappointment. It is as if some great complicated piece of machinery started slowly, and went a little faster, the small wheels moving the big ones, all kinds and varieties of revolutions a minute, the big wheels gathering momentum, and suddenly—Bang! It's a wonder something didn't smash, when all that motion was arrested so suddenly and so violently. Just then an usher or official comes along the corridor and you turn around innocently, and say you are looking for Mr. Brennan.

By and by Mr. Monteux will be through. Then you go up a little flight of stairs to his sanctum—a delightful workroom, simply but sufficiently furnished, in the corner of the building that looks out over Westland and

Massachusetts avenues. Monteux is sitting, probably, before a music rack, and on that music rack is another score. He is reading it attentively, with knit brows, as I would read a programme book. He is hearing it as he reads. Figuring out effects, tempi, phrasing of inner parts, and the other endless details of the conductor's extraordinary task. He is holding his first rehearsal. This is where it is held, here in the quiet of the study, with a music rack and a pencil handy, and not in the auditorium with the players. By the time Monteux comes before them, he has every detail of his score and of his task clearly in his head, just as a general has elaborated his plan of battle long before he issues orders for the attack.

It is going to be an interesting season with more novelties than ever. "Let us begin with modern Italy," says Mr. Monteux. "You remember Malapiero's 'Pauses of Silence,' which made such an impression last season, and also when Mr. Rabaud played it before me? I have

something else of his, written a little earlier, I think, before 'The Pauses of Silence.' This work, which will be heard here for the first time, is his 'Impressioni dal vero,' a suite of three pieces for orchestra. This Malapiero is, I think, a wonderful young man.

"Then another famous work from the rapidly rising school of young Italian composers, of whom Malapiero is a member, is the 'Fontane di Roma.' This is a tonal description of four celebrated fountains of Rome, the fountain of Valle Giulia at dawn, the Triton fountain at noon, the fountain of Trevi at midday and the fountain of the Villa Medici at sunset.

"There is also to be played for the first time here a suite in four movements by Victor de Sabata. And here is a suite by my old friend Alfredo Casella, with whom I was a fellow-student at the Paris Conservatoire, 'Le Couvent sur l'Eau.' This suite is dedicated to Mr. Monteux. Casella, he says, is one of the most brilliant, gifted and intellectual of the modern Italians. We who do not know Casella know what an uproar his ultra-modern compositions and

his vehemently written manifestos in favor of modern ideas in music have provoked abroad. They led to the dread title and ugly name of 'futuristic' being applied to this composer, who, however," says Mr. Monteux, "cares little or nothing for anything save his convictions and ideals."

This suite is of movements which Casella composed originally for a ballet, which was shown to Mr. Diaghileff of the Russian ballet. Mr. Diaghileff did not undertake the work. Its principal movements are now to be heard in concert form in this suite.

"Then, for Spain," said Mr. Monteux, "I await with anxiety and faith the arrival of a suite by the Spaniard, De Falla."

"And here is Russia. A 'Poeme Epique' of Sergei Wassilenko (op. 4), the first symphony of Basile Kalinnikow. And here is old Rimsky, blessed old Rimsky, the 'May-Night' overture by Rimsky-Korsakoff. Last but not least here is a crackling orchestral version of Balakirev's famous piano piece 'Islamey,' by again Alfred Casella. That will show you what he can do in the way of virtuoso effects with an orchestra."

He turned to a page where horns and trumpets squawked wildly, and there were sweeping harp glissandi, chattering wood-wind, pounding drums and cavorting strings. "There," he said, "you will hear some noise." A great piece 'Islamey,' and probably still better in a good orchestral version.

"For, Belgium," the conductor went on, "I have the symphony in F major of the brother of Eugene Ysaie; that is, Theodore Ysaie. He was quite a composer. He died about two years ago. His accomplishments were overshadowed by those of the famous violinist. This symphony is dedicated to Charles Martin Loeffler of Boston."

"From France we have, first, a new work by my friend and colleague, Henri Rabaud. It is scenic music from a play, 'Anthony and Cleopatra.' Also two compositions of Pierne, 'Les Cathedrales,' and 'Paysages Franciscains,' and also a 'Divertissement' of Repartz. I shall also revive Debussy's 'La Mer' and the first symphony of Sibelius, which seems his most popular work. I shall likewise play for the first time in Boston Sibelius' third symphony. And if I can get the loan of parts from the Metropolitan, I shall probably perform a concert version of Stravinsky's music to Petrouchka."

Other novelties will be announced. Here's a funny thing, by the way. Some managers of admirable American orchestras, which, however good they believe themselves to be, do not at this day command the prestige in this country of the Boston Symphony, have been voicing their concern for the last two or three seasons, following the Muck business, lest the Boston Symphony should deteriorate from its exceptionally high standards. They said, also, that there were better orchestras in America, better individual players, more brilliant conductors, etc.

But when the strike over wage and union issues arose last spring, and a number of the old players, though more of the young ones, left the Boston orchestra, these same managers or their agents sat down at the stage door of Symphony Hall and fairly pounced on the players the instant they expressed their willingness to sign another contract. Now the New York orchestra which Mr. Bodansky and Mr. Mengelberg will direct announces the engagement of four "premier artists" from the Boston Symphony!

They may be premier in New York, Mr. Press Agent, but they are not and never were "premier" in Boston. Each of the sections of the Boston Symphony Orchestra as it stands today, an orchestra of which the personnel has been revised three times since the war, has, with the exception of the new concert master, Richard Burgin, leaders with long years of service to their credit and to the fame of the orchestra, or else there are new men whom Mr. Monteux brought with him a year ago, men selected for their brilliant accomplishments, and who did not respond to the invitations to strike. Among these are Julius Theodorowicz, second concert master; Ferdinand Thillois, leader of the second violins; Frederic Denayer, first viola; Max Kunze, first double bass; Georges Laurent, first flute; Georges Longy, first oboe; Albert Sand, first clarinet; Abdon Laus, first bassoon; Georges Mager, first trumpet; George Wendler, first horn; Carl Hampe, first trombone; Alfred Holy, harpist; Stefan Neuman, first tympanist.

The membership of the orchestra was last week, 97. This week it will become 102. Five men from the musical union have joined the Boston Symphony.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

The New York Times of last Sunday quoted an "official note" from the press agent of the National Symphony Orchestra of that city to this effect:

"Internal conditions in the Boston Symphony Orchestra led many to seek new fields, 12 premier players having found places in the National Symphony."

Will this passionate press agent kindly take the trouble to give the names of the 12 "premier" players that left the Boston Symphony Orchestra? Why does he find it necessary to say the thing which is not?

It was also stated in a New York newspaper a few days ago that Mr. Josef Adamowski, who has just returned from Warsaw, is favorably mentioned for the vacant conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Our excellent friend, violoncellist and teacher, Mr. Adamowski, will be the first to smile at this statement. Meanwhile the accomplished Pierre Monteux is preparing the Symphony programs for this season, not realizing that the position is "vacant."

Herald Sept. 17, 1920

Special Plans for Boston

Post Sept. 19/20 Symphony Season

Never has the public manifested a keener interest than in the coming season of 24 Friday afternoon and 24 Saturday evening Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts which will begin October 8 and 9 in Symphony Hall. All seats for the Friday afternoon concerts have been taken by subscription and only a few for Saturdays are still available. A number of special plans are being entertained for as many events of unusual musical importance as the schedule (already crowded) will permit.

There will certainly be given at least a number of Young People's Concerts following the successful experiment of last year. These concerts will enlist the full orchestra and be conducted by Pierre Monteux. They will enable the younger generation of Boston to hear music of direct appeal, but also of high character, and in the finest possible performance.

Mr. Monteux, during his summer's trip to Europe, has found some new scores of high talent which will figure on the coming programmes. Of the younger Italian composers, Respighi di Sabata, Halpiero and Cassella will be represented, and from Spain, de Falla. From France Darius Milhaud, the young artistic revolutionist, and of the older generation, Roger Ducaase, Pierne, Debussy, Franck. An excerpt from a new work of d'Indy, "The Legend of St. Christopher," and a new battle piece by Saint-Saens for organ and orchestra, "Cypres et Lauriers," will be heard. Of the younger Russians, Stravinsky and Vassilenko, and of the older Russians, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Kalinnikoff.

Mr. Monteux will also revive works of Sibelius whose music has not been heard here for several seasons. Among native composers there will be Mr. John L. Carpenter and Mr. E. G. Hill. The great classics of enduring fame will, however, have their due place at the Symphony concerts. Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann will be duly represented, as well as Liszt and Wagner.

Of the pianists to appear Sergel Rachmaninoff, Joseph Hoffmann and Benno Moisevitsch are prominent.

At still other concerts Madame Luiza Tetrazzini will return to Boston, also Eugene Ysaie, the Belgian violinist, the Isadore Duncan Dancers and Anna Pavlova, the famous dancer of another school, with her brilliant company and large orchestra. The usual pension fund concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will also take place on Sunday afternoons.

Four oratorios are to be sung by the Handel and Haydn Society: Handel's "Messiah" on Dec. 19 and 20, Sullivan's "Golden Legend" on Jan. 23, Verdi's "Requiem" Feb. 20, and Horatio Parker's "Hora Novissima" March 27. Notable soloists at these concerts are Inez Barbour, Nevada. VanDerVeer, Morgan, Kingston, Clarence Whitehill, Marie Rappold, Lambert Murphy, Royal Dadmun, Florence Hinkle, Merle Alcock, Reinald Werrenrath, Edward Johnson, Caroline Hudson-Alexander, Louise Homer, Orville Harrold and others who will be announced later.

The usual illustrated travel lectures will be given on Friday evenings and Saturday afternoons, 10 by E. M. Newman and 10 by Burton Holmes. For further information regarding these concerts and lectures, all who are interested are invited to apply to the management, Symphony Hall.

BOSTON IS 'OFF MAP MUSICALLY'

Philip Hale Says Loss of
Place Largely Due to
Motors and Bridge

CRITIC DISCUSSES SYMPHONY TROUBLE

Herald — Oct. 12, 1920
Philip Hale, dramatic and music critic of The Herald, addressing the Boston Music Publishers' Association last night at the Parker House, declared that Boston, which a score of years ago justly laid claim to being the musical centre of the United States, at present is "off the map musically." He stated that automobiles and bridge whist parties are in a large measure responsible for the present condition.

After alluding to the high position the city occupied in the music world when he first came to Boston in 1899, when the choral societies, the church choirs and other musical organizations were of a character unequalled by those of any other in America—he declared that today we have "only the Boston Symphony Orchestra."

Symphony Maligned

"The Boston Symphony Orchestra," said Mr. Hale, "has been damnably maligned and maliciously talked about, not only here, but in New York." With regard to the so-called strike last March by certain members of that orchestra, Mr. Hale characterized Frederic Fradkin, deposed concert master, as a "hot-headed young violinist," but he also said that there was no question that the chairman of the board of trustees was "woefully lacking in tact."

The attempt at that time to disrupt the Symphony orchestra, he declared, was a result of German propaganda, the inception of the propaganda-spreading

campaign being in Germany, but much of the effective work being done by a local man, who spread accounts of higher wages being paid in symphony orchestras in other cities. "There were men in the orchestra," continued Mr. Hale, "who, I'm ashamed to say, did not want to play under a French conductor."

He lamented the decline of the Handel and Haydn Society, which today is "farmed out," and that there is no body of singers which the public will pay money to hear. In order to get a large audience at a choral recital the fact that an important artist has been engaged to appear has to be widely advertised by some enterprising manager.

He recited the names of familiar string quartets which once pleased old Boston audiences, and then asserted that today there are none of such exceptional values.

In order to obtain a sizable audience today at almost any sort of musical recital the word has to be passed on by a society leader, Mr. Hale said, and in these cases a large proportion of those who attend are present, not because they know or appreciate music, but because they have been told by an influential person that they must hear or see so and so. Many of them applaud things that they would have been bored stiff listening to years ago.

Jazz Has Helped

Extreme jazz music has been beneficial in the respect that it has taken many composers out of the solemn rhythm in which they had been working for many years, said Mr. Hale. He also had a favorable word for graphophones, saying that they enabled tired business men to enjoy bits of music they would not otherwise hear. "I pity the man," he added, "who cannot enjoy 'Jasper, I Hear You Calling Me' and 'Robert E. Lee,' for they are infinitely better than the pieces produced by some of you gentlemen."

Music of the future he said rests with the publishers and not with the conductors, and the publishers should support the best and not "get the idea that any one nation has a divine right to music." It is their duty to press the music of every country.

William Arms Fisher, one of the Oliver Ditson Company's composers, was called upon by James A. Smith, president of the association, and referred to the "subtle criticisms" written by Mr. Hale. He said they were "kindly" and yet told the "truth." Winslow Bruce, boy soloist at Trinity Church, and Walter D. Pidgeon, baritone, sang several songs.

ANNIVERSARY OF SYMPHONY

Fortieth Season Opens in
October—Large Sale
of Seats

Herald — Sept. 12, 1920

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, founded in 1881, now faces its 40th anniversary season, which, as usual, will comprise 24 Friday afternoon and 24 Saturday evening concerts, the first pair to be given on Oct. 8 and 9, and continuing through the following April. So enthusiastic are the patrons of the Symphony concerts that at the time of this announcement all seats for the Friday concerts have been taken by subscription and only a few for Saturday are still to be had. It is indicative of a highly successful and even memorable anniversary that the subscription sales have in no previous summer advanced so rapidly.

Pierre Monteux, who has made such a marked impression by his authoritative and inspiring readings of every style of music, and his ability to obtain results from the musicians under him, will continue as conductor. He is preparing for performance some new scores of unusual interest. During his two months' sojourn in France and England in the early summer he found and has brought back new music from these countries and some works by the younger and bolder generation of Italians as well. Mr. Monteux has an enviable reputation as a program-maker, and his fine taste and catholicity in selection are generally acknowledged.

Soloists for the Season

The soloists to be heard during 1920-21 are in each case different from those of last season. Although a larger number of them than usual are to make their first appearance with the Boston Symphony orchestra, some are celebrated elsewhere and some are familiar at these concerts.

Harold Bauer, pianist, certainly falls into this category, for his past performances with the orchestra are numerous as well as illustrious. His performance of master concertos may be vividly recalled.

Another pianist less known to our public, but famous indeed in Europe, is Benno Moiseiwitsch, heretofore unheard of with the Boston Symphony orchestra. Coming to this country for the first time last winter, he was among pianists in sensation of the New York season. London and New York have united in ranking him among the highest living masters of his instrument.

Another and younger pianist more familiar to Bostonians is Mischa Levitski, who has played with the orchestra. His rapid advancement is placing him in the forefront of pianists.

Of longer standing with our public is Percy Grainger, who nevertheless has never before played with the Boston Symphony orchestra. The fine qualities of this Australian pianist are too well known here to require emphasis.

Arthur Rubinstein on the other hand is not only new to the orchestra, but comparatively unknown to Boston. He crossed the seas some years ago when a mere boy, and astounded those Bostonians who heard him by his lightning dexterity. He returned to America from Europe last season, and played brilliantly at a concert in Symphony Hall and in a private musicale.

Guy Mader and Lee Pattison working together for several seasons until they have acquired mutual sympathy, have succeeded in creating a fresh general interest in music for two pianos by playing a double concerto.

Master Violinist

To many people no soloist of the coming season will be more welcome than Jacques Thibaud, the master violinist of France, who has been heard several times with the orchestra. His emotional intensity, purity of taste and nobility of style have made these performances memorable.

Another artist who will come to Boston and Boston's orchestra with a very considerable European and also a New York reputation is Isolde Menges, the young English violinist. Making her debut in London in February 1913, she played again and again with different orchestras and in recitals, always with the same brilliant success. During the following autumn and winter she triumphed in various European cities. Then the war came and her famous New York debut in 1916, followed by a tour of Canada.

New Singers

Among singers, Alice Nielsen will be fondly recalled by those who remember the days when the Boston Opera Company was in its prime and she showed marked versatility. Miss Nielsen's voice sounds to particular advantage on the concert stage.

What Miss Nielsen was to the Boston Opera Company, so was Mme. Helen Stanley, dramatic soprano, to the Chicago Opera Company. She has made a number of concert tours during the last few seasons, but has never sung with the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Another dramatic soprano who is to sing with the orchestra is Mme. Hulda Lashanska, a particular favorite among the younger singers. A rich and vividly beautiful voice, an unusual interpretive intelligence, a striking personality and presence, bespeaking her Scandinavian descent—these are her endowments and attainments.

The single male singer among the list of soloists is Reinald Werrenrath. Although this young American baritone has sung in opera, he has won and merited a devoted public in this city by the sole means of the concert stage, whether in orchestral concerts, oratorios or recitals of his own. Thus by the quality of his voice and his interpretive skill he has disproved the saying that "opera is the only place for a baritone."

RICH FARE IN PROSPECT

MR. MONTEUX OUTLINES PENDING

PROGRAMMES

Sept. 15, 1920 Trans.

A Wide Range for the Symphony Concerts

Next Season—The Classics in Due Place and With Sundry Rediscoveries—Young Englishmen, "New" Italians, a Risen Spaniard, Promising Parisians, Fresh Russians, in Novel Music A-Plenty—Good Share for Americans as Well

THE present conductor of the Symphony Orchestra respects its tradition of widely ranging programmes. In the days when the strewing of scornful epithets upon any and all Germans was a favorite pastime, it was the custom to call his predecessors narrow-minded. Perhaps they were; yet from the first years of Mr. Gericke through the final years of Dr. Muck, they set and maintained a precedent: The repertoire must be catholic. Whether a piece of music came from French, German, Czech, Italian, Scandinavian, Russian or American pen, whether it was classic or semi-classic, modern or ultra-modern, it deserved performance, so long as it was impressive, interesting or otherwise significant. As presumption went, the public of the Symphony Concerts was no less

open-minded, becomingly curious, as well, about newer and innovating composers. The conductors persisted; audiences usually proved worthy of their good name; and so a fine tradition was established, unexcelled in any orchestra at home or abroad. Mr. Monteux, as the scope of his programmes last season proved, received and cherishes it. Personally, moreover, he has the cosmopolitan outlook; his eagerness for novel and interesting music is unabating; he reads new and old scores unceasingly; he is diligent in the exploration of publishers' shelves; he likes nothing better than to upturn an overlooked piece by a classic or a semi-classic composer, to open the way to an unknown and deserving man. In fine, he would make the Symphony Concerts a mirror of the music of our immediate time no less than a glass reflecting the classics in living image. For Mr. Monteux, music is music, according to intrinsic desert, whatever the nationality of the composer, whatever the date upon the sheets. Modestly and wisely, he counts it the obligation of a conductor to seek tactful contacts with composers and publishers rather than to hold them waiting on his door-step. With these ends in view he journeyed to London and Paris last summer; while annually he purposes to renew these European visits.

In such faith and practise Mr. Monteux shaped programmes through his first season as established conductor of the Symphony Concerts. In Boston and in other cities, they pleased the public, maintained the standards of the orchestra, won him just laurels, heartened the youth of all ages to whom the new and strange is not a fearsome thing. In his second season, beginning next month, he intends to make the repertoire yet more variegated and stimulating, so far as twenty-four programmes give him room and there is time and energy for thorough preparation. Daily he is at his studies in the conductor's room at Symphony Hall; soon he will be at the steady work of rehearsals and concerts, both without haste and without rest.

So far as the conductor can accomplish his present plans, English composers from Bantock to Bax will enjoy their first considerable inning at the Symphony Concerts. Four of the "new" Italians, who cultivate symphonic music, will have place. There will be room for the rising Spaniard, de Falla, and for the risen Parisians, Milhaud and Roger-Ducasse. Music of one of the younger Russians, Vassilenko, will be played for the first times in America. An unheard symphony—his third—by Sibelius, the Finn, is in prospect, along with the suite for the concert-hall that Mr. Carpenter has assembled from his ballet, "The Birthday of The Infanta," and a new tone-poem by Mr. Hill, suggested by Poe's gruesome tale, "The Fall of The

is by no means exhausted. Upon Mr. Monteux's music-rack is the overture to his opera, "A Night in May;" accessible in New York is the suite chosen and sewn together from another opera, "The Tale of Tsar Saltan" in the composer's rich vein of fantastic legend. Near neighbor to these Russians, as the land, though hardly the spirit, goes, is the Finn, Sibelius, none of whose music has lately been heard at the Symphony Concerts, persistently as Mr. Fiedler and Dr. Muck gave it vogue. Both overlooked his third symphony. Mr. Monteux will undertake it. The clanging and familiar first also tempts the conductor.

And the Americans to whom Mr. Monteux has long lent a receptive ear? Two of their pieces for which he waits have already been specified—Mr. Carpenter's ballet-suite and Mr. Hill's tone-poem. Add to these, if a performance can be arranged, Mr. Arthur Shepherd's concerto for piano and orchestra, a much-praised music among his fellow composers; a revival of Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" and of Mr. Carpenter's gay feat of ingenuity and humor, "Adventures in A Perambulator"; certain extremely modern "sketches"—no more than six minutes long—by an obscure New Yorker, discovered by Mr. Monteux; and a deserved repetition of the late Mr. Griffes's "Pleasure-Domes of Kubla Khan," and the more imaginative American voices will not go unheard at Symphony Hall through the winter.

To complete the circle the Germans. From them the classics—Bach and Mozart as already recited; Beethoven in at least two symphonies and sundry miscellaneous pieces; the symphony of Schubert aforesaid, another from Schumann; the fourth symphony of Brahms; the usual modicum of Wagner in the concert-room. Finally, hope of Strauss in the finer-fibred tone-poems. Mr. Monteux does not lack admiration or zest for them. Like the rest of us, he is curious to discover how lapse of years and change of taste have affected impression from them and pleasure in them. He is well aware that other conductors purpose to bring them back to American concert-halls. From their fortunes and from the public of the Symphony Concerts in Boston he awaits a cue. As a cosmopolitan musician, he is vallant for Strauss; as a Franco-American conductor, he would also be discreet.

H. T. PARKER

IN BOSTON TO JOIN SYMPHONY

Richard Burgin, New Concert Master Will Start Rehearsal Work Today

HAS WON FAME IN NORTHERN EUROPE

Richard Burgin, the new concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who arrived in Boston from Norway yesterday, will sit this morning at the left of Conductor Pierre Monteux when he lifts his baton for the first rehearsal in preparation for the opening of the season, Oct. 8 and 9.

Although born in Warsaw and of Polish parentage, Mr. Burgin has spent the greater part of his musical career in Russia, Finland and Scandinavia, where as concert master, he won widespread fame.

Lotti His First Teacher

At the age of five he became acquainted with the violin, his original teacher being Lotti, who, with Kreisler, was a fellow-pupil with Massart, the French teacher of the Wieniawski school. When 13 years old he came to this country and in New York attracted considerable attention by his concerts in Carnegie Hall. It was in that city that he first heard of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, attending one of the orchestra's performances in New York. This, however, is his first visit to Boston.

In 1908 he began four years of training under Leopold Auer at Petrograd. Then followed a concert tour of Russia, Poland, Finland and Scandinavia, during which he played both as concert master and soloist. He has played under Max Fiedler and Arthur Nikisch, former conductors of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, likewise under Richard Strauss and Schnevoigt, the Finnish conductor of the Philharmonic Society in Stockholm.

While in Stockholm he organized the "Richard Burgin Quartet," and also formed the Philharmonic Society of Christiania, a notable quartet, which played 12 concerts a season.

House of Usher." From the classics, likewise, Mr. Monteux is minded to rediscover to his hearers at Symphony Hall Schubert's "Tragic Symphony," by way of variation from the endlessly repeated "Unfinished" and Ninth; the gay overture to Mozart's opera, "Il Seraglio" and his prelude to "Don Juan"; and two overlooked concertos of Bach to be played as ensemble pieces—one with violin, flute and piano for outstanding instruments and one with the organ in like place.

Two symphonies by English composers stand high on Mr. Monteux's list of new pieces—Vaughan-Williams's "London Symphony" and Bantock's symphony, "The Hebrides." No music in the larger forms by the younger Britons has been more applauded than this "London Symphony," reaction in tones to the life, atmosphere and stimulus of the Britons' city. In a sense it is "the piece of the hour"; for in America next winter it will be heard in Boston, New York and Chicago. In recent years Bantock's symphony has made the round of English concert-rooms. The aspect and the spirit of those wild islands in the North Atlantic kindled the composer to the music. The melodic material he has drawn from the islanders' folk-tunes. To one of the youngest and most individual of English composers Mr. Monteux has also given ear—Arnold Bax—and one or another piece of his symphonic music is fairly certain to gain place on the conductor's programmes. He likes, too, the vigor, the onrush, the eminently British quality of John Ireland.

Orchestral scores by four of the "new" Italian composers now lie upon Mr. Monteux's desk—Respighi, di Sabata, Malipiero and Casella. The piece by Respighi is in current vogue a "tone-picture" of four of the familiar fountains of Rome. It has been already played in America by Mr. Stock's orchestra in Chicago and, if memory serves, by Mr. Damrosch's in New York. Sabata's music is a suite of poetized sights and sounds in the country. From Malipiero, whom Mr. Monteux encountered and liked last June in Paris, he has received the two parts of the "Impressioni dal Vero," each in three divisions and again "tone-picturing" in the composer's highly imaginative fashion. One set at least of these "Impressioni" will be played at the Symphony Concerts next winter and after Malipiero's "Pause del Silenzio" of two successive seasons, anticipation warms to them. By common consent Casella is vivid and pungent master of harmonic and instrumental means. He loves, too, a large fervor of expression, a red fire of movement. It has lately pleased him to score for full orchestra, utilized to the utmost, Balakirev's glowing, fantastic piano-piece, "Is-lamey." It will make vivid, sonorous end

to one of the conductor's pending programmes. Another piece, altogether Casella's own, also awaits his hand, "The Convent by the Water," suite, if recollection does not slip, from a highly fanciful piece of the theatre.

Little by little a younger generation of Spaniards, almost wholly unknown to American ears, has made way into the concerts of Paris and London. Of one of them, Turina, Mr. Monteux thinks but poorly. Another, de Falla, he appraises highly. Accordingly, the public of the Symphony Concerts is to hear an orchestral suite from his pen for which his songs, as sung hereabouts by Mme. Gauthier or Miss Janacopulos, raise expectation.

The younger Parisian to whom Mr. Monteux inclines for promise become performance, is Darius Milhaud, barely known in America by a quartet for strings occasionally played by "The Flonzaleys." He has written not a little music that sounds merely eccentric; he also wrote recently a suite abounding in fancy and charm. As soon as it is played at the Colonne Concerts, next winter, in Paris, the score will be sent to Boston. Little known here is the music of Roger-Ducasse, one of the elder Parisian youngsters so to say. The conductor has in hand what he counts the most characteristic example of it—a tone-poem of spring. His fellow-conductor, Monsieur Pierné has provided him with another novel piece—a prelude to "The Cathedrals," poem of French fortitude and French glory when war assailed these shrines. Once upon a time Bernhardt brought it to the stage and Pierné provided the music. In degree and in unhackneyed pieces, the elder French composers will also have their turn on Mr. Monteux's programmes—Debussy, for example, with "The Sea"; d'Indy with "A Summer Day on the Mountain"; Franck with the tone-poem, "The Djinn," in which a piano bears considerable part, and a transcription from piano to orchestra of the Prelude, Choral and Fugue, made likewise by Monsieur Pierné.

Vassilenko is the younger Russian chosen for place among the conductor's rising composers and the piece in his "Epic Poem," medieval in suggestion, utilizing the liturgical music of his country. Kallinnikov, an older Russian composer, who has occasionally figured upon programmes in America, has also provided a symphony new to Bostonian ears. To Stravinsky Mr. Monteux, after their long collaboration with Mr. Diaghilev's ballet, instinctively turns. From "Petrushka"—the mimodrama of puppets at a Russian fair, seen and heard of old in Boston—the composer once drew a suite for the concert-hall. The conductor believes he can reproduce it. And the music of Rimsky-Korsakov

BURGIN NEW SYMPHONY CONCERT MASTER

Last Friday rehearsals were begun by the Boston Symphony orchestra under the direction of Pierre Monteux, the conductor, in preparation for the opening concerts to be given next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Richard Burgin, celebrated Russian virtuoso, who is now concert master of the orchestra, arrived in Boston after a long voyage in time to be at his place at the left of the conductor on Friday morning.

The opening program now under preparation will begin with Beethoven's Eighth Symphony—the so-called "Little Symphony" with the fantastic Scherzo, burlesquing the metronome, which had just been invented at the time of its composition. The newest work at the opening pair of concerts will be the orchestral fantasy by Guillaume Lekeu, the noted French composer of the Franck school. Caesar Franck's Prelude, Chorale and Fugue recently scored for full orchestra by Gabriel Pierné, will also be played, and, for a brilliant closing piece, Liszt's Symphonic poem, "Tasso."

Although Richard Burgin's training has been largely in Russia, and a considerable part of his professional career has been confined by stringent conditions in eastern Europe to Russia, Finland and Scandinavia, he is a native of Warsaw and of Polish parentage. Through 12 years he has made his mark as the finest concert master in that part of the world, leading the string sections of the premier orchestras in the larger cities of these countries. He revealed extraordinary talent at the age of 5 and came to America when 13 years old, playing in Carnegie Hall, New York. He has never been to Boston before, although at that time he heard a performance in Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony orchestra. His tuition took place, for the most part, in Russia, where he first studied under Lotti; and in 1908 he began four years of training at Petrograd under the great violin teacher, Leopold Auer. Of the Auer pupils of long standing in America, Zimbalist came just before his time; Toscha Seidel came later, while Jascha Heifetz was his fellow-pupil and friend. He then made extensive concert tours through several countries, playing notably as soloist in Petrograd, Kiev, Moscow, Odessa, Copenhagen and other cities. He played as concert master and soloist with the Petrograd Symphony orchestra, the Helsingfors Symphony orchestra, the Stockholm Concert Society



RICHARD BURGIN
New Concert Master of the Boston
Symphony Orchestra

orchestra and the Christiania Philharmonic Society orchestra. He played as soloist in the first public performance of the violin concerta Sibelius, under the supervision of the noted composer.

On another occasion he played Glazounoff's concerto, the composer conducting.

Mr. Burgin has served as concert master under two former conductors of the Boston Symphony orchestra—Max Fiedler and Arthur Nikisch. Likewise, under Richard Strauss, at a Strauss festival in Stockholm, and under Schneevoght, the Finnish conductor of the Philharmonic Society in Stockholm and the Philharmonic orchestra of Christiania. Mr. Burgin has conducted this noted orchestra on several occasions, and he also instituted a quartet from its ranks, which toured from city to city, playing 12 concerts each year. Even more celebrated was the Burgin quartet of Stockholm, in which also he played first violin. *Herald Oct. 3, 1920*

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

THE SYMPHONY CHORUS TO BE RE-ASSEMBLED

Beethoven's Choral Symphony, Bach's Magnificat and Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" Announced for It Next Season—An Unkind View of Mr. Loeffler and Boston—New Chamber-Pieces—A French "Tristan"—Why the Chicago Opera Forsakes Us

FOR once good auguries have not failed and the Symphony Chorus is to be reconstituted for next season, presumably in the numbers and the quality that distinguished it when it was first assembled in the musical year of 1917-18. By right of work well done, raising his prestige at home and spreading it to other cities, Mr. Stephen Townsend will again be the chorus-master. From him a circular letter has gone out to the former members of the chorus, the first and significant sentence of which runs: "I have been requested by the conductor, Mr. Pierre Monteux, and the manager, Mr. W. H. Brennan, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to reassemble the Boston Symphony Chorus in preparation for important and interesting works to be performed in the coming season of 1920-1921." These "works," as the letter soon specifies, are Beethoven's Choral Symphony, Bach's Magnificat, and Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." The Choral Symphony was the first music undertaken by the Symphony Chorus in the autumn of 1917. It was memorably sung and played by choir and orchestra under Dr. Muck. In the three years since passed it has not been heard here. The Magnificat, needless, almost, to say, sits high in Bach's churchly music. It is written for chorus

and solo-voices; it is planned on an imposing scale; it is, for the most part, one of those hymns of exultation in which Bach excels. For long it has been unknown to Bostonian concert halls. "The Damnation of Faust" speaks for itself. Few choral pieces are so assured as it of an expectant public; few better keep a chorus to its mettle; while in such pictorial and characterizing music, with a clear savor of the theatre, Mr. Monteux should shine.

Presumably these concerts of choral music will fall outside the regular series of Symphony Concerts. To give room for orchestra and chorus in such numbers as the Choral Symphony and "The Damnation of Faust" exact, the stage must be extended into the auditorium—an impossible change on a Friday afternoon or a Saturday evening; when the first rows of the parquet are occupied by subscribers. Berlioz's "dramatic legend" will fill one evening (with a possible repetition, as of old, on a Sunday afternoon), while, apparently Beethoven's symphony and Bach's hymn will divide another concert or part of concerts. There is no reason to doubt the response of the personnel of the original chorus, so far as it is now available, to Mr. Townsend's invitation. It enjoyed its work; it reaped no little praise for it. With the prestige of orchestra, chorus-master and conductor and the interest of the pending plan, new recruits in sufficient numbers will hardly be lacking. Mr. Townsend's abilities in such work are already proved at home in Boston, in New York and Philadelphia as well; Mr. Monteux is a practised hand with choral music. Under these happy auspices the trustees of the orchestra resume a work that rounds, diversifies and enlivens its activities. For to such music as the Choral Symphony and "The Damnation of Faust" an orchestra and a chorus, such as they only can provide, are essential. Thus also between the Symphony Chorus under Mr. Townsend and the Harvard Glee Club under Dr. Davison, choral singing, in the artistic sense, will be alive again in Boston.

H. T. P.

Symphony Hall.

POPS

EVERY NIGHT (EXCEPT SUNDAYS) 8-11
ORCHESTRA OF SYMPHONY PLAYERS

POPS

AGIDE JACCHIA, Conductor

POPULAR PROGRAMS
TOMORROW—OPERATIC NIGHT; FRI., SEPT. 17—WAGNER PROGRAM
Table Seats, \$1 & 75c; 1st balcony (reserved), 75c & 50c. Admission, 25c (no tax).

POPS IN SEPTEMBER

Trans. — Sept. 5, 1920
A "Fall Series" Well Begun at Symphony Hall—Balconies Versus Tables—Familiar Pieces Familiarly Played

By the signs of last evening, in September no less than in May or June, there is an audience for The Pops. It was as numerous as ever in the two balconies at Symphony Hall, where the listeners merely sit and hear as at any other concert; while on the floor it filled most of the tables. To the frequenters of them the frequenters of the balconies have long been a mystery. Pops are not Pops for the habitués of the floor, unless they can smoke at will, choose among the "refreshments" and chatter when desultory conversation seems more interesting than music. The faithful of the balconies may do none of these amusing things, seemingly care little for them. Sedately but with evident satisfaction, they listen to twelve orchestral pieces, variously chosen, variously played. Their only departure from the routine of concert-going is a bite or a sup in the longer intermissions. Yet by and large, they are the most dependable public of The Pops. Most of the table-folk resort to Symphony Hall for the pleasure of an evening lazily spent against a musical background and with various non-musical hors d'œuvres for seasoning. In contrast, they of the galleries seem interested in the music for its own sake, are mildly exacting over the quality of performance. Apparently this public has firm liking for miscellaneous concerts of orchestral music, not to severe of programme. Would it flock to them, say in winter, and with the whole

concert-room as the balconies of Symphony Hall now are? No one knows, no one can know, until some one risks the test. It would be an interesting, possibly a fruitful, experiment.

To leave speculation—a somewhat smaller orchestra than "The Pops" of the spring assembled sat on the stage yesterday. It sufficed for the pending programme; but as yet it is not too well-balanced in the string choirs. They, rather than the woodwind or the brass, lack the numbers and the volume of tone that through the next week returning players, back from "summer jobs," will daily increase. Here and

there new faces dotted the band—evidently of the men who are to swell the Symphony Orchestra to full ranks through the "regular" season. As it was, Mr. Jacchia had these forces well in hand; they played elastically as an ensemble; while he himself led with his usual zest for broad contrast, full-voiced orchestral melody and clear rhythm. With operatic and symphonic pieces, Mr. Jacchia takes the vigorous way; yet with lighter numbers he keeps a pretty ease and smoothness of progress. For the most part the "old stand-bys" of many a Pop concert filled the list—the overture to "William Tell," fragments of Grieg's music to "Peer Gynt," Chaikovsky's "1812," Chabrier's glowing "España," operatic "fantasies" from "Lohengrin" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," with extra pieces as well liked and familiar. Only a waltz of Strauss and the overture to "Tannhäuser" seemed to be missing. Later in the week, doubtless, they will return to usual place. Like children with stories, the public of The Pops often prefers what it already knows by heart. Moreover, in or out of the concert-hall, familiar things make the better welcome.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

CLOSING WEEK OF POP CONCERTS

THE POPS AND BRAHMS

His Horn Trio Slips Into a Programme
and Is Well Played—Other Incidents

IN Mr. Ernest Hoffmann, now joining his father among the first violins at the Pop concerts, the Symphony Orchestra has a very capable pianist. In the present series of concerts the playing of the celesta has fallen to him and he has handled the little instrument with much skill, notably in the Fantasia from Leon's "L'Oracolo" last Friday. On other occasions he has provided the piano accompaniment for solos, and last night he made possible the performance of a movement from Brahms's Trio for violin, horn and pianoforte, Opus 40—a novel item for a Pop programme. Companioning him were Mr. Jacques Hoffmann and Mr. Hess. The piece, which has been rather neglected here of late, was a great favorite of Mr. Knesel and judging from the Finale played last evening it would be well worth hearing. However insensitive Brahms may have been to the individuality and characteristic voice of other instruments he had a peculiar regard for the horn and his writing for it was unfailingly sympathetic and effective. A note in the score suggests that in this trio it may be replaced by a 'cello or viola, but the galloping figure on which this finale is based would be quite unsuited to either instrument. The movement was brilliantly played and in response to the applause the three players added to the programme arrangement of Rakhmanov's half exotic Serenade.

More or less accustomed numbers filled the rest of the concert. For novelty it included a Processional March by Edwin L. Turnbull of the department of music at Johns Hopkins University, formal and sonorous, and the Finale of Dvorak's "New World" Symphony—the latter, of course, new only to the Pops. Such impulsive, strongly rhythmical music suits Mr. Jacchia well and it would be a pleasure to hear from him the first movement as well. For contrasting Viennese waltzes there were Lehar's "Gold and Silver" and the older "Vienna Beauties" of Ziehrer. The former is sensuous and effectively orchestrated, but in the latter is the true Viennese swing which somehow eludes the moderns. Even Richard frankly aping Johann could not quite achieve it.

W. S. S.

Sept. 19, 1920
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Nights

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Berlioz
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Turnbull
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Lohengrin"
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Brahms
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Massenet
b, "New World"
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Puccini
Schumann
Ziehrer
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Sousa

March from "Tannhauser"
Overture to "La Forza del Destino"
Verdi
"Ave Maria"
Bach-Gounod
Fantasia, "La Tosea"
Puccini
Suite, "Nutteracker"
Tschalkowsky
(a) Overture Miniature; (b) Dance de la Fee
Dragee; (c) Trepak.
Violoncello Solo, "Melodie"
Gluck
Mr. J. Keller.
Danse Symphonique
Wing
Overture to "Sakantala"
Goldmark
Procession of the Sardar...
Ippolito-Ivanoff
"Largo" (with organ)
Handel
Waltz, "España"
Waldteufel
Ride of the Valkyries...
Wagner

TUESDAY.

ee" (with organ). Elgar
Frage of Figaro". Mozart
(Reve Angelique)...
Rubinstein
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Grieg
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Wagner
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WEDNESDAY.

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Elgar
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Strauss
"Dubinushka"
Arranged by Agide Jacchia
Verdi
hapsody...
Liszt
World" Symphony...
Dvorak
III., "Lohengrin"
Wagner
"1812"...
Tschalkowsky
Tschalkowsky
(with organ)...
Rubinstein
Mountain King"
Grieg
auser"
Wagner

THURSDAY.

College Night.
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Verdi
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Rubinstein
arence P. Brown, '09;
S. Potter, '10.
Tschalkowsky
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Van Westerhout
rs"
Volstedt
III., "Lohengrin"
Wagner
Washington Gladden, '59

FRIDAY.

ng Night.
March from "Tannhauser"
Wagner
Overture to "La Forza del Destino"
Verdi
"Ave Maria"
Bach-Gounod
Fantasia, "La Tosea"
Puccini
Suite, "Nutteracker"
Tschalkowsky
(a) Overture Miniature; (b) Dance de la Fee
Dragee; (c) Trepak.
Violoncello Solo, "Melodie"
Gluck
Mr. J. Keller.
Danse Symphonique
Wing
Overture to "Sakantala"
Goldmark
Procession of the Sardar...
Ippolito-Ivanoff
"Largo" (with organ)
Handel
Waltz, "España"
Waldteufel
Ride of the Valkyries...
Wagner

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

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Boston Symphony Orchestra

INCORPORATED

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

FORTIETH SEASON, 1920-1921

Programme of the First Afternoon and Evening Concerts

FRIDAY at 2.30 o'clock, SATURDAY at 8.00 o'clock
OCTOBER 8 and 9

WITH HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE
NOTES BY PHILIP HALE

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CLOSING WEEK OF POP CONCERTS

Herald — Sept. 19, 1920
Special Programs Arranged
for Final Nights

On account of the necessity of rehearsing and other preparations for the coming winter season of the Boston Symphony concerts, the Pop concerts now running at Symphony Hall will have to be curtailed after next week. The coming week, therefore, will be the last.

One of the biggest nights of the coming week will take place on Friday, Sept. 24, when Williams College will be present in numbers and interpolate their own songs.

The biggest night of the week, and indeed of the season, however, will be request night, on Thursday, the 23d. Ballots in great numbers are still being counted to determine the exact selections for this program, which, it is surmised, will not greatly differ from request nights of the past.

MONDAY.

March, "Lorraine".....Ganne
Overture to "The Beautiful Galatea".....Suppe
Waltz, "Tales from the Orient".....Strauss
Fantasia, "Carmen".....Bizet
Ballet suite from "Henry VIII.".....Saint-Saens
Valse "Triste".....Sibelius
American Idyl, "Indian Summer".....Herbert
Finale, Fourth Symphony.....Tschalkowsky
Overture to "Mignon".....Thomas
"Largo" (with organ).....Handel
Whispering of the Flowers.....Eton
Hungarian March, "Rakoczy".....Berlioz

TUESDAY.

Processional March.....Turnbull
Overture, "Light Cavalry".....Suppe
Waltz, "Gold and Silver".....Lehar
Fantasia, "The Masked Ball".....Verdi
Introduction to Act III, "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Finale (Allegro con brioso) from Trilo.....Brahms
(Violin, J. Hoffmann; horn, M. Hess; piano, E. Hoffmann).
Aragonaise from "The Cid".....Massenet
Finale (Allegro con fuoco), "New World".....Dvorak
Symphony.....Puccini
Fantasia, "Madama Butterfly".....Schumann
Evening Song.....Ziehrer
Waltz, "Vienna Beauties".....Sousa
Stars and Stripes Forever.....Sousa

March from "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Overture to "La Forza del Destino".....Verdi
"Ave Maria".....Bach-Gounod
Fantasia, "La Tosca".....Puccini
Suite, "Nutteracker".....Tschalkowsky
(a) Overture Miniature; (b) Dance de la Fee
Dragee; (c) Trepak.
Violoncello Solo, "Melodie".....Gluck
Mr. J. Keller.
Danse Symphonique.....Wing
Overture to "Sakuntala".....Goldmark
Procession of the Sardar.....Ippolito-Ivanoff
"Largo" (with organ).....Handel
Waltz, "España".....Waldteufel
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner

WEDNESDAY.

"The Marriage of Figaro".....Mozart
(Reve Angelique).....Rubinstein
and "Dellah".....Saint-Saens
(b) Anrita's Dance, (c) In
mountain King.
Theatrical from "Lohen-
grin".....Wagner
"The Marriage of Figaro".....Brahms
King Lear.....Little
Verdi
W. S. Smith
Beautiful Blue Danube.....Strauss
Haltersen

THURSDAY.

College Night.
"The Marriage of Figaro".....Elgar
Beautiful Blue Danube.....Strauss
"Dubinushka".....Verdi
Arranged by Agide Jacchia
Liszt
"The Marriage of Figaro".....Dvorak
III., "Lohengrin".....Wagner

"1812".....Tschalkowsky
Tschalkowsky
(with organ).....Rubinstein
Mountain King.....Grieg
"The Marriage of Figaro".....Wagner

FRIDAY.

College Night.
"The Marriage of Figaro".....Ganne
"Lohengrin".....Auber
Waldteufel
"The Marriage of Figaro".....H. C.

"The Marriage of Figaro".....Verdi
D major.....Brahms
Rubinstein
Lawrence P. Brown, '09;
S. Potter, '10.
Tschalkowsky
"The Marriage of Figaro".....Van Westerhout
III., "Lohengrin".....Vollstedt
Washington Gladden, '59

College Night.
"The Marriage of Figaro".....Wagner
Overture to "La Forza del Destino".....Verdi
"Ave Maria".....Bach-Gounod
Fantasia, "La Tosca".....Puccini
Suite, "Nutteracker".....Tschalkowsky
(a) Overture Miniature; (b) Dance de la Fee
Dragee; (c) Trepak.
Violoncello Solo, "Melodie".....Gluck
Mr. J. Keller.
Danse Symphonique.....Wing
Overture to "Sakuntala".....Goldmark
Procession of the Sardar.....Ippolito-Ivanoff
"Largo" (with organ).....Handel
Waltz, "España".....Waldteufel
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

HUNTINGTON AND MASSACHUSETTS AVENUES

Branch Exchange Telephones, Ticket and Administration Offices, Back Bay 1492

Boston Symphony Orchestra

INCORPORATED

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

FORTIETH SEASON, 1920-1921

Programme of the First Afternoon and Evening Concerts

FRIDAY at 2.30 o'clock, SATURDAY at 8.00 o'clock
OCTOBER 8 and 9

WITH HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE
NOTES BY PHILIP HALE

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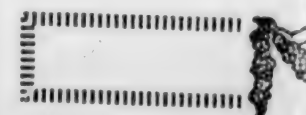
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G. E. JUDD, Assistant Manager

Come

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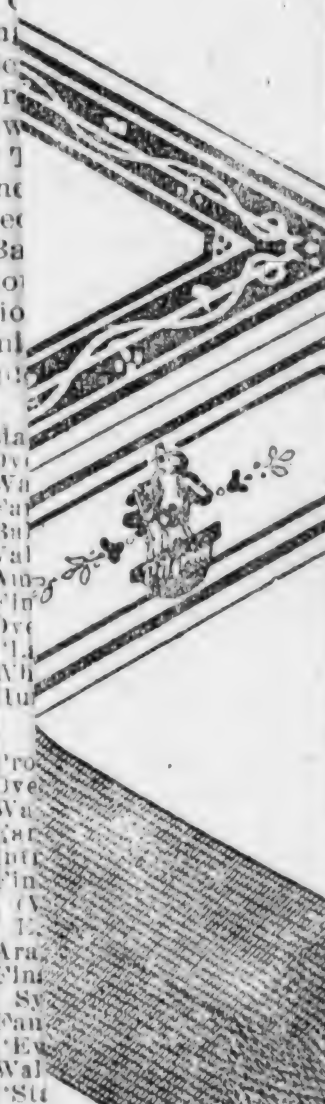
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goes on



FOR M



WEDNESDAY.

"Pomp and Circumstance" (with organ). Elgar
Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro". Mozart
"Kamminoi Ostrow" (Reve Angellique). Rubinstein
Fantasia, "Samson and Delilah". Saint-Saens
Suite, "Peer Gynt". Grieg
(a) Morning Mood, (b) Anrita's Dance, (c) In
the Hall of the Mountain King.
Procession to the Cathedral from "Lohen-
grin". Wagner
First Hungarian Dance. Brahms
Symphonic Poem, "King Lear". Little
Fantasia, "Aida". Verdi
Romance. W. S. Smith
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube". Strauss
Entrance of the Borars. Halvorsen

THURSDAY.

Request Night.
"Pomp and Circumstance". Elgar
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube". Strauss
Russian Folk Song, "Dubinushka". Arranged by Agide Jacchia
Fantasia, "Aida". Verdi
Second Hungarian Rhapsody. Liszt
Largo from the "New World" Symphony. Dvorak
Introduction to Act. III., "Lohengrin". Wagner
Overture Solennelle, "1812". Tschalkowsky
Marche Slave. Tschalkowsky
"Kamminoi Ostrow" (with organ). Rubinstein
"In the Hall of the Mountain King". Grieg
Overture to "Tannhauser". Wagner

FRIDAY.

Williams College Night.
March, "Father of Victory". Ganne
Overture to "Massaniello". Auber
Waltz, "Estudiantina". Waldteufel
Songs with orchestra
"Come Fill Your Glasses up," words by H.
S. Patterson, '96; "The Royal Purple," H. C.
Taylor, '99.
Fantasia, "Il Trovatore". Verdi
Hungarian Dance in D major. Brahms
Reve Angellique. Rubinstein
Songs with orchestra
"Our Mother," Clarence F. Brown, '09;
"Yard by Yard," L. S. Potter, '10.
Marche Slave. Tschalkowsky
Enfantillage ("Children at Play"). Van Westerhout
Waltz, "Jolly Fellows". Volstedt
Introduction to Act III., "Lohengrin". Wagner
"The Mountains". Dr. Washington Gladden, '59

SATURDAY.

Closing Night.
March from "Tannhauser". Wagner
Overture to "La Forza del Destino". Verdi
"Ave Maria". Bach-Gounod
Fantasia, "La Tosca". Puccini
Suite, "Nutcracker". Tschalkowsky
(a) Overture Miniature; (b) Dance de la Fee
Dragee; (c) Trepak.
Violoncello Solo, "Melodie". Gluck
Mr. J. Keller.
Danse Symphonique. Weng
Overture to "Sakantala". Goldmark
Procession of the Sardar. Ippolito-Ivanoff
"Largo" (with organ). Handel
Waltz, "Espana". Waldteufel
Ride of the Valkyries. Wagner

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40th SEASON, 1920-1921

SYMPHONY HALL

BEGINNING OCTOBER 8-9

24 FRIDAY AFTERNOON 24 SATURDAY EVENING
SYMPHONY CONCERTS BY THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SOLOISTS

HAROLD BAUER
HELEN STANLEY
REINALD WERRENRATH
GUY MAIER and
LEE PATTISON

PERCY GRAINGER
ISOLDE MENGES
HULDA LASHANSKA
MISCHA LEVITZKI

JACQUES THIBAUD
BENNO MOISEWITSCH
ALICE NIELSEN
ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN

OTHERS TO BE ANNOUNCED

For the Friday Afternoon Concerts all reserved seats have been subscribed.
For the Saturday Evening Concerts a few desirable seats are still available.
Season tickets, 24 Concerts, \$65, \$53, \$40, \$27, \$18 (no tax). Now on sale at Symphony Hall.

W. H. BRENNAN, Manager

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920-21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

FIRST PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, AT 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, AT 8 P.M.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 8, in F major, op. 98

- I. Allegro vivace e con brio
- II. Allegretto scherzando
- III. Tempo di menuetto
- IV. Allegro vivace

LEKEU.

FANTASIA on Two Folk-Songs of Anjou
(First time in Boston)

FRANCK,

PRELUDE, CHORALE and FUGUE
(Orchestrated by Gabriel Pierné)
(First time in Boston)

LISZT,

SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 2, Tasso; Lamento e
Trionfo.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

SYMPHONY'S 40TH SEASON

Brilliant Opening Performance—Enlarged Orchestra—Two Novelties

LEKEU'S FANTASIA WINS INSTANT FAVOR

Herald Oct. 9, 1920
By PHILIP HALE

The 40th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began brilliantly yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Monteux conducted. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 8; Lekeu, Fantasia on two Folk-Songs of Anjou; Franck, Prelude, Chorale and Fugue orchestrated by Gabriel Pierne; Liszt, "Tasso: Lament and Triumph."

In past years it was the custom to write in a quasi-apologetic tone of the first symphony concert of the season: the orchestra had not been together during the summer; or there was a new conductor who was not yet in full sympathy with the players; other excuses, necessary or unnecessary, were invented by lazy reviewers.

Yesterday gave no cause for an apologetic or glibly indifferent review. Yet there were several new members and the program included two unfamiliar compositions. It was good to see so large an orchestra; this body of players will be still further enlarged, for several that have been engaged for the string section will arrive next week, or come too late for the first concert. As for the performance itself, it was one that was characteristic of a well-seasoned, well-disciplined, enthusiastic body of artists. Mr. Monteux and Mr. Brennan have worked a miracle; the city, the country, may still and well be proud of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in spite of the malicious and foolish attempts last season to disrupt it.

The conductor was warmly welcomed, and the great audience manifested every sign of genuine appreciation after the performance of each composition.

Lekeu's Fantasia and Pierne's transcription were played in Boston for the first time. The former was published in 1909; the latter was first performed at a Colonne concert in Paris in 1904.

Our "novelties" are late in arrival. Lekeu, the Belgian, is known here chiefly by his violin sonata, of which Eugene Ysaie, who was interested in him, once said, it is a fine work when cuts are freely made in it. The composer died in 1894, a few months after the production of the Fantasia, when he was only 24 years old. Much was legitimately expected of him. It is not surprising that his Fantasia is not on the whole firmly knit; that some might find even a few crudities in it; that the influence of Wagner in the harmonic scheme is at times recognized; but there is such a freshness of inspiration; there are such pages of genuine beauty and individually poetic feeling, that the premature death of this gifted man is deeply to be deplored.

The more commonplace section of the Fantasia is the first in which the dance scene is portrayed in tones. When Lekeu came to the love music, with the enchanting solo passages for oboe and violoncello, he wrote in a vein of rare tenderness and revealed his imaginative nature. Nor did he for a moment fall into the sensual caterwauling dear to many French composers when they attempt to express "amour." His own taste, and his studies with Cesar Franck and Vincent d'Indy saved him from this pitfall. This love-section contains both rapturous and exquisite pages, while the close has peculiar harmonic and orchestral charm. The Fantasia met yesterday with instant favor. We do not remember in the course of thirty years an unfamiliar composition that was so heartily and spontaneously greeted.

Franck's Prelude, Chorale and Fugue has been played here by many pianists. Pierne's transcription is a brilliant example of skilful, intelligent, one might say, reverent instrumentation; yet there are some of us who prefer the naked nobility of Franck's composition to the sumptuous orchestral dress with which Pierne has clothed it. And so the simple air of Handel's Xerxes seated beneath the plane tree is far more moving than the swollen transcription known as "Handel's Largo."

There was a sound performance of Beethoven's Symphony. The concert ended with Liszt's flamboyant "Tasso," which, with the exception of the leading theme in its simplest form, and possibly the minuet episode, is stuffed with bunkum. The apotheosis, especially, is a noteworthy example of Liszt's circus-sawdust and blatant pump. How far is this Liszt from the composer of the "Faust" Symphony and the songs; even from "Mazeppa" and the Mephisto waltz!

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Enesco, Symphony in E-flat major; Brahms, piano concerto, No. 1 (Harold Bauer, pianist); Berlioz; overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SUPERFINE

Opens 40th Season
With Display of
Virtuosity

Post ——— Oct. 9, 1920
BY OLIN DOWNES

The opening concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

When last season ended there was an orchestra diminished in numbers by the strike; there was doubt and anxiety in some minds concerning the artistic future of the organization and the probable quality of its personnel and performances this year. But when the audience entered the auditorium yesterday, an orchestra with its full complement of players confronted them, and either these players are, if anything, better than the players who left the orchestra last spring, or else Mr. Monteux accomplished even more remarkable results with an orchestra of newly revised personnel than he did with the crippled orchestra which ended the season of 1919-20.

TONE RICH AND BRILLIANT

The performances were without exception of surprising euphony and technical precision. The tone quality of the ensemble is both rich and brilliant, particularly in the strings, and it would be invidious at this time to make de-

tailed comparison of the exquisite solo playing of various members of the wind chorus. Above all—and a great test, anyhow, of the true quality of an orchestra—was the delicacy, the tonal beauty and fulness of "pianissimo" passages.

Most of the programme was familiar. There was one novelty in the form of a virtuoso interpretation of Lekeu's Fantasy for orchestra founded on two folk-themes and a "programme" not printed in the original score of the work. But this programme is supplied on the fly-leaf of a four-hand arrangement. It is a tale, a fantasy, of youthful festivity and passion. The walls rock to the dance, as they do when Lenau's Mephistopheles fiddles for Faust and his partner. The youth and maiden disappear from the crowd. There is a love scene in the midst of nature.

Exciting and Mystical

We had as soon not have been bothered with this programme. The music, if somewhat lacking in formal balance and cohesion, as it impressed the writer at a first hearing, is in itself sufficiently exciting, imaginative and frequently mystical in its sensuousness. The Lekeu of haunting pages of chamber and music is found again in mysterious interludes interrupted by wild recurrences or reminiscences of the dance. The transformation of the principal dance themes—there are two folk-themes, but one greatly predominates the work—are more than ingenious, more than "clever," show true creative power.

No wonder the audience applauded this performance of an effective and exacting work by Mr. Monteux and his men, who were called to their feet to acknowledge, with their conductor, the applause.

Caesar Franck Transferred

And yet, by the side of this work, rather tentative, with all its interest and subjectivity, was another which by virtue of its formal strength and grandeur make Lekeu's composition almost amateurish. This was the "Prelude Chorale, and Fugue" of Caesar Franck, originally for the piano, in an orchestral version by Gabriel Pierne. The composition proved one of the few works for piano which do not seem swollen and distorted at the hands of the orchestra. The ideas are so big, the form so extended, the utterance so lofty and inspired. There is a nature in this music, a mood, not a whit less sensitive and intimate than that of Lekeu, yet these moods are captured and perpetuated for all time in a form as powerful and enduring as a mountain range.

The orchestration of Pierne is astonishingly in good taste, in absolute sympathy with the colors as well as the moods in the composer's mind. Anybody, today, can dress up a piece of

piano music and give it orchestral clothes which it does not know how to wear, and which look out of place on it. But here, with Pierne, was the characteristic shadowy richness and gorgeousness of Franck. It is a masterpiece of coloring.

Intelligently Scored

Take the chorale, and think of the glowing, transparent tone qualities of the upper instruments which include, if memory serves, some of the woodwind, a harp, a celesta, and then add the vague and sombre colors of other instruments in deep registers of the orchestra which form the background for the swaying chorale. The censer-like chorale, with the bell of the celesta ringing far, far up, as if in the very topmost niche of some cathedral!

Saying which, and admitting the absolute genius of the accomplishment, we say we prefer this superb composition in its original form, as Franck wrote it, for the piano. This may be pure prejudice. Probably it is, in view of the perfect realization of Franck's idiom with instruments, the clarity which may be obtained by strings, but never by a piano, in the fugue, the matchless splendor of the climaxes when taken up by the brass.

Beethoven's Eighth

The programme opened with Beethoven's 8th symphony, one of the four of the nine symphonies of Beethoven which remain artistically complete and proportionate—as the 9th symphony is not—and as yet secure from ravages of time. These 4 are the 3d, the 5th, the 7th and the 8th. Mr. Monteux showed himself thoroughly in accord with the Beethovenish virility and humor of the whole work.

Of course musicians will always discuss the right tempo of the first part of the third movement. But no one will discuss the wondrous singing of the wind instruments of the orchestra in the trio of this movement, or the general clarity, excellence, animation of the performance.

**SMOOTH OPENING
FOR THE SYMPHONY**
Capacity Audience to Hear
Remodeled Orchestra

Lekeu's Fantasia, Franck's 'Prelude'

Among the Novelties

Globe ——— Oct. 9, 1920

Nothing at yesterday's Symphony concert, the first of the new season, showed that the orchestra experienced unprecedented difficulties last year. The usual capacity audience displayed the usual enthusiasm for a performance which averaged as well as first concerts of other seasons by an orchestra with no vacant places in it, led by an excellent conductor.

All the subscription seats for the Friday series were sold long since, and fewer than usual of the Saturday seats remain available. The rush seats, too, were filled yesterday without the aid of a soloist to account for the fact. The croakers who have been saying that the Boston Symphony was done for were egregiously mistaken.

The quality of the new players is superior on the whole to that of the men they replace, who, with two or three exceptions, will never be missed. The ensemble playing will be somewhat bettered as the season progresses, doubtless, but that has invariably occurred in former years.

The Eighth Symphony of Beethoven, called "little" because it is shorter and less profound than the others, demands an unerring precision and delicacy in performance if it is to make its full effect on the listener. It has not the overwhelming emotional power which hides all minor surface faults at a hearing of the Fifth or "Eroica." Yesterday a slight unevenness in attacks and an occasional lack of proper subordination which allowed wrong groups of instruments to stand out momentarily were noticeable. These faults are inevitable at the first concert after a long vacation period.

Of the two novelties, Lekeu's Fantasia is the more admirable. It is the work of a young master, who died at 24, written under the influence of his teachers, Franck and D'Indy, yet not without its own originality and power.

Franck's "Prelude, Chorale and Fugue" is among the best-known modern piano pieces. We doubt whether its composer would have approved of Pierne's arrangement for orchestra. Beethoven once said that no one could transfer satisfactorily a work originally conceived in terms of one medium to another.

Liszt's showy but empty "Tasso" had a fire and verve in it which atoned for the few minor blemishes. All in all, yesterday's concert was a triumph for all concerned, especially for Mr. Monteux, whose patient zeal made it possible. Next week Harold Bauer will play the piano part in Brahms' First Concerto. The other numbers are Enesco's Symphony and Berlioz' Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."

SYMPHONY CONCERT

AN OLD-NEW ORCHESTRA BEGINS A
NEW SEASON

Jan. 1. Oct. 9, 1921
The Band Refilled with Youthful and
Cosmopolitan Recruits—Present Qualities
Well Reflecting the Conductor—Lekeu's
Fantasia for Novel and Notable Piece—
Liszt in True Eloquence, but Dubious
and Debatable Beethoven

IN the interests of the hour, at the first Symphony Concert of the fortieth annual series, the orchestra, yesterday afternoon, stood above all else. As it gradually assembled on the stage of Symphony Hall, it was soon clear that, according to promise, conductor and manager had quietly and efficiently refilled the decimated ranks of last spring. The present roster of the band numbers ninety-seven musicians in Boston and at work. To these, five more, now under engagement, will be added, raising the full force of the orchestra to 102—the amplest "personnel" in its history. When the second part of the programme mustered nearly the whole band, observant frequenters of the concerts quickly discovered that it was more youthful in aspect than for many a year. Fortunately the secession of last spring removed not a little elderly and cumbering "deadwood," too long permitted to linger lest the governing powers should seem hard-hearted. As fortunately conductor and manager have sought and found newcomers in young prime, and by such fresh blood the Symphony Orchestra, like any other organized body tending to become static and institutional, is the gainer. A glance at the page of the programme-book listing this "personnel" was equally inspiring. Here was a German, there a Frenchman, next an Italian; a little further an American; hard by a Hollander, an Englishman, a Czech, a Slav; then, say, a Pole; and, finally, to fill the measure, a Greek and also an Irishman. In all the long past, never has the orchestra been more various, more cosmopolitan, in the nationality of the members. Clearly only individual fitness has weighed in the refilling of the band. Again the trustees have taken the way of wisdom; again Mr. Monteux as choosing conductor, has proved his rare and signal breadth of mind; again Mr. Brennan, manager and co-operator in these things, has had thought only of the best interests of the band. For the time at least, perhaps for a long future every open or secret desire to nationalize the orchestra, to make it narrowly French,

German, American, what not, has been frustrated. As it should be, it is as broad-spreading and cosmopolitan as the art of music it serves. Once again, in "personnel" as in programmes, it asserts its high and fine tradition of catholicity. In equal measure, the trustees and Mr. Monteux have maintained it and thanks and praise from the frequenters of the concerts should go out to them.

Of the quality of the orchestra thus refilled, it is too early to speak either with detail or with certainty. Especially in cities to the Southward, envious detractors, still smarting under years of fruitless rivalry, like to descant upon the decline of the band. Over-zealous partisans at home are as prone to declare that it is again at its best estate. Both assertions err by excess; since, in sober and ascertainable fact, from the concerts of 1918-19 through the first concert of this new season of 1920, the band has seldom risen so high and still more seldom fallen so low as these zealots respectively contend. As it was yesterday, it had been in rehearsal through no more than a week; the newcomers have had barely time to find themselves, become accustomed to strange surroundings, feel out their fellows and their chief; while for a first occasion on Monday, they experienced the public to which they will minister. In the merest common sense, the refilled orchestra is necessarily at beginnings.

Yet a few inferences seem clear and safe. Already the new-old orchestra is responsive and sensitive to the conductor. Most of the intractables to a new dispensation, who occasionally hampered Mr. Monteux last year—rather by inertia than overt act—have departed; while the spirit they represented has altogether vanished. The orchestra is at one with a conductor who deserves its every loyalty and sensibility. It not only hears and obeys; it does both with sympathy and zest. Furthermore, there is no doubting that the string choir plays, at the conductor's will, with an exceeding vitality, incisiveness, precision and power of tone; that the wood-winds and the horns keep old sensuous quality and finesse; that the brass does not lack large sonority; that to the familiar virtuosi of recent years are to be added such newcomers as Mr. Burgin as concert-master, and Mr. Amerena as third flute; that among the recruits are young musicians of proved skill and as clear promise. For the time the shortcomings are a tendency to power rather than to plasticity, to vigors at the expense of delicacy, especially in finely-matched euphonies, to sweep in preference to shading. The rhythmic vigor, the songful warmth, the ardent progress of the orchestra commend it. As

yet it is not so fortunate in modulation, in supple advance through long gradients of tone.

To write these sayings is also to write that in not a few of these respects, the orchestra is already taking voice and color from Mr. Monteux himself. He and it were at their best when they unrolled the tonal panorama, sounded the romantic heights and depths of Liszt's symphonic poem, "Tasso." Their performance was like a spectacle upon the theatre of the imagination. Out of the incisive beginning rose the sombre and distraught figure of the poet Liszt would summon; the motif and measures that would sing his woes pierced the ear and in degree touched the heart; Mr. Monteux struck fire in the flash from the music of Tasso's pride; the courtly division of the tone-poem was smiling and gracious; the finale of glorification swelled with pomps and power. It was Liszt's music made music-drama, alive anew with romantic ardor that new times and tastes have been known to leave threadbare. Once again illusion was born of it. As many a time last winter, Mr. Monteux's instincts of the opera house heightened and deepened his version of symphonic music.

In good case, too, were conductor and orchestra with Monsieur Pierné's arrangement for a new medium of Franck's Prelude, Choral and Fugue. Being practised conductor, applying for such purpose the resources of instrumental choirs—and not unmindful at need of effect upon an audience—he has made the transcription with craftsman's skill, but hardly with the flashes of divining and recreating imagination that Mottl, for example, when the mood was on him, could bring to like work. As it seemed in a single hearing, the arrangement tended to prolong the appreciable lengths of Franck's piano-piece; while the music spread over a full orchestra seemed also to spread thin. The listening faculties again followed the long ascendant line of the music richly unfolding, cunningly and imaginatively interlaced. They perceived anew Franck's signal and distinctive ability to make serene rhapsody mount from the earth and cleave the heavens. Yet both Monsieur Pierné and Mr. Monteux missed gradations of this ascent, modulations of music and mood, finely attuned relationships that such pianists as Mr. Bauer readily discover in the original piece. Father Franck was aware of the various media for music, skilled and sensitive to them. When he wrote this Prelude, Choral and Fugue, he knew, as his own homeliness of speech might put it, "what he was about." Yet the transcription was not uninteresting; while Mr. Monteux and, especially, his string choir were incisive and rhythmic in

the Prelude and the Fugue, capable of sustained and expansive instrumental song in the Choral and of large, uppled sonorous climax at the end.

Again Lekeu's Orchestral Fantasia summoned the finer, the more characteristic powers of conductor and band. In itself and in performance the piece stirred the audience to the heartiest applause of the afternoon, warm as it had been when Mr. Monteux first came to his place and warm as it was to be at the end of "Tasso." Indeed, the wonder was that the Fantasia had never before been played at the Symphony Concerts. The two "folk-songs of Anjou" lying behind the Fantasia are, as they should be, but means to a work of the composer's imagination. From one Lekeu derives the motif whence upsprings the music of his nocturnal dance of peasants—sharp-set, keenly rhythmed, beating high and glad, yet with a hint of that which is heard remote and darkling. To the other folk-song Lekeu owes the motif germinating the music of the lovers' longing as they stray from the dance into the sweetness of nocturnal solitudes à deux.

The Fantasia becomes work of the imagination in the half-fantastical, half-homely thrill that Lekeu imparts to this music of the dance; only a little less, since no demon is present, than the like thrill in Liszt's "Mephisto-Waltz." It is such work again when the motif of amorous longing penetrates the music of revel, infuses itself, as it were, into the chosen pair. Again imagination speaks out of the music when the dance-motiv, rising and falling, seems to follow them into the woodland shades, until at last the music of desire melts it into itself. And the Fantasia ends—in the stilled intensities of a solitude and a passion needing no speech.

Throughout, Lekeu's workmanship is no less imaginative and even more individual. Seldom with his measures of dance or of desire does he succumb to the mere rhetoric of sumptuous and sonorous music-making—an easy rhetoric in his youth of the late eighties and the early nineties. Everywhere else he plies the economy and directness of musical means dear in our day to Ravel and twenty other composers. Everywhere else he writes a lean-bodied, fine-fibred, keen-edged music of this our particular time—nakedly graphic of the dance, pitched low but deep with the lovers' desire, tingling upon ear and imagination when either impulse haunts the other. Had Lekeu lived he would have been now in his fifty-first year. By the token of this Fantasia, of his chamber-pieces, of other fragments, what music might he not have written. And Death took him in his youth—barbarous, unthinking Death.

As the Fantasia was written, so also was

it played with Mr. Monteux's fine instinct for a graphic music that his own imagination can visualize, with more than his usual sensibility. There remains, then, for courteous quarrel only his and the orchestra's version of the Eighth Symphony of Beethoven, the little, the gay, the almost freakish symphony, with which the composer whiffed away a time by no means untroubled. Now, as some of us read and feel this music, rightly or wrongly, it is light, playful, fanciful, almost Mozartean, asking a sprightly, sensitive, adroit hand in the conductor, an equal animation, finesse and elegance in the orchestra. The nicest of modulations should flick it like sunshine; play of motifs should dart and flash; the long, fine lines of the composer's design should be gracefully, sportively graded. Above all, the tone of the orchestra should be as light and transparent, as variously inflected as the music itself. Even when the rhythm is deliberately and humorously monotonous as Beethoven willed, the beat should be of the lightest; while gamesome and gay as of high spirits, should be the harmonic twist and turns, the prancing chords of the Finale. Beethoven could be gay—and boisterous, as sundry music proves. He could, also, as in this symphony in F major, be gay and nimble.

Agreed that throughout the symphony, Mr. Monteux's pace was as lively as ear or fancy could wish; that the third movement might even have gained, in contrast to its neighbors, by a little slower gait and a little rounder progress. Agreed also that he missed none of the contrasts leaping out of the music to eye and ear. Agreed further that he knows and feels his Beethoven when wood-winds or horns sing under and through the nervous strings; when a racing Finale halts and opens for a jet of warm song. Even so, was not the tone of the orchestra needlessly thick and hard in the first movement and the progress through it superfluously strenuous? And where, where was the elastic modulation, as it were in flow of gayety, which this Allegro clearly invites? Mr. Monteux took the Finale at a dashing pace, but he could not or he would not escape too solid tone, too sharp and reiterated emphases. Both haunted it, while lightness, brightness, elegance came not. Such grace and flow again evaded the conductor and orchestra in the minuet, delicately and minutely as he sought to weave it. And where was the inflections that should play over the second movement and make it sound like to the sight of sunshine among leaves when the breeze touches them? Again Mr. Monteux was consciously exact, deliberately suave, assiduously artful. Time and again, in the year that Boston has known him, in the very music yesterday of Liszt and Lekeu,

he has been an interesting, eloquent, persuasive, even a stimulating conductor—but not, not in the symphonies of Mozart or Haydn or in this little symphony of Beethoven.

H. T. PARKER

SYMPHONY BILL WELL PLAYED

Opening Concert Reflects Brilliance of Boston Orchestra;

French Numbers Given

Adv. By FRED J. McISAAC. Oct. 9, 1920

The fortieth year of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall in the usual unceremonious manner in which Symphony seasons begin. There was a capacity audience, and I understand that the subscription this season is the best for several years.

Pierre Monteux is again the conductor. Mr. Beagin, the new concert master, who comes from Scandinavia, occupied the chair so curiously vacated by Fradkin last season. Fradkin was the first American concert master. They went back to Europe for his successor.

PLAYS BEAUTIFULLY

There were many new faces in the band, also; and of course the old reliables. With such men as Theodorowicz, Hoffman, Gerardi, Denayer, Mullaly, Schroeder, Barth, Keller Seydel, Longy, Lenom, Laurent, Brook, Vanini, Sand and Kloeppel remain; the Boston Symphony is not fundamentally disturbed.

Naturally we were all interested to hear how the reconstructed orchestra would sound. Considering that it was the opening concert of the season, and that a score or so of the men were new, it sounded beautifully. No orchestra in America can approach it yet. To be sure it is not the band it was in 1914, but the gap between the old Boston Symphony and all other orchestras was so wide that the orchestra could be shattered worse than it has been, and still be supreme.

FANTASIA CHORUS

The program yesterday was Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. I have never enjoyed Beethoven as interpreted by Monteux, and yesterday's performance was no exception. I think he reads passion and fire into these scores at the expense of their sweetness, elegance and grace.

There were two interesting French numbers on the program. The first was a symphonic fantasia by Lekeu, played for the first time in Boston. Lekeu was a young Frenchman who died a generation ago at the age of twenty-four as a result of eating bad ice cream. He might have been a very great composer if he had lived. This fantasia is supposed to picture a rustic dance from which two lovers steal to spoon in the moonlight. It had atmosphere, passion and the aroma of a Summer moonlight night and it pleased the audience mightily. It was performed with exquisite care by Mr. Monteux.

Next came an orchestral setting by Gabriel Pierné of a prelude, choral, and composed for the piano by Cesar Franck. Pierné caught very well the orchestral method familiar to those who know the Franck symphonies. The work itself is too long, like most Cesar Franck things, but has its moments of austere grandeur and magnificence. The familiar tone poem of Liszt, "Tasso," was finely performed at the end of the program.

Oct. 9, 1920

Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert

Specialty for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The first concert of the fortieth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place on the afternoon of October 8, 1920. The following was the program:

Beethoven Eighth Symphony
Lekeu Symphonic Fantasia on Two Folk Songs of Anjou
Franck Prelude, Chorale and Fugue (orchestrated by Gabriel Pierné)
Liszt Tasso

The program happily combined the novel and the familiar, the Fantasia by Lekeu and Pierné's orchestral arrangement of the Franck piece being played for the first time in Boston. Of Beethoven's Symphony little need be said. If not one of his greatest, it is one of the most charming, and served well as an opening piece for the season.

Due respect having thus been shown to the classics, Mr. Monteux and the orchestra next turned their attention to the most interesting part of the afternoon's program—Lekeu's Fantasia. This is no trivial potpourri of folk tunes, contrived in the manner of Saint-Saëns and his imitators, no mere series of variations and contrapuntal contortions often clever, sometimes interesting, but rarely creating a mood, an atmosphere.

This Fantasia is a closely knit, skillfully developed symphonic movement. The fact that the thematic material is based on folk song is of secondary interest. The obviousness is filled with a poetic and refined beauty which sharply distinguishes it from the rough, uncouth yet realistic portrayal of folk scenes to which we are too often subjected. Of particular beauty are the closing pages, and the passages for oboe, cello and viola solo. The orchestra played with evident enthusiasm for the work.

There are orchestral transcriptions of piano pieces which are often recreative and bring out new and unexpected beauties, as for example, Weingartner's arrangement of Chabrier's Bourrée Fantasque, played in Boston last season. Piano pieces which sound well in orchestral dress are usually those which, although given to the world in pianistic form, were probably conceived by the composer in the orchestra's idiom. Franck's Prelude Chorale and Fugue are too pianistic to make their full appeal in orchestral versions. Pierné's arrangement is cleverly made; indeed, the piano version is often rather too literally transferred to the orchestra. Only occasionally does he catch the mysticism of the music, as in the bass-drum strokes in the Chorale. More often he does the obvious thing, as any clever pupil might do in a similar exercise. It must be confessed that arrangements of this character seem futile, apart from their value as exercises and examples for a class in orchestration.

Liszt's Tasso is not one of his most familiar orchestral compositions, nor

mlin Pianoforte

yet one of his greatest. Still it is effective, and although all the composer's well known methods of procedure are in evidence the work is of more than passing interest.

The orchestra has undergone many changes during the past year. On the whole these changes seem to be for the better. It would perhaps not be altogether just to mention at this time an occasional roughness of tone, an occasional lack of precision. These slight imperfections will no doubt disappear in the course of the season. The orchestra did its best work in Lekeu's Fantasia. Here was flexibility and great beauty of tone, giving promise of what is to come in the next few weeks.

A BOSTON SYMPHONY MEMBER

Charles de Mailly, Flute Player, Was Native of Paris—Had Been a Member of the Local Organization Since 1915
Charles de Mailly, flute player of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was buried from Waterman's Chapel in Roxbury, Thursday afternoon. The body was taken to Forest Hills for interment.

Mr. de Mailly died of paralysis. He was filling a summer engagement at Portsmouth, N. H. Mr. de Mailly was a native of Paris, France, where he was born twenty-six years ago. His parents were Charles and Suzanne (Bretton) de Mailly, both natives of the French capital. He studied under some of the best teachers in his native land, and, on coming to America, joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1915. He had distinguished himself as a member of the wood-wind choir, and was often heard both during the winter symphony season and during the "Pops" as a soloist. His home was at 3 Durham street.

PERSONALS

EARLY AMONG JUNE WEDDINGS

Music Will Be a Notable Feature at Marriage Next Tuesday of Miss Hazel Newell L'Africain to Julius Theodorowicz, a Concert Master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

One of the first of the many weddings which will mark next month will be the marriage, on Tuesday, June 1, of Miss Hazel Newell L'Africain, of Medford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. N. L'Africain of that city, to Julius Theodorowicz, the second concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The wedding is to take place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Williams, 69 Evans road, Brookline, the latter the bride's aunt. The service, at half-past three o'clock, will be performed by Rev. Thomas C. Richards, pastor of the Mystic Congregational Church in Medford.

Miss L'Africain will have as her maid of honor and only attendant, her sister, Miss Ruth A. L'Africain. There will be no best man and no ushers, as the small reception to follow the ceremony will be informal and for merely the members of the families and a very few intimate friends.

The wedding has been planned to be as simple as such an occasion may be, but there will be special music, since eight fellow-members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, wishing to honor Mr. Theodorowicz and the bride, have volunteered their services in a programme which will be out of the ordinary for a wedding.

Miss L'Africain's engagement to Mr. Theodorowicz was announced early in March. She has been prominent in musical work as a cellist of acknowledged ability and as a member of the American String Quartet. Her father is bandmaster of the 101st Infantry Band and long has been well known in musical life.

Mr. Theodorowicz came from Poland to this city about a score of years ago to join the Symphony Orchestra and he has remained a member of that organization ever since that time.

Following the wedding next Tuesday, he will take his bride on a wedding journey by automobile, with Lake Placid as their objective point. They are to be at that resort in the Adirondacks for the next four months.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920-21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SECOND PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, AT 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, AT 8 P.M.

ENESCO,

SYMPHONY in E flat major, op. 13

I. Assez vif et rythmé

II. Lent

III. Vif et vigoureux

BRAHMS.

CONCERTO for Pianoforte, No. 1, D minor, op. 15

I. Maestoso

II. Adagio

III. Rondo: Allegro non troppo

BERLIOZ,

OVERTURE. "Benvenuto Cellini," op. 23

Soloist:

HAROLD BAUER

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte

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- I. Maestoso
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BERLIOZ,

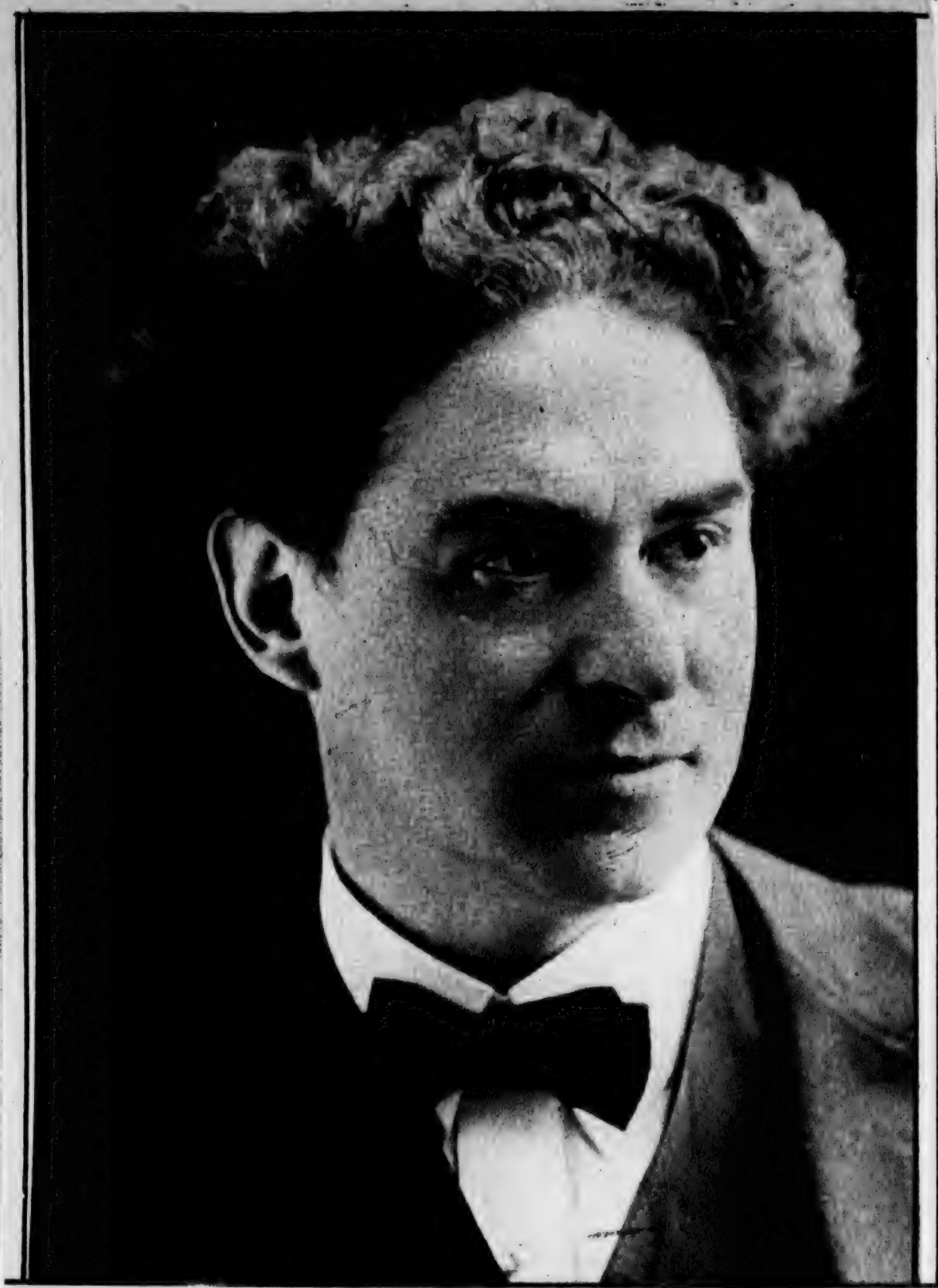
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There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte



Harold Bauer, Famous as a Pianist, Has Played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra More Often Than Any of the Soloists of the Coming Season. He Was Considered an Infant Prodigy with the Violin, but on the Advice of Paderewski Devoted Himself to the Piano.

BAUER ASSISTS AT SYMPHONY

Herald Feb. 16, 1920
Masterly Performance Is
Given by Pianist at
Afternoon Concert

PROGRAM FOR NEXT WEEK ANNOUNCED

By PHILIP HALE

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Harold Bauer, pianist, assisted. The program was as follows: Enesco, Symphony in E-flat major; Brahms, Pianoforte Concerto No. 1; Berlioz, Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."

This concert, although it evidently gave the great audience pleasure, does not call for laborious comment. The three compositions were more or less familiar, yet it is doubtful whether the first movement of the Roumanian-Parisian symphony would be fully grasped after several performances: it is so complex in the working of inner voices; nor are the motives with the possible exception of the chief theme, of such a salient character that they compel admiration. The second movement is beautiful in its melancholy mood, its gravity that is not austere, its emotional depth. The Finale is spirited and without any too deliberate endeavor on the part of the composer will inevitably provoke hearty applause, when it is played as spiritedly as it was played yesterday. Enesco, a singularly accomplished musician; a violinist and a pianist; as a composer has his own idiom, although he has said that the influence of Wagner and Brahms is shown in his works. This idiom is not easily grasped, any more than the idiom of Debussy, or of the Scriabin of the later years.

Mr. Bauer's devotion to the first piano concerto of Brahms is equalled only by that shown in the Micawber family on a certain memorable occasion. No, Mr. Bauer will not forsake this concerto of Johannes. He played it here 20 years ago, when he first appeared as a pianist in this country. He played it again in 1914. And he has written about it and

his fondness for the granitic work. It is true that he plays it uncommonly well; one might say, better than it deserves, for it is far inferior to the second concerto, and for the most part is intolerably long drawn out and dull. The masterly performance only brought out the inherent dryness and forbidding nature of too many pages. Only in the Adagio is there a poetic breath.

A brilliant performance of Berlioz's overture, now nearly 100 years old, brought the concert to a close. How fresh it sounds today! More modern than many orchestral works composed during the last 20 years.

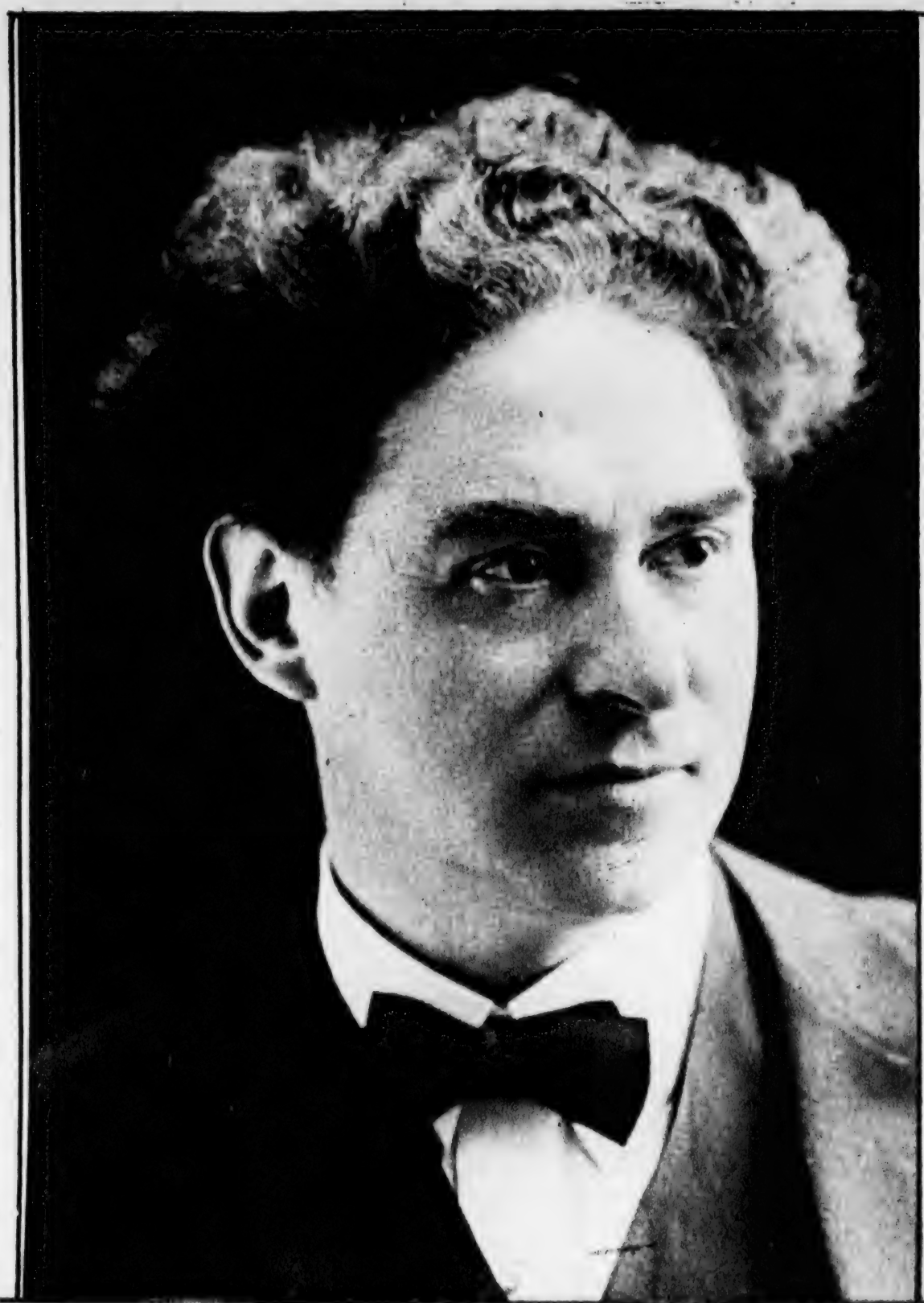
The concert will be repeated tonight. The program next week is as follows: Sibelius, Symphony in E Minor No. 1; Guy Ropartz, Divertissement (first time in America); Scriabin, "The Poem of Ecstasy."

The management announces that in future late-comers will be admitted during the performance of a symphony only after the first movement. The doors will be closed during the pauses between the other movements.

WHY BAUER PLAYED BRAHMS' CONCERTO

Harold Bauer had sentimental reasons for playing Brahms' D Minor Pianoforte Concerto last week with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He made his American debut with the same orchestra and playing the same Concerto 20 years ago, Nov. 30, 1900.

"I was extremely anxious about my debut in America," he said, "for I had gathered a high opinion about the American public and about the Boston public in particular. Moreover, I came over with but a single engagement—to play with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and subsequent engagements would naturally depend upon the success of that. I did not choose a more brilliant concerto, not wishing to appear too ambitious for my years before my new public. I rejected the idea of playing a Beethoven concerto, because they had been played so often before. Accordingly, I hit upon Brahms, and anxiously wrote to Mr. Gericke, then conductor of the orchestra, asking his sage counsel. From Mr. Gericke came a polite 'Yes.' Arriving in Boston, I found that the music of Brahms stirred up bitter controversy in many quarters, but I was received warmly by the critics, and about subsequent engagements there was no trouble whatsoever."



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The concert will be repeated tonight. The program next week is as follows: Schubert, Symphony in C Minor No. 1; Chopin, Repertoire; Divertissement (first time in America); Berlioz, "The Poem of Gertrude."

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BAUER'S ART AMAZES AT SYMPHONY

Post ——— Oct. 16, 1920
Master Pianist Plays
Brahms' D Minor
Concerto

BY OLIN DOWNES

The D minor concerto of Brahms is the most Scandinavian music that can be imagined. Music of northern nature and northern gods, who might thus contend on the mountain tops. This work was given a remarkable performance by Harold Bauer as pianist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The other compositions on the programme were Enesco's symphony in E-flat, an early work, of a noisy character, and Berlioz' overture to his opera, "Benvenuto Cellini."

RUGGED AND BEAUTIFUL

It is no wonder that the audience applauded and repeatedly recalled Mr. Bauer. He has played this concerto, which is too rarely heard, before with the Boston Symphony. Doubtless his conception of the music continues to broaden and deepen with the years. Certainly this is one of the compositions which have no limit of wonder for the listener. It seems with every hearing—at least at the hands of this pianist—that the music is more rugged, dramatic and grandly beautiful.

As one of the few examples of really great and enduring art, this concerto has at once the boundless energy and

the underlying vast repose of nature. Especially, be it noted again, northern nature. The first theme, stark, heroic, Scandinavian, leaps out of the orchestra with much of the shattering force, the blinding energy of the lightning flash. Theme clashes against theme. The orchestra is full of gray and storm. Yet there are other episodes entirely congruous with the composer's idea, of the most lofty and poetic beauty, as sudden marvellous vistas might be seen between the lifting of clouds or the lines of cragged peaks.

Has Right to Play It

A frightful task for a pianist! And one of the distinctions of Mr. Bauer's performance is that it never sounds that way! Strength, virtuosity, tonal loveliness go hand in hand. His sense of instrumental ensemble and his profound knowledge of his score make him one of the very few who have the right to interpret this music. Nor should Mr. Monteux's superb conducting go unmentioned. Two admirable musicians collaborated with memorable results. Thank heaven that the concerto is so hard to play, that it looks so ungrateful to the pianist anxious to make a quick, superficial success. He will leave it alone, as he should. Where this music is concerned only great artists should apply.

Enesco's Work Noisy

Enesco, the Rumanian, was 25 when he composed his symphony. To those who have ever tried to write any music for orchestra this accomplishment on the part of a young man of 25 speaks for itself. It is enormously difficult to write any symphony at all. Having said this, it is fair to add that the symphony is not particularly worth hearing. It has by no means the individuality of mood and idiom that the suite, op. 9, possesses. It is thickly, brassily orchestrated in the first and last movements, showing unmistakably the influence of Brahms, whom we greatly prefer in his undiluted state, with an occasional admixture of a modern French ninth or a bouquet of augmented chords. Most of the instruments are going all the time. There is so much counter-point, so muddily arranged, that half the time you are scratching your ear trying to find out which melody is the principal one in the tonal mass. The form of first and last movements is deadly orthodox.

The movement which remains in the memory is the second, in which, after some dark chords sprung from the underground caves of the Nibelungen, some music that is legendary and melancholy is heard—music which offers more than a foretaste of the later Enesco, a man who, when he speaks his own musical language in his own way, arrests the attention of the writer and communicates certain artistic impressions which are not communicated by any other modern composer.

SYMPHONY CONCERT Trans. ——— Oct. 16, 1920 FROM ENESCO, THROUGH BRAHMS, TO BERLIOZ

Orchestra, Conductor and, in Particular,
Mr. Bauer in the Vein — The Roumanian's Music of Native Wildness—The German's Cool Charm and Musing Voice in His First Piano-Concerto—The Parisian's Overture of the Opera House

MOST things worked together for good, and also for pleasure, at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon. The programme was relatively long, since it could hardly be otherwise with Brahms's piano-concerto in D minor upon it, and as further happened an uncommonly lengthy intermission. There must be contrasting pieces to this many-paged and generally exacting Concerto, if the audience is to be primed before it and soothed after it. Mr. Monteux chose Enesco's symphony in E-flat, unheard at Symphony Hall through five years, and a "standard" overture, Berlioz's to his opera, "Benvenuto Cellini." Both invite the conductor's familiar abilities and accord with the present progress of his refilled orchestra. "To a resolute intellectual scrutiny," as Mr. Shaw used to say, when he felt the oats of his own superiority, the symphony may not yield too much. Yet it "sounds"; the first and the last divisions move ardently, vigorously at moments tumultuously; while the slow section between is surcharged with a melancholy hungry for expression. Enesco can ply rhythm, lay on color, sharpen contrast, intensify mood. So also can Mr. Monteux and the orchestra with him. The composer likes to fling about sonorous, largely hewn masses of tone, to upbuild broad climaxes, to proceed in sharp transitions. So also does the conductor; while the band, as it now is, readily answers to both. Sombrely moves the slow division and all concerned readily sustain its quality. Of kin in time and degree is Berlioz's overture.

Displayful passages for single instruments or groups of instruments recur, and our orchestra does not lack adept and alert virtuosi. The music moves impetuously, abruptly or else halts the while for orotund song. All is motion, color, sharp effect and broad impression. Mr. Monteux, in and out of the opera house, excels in such music and is bringing his orchestra to like excellence—the more quickly, the more easily, for the new concert-master's obvious zest for both. Already it is pos-

sible to discover Mr. Bergin's incisive bowing, broad phrasing, quick sense of rhythm and generally communicating energy stimulating the string choir.

Brahms's concerto is, of course, music of another voice. In the progress of it sensitive ears readily discovered the lack of middle tints in the orchestra's present shading, of middle force in its present gamut of power, of fine modulations, gradients, euphonies, of the golden glow that is halo upon orchestral tone and that even Brahms, once called the muddy in such things, often hears in imagination and forthwith summons. But these are the virtues of a band at summit of perfections and not in eager and loyal advance toward them. Let them come, as time and tide bring them. Besides, there were compensations. Mr. Monteux, being intelligent over every sort of music, abides by the precedent set by Mr. Fiedler and Dr. Muck with Brahms—the tradition—since it has now become such—of pre-voiced, mettlesome, keenly rhythmed and warmly colored performance. The four horn-players, moreover, had only to meet once more Brahms's imagination for their instruments with their own sensibility.

There was also Mr. Bauer—in his own particular dominion, so to say, when a piano-concerto of Brahms is to be played. Be it the first, as it was yesterday, or the second, as it was nearly five years ago, there is no pianist now traversing "these concertos" to match him in such music save only Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Mr. Bauer has the perceiving mind and the revealing hand. Thereby he opens the design of Brahms, and the clearer when it is abstruse or intricate. Mr. Bauer has the divining mind and the communicating touch. Thereby he enters into Brahms's musical thought and poetizing moods and imparts them, feelingly to hearers. The pianist possesses the selective faculty and the discriminating finger. Therefore, he does not play the long concerto as though every measure in it were of equal worth and impression. He is unemphatic with tonal paragraphs that Brahms himself knew were only filling; he does not labor over measures that cannot and will not "sound." For this concerto in D minor dates from no more than the twenty-seventh year of the composer's young age.

Finally, Mr. Bauer is sensitive and secure master of the voice of the piano. He never forces it; he never turns it mechanical; always, unless a composer absolutely defeats him, he keeps it musical and individual. His touch can traverse all the gradation of tone; his imagination ranges over the whole palette of color. Neither exposition nor song, neither play of figures nor play of ornament, baffles him. Incandescent he seldom is; but this concerto of Brahms does not exact that quality; while always he is luminous. He

knows out of himself the passion that is quite as much of the mind as of the heart; he can transmit and enhance it—and this is the passion of Brahms in the piano-concertos. With reason, conductor, orchestra and audience rose to such a pianist, so achieving no mean task.

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Mr. HAROLD BAUER was born at London, April 28, 1873. (His father was German by birth, his mother English.) He began his career as a violinist, a pupil of Pollitzer, who formed him in many ways. He played in public when he was nine years old, and for several years he gave concerts with his sisters, Ethel, a pianist, and Winifred, a violinist. The *Musical Times* reviewed a concert given April 17, 1888, and spoke of him as an "efficient pianist; but his ability chiefly displays itself on the violin." In 1892 he decided to be a pianist, and as such he is almost wholly self-taught; for the lessons from Paderewski were few, and Mr. Bauer does not call himself Paderewski's pupil. In 1893 Mr. Bauer made his debut as a pianist in Paris, which he calls his home. He journeyed through Russia with the singer Nikita. He has given recitals in Germany, Spain, the Netherlands, Austria, Sweden, Brazil, and other countries of South America, and in Australia; chamber concerts in Europe and America, and he has played with many orchestras.

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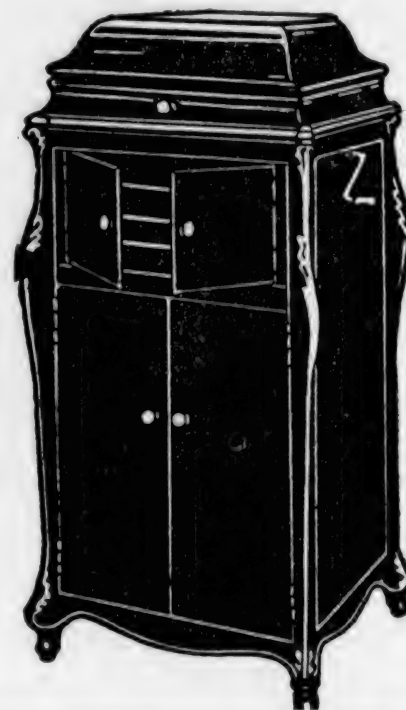
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ist:

BAUER

ten minutes after the Symphony

alin Pianoforte

50

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920--21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

THIRD PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, AT 8 P. M.

SIBELIUS.

SYMPHONY No. 1, in E minor. op. 39

I. Andante ma non troppo; Allegro energico

II. Andante ma non troppo lento

III. Allegro

IV. Finale (Quasi una Fantasia): Andante; Allegro molto

ROPARTZ,

DIVERTISSEMENT for Orchestra

(First time in America)

SCRIABIN.

"LE POÈME DE L'EXTASE" ("The Poem of Ecstasy") op. 54

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

3D SYMPHONY CONCERT GIVEN

Work by Sibelius Filled
with Melancholy of
Rugged Nature

BRILLIANT PLAYING
STIRS ENTHUSIASM

Herald — *Oct. 23, 1920*
By PHILIP HALE

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Sibelius, Symphony, No. 1; Ropartz, Divertissement (first time in America); Scriabin, Poem of Ecstasy.

Any one who did not meet Sibelius when he was in this country, judging his character from his music, might think him an austere, reserved, rather forbidding person, rejoicing only on a dreary moor, baring his breast to the storm, towering proudly in loneliness. He is not a bit Byronic, nor is he a lover of solitude; he is genial, if not gregarious, interested in human affairs; at the same time one recognizes his sturdy personality.

Those rhapsodizing over his music, attribute its characteristics to the natural scenery of his native land, and the dreariness of a Finnish winter, but the travelers have told us that Finland is by no means so desolate a country as the fireside and library tourists would have us believe. Neither a country nor a composer's mood at the time of composition inevitably affects his whole work. In the dead of a northern winter he may put southern Italy into glowing tones; sick at heart, he may write vivacious strains. Many instances of these contrasts in the history of music might be cited. Nevertheless the "milieu" of a composer may well affect him in a measure. Unfortunately there has been no Sainte-Beuve to examine into the development of this or that composer, and there are many that dispute the theory of Buckle concerning climatic influence.

No doubt Sibelius has submitted to the spell of sagas and legends. Their romantic nature would appeal to him. He has found inspiration in the "Kalevala," in the folk-music of Suomi. It has been said that this folk-music has been "penetrated with melancholy" from the

earliest times; but the folk-music of other lands has often been melodically sad, minor in mode or key, when the words were gay; while the most solemn, the most mournful of funeral marches, the Dead March in "Saul," is in the traditionally exultant key of C major.

This symphony of Sibelius, played yesterday for the fifth time, is superbly melancholy; the melancholy is that of a strong and rugged nature; there is no trace of Brahms's pessimism; there is no shrieking hysterically against Fate as there is in the music of Tschaiakowsky. (Some one should write "On Austerity in Music." Gluck's is classically Grecian; D'Indy's is remote but noble; the austerity of Delius is inclined to be dry; that of Brahms is too often crabbed.) Then, too, there is a wildness akin to savagery in the symphony that is pleasing. There is something elemental in the work; savage but not barbaric; elemental but not crude. One realizes that Sibelius was terribly in earnest; but this earnestness was well controlled. And as true virility includes tenderness; as the strong man may also be a dreamer of dreams and see visions, so in this symphony there are pages of peculiar beauty, unalloyed with sensuousness.

Scriabin, too, is a modern, with an idiom of his own. If his poem is the expression of ecstasy, we prefer moderate rapture, or even indigo bloom. He may in his last years have been a deep thinker, a philosopher, with ideas derived from Pantheism and Theosophy; in this "Poem of Ecstasy," for which he wrote a poem in swollen verse, we find little music. There is constant endeavor, tortured straining to say something, and when the thoughts finally come to life as by the Caesarian operation, they seem withered, stunted, crippled. To us this music is nerve-rasping, ear-stabbing, impotent. As Charles Lamb found books that are not books, so there are musical compositions that are not music.

The Divertissement of Ropartz is an ingenious treatment of a lively theme, agreeable but not important, answering the requirement of an old Greek: that music should inspire a gentlemanlike joy. The Divertissement is musically sound and aesthetically pleasant.

The playing of the orchestra was brilliant. The symphony and performance of it made a profound impression. Mr. Monteux was enthusiastically recalled more than once. He had evidently taken great pains in the preparation of Scriabin's "Poem" and the results were evident. It is necessary to hear occasionally the orchestral works of this composer, for there are some, besides an English Doctor of Music, who already rank him among the immortals.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Schumann, Symphony, D minor, No. 4; Hill, Poem "The Fall of the House of Usher" (after Poe)—first performance; Beethoven, "Leonora" overture No. 3. Mme. Helen Stanley will sing Mendelssohn's concert aria "In-felice!" and Tatiana's Letter scene from Tschaiakowsky's "Eugene Onegin."

SENSUAL MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Scriabine's "Poem of
Ecstasy" Superbly
Played

Post ——— Oct. 23, 1920
BY OLIN DOWNES

Orchestral music of uncommon interest made the programme of the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, the first symphony of Sibelius, a new *divertissement* for orchestra, played for the first time in America, by Guy Ropartz, and Scriabine's "Poem de l'Extase."

DISPLAY OF VIRTUOSITY

The performances were of extraordinary brilliancy. Never has the orchestra played so well so early in the season. It was not only Mr. Mager, player of the difficult first trumpet part in Scriabine's work, who distinguished himself during that performance. It was every section and every solo player of the organization. There had been no such interpretation of Scriabine's music here, though it was conducted both by Mr. Fiedler in 1910 and Dr. Muck in 1917. The music had never been so clear, nor had its passionate and rhapsodical career been so fortunately conveyed.

Some do not like this "Poeme de l'Extase" at all. Others, and the writer among them, listen to it with keen interest, but strong reservations. Others are wildly enthusiastic. Everyone was stirred by the performance yesterday. The music?

Written by Master

It is a composition which will not down. One thing is now clearly understood, thanks largely to Mr. Monteux's reading, as well as to increased familiarity with the work—it is made with a master hand, not formally according to so-called "classic" standards, but with an extremely definite concept in the composer's mind, with a clearly perceived and irresistibly approached climax, which is one of the most brilliant in modern orchestral music. Whether you like it is another thing. But this is music of extraordinary workmanship and of a tonal physiognomy, so to speak, which, once heard, is not readily dismissed from the mind or forgotten.

The poetic programme of the work has roughly three divisions outlined by the composer in a long and strange poem. (a) "His (the composer's) soul in the orgy of love." (b) "The realization of a fantastic dream." (c) "The glory of his own art." This programme finds a musical prototype in a long, very gradual, masterly progress from a soft opening to the final outburst, most effectively planned and fulfilled.

Amazingly Orchestrated

No one can question the composer's sincerity. You do not strike out a new idiom like this unless there is a driving sincerity, an uncompromising determination to discover a new path, back of your pen. There is unquestioned originality of invention, themes that are like no other men's themes, that are labelled "Scriabine" in letters for those who run to read. Perhaps there is derivation from Chopin, but one's impression is essentially that of a completely new, confident voice. And there is the amazing orchestration which drips color.

But the things which determine an individual's opinion of an important work of art are after all less facts than matters of personal temperament and disposition. Each of us knows of certain composers of whom he says: "It may be fine, but I don't like his tunes." We do not like the tunes of this "Poeme de l'Extase," ready as we are to pay tribute to their unusual curve, their frequent harmonic pungency and their wonderful adaptability to the poetic purpose. And we do not like the spirit of the music.

Erotic and Sensual

The music is erotic and sensual. True, sensuality in greater or lesser degree is inherent in art. In this place we are personally repulsed by it, and we understand for the first time the ire of revered seniors of criticism at whom we used to wonder when they exclaimed passionately against the lewdness of a Strauss or even a Berlioz. They meant

it. They abhorred their music so intensely that they were willing to fight it all their lives. Are we getting old? We don't like these tunes; we sicken of the languorousness, the hot-house intensity of this music, and we are repelled by its general flambuoyancy.

Perhaps it seemed wilder and more lurid because of the dry-as-dust "Divertissement" of Ropartz which preceded. This may have been "divertissement" for scholar and technician like Ropartz, in its incessant juggling with a particle of tune. For most of us it was a deadly bore, an emptiness exposed the more forcibly by the other virile compositions.

Sibelius' Symphony

The Sibelius symphony—a composer who stands lonely and incomparable today, whom no one can imitate, whose works reflect in the most grand, sombre and dramatic manner northern nature, northern rebellion against sullen skies and fate; a symphony of the elements, a defiance of this puny age by a Northman reborn to his people. This work was applauded until the orchestra rose to its feet with the conductor. There was even greater enthusiasm for the music of Scriabine.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. ——— Oct. 23, 1920
SIBELIUS, SKRIABIN AND A BAND
RENEWED

An Afternoon of Tonal Power, Splendor
and Finesse, of Large or Fine Excitements—From Both Composers Music Like
None Other in Our Time—Ropartz for
Middle Piece and Point of Repose—Conductor and Orchestra

THE first two Symphony Concerts of the autumn were interesting, gave pleasure. The third, yesterday afternoon, rose to splendor of impression, evoked ardor of response. Few latecomers disturbed the progress of Sibelius's first symphony; scarcely a listener departed before the last note of Skriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" had sounded. The symphony, long admired but unheard through four years, held the audience tense, until applause, doubled and redoubled, for music, conductor and, finally, the orchestra, relaxed that tension. The tone-poem similarly engrossed and illuded those that heard; the sensitive auditor, indeed, could feel his fellows thrill to the manifold and penetrating progress of the music. In turn and kind, the contrasting middle piece

—Ropartz's ingenious and amusing "Divertissement," played for the first time in America—agreeably engaged ear and fancy. Above the stage, up and down the auditorium, the atmosphere was electric—even on a Friday afternoon in Boston. The orchestra struck communicating fire, and in the heats of it added new virtues to old. Not only did it play with familiar richness and power of tone, with large sweep and impinging emphasis and contrast. It played also—and for the first time as re-filled band—with quick, fine impulse to modulation, gradient, transition; with keen sense of isolated voices and individualized choirs. In measures within the "Divertissement"—music, often, of suave, pliant elegance—it regained feeling for euphony, ear and hand for shimmering tone—not the least of its ancient glories. Once more, in this piece by Ropartz, came the phrasing among the strings and the wood-winds that in time past was like the human voice in song.

The beginning of Sibelius's symphony advance in that nervous, plastic, cumulating progress which is spur to ear and imagination. Skriabin's tone-poem moved in the endless quiver of sensibility, the incessant darting of white fire, until it coalesced in surge of ecstatic climax, that are the passion of the music. Out of it as well sprang the incisive harmonies or rose the ethereal phrases that are Skriabin's ardors of sensation and expression for once fulfilled in tone. Yet the fitful reverberations, the restless rhythms, the long range of Sibelius's symphony lay equally within this imparting power—the darksome and storming Allegro, the pale and penetrating Andante, the clumping Scherzo, the plunging, screaming Finale. The composer himself could hardly have heard in imagination a sharper edge upon the violins, a larger vigor in the basses, a voice more wan and piercing in oboes and clarinets, a richer sonority in the horns, a more ominous or frenetic drum-beat.

So did the orchestra, severally and collectively distinguish itself. With such zest, imagination and scope of characterizing power did the conductor enter into the music of the day. These three weeks Mr. Monteux has been making ready his new band; yesterday it emerged in the quality to which at last he has brought it and which he bids fair further to enrich. Outside Beethoven's Eighth Symphony he has not failed in duty to the pieces before him. Yesterday, however, the chosen numbers stirred him as—with the orchestra—he made them stir his hearers. If New York two weeks hence is to know the Boston Orchestra of 1920 as it really is, it should hear it in Sibelius, Skriabin, Ropartz.

Yet the chief glory of the concert remained with the composers; since it was they who imagined and fashioned the music so conveyed and enhanced. No doubt this first symphony in E minor is early Sibelius in quality as in date. In many a measure, at many a turn, it no more than anticipates the unique voice, the stark and seething power that the second symphony fulfils; while both are far from the tonal speech, yet more stripped and poignant, of the fourth symphony and of the little known fifth of which Mr. Burgin tells. Yet this music twenty years old though it be, is of Sibelius and no other. It teems with his characteristic procedures—the sharpened strings, the penetrating and hollowed wind-choir, the clangorous brass, rolling drums and clashing cymbals. Now the harmonies are acrid, again pungent. The rhythms shift and shift and shift again. Fitful and keen are the modulations. The climaxes suddenly surge and as suddenly shatter. The motifs generating the music are naked, sinewy. Sometimes they are bleak; again they are pale; yet once more, they rumble or shriek. They contend in wild chromatic tumults—hear the first Allegro or the Finale of this symphony in E minor. They eat cut their hearts in song—listen to the measures of the clarinet in the preluding, to the melodies that haunt the Andante. From the first measure of the symphony to the last, stern and firmly set is the design of the whole; exact and unsparing are the means.

Has composer of our time, even Debussy himself, written a more personal music? Yet it is more than personal. The tempests that toss the first and the last division are fierce winds of the north. The shrieking dissonances, the transitions that shudder and bite, sound also in these northern gales; while through them, perchance, out of old legend clang the Vikings smiting shield with sword. The storm stills; rifts cleave the black heavens, and pale and pungent and melancholy sounds the song of the Andante—the pathos of distance, restless still. The skies brighten; the folk come forth, sport rudely, heavily, while aloof the brooding bystander softens into day-dream. A musician's music, a poet's music, music of a race, a region, of a north that cries, stings and with scornful gesture flings away the soft-coated, mealy mouthed south—of such is this symphony of Sibelius. He who does not thrill to it is sunk chin-deep in that supine mildness, that dead inertia, which is worse than trespasses and sins.

As unique in kind and impression though less sustained in quality is Skriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy." It follows "The Divine Poem," music of exploration and

liberation. It precedes "The Poem of Fire" ("Prometheus"), music of freedom gained for imagination and powers mastered for expression. As it was natural for Skriabin in his earlier piano-pieces to walk in the ways of Chopin, so equally in this middle tone-poem does he still use at need Lisztian harmonies and timbres; invoke Wagnerian sequences, modulations, climax; up pile final diatonic sonorities like a Russian Strauss. Enough and more than enough remains of Skriabin and of him alone—not merely in occasional chords foreshadowing the mystical note he was so to weave into his later music; or in new harmonies ethereal, iridescent; or in phrases gleaming upon the ear, dissolving into the air. These are indeed of Skriabin, the unmistakable genius of the later Sonatas, Preludes and Studies and there best to be heard and felt.

More characteristic is "The Poem of Ecstasy" in the supersensibility, the ardor of expression, the half-sensuous, half-spiritual longing and elation that together glow out of the music. There is hardly a mind, a temperament, an imagination or a voice among the composers of our time—let us not lose our way and our heads among the classics—so sensitive as Skriabin's. He quivers to the faintest, he vibrates to the deepest, tremor of sensation or vision, of desire, delight, despair. When he writes this music of sensibility, be it for orchestra or piano, it is as though his was a spirit of air and fire. The air pulses to the lightest beat, the fire glows white and lambent. Of such are the measures of eager longing, of palpitating ascent into ecstasy with which his poem begins and mounts. Of such are the phrases upon which his music at fullest climax of a sudden opens, as though for the instant his spirit knew in ineffable beatitude.

There, and much more than in sweeping and sundered climax, does Skriabin fulfill his passion for expression. As an inner glow quickens his sensibility, so an inner force renews his expressive ardors. Driven by them he would have his music palpitate in radiance upon the air. Divided by them, he now courts simplicity, again complicates complexity. The ardors spur, and he flings the orchestra into surging climax. The ardors pierce, and measures of a felicity for which there is no word entrance the ear, enkindle the rarest of voluptuous or spiritual sensations. Of this two-fold voice and substance, desire and fulfillment, is this "Poem of Ecstasy." Hear it, if the listener choose, as music sopped in sensuous longings, and sensuous fulfillment, music, almost, of sensuous delirium. Hear it, again, as music drenched in spiritual aspiration, ardor, ecstasy. (The psychologists have often proved the kinship of such transports.) Whichever it be, or both un-

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H. T. PARKER



Portrait bust of the late HENRY L. HIGGINSON

By Bela Pratt

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

C.S. Monitor Oct. 23. 1920

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lyric and well-prepared performance, with every detail and mass form brought out clearly in a way that could be called inimitable at all times. There is something refreshingly in the prodigious Scriabin tosses forth original thoughts, giving little his themes here and there out of the multitudinous tonal sea, tidbits to the intelligence instead of long, tedious phrases that some composers often repeat tediously. Impassioned of life and nature, unbound by tidy little formulas, but with firm logic all Scriabin's own music seems this music in effect. And it does not depend for its trusting effects upon anything but the consummate handling of its details, which appeared to take it in a fashion than he had done with his pieces, as if he had turned the manuscript lyrics to the wing and soar of blank verse.

Yet the chief glory of the concert remained with the composers; since it was they who imagined and fashioned the music so conveyed and enhanced. No doubt this first symphony in E minor is early Sibelius in quality as in date. In many a measure, at many a turn, it no more than anticipates the unique voice, the stark and seething power that the second symphony fulfils; while both are far from the tonal speech, yet more stripped and poignant, of the fourth symphony and of the little known fifth of which Mr. Burgin tells. Yet this music twenty years old though it be, is of Sibelius and no other. It teems with his characteristic procedures—the sharpened strings, the penetrating and hollowed wind-choir, the clangorous brass, rolling drums and clashing cymbals. Now the harmonies are acrid, again pungent. The rhythms shift and shift and shift again. Fitting and keen are the modulations. The climaxes suddenly surge and as suddenly shatter. The motifs generating the music are naked, sinewy. Sometimes they are bleak; again they are pale; yet once more, they rumble or shriek. They contend in wild chromatic tumults—hear the first Allegro or the Finale of this symphony in E minor. They eat cut their hearts in song—listen to the measures of the clarinet in the prelude, to the melodies that haunt the Andante. From the first measure of the symphony to the last, stern and firmly set is the design of the whole; exact and unsparing are the means.

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58

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ORCHESTRA TO BE AT FUNERAL *Post* — *Oct. 23/20.* Services for Symphony Hall Treasurer Today

Members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play this afternoon at the funeral of Frederick Gould Roby, treasurer at Symphony Hall, who died suddenly at Symphony Hall last Thursday afternoon. The funeral services will be held at the Mt. Auburn Chapel today at 3 o'clock and burial will be in the Mt. Auburn cemetery.

For a quarter of a century Mr. Roby has been treasurer of the hall, acting first as treasurer at the old Music Hall, the original home of the orchestra. Previous to that time he had been employed by the banking firm of Lee, Higginson & Co. In his long connection with the orchestra Mr. Roby had become known to its notable conductors and to many leading musical artists who as soloists appeared with the Symphony Orchestra. He was widely known among the regular patrons of performances in Symphony Hall.

While it had been known by his associates that he was suffering with heart trouble no special anxiety had been felt regarding his condition and his death was very unexpected. He was 57 years old and a native of Cambridge, where he made his home until a few years ago when he moved to the Back Bay to be near Symphony Hall. He is survived by the widow.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920--21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

FOURTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, AT 8 P. M.

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to Leonore No. 3, op. 72

HILL,

POEM for Orchestra, "The Fall of the House of Usher"
(after Edgar Allen Poe)
(First Performance)

MENDELSSOHN, ✓

ARIA, "Infelice"

TSCHAIKOWSKY, ✓

LETTER SONG, from "Eugen Oniegin"

SCHUMANN.

SYMPHONY No. 4, in D minor, op. 120

- I. Andante; Allegro
- II. Romanza
- III. Scherzo
- IV. Largo; Finale
(Played without pause)

Soloist:

HELEN STANLEY

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FOURTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 29, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 30, at 8.00 o'clock

Owing to the sudden illness of Mme. Stanley, a change in the programme has been made necessary. Instead of the arias by Mendelssohn and Tchaikowsky the Prelude and Love-Death from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" will be played.

4TH SYMPHONY CONCERT GIVEN

Herald — *Oct. 30/20*

First Performance of "Fall
of House of Usher"
Is Impressive

COMPOSER CALLED FORTH BY APPLAUSE

By PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Leonora Overture, No. 3; Hill, "The Fall of the House of Usher" (first performance); Wagner, Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde"; Schumann, Symphony, D minor, No. 4. Wagner's music was substituted for two arias which should have been sung by Mme. Helen Stanley. She was prevented from singing by a sudden attack of tonsillitis.

Henley says in the preface to his collection of English lyrics: "After Keats there is no fresh note until we hear from over the Atlantic, the artful, subtle, irresistible song of Poe; the New Music which none that has heard it can forget." It is a question whether Poe was ever more musical in his poems, even in "The Haunted Palace," than in his prose "Shadow" and "Silence," and in certain tales. Yet composers have been tempted to translate his verbal music into tonal. They have been greatly daring.

Poe himself said: "Give musical expression any undue decision, imbue it with any very determinate tone, and you deprive it at once of its ethereal, its ideal, its intrinsic and essential character. It now becomes a tangible and easily appreciable idea, a thing of the earth, earthy." Mr. Hill did not fall into the error of attempting in his symphonic poem to follow Poe's marvellous story

scene by scene, from the visitor's first view of the house and the tarn to the final tragedy. The composer's aim was to give an impression of the mood in its terrifying crescendo. If this music had no title, the hearer would not necessarily think of the tale, but the music would suggest the expression of fear, of wild mental perturbation, of something tragically sinister; it would hint in the very beginning at impending doom. This Mr. Hill has achieved without descending to sensational treatment. He has said that he associated the two themes with the melancholy Roderick and the slowly dying Madeline. In his use of the themes we recognize the unhappy Usher, tortured by the terror, which at first vague, becomes at last a horrid certainty; while the music for the sister, the lady Madeline, expresses admirably her ghost-like character; her shadowy apparition, even before she was entombed. Nor in the introduction of musical realism, the description of the house, falling to end forever and inevitably the tragedy of the last inmates, does Mr. Hill cease to be musical.

This tone poem is to us an imaginative work, conceived and carried out in the spirit of Poe. It does not rival the supreme art shown in the construction of the tale itself; if it does not inspire the same feeling of mysterious horror: if the musical falls below the verbal felicity of expression. The answer is that the tale itself is music, and in this field Poe is "lonely and incomparable," as Swineburne said of Coleridge.

If there is to be adverse criticism, one might wish away a certain ornamentation of figures, filigree, especially for the wood-wind, that seem on one hearing incongruous, foreign to the prevailing mood.

The performance was poetic and impressive. The composer was obliged to acknowledge the applause.

The interpretation of the familiar, but never too familiar, overture was exceedingly dramatic. Mr. Monteux gave a fine reading of the "Tristan" music. It was a pleasure to hear again the symphony of Schumann, with its lovely lyricism. The first movement and the finale were played in true virtuoso spirit, but the two middle movements are the ones in which the genius of Schumann is more clearly disclosed.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program of Nov. 5, 6, will be as follows. Brahms, Symphony in E minor, No. 4; Strube, Four Preludes (first performance); Respighi, "Fountains of Rome," (first time in Boston); Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

NEW WORK PLAYED BY SYMPHONY

Hill's Poem After Poe
Given First Public
Performance

Poe ——— *Oct. 30 '20*
BY OLIN DOWNES

Henry Burlingame Hill's symphonic poem, after Poe, "The Fall of the House of Usher," was played for the first time at the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Helen Stanley, soprano, announced to appear, was suddenly taken ill, so that the programme was entirely orchestral. It opened with Beethoven's 3d Leonore overture, and included, in addition to this and Mr. Hill's work, the Prelude and Love-Death from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," and Schumann's D minor symphony.

HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS

Mr. Hill's music is not any slavish attempt to give tonal suggestions or illustrations of episodes of Poe's poem. Mr. Hill's is too sensitive an intelligence to attempt such a thing. He has attempted to convey mood. He hints, as he explains himself in a programme note, at the figure of Usher's sister, Madeleine, and this is the most salient, the most emotional passage of his work.

He suggests elsewhere the fate that hangs over the haunted castle, the wildness of the night, not a melodramatic wildness, but a wildness as intense as it is unreal, and at last the destruction of the thematic castle, which sinks in a harmonic tarn.

Reading again the haunting tale of Poe, one wonders, in the first place, how a composer would have the courage to attempt a musical synthesis of its moods, and then one wonders how a man who could compose at all could avoid being inspired to composition by this supreme work of art.

Thus the man who invokes the spirit of Poe and then essays music faces tremendous odds. Poe has already made music. To add more music to his is to try to transmute one art into another, in a place where it would be about as easy to transmute silver into gold. And then the composer has to complete and fulfill the needs of the imagination which have been awakened in the reader.

It may be possible to do this. It is not singular to us, however, that, as we receive a first impression, Mr. Hill has failed. Or perhaps we do not fully grasp his purpose. He has written, in our estimation, with feeling which is poetic, but which hardly reaches the heights of wild fantasy and the stab of the beauty, so strange, so macabre, of an incomparable tale.

For the rest, Mr. Hill has achieved beautiful orchestration, distinguished alike by its fineness of touch and its certainty of method, modern harmony, a warm gleam of human, tragic beauty in the musical portrayal of the doomed Madeleine, very well placed in the composition, very apposite to the musico-poetic conception. But there we stop. For us, the composition lacks the commanding force, the powerful stamp of an all-condemning fate which is inherent in every line of the legend. It is artistic. There are moments of forboding of omen when the bass drum pounds on the heart. Yet we are left cold.

The performance of Beethoven's overture was not distinguished by exceptional eloquence or beauty of tone. It was good, leaning toward mediocrity. The "Tristan" music had been prepared on short notice. A certain roughness was inevitable, but the Liebestod was played with feeling and a musician's knowledge of the color possibilities of the score.

Schumann's D minor symphony is an exquisite fancy, fragile, peculiarly intimate. It seems strange that a great orchestra could be so personal. And Mr. Monteux has long ere this shown his special understanding of Schumann.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. ——— *Oct. 30, 1920*
FOR THE MOST PART FAMILIAR
PIECES

Disabled Mme. Stanley and Substituted Wagner—"Leonore" and "Tristan" Side by Side—New Token of Mr. Monteux's Progress—Schumann, Song and Spring—Mr. Hill's New Tone-Poem—Music of Mind to Mind

WITH Madame Stanley denied to the audience at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon—as she will be again this evening—because laryngitis had deprived her of the voice of song, the Symphony Concert became a concert of the orchestra unassisted and the programme, with one exception, a programme of familiar pieces. Under Mr. Monteux's final revision, it began with Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture; proceeded with the novel number of the day, Mr. Hill's "Poem," suggested by Poe's tale of "The Fall of the House of Usher"; continued with the Prelude and Closing Scene from Wagner's opera of "Tristan"; ended with Schumann's songful and swinging symphony in D minor. So re-fashioned, it was a programme, as the applause testified, to pleasure an audience that, being normal, likes to hear anew what it gratefully and familiarly remembers, and likes the experience the better, when music and performance stir many a listener as surely did Beethoven's and Wagner's music, and as in measure did also the glowing, joyous measures of Schumann.

No doubt Mr. Hill's tone-poem was somewhat baffling to many a hearer. But as the resigned now say, what else is there to expect of these modernists, whether they descend from Paris or merely come across the bridge from Cambridge? Still more of a modernist with Poe fantastic and fatalistic, graphic and gruesome, behind him? Happily it is the way of the resigned as well as of the curious and content to clap hands; and it was good to see Mr. Hill called to the stage, though a little less heartily, as memory went, than after the fancy and charm of his "Stevesoniana" two seasons ago.

Best of all, to those who, unashamed, hold the Symphony Concerts dear, was the evidence alike with Wagner's prelude and Beethoven's overture of the progress not only of the orchestra but of the conductor no less. Scarcely a leader of the Symphony Orchestra but has left it a deep-

ened, broadened, more receptive, more eloquent musician. Wide was the gulf separating the Gerlicke of the later from the Gerlicke of the earlier years. Dr. Muck was well reputed conductor when he came first to Symphony Hall; he was eminent conductor when he, finally, departed thence. Now, with Mr. Monteux precedent and progress bid fair to hold. A year ago, when he was first heard in these fragments of "Tristan," the advance through the prelude of the measures of desire lacked nervous, sensitive modulation, concentrated and cumulating intensity. Yesterday, they quivered and glowed with the Wagnerian tremor of passion that may hardly be satiated, that will not be stilled. Especially in the string choir a more sensitive orchestra now answers to Mr. Monteux, but from him as well as it came this fine new ardor. Of old Mr. Monteux missed a little of the calm beauty that begins the musical miracle of Isolde's death-song. Yesterday, there were glow and mystery. Last autumn the climax lacked depth and majesty. Now the orchestra yields the conductor a full-throated richness of tone and he makes it molten.

So, again, with Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, new from the leader's hand. Mr. Monteux "read" it—tame word!—as the music-drama in concentrated epitome that it is; he missed none of the picturing or dramatizing imagery; he kept every tonal strand alive and in supple motion. He and the orchestra charged with beauty Beethoven's measures of instrumental song. They swirled with the composer through tumultuous fervors. Only with Schumann's symphony did the impression now and again return that conductor and band might be more sensitive to modulation. But Schumann, possibly the more for his poetic ardor, writes thickly in parallel pattern, as it sometimes seems, of contrapuntal strands.

It was stimulating no less to hear Beethoven's overture and Wagner's prelude almost side by side, and each a masterpiece in kind. If ever there was a sensuous music, after it has tortured the measures of desire out of the measures of death and fate, it is this preface and proclamation to "Tristan." The modulations tingle, the harmonies glow, the instrumental colorings suffuse or pierce. Passion not so much wings as drenches period upon period—and passion that Isolde's death-song transfigures into a veritable music of deep and golden flame. From end to end Wagner is writing, tone-poem of the senses. In contrast the Beethoven of high heroic mood. For him no lush harmonies, stinging modulations, sensuous tang. Instead the large fervors, the tragic crisis, the tempestuous rejoicing of nobler ardors,

nobly sung. Through all the glories of the prelude to "Tristan" Wagner never quits this sensuous earth. Beethoven on the wings of this "Leonore" overture scales emotional, dramatic, musical heavens.

Below, in the symphony in D minor strides Schumann singing and mastering, rather than persuading, the orchestra to his voice and mood of song. No doubt, as the books say, Schumann wrestled with counterpoint when he set to a symphony and took thought of the resourceful and adroit Mendelssohn over the way. No doubt he struggled also with the distribution of instrumental voices and they sometimes entangled him in toils. Yet in this fourth symphony as in the first symphony of the joys of spring or the second of musing happiness, outpour himself he would and did in song. It is the distinction and the glory of this song that quickly come the moods and each mood possesses Schumann, as the Irish say, entirely. He is tender, as in the introduction, that the sooner he may be buoyant. He is musing and melancholy as in the slow movement, that he may speed the quicker into gayety and fancy. He is fain in this music to write a symphony of breathless intensities, song upon song, counterpoint or no counterpoint, and he succeeds—the more, yesterday, for Mr. Monteux's answering verve. It is rhythm that wings the music. Eighty years ago the concert-master in Leipzig "liked the swing" of this fourth symphony. It swings still.

Beyond doubt or peradventure Mr. Hill is expert composer. He is studious of form; he takes thought, shaping, subduing it to his poetizing, his illuding purposes. Chaste, not wanton, are his freedoms with it. Mr. Hill is studious of musical procedures, especially of the procedures of our time. He has learned the secrets of modulation, harmonic background and suggestion, play of instrumental voices. Again he takes thought and applies such resource in his own way to his own ends. He does not press into the forefront of innovation; no more does he tag behind in the inertia of formula. The terseness, incisiveness, directness, concentration, economy of not a little music, here and now, especially when Ravel looks over the composer's shoulder, spoke yesterday out of his tone-poem. Yet the most orthodox may not deny that he develops his motifs, weaves his musical web from them, is never content to dress and redress them in "mere" harmonic and instrumental vesture. If his music has atmosphere, yet also has it body. While it suggests, it is also self-contained.

Mr. Hill designed his "poem" to summon the imagery of Poe's tale, "The Fall of the House of Usher." From the music in kind and degree, as from the printed page was

to exhale sense of gaunt solitude, fear-some preoccupations, spirits stretched and wrenched, doom that echoes afar, draws nearer, is fulfilled and leaves no wraith behind. Music may convey such illusion, gain the morbid sensibility of Poe's imagination and Poe's word and progress upon the printed page. Mr. Hill takes thought and perceives the necessities of such a tone-poem—perceives, reflects; chooses and applies the means to the desired end. The listener's mind hears, agrees, responds. But the interchange, the process on both sides, seems chiefly mental. Does not a tone-poem, "The Fall of the House of Usher," ask something more and something different?

H. T. PARKER

HILL'S "USHER" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Cable Oct. 30/20
Brilliant Performance by
the Orchestra

Beethoven, Schumann and Wagner
Contribute to Program

Helen Stanley, announced as soloist for yesterday's Symphony concert, was unable to appear on account of illness. Mr. Monteux replaced her two arias by the familiar version for orchestra alone of the Prelude and "Liebestod" from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." This change was not altogether fortunate for the novel piece of the afternoon, Mr. Hill's "The Fall of the House of Usher," which was sandwiched between two masterpieces of the first order. Beethoven's "Leonore No. 3" overture and the excerpts from "Tristan."

It is always a severe test for new compositions to be performed at the same concert with any of the better works of Beethoven, Bach or Wagner. Many in the audience are likely to feel that these masters have already said with greater force all that almost any newcomer has to offer. It is moreover peculiarly difficult for a modern composer who employs, as most of them do, Wagner's idiom, to compete with "Tristan."

Heard under other circumstances, the individuality of orchestral color and the coherent presentation of musical ideas in "The Fall of the House of Usher" would doubtless have made a deeper impression. Mr. Hill's music is well made. He is a connoisseur of orchestral ef-

fects. He is not without imagination. Yet yesterday the new piece left an audience eager for its Beethoven and Wagner politely apathetic.

Schumann's Symphony in D minor, famous in musical history as one of the earliest examples of the cross-quotation and interweaving of themes between movements, sounds as though it had been composed for the pianoforte and then, rather laboriously, orchestrated. One cannot help feeling that if the admirable material it contains had been used for another set of "Symphonic Etudes" the results would have been more completely satisfying. Schumann, like Poe and Heine, had an imagination incapable of long sustained flights.

The performance of all these works had a brilliance and verve which atoned for an occasional lack of absolute precision in detail. Particularly noteworthy was the exquisite solo work of the new concert master, Mr. Burgin, in "The Fall of the House of Usher." He obviously excels either of his immediate predecessors, Yitek and Fradkin.

There are no concerts next week. The program for Nov. 12 and 13 includes Brahms' Fourth Symphony, Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel," and new pieces by Gustav Strube and Respighi.

SYMPHONY GIVES FOURTH CONCERT

Yesterday afternoon marked the fourth concert offered by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. A delightful program was well interpreted by the musicians.

It is an easily comprehended fact that Mr. Monteux is a director possessed of great broad-mindedness and one who presents the works of all composers with equal feeling and skill. One would hesitate to say that he excels in any particular form of interpretation in that he attains such perfection in all, but, if there is one form it is the Operatic Overture.

Yesterday, Miss Helen Stanley was to have been the soloist with the orchestra, but her sudden illness made necessary a change in the program. The first number was the Overture to Beethoven's Opera "Leonore," the added number the "Prelude and Love-Duet" from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." Mr. Monteux's interpretation of both these numbers was gloriously brilliant.

The first performance of a "Poem for Orchestra," by Edward Burlingame Hill was given. This composition was inspired by Edgar Allan Poe's story "The Fall of the House of Usher." The composer says that his purpose was to present a personal impression of its atmosphere and a desire to attain a coherent and logical presentation of musical ideas reflecting Poe's melancholy and powerful imagination. Mr. Hill has succeeded well for the composition is

full of the moody morbidness that characterizes Poe's writings. Mr. Hill attended the performance and received the warm applause of the audience in person.

The last number was Schumann's "D Minor Symphony," number 4. This Symphony is in four movements. Schumann requested that his work always be played without pauses and its splendid performance as rendered by the orchestra yesterday as Schumann intended.

There will not be another concert until Nov. 12, as the orchestra is to go out on tour next week.

C. S. Monitor Oct. 30, 1920

The fourth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given on the afternoon of October 29, served to bring to a first performance Edward Burlingame Hill's poem for orchestra, "The Fall of the House of Usher," after Edgar Allan Poe. Mr. Hill has long been recognized as the possessor of a fluent orchestral technic. In many of his compositions an agreeable fancy is to be found, notably in his "Stevensoniana" Suite, played here last season. "The Fall of the House of Usher," however, to be adequately portrayed musically, requires a more vivid imagination, a quicker emotional response to the wild romanticism of Poe's gloomy tale than Mr. Hill seems to have at his command. To be sure, there is by intention no attempt to follow the story scene by scene. The composer avows his purpose to suggest the "atmosphere of the story as a whole," to quote his own words as stated in the program book; yet in this very respect the work seems to fail most signally. The chief motive lacks in character, and in place of leading to interesting developments, gives rise merely to wearisome repetitions. The orchestral coloring, at all times skillfully contrived, rarely succeeds in being more than obvious. It must be confessed, in spite of one's admiration for the composer's many excellent qualities, that in this work he is not in his proper element. The orchestra gave a painstaking and carefully prepared performance and there was considerable applause. The remainder of the program consisted of Beethoven's Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, the Prelude and Love-Death to Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," and Schumann's Fourth Symphony in D minor.

More Novel Pieces from Mr. Monteux—
The Reconquest of New York—A Rising
Generation in Paris—Malipiero Again—
Orchestral Concerts in Theatres

From Oct. 28/29
NEXT week the Symphony Orchestra will go for the first time this season to New York, Philadelphia, and the other cities southward to which it makes monthly visits. It will not be heard again in Boston until Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12 and 13. Then Mr. Monteux's programme will traverse Brahms's fourth symphony; four Preludes by Mr. Strube, of old violinist in the orchestra, now chief of a conservatory in Baltimore; a tone-picture, "The Fountains of Rome," by the "new Italian," Respighi; and Strauss's scherzo, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." Conductor and orchestra were eloquent last year in Brahms's first symphony; they should not be less so in the fourth. For long it has been Mr. Strube's custom to hand his new pieces to the Symphony Orchestra for first and deserving performance. Respighi's music—a symphonic poem in form and not too "modern" in substance and manner—pictures "the Fountain of Valle Giulia at dawn; the Triton Fountain at morn; the Fountain of Trevi at midday, and the Fountain at the Villa Medici at sunset." As for Strauss, in the concert-hall, as in most other places, the war is overpast.

Since in New York the Symphony Orchestra has in measure to reconquer its public of old, Mr. Monteux has wisely decided to disclose it first in the music of our own time in which, rather than in the classics, it now excels. Thus, his first programme for New York traverses Sibelius's symphony in E minor played last week in Boston, Lekeu's Fantasia and Skriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy." Similarly on his second programme he has set Enesco's symphony, Mr. Hill's tone-poem, "The Fall of the House of Usher" and, for older pieces, Pierné's orchestral arrangement of Franck's Prelude, Choral and Fugue and Berlioz's romantic overture, "Benvenuto Cellini."

Casella's "Italian Rhapsody" has become, thanks to Mr. Jacchia, a relatively familiar piece at the Pop Concerts in Boston. Last Tuesday, however, an audience in New York heard it for the first time from Mr. Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. With reason Mr. Aldrich wrote of it in The Times:

The music is graphic, imaginative. There is apparently no definite programme, no depiction of scenes, but a succession of moods, sullen gloom, passion, mad delirium, powerfully evoked and sustained. The orchestral coloring is often striking, novel in effect. It is work of a strong hand certain in its touch. The performance was a brilliant one.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920-21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

FIFTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, AT 8 P. M.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY in E minor, No. 4, op. 98

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Andante moderato
- III. Allegro giocoso
- IV. Allegro energico e passionato

STRUBE,

FOUR PRELUDES for Orchestra
(First Performance)

RESPIGHI,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Fontane di Roma,"
("Fountains of Rome")

The Fountain of Valle Giulia at dawn. The Triton Fountain at morn. The Fountain of Trevi at mid-day. The Villa Medici Fountain at sunset.

STRAUSS,

"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," after the Old-fashioned Roguish manner. in Rondo form for full Orchestra, op. 28

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

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**M. PIERRE
MONTEUX**

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PLAYS MUSIC OF MODERNISTS

Symphony in Fifth Concert
Gives Composition of
Respighi and Strube

BRILLIANT READING OF STRAUSS'S "TILL"

Herald — Nov. 13, 1920
By PHILIP HALE

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 4; Strube, Four Preludes for orchestra (first performance); Respighi, "Fountains of Rome," symphonic poem (first time in Boston); Strauss, "The Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

Mr. Strube, who has been the teacher of composition at the Peabody Conservatory of Music at Baltimore since 1913, when he left the Boston Symphony Orchestra, modestly describes his Preludes as "little." It is true that they are short, but he employs as great an orchestra as if he were writing a symphonic poem portraying the reign of Anarchy or the Last Judgment. It is hardly necessary to add that the Preludes are ultra-modern in spirit and expression.

Mr. Strube started out 35 years or more ago to write serious music in the approved German conservatory manner. He then followed orthodox routine. Some years later he was fascinated by the music of Cesar Franck, Vincent d'Indy and other Frenchmen, regarded as heretics by the conservatories of his fatherland, the more so as these composers were then merely names in Germany, but as they were French, it was only reasonable to suspect them of atrocious, criminal debauchery in music. Mr. Strube has a receptive mind; his horizon broadened; his taste grew

more fastidious; he experimented boldly, and he, too, without losing his solid acquisitions, joined the ranks of the ultra-moderns.

These four Preludes are interesting, especially to those who have followed the development of the composer. Of the four, the second, which is of a pastoral nature, and the third, in minuet form, have the most decided character and are the most engrossing. There are charming melodic and orchestral effects in the pastorate, while the minuet has the requisite delicacy and grace. The other movements made a less favorable impression. They seemed less spontaneous, vaguely impressionistic.

Respighi's purpose in uniting his symphonic poem was to express "sentiments and visions" suggested to him by four of Rome's fountains. "Contemplated at the hour in which their character is most in harmony with the surrounding landscape, or in which their beauty appears most impressive to the observer." It was a daring undertaking. How easy it would have been for him to fall into aqueous monotony! He has triumphed gloriously. Not only has he given a particular effect of color and atmosphere to each fountain; he has without any attempt to "Biederize" music, given unity and continuity to Italian impressionism. He has not been literal or too realistic; he has heard, seen and written as a poet enamoured of his city.

Modern in his harmonic scheme, a master of ultra-modern instrumentation, he has not forsaken melodic figures, the melody that is the Italian's birthright, and still makes a universal appeal. The harmonic devices are as his natural idiom; nowhere do we see him deliberately girding up his loins, and with knotted brow and sweat starting at every pore, saying: "I, too, will show them how modern I can be." His instrumentation is now effectively discreet, now gorgeously rich, never wildly and incongruously fantastical. Throughout the work there is the revelation of marked individuality. It is a pleasure to add that the superb performance and the worth of the music itself were fully appreciated by the great audience.

What a pity it is that Brahms in his fourth symphony did not stop after the second movement! The triangle and the piccolo do not relieve the clumsy dreariness of the Scherzo; the Finale, with the exception of a few variations, as the solemn passage for trombones, is a sad falling off from the first Allegro. Mr. Monteux gave an admirable reading of the work, bringing out clearly the innumerable details—and more than once Brahms is found treading water—sparring for wind—if the phrase

may be allowed—without checking the musical flow. It was good to hear "Till Eulenspiegel" again. Would that Strauss had always written in this spirit of the true artist! The brilliant performance, as brilliant as any we remember under any other conductor, brought an end to a brilliant concert, a concert that was not too long.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for the concerts of next week is as follows: Mozart, Symphony in C major (K. 425); Mason, "Russians," five songs for baritone and orchestra (Reinold Werrenrath, singer); Ravel, "Couperin's Tomb," suite for orchestra (first time in America); Enesco, Roumanian Rhapsody in A major, op. 11, No. 1.

Monitor — Nov. 13, 1920

The fifth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which was given on November 12, was as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 4 in E minor; Straube, four preludes; Respighi, "Fontane di Roma," symphonic poem; Strauss "Till Eulenspiegel." It was an interesting and novel program, well played. Strube's preludes were given their first performance anywhere and Respighi's symphonic poem was played for the first time in Boston. Mr. Strube's preludes are fragmentary, of necessity in small and limited form; yet the great masters have contrived to say much in little. A work is not to be judged by the number, of pages in the score. Some of Chopin's preludes out-value, in the opinion of many musicians, some of Beethoven's entire sonatas. The value of a composition in such compact form lies in what it suggests and not in what it actually says and it is just in this very respect that Mr. Strube seems ineffective. His material is good and it is presented with the mastery of technical means for which he is well known. The imagination of the listener is not at once excited by some striking idea; and just as the hearer is beginning to grasp the mood of the piece the music stops. Respighi's "Fountains of Rome" did not serve to introduce anything particularly original, either in the way of musical ideas or orchestral coloring. It seems to be skillfully scored for the orchestra. It has little melodic interest or harmonic variety.

NEW WORKS PLAYED BY SYMPHONY

Italian Pieces and Four
Preludes by Gustave
Strube

Post — Nov. 13, 1920

A programme of very exceptional interest was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was performed for the first time in Boston the highly imaginative and decorative composition of the modern Italian, Respighi, "The Fountains of Rome," four impressionistic pieces bound together by ingenious musical devices, and entitled, respectively, "The Fountain of Valle Giulia at Dawn," "The Triton Fountain at Noon," "The Fountain of Trevi at Midday," "The Villa Medici Fountain at Sunset."

PRELUDES BY STRUBE

There were also performed for the first time in Boston four preludes for orchestra by Gustave Strube, composer and formerly violinist of the Boston Symphony, music which was very cordially received.

The final number was Richard Strauss' incomparable "Till Eulenspiegel," perhaps of all this composer's work the most perfect, unique in inspiration, in humor, in pathos, irony, and withal a legendary and fairy-like quality.

This work Mr. Monteux led brilliantly and with much sympathy for the composer's thought.

SYMPHONY CONCERT *Trans.* — Nov. 13, 1920 MANIFOLD MUSIC TO MANIFOLD PLEASURE

Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel" in New and Stimulating Voice—Respighi's Ingrating Tone-Poem — Amusing Preludes from Mr. Strube — Brahms, with Thrill from Both Piece and Performance

ALL in the day's work and the day's pleasure music of Richard Strauss was played and heard at the symphony Concert yesterday for the first time since the United States joined the war against Germany. In England, pouring out blood and treasure through five years of that war, his pieces have already regained place upon orchestral programmes, without audible demur. In America most conductors have begun similar restoration or are disposed to begin it—again without discoverable objection. Mr. Monteux is sensitive to the currents of the hour; like most open-minded musicians he warms to the better work of Strauss; he believes in catholic choice of programme; and yesterday, "Til Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" was the final number on his list.

Once more there was neither word nor act of protest. Nobody departed, beyond the usual waifs and strays of four o'clock, before the piece was played; and nobody lingered to applaud it. There was enough clapping to recall the conductor—with an effort; there was not enough to indicate a widespread zest for the tonal adventures of Til. There was too little, in fact, to make return for a performance such as Bostonian ears have been wont to hear. Eulenspiegel, however, has long been musically a baffling fellow, and perhaps Mr. Monteux's version of his rondo puzzled hearers the more. They could hardly have forgotten him in his four years of banishment; and for that reason, maybe, welcomed him back no more warmly. Years before the moods of wartime realigned orchestral repertoires, he was longer absent from Symphony Hall and few outwardly and audibly grieved.

Humor in tones is a perilous thing at a symphony concert, where, by working hypothesis, serious listeners assemble to listen to serious music. No doubt Strauss's piece needs responsive mood, and Mr. Monteux did his best to summon it. Dr. Muck's way with Til's music was to map it, so to say, upon the perceptions of the hearer. The ear heard, the mind perceived every line, inflection, tint and innuendo of the tone-poem. The hearer missed nothing and felt nothing—unless it was the

sensations of an ironic bystander, watching this buffoon at his tonal tricks and japes, observing the tonal fate visited upon him, responding to the wit of the tonal narrator. Mr. Monteux took another and quite as plausible a way with the music. He did not diagram it; rather he played it with unflagging humorous gusto, in one long burst of merriment gone half-mad. Hear, the conductor seemed to be saying to his audience, this cheeping, chortling, swaggering knave. Listen to him threshing through his pranks, upsetting the market-place, towing the women, making game of the learned doctors and finally getting his deserts from a pompous court. The hangman's rope twitches; a sigh for him and Til's sport is over, his tale done.

Of course Mr. Monteux made significant details salient, set sharp edge or broad edge to Strauss's measures, but what he seemed to seek and what he surely gained was the grotesque humor, the panoramic flash, the endless zest, vigor and flood of the music. So hearing, we listeners took for granted the fertility of Strauss's invention (as it then was), the aptness and the precision of his projecting means, his ability (as, again, it then was) to fuse form, procedure, imagery and impression into a single unescapable whole. Instead, we smiled at the sound and sight—for it is veritably so—of impish Til; craned our necks, as it were, to watch and relish his buffooneries, crowded into the court-room, saw him die with a touch of regret. We put by Strauss's technical mastery for the sake of his humorous gusto; we forgot to be ironic in the zest of the general merriment. Mr. Monteux did not let the music go quite mad. Perhaps no conductor can safely do that in the face of Strauss's exactions upon the orchestra. Besides what would the bourgeoisie say (who never go even half-mad) if Til and Strauss were so cut loose? Yet the conductor did give the tone-poem a comic heartiness, a gamesome warmth quite as much in accord with it as Dr. Muck's snapping wit and biting ironies. There is no more stimulating sensation at a Symphony Concert than a fresh point of view. And in the hearing of this music in new circumstance, what mattered Strauss's nationality, which, admittedly, in wartime or peacetime sits exceedingly light upon him? Enough that Strauss the individual—and it is the individual who counts in the arts—has written an incomparable music in "Til-Eulenspiegel," that keeps quality and makes impression the world around.

Mr. Monteux appreciates contrast in programme-making and before German Strauss and Flemish Til, he set Italian Respighi and his tone-poem, "The Fountains of Rome." A note lists the four fountains, hints at the mood or the vision each stirred in the composer; yet one and

all they have little to do with the music. Mr. Respighi might never have looked upon the fountain in Valle Giulia on the outskirts of the city and yet written his measures of misty dawn with the light creeping into the music and warming it. He might be as far from the fountains of the Triton and of Trevi as were his hearers in Boston, and yet set the sea-folk to sporting in tones, and summoned his sumptuous and sounding pageant of the passing sea-god. Remote from the gardens of the Villa Medici, composer may still know the tremulous light and air, the melancholy mood of sunset and bid his tones evoke them.

All this is pretty fancy, but Mr. Respighi's music, as symphonic music should be, is quite self-contained. He is whole-hearted modernist as he writes, but no perverse, assertive and "advanced" individualist. He plies a full modern orchestra with keen sense of timbres and an adroit hand, for fine-spun yet clear detail. He is not in the least afraid of dissonance when it suits his imaginative scheme; but he is not tireless pursuer of acrid harmonies. He has a Latin instinct for clear design, a Latin feeling for sensuous warmth and charm. His sea-pageant rings richly, pictorially, upon the ear. Large melodic sweep speeds and animates the music. A pensive charm colors the beginning of the tone-poem as though mood and music were brightening with the light. A gentle, musing melancholy exhales from the twilight close. Mr. Respighi finds the suggesting motif; unashamed he deepens and broadens it into persuasive and by no means too original melody. A more ingratiating piece than this tone-poem the Symphony Concerto have not known for long. With one accord the audience rose to it.

The other novel music of the afternoon—Mr. Strube's four Preludes—was amusing in the French sense of the word. There is not a reason in the world why a composer should not write Preludes for orchestra as Chopin wrote Preludes for piano—brief, moody, technically exacting pieces, fantasias as it were in little. Indeed it was happy notion on Mr. Strube's part so to do. And what a good time, as we used to say at school, he must have had in the doing! Fancy free, he can play with the chosen instruments as he does, for example, with the lower tones of the clarinet and the tinkle of the celesta. With a twinkle in his eye, he can write to the learned compiler of the programme-book about a "plain and simple" minuet and then slip intervals into it that would have sadly rasped eighteenth-century ears and even keep an edge for those of the twentieth. It must be fun to make little arabesques in tones for the mere sake of the design, and Mr. Strube takes five minutes of such pleasure in his first Prelude. Remembering, perhaps, how Chopin could be big-voiced and sustained in a Prelude for

piano, so is Mr. Strube in his second Prelude for orchestra. The third is the minuet aforesaid with its demure air of tonal innocence. The fourth is Mr. Strube's gay wave of farewell to his audience and to the orchestra with which he has toyed. Bye and large that audience may have taken no particular joy of him, but the knowing in modern ways with harmonies and timbres and pattern-weaving, have had just as good time as he. Once more, blessed are those who take their jobs lightly.

So back to Brahms and to the fourth symphony with which Mr. Monteux began the afternoon. The other day in New York, Mr. Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra played one or another of Brahms's symphonies—played it too elegantly for some ears, with too many finicking details and inflections. So doing, as a reviewer or two remarked, they missed the composer's large vigors and forthright progress. If Mr. Monteux, in turn, bears his Brahms to New York, he will at least escape such reproach. He caught the tossing rhythms, the impetuous movement, the wave-like surface, the plastic body of the first Allegro, the pervading ardor that keeps it aglow. The beauty may be grave, but it is also golden. It warms the mind and stirs the heart—the more, yesterday, for the rich tone and the supple precision of the strings, for the sensibility of the whole orchestra and of the conductor as well, to Brahms's dusky—not muddy—instrumental coloring.

Another sort of beauty haunts the unfolding line of the slow movement, while rich again were the tonal body and texture the band gave it. French clarity, French sense of just expression have uses with Brahms no less than with Gallic composers, and how well Mr. Monteux answered to the large, warm voice of the music. The scherzo went for exactly what it is—neither bustle nor flutter but playful vigor of fancy. And again, rich and plastic was the orchestral tone. In turn, the wood-winds, and especially Mr. Laurent at the flute, outdid themselves in the earlier and songful variations of the finale; while further onward, Mr. Monteux wrought a large-voiced Brahmsian tumult. There is a passion in this symphony though it be grave and measured; it has a noble line and voice; a tempered richness clothes it. Mr. Monteux gave it such eloquence, even if he did not altogether sustain the large and manifold outline, rising in tones as may be, in vision an architect conjures up his edifice. Such hint of halt, such momentary choppiness could not much lessen the vitality of the whole. Back came the old thrill in Brahms and thrill, too, as in older days of the band, to such richness of orchestral tone.

H. T. PARKER

FOUR PRELUDES GUSTAV STRUBE

(Born at Ballenstedt, March 3, 1867; now living at Baltimore, Md.)

Mr. Strube has kindly furnished these notes:—

"These little preludes do not need much explanation.

"The first one, Molto allegro, has only one theme which appears after a few measures of introduction and is developed into different little patterns. The character is that of a Scherzo.

"The second one, Quasi adagio, is a little more elaborate. The main theme of a pastoral character is played by the English horn. It is followed by a little development, combined with a new theme and then ended by the reappearance of the first one.

"The third one is in the character of a Minuet, viz., plain and simple.

Mr. Strube, having received his first instruction from his father, who was town musician in his native place, studied for four years at the Leipsic Conservatory,—the violin with Adolf Brodsky, the pianoforte with Alois Keckendorf, and composition with Carl Reinecke and Salomon Jadassohn. He taught at the Conservatory of Music at Mannheim. In 1891 he came to the United States and was engaged as one of the first violins of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He resigned this position in the spring of 1913 to become chief teacher of theory and composition at the Peabody Conservatory of Music at Baltimore. For several years he conducted the Popular Concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and also the orchestral pieces at the Worcester County (Mass.) Music Festivals.

THE PADEREWSKI PRIZES

Mr. William P. Blake, surviving trustee of the I. J. Paderewski Fund for American Composers, offers two prizes for the current year: One of one thousand (\$1,000) dollars for a Symphony and one of five hundred (\$500) dollars for a piece of Chamber Music, either for strings alone or for pianoforte or other solo instrument or instruments, with strings.

The judges who have agreed to serve are Charles Martin Loeffler, Wallace Goodrich and Frederick Stock.

The prizes are open only to American-born citizens, or to those born in Europe of American parents. The pieces offered must never have been performed in public, and never offered at any previous competition. They must be sent in under an assumed name or motto, with the composer's real name and address enclosed in a sealed envelope sent at the same time. Each orchestral score must be accompanied by an arrangement for the pianoforte for four hands.

The pieces are to be sent to Mrs. Elizabeth C. Allen, Secretary for the Paderewski Fund, at the New England Conservatory of Music, Gainsborough Street and Huntington Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts, between September 15 and September 20, 1921, and no earlier or later. The judges reserve the right to make no award, if the compositions sent in do not seem of sufficient merit to deserve prizes.

The decision of a majority of the judges is to be binding on all parties concerned.

The trustees assume no responsibility for the loss of manuscript while in transit.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920-21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SIXTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, AT 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, AT 8 P.M.

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in C major, (Köchel No. 425)

- I. Adagio; Allegro spiritoso
- II. Poco adagio
- III. Menuetto
- IV. Presto

MASON,

FIVE SONGS for Baritone and Orchestra. op. 18.
"Russians"

- a) A Drunkard
- b) A Concertina Player
- c) A Revolutionary
- d) A Boy
- e) A Prophet

RAVEL,

SUITE for Orchestra, "Le Tombeau de Couperin."
("Couperin's Tomb")

- I. Prelude
- II. Forlane
- III. Menuet
- IV. Rigaudon

ENESCO,

ROUMANIAN RHAPSODY in A major, op. 11 .No. 1

Soloist:

REINALD WERRENRATH

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

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Reinald Werrenrath

SIXTH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Early Work of Mozart
Given for First Time
in Twenty Years

WERRENRATH SINGS SONGS BY MASON

By PHILIP HALE

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Symphony in C major (K. 425); Mason, "Russians," five songs for baritone and orchestra; Ravel, "Couperin's Tomb," Suite for orchestra (first time in America); Enesco, Roumanian Rhapsody, A major, op. 11, No. 1. Reinald Werrenrath was the singer.

The music by Mozart had not been played at Symphony for 20 years. The neglect is surprising, for, although this work was written hurriedly and before the famous three symphonies with which we are all familiar, it still has life and beauty; it is still a proof of Mozart's delicate sense of proportion; melodically it is eminently Mozartian. Mr. Monteux did not double the wind instruments; he employed those indicated by Mozart and reduced the string choir, a sane proceeding, for thus the music did not lose its character, nor did it lack strength.

The performance was in fine taste, and most euphonious. Strings and the oboes sang; melodic passages of Mozart must be sung as the old Italians understood that word. And of all the masters before Beethoven and of many down to the present time, Mozart demands perfection in performance; he gained beautiful effects with the utmost economy of means.

It is not easy to forget the singer in speaking of Mr. Mason's songs. Mr. Werrenrath was the first to sing them; he has made them his own. What would other baritones do with them? Mr. Mason chose verses of Mr. Bynner and endeavored to emphasize their meaning by the employment of a huge orchestra.

A huge orchestra may be used discreetly in the accompaniment of a song, but it is not necessary either in accompaniment or in a symphonic work to have all the instruments at work all the time, as some composers think, especially the young men of symphonic poems and the post-Wagnerian composers of Germany. Mr. Mason has some lucky strokes in his instrumentation, but too often the voice was covered, nor was this the fault of the singer or of Mr. Monteux.

While the voice part is written frequently as if it were an orchestral instrument, with a disregard for easily sung and effective intervals, there are times when, with a simpler accompaniment, it would be sufficiently dramatic. Mr. Werrenrath's diction, as we all know, is unusually clear and significant, but such taxing demands are made upon him by Mr. Mason, that more than once the text was not intelligible.

Without question, the composer comprehended the spirit of the verses; he was able to differentiate; but the expression of his musical translation was too often labored, and even inconsequential, in spite of the stress and storm, the shouting and the orchestral fury. Mr. Werrenrath's part in the performance was worthy of the highest praise; so, too, was the orchestra's led by Mr. Monteux. The singer re-created Mr. Mason's music: he almost persuaded the hearer that it was inherently dramatic and eloquent. Especially noteworthy was Mr. Werrenrath's interpretation of "A Drunkard," and "A Revolutionary"; while in "A Prophet" he was as fanatical as any Hebrew in the desert or in a voluptuous city, trumpeting the Lord's approaching day of wrath.

Ravel wrote a Suite for piano; a Suite in six movements; each inscribed to the memory of a comrade killed in the war. He transcribed four of these movements for a small orchestra, and with what exquisite art! It was unfortunate for Mr. Mason that the display of this art followed the performance of his orchestral accompaniment. Is it possible that Ravel, giving the title "Couperin's Tomb" to this suite in the ancient manner, or as that great master of the clavecin might write for orchestra today, if he were a colleague of Ravel, infused a peculiar melancholy in two of the dance movements, remembering his dead friends?

The Forlane, for example, was a very lively dance of the gondoliers in Venice; but no one hearing the Forlane of yesterday, played in accordance with Ravel's indication, would have believed this. Charming music is this Suite and it was charmingly performed. It deserved heartier appreciation than it

gained, for, musically considered, it was the feature of the concert.

The performance of Enesco's rhapsody was extraordinarily brilliant. It was the fifth time at these concerts, but yesterday the rhapsody was played with a sweep and a dash, with a sense of color and a spirit of rhythmic intoxication that caused all previous performances to seem pale and phlegmatic.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is announced as follows: Mendelssohn, Octet in E flat for strings, Op. 20; Franck, symphonic piece from "The Redemption"; Stravinsky, orchestral suite from the ballet, "Petrouchka."

NEW WORK PLAYED BY SYMPHONY

Reinald Werrenrath Is
Soloist at Con-
cert

BY OLIN DOWNES

Reinald Werrenrath, baritone, was soloist at the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall, and he sang a cycle of songs, "Russia," by Daniel Gregory, heard for the first time in this city. Ravel's suite, originally composed for piano, and now orchestrated, "Le Tombeau de Couperin," was played for the first time in America.

A little known symphony of Mozart in C major (Kochel No. 425) opened the programme and an amazing performance of Enesco's A major Roumanian Rhapsody brought it to a close.

MR. WERRENRATH'S SINGING

Mr. Werrenrath gave proof again of his remarkable talent, his intelligence, his musicianship, his mastery of his voice which has become more striking every year. The songs of Mr. Mason could hardly have had a more sympathetic, appreciative, enthusiastic interpretation. Fortunate the composer with such an artist to present his work to the public! Unfortunate the public which has to listen to such deadly dull music by a composer!

The audience applauded Mr. Werrenrath very warmly. He would have had an even greater success with better material.

For Small Orchestra

Mozart's symphony was played by an orchestra reduced in numbers so as to be more in consonance with Mozart's instrumentation and style, and the experiment was very successful. Conductors of orchestral concerts in large halls hesitate to reduce a modern symphony orchestra, admittedly too heavy and thick for the fineness and transparency of Mozart's scoring, because they fear the tone will be lost in the large auditorium. It did not prove so yesterday. The performance was as admirable as it was effective, and the symphony should be heard more often.

It may not be the "Jupiter" symphony, which is in the same key. It may not equal the great three symphonies which Mozart wrote and which are played over and over again—the "Jupiter" and the symphonies in G minor and E flat. Nevertheless Mozart did write other symphonies than those three, and nearly everything Mozart wrote has enough genius in it to warrant a hearing. The C major symphony heard yesterday is a delightful work, as it was delightfully played.

It is hard to understand the relation between Ravel's dedication of a suite of four movements in the ancient manner, "Le Tombeau de Couperin," with the war, and brave comrades who died, to whom he has dedicated the different movements. Of the four movements, only the Menuet is grave and melancholy. The other dances are lively and humorous and little miracles of genius and skill.

The more one hears of Ravel the more one marvels at the versatility of his mind, his almost magical technic, and the fact that he never repeats himself in his music, seeming invariably to do extremely well the particular task he sets himself. Here we have a somewhat archaic "Prelude," "Forlane," "Menuet" and "Rigaudon." There is wit; there is irony; there is the wanton employment of extremely dissonant intervals and harmonies which result

from them with incredibly piquant effect. Modern in harmonic texture, the music never steps out of its old-fashioned frame, and at times it rises to heights of rare and haunting beauty. Such are the beauties of the sad and retrospective "Menuet" and of the captivating middle section of the "Rigaudon," the section in which Mr. Longy's oboe solo was delivered with incomparable art.

Really Heard for First Time

Finally, there was such a performance of Enesco's Roumanian Rhapsody as had not been heard or scarcely hinted at at these concerts. Much, Fiedler, had played the piece repeatedly. It had even gone on "Pop" programme. It had seemed very long, without sufficient contrast or development of its ideas, its folk tunes.

Yesterday it was coherent in its development, exhilarating, intoxicating, maddening, if you like, in the highest degree. It is real peasant music, and like Roumanian folk-music, one theme will have a Slavic twist and another will appear to come from farther away, from Persia or Turkey, let us say. The revel becomes always wilder, and the primitive energy and abandon of the music seizes everyone, as it would seize wild dancers in another land. Then there is the orchestration, the most intriguing, exciting, provocative orchestration, which sets off with sheer genius the musical ideas.

Enesco's music had been played before at these concerts: it was heard for the first time yesterday, and amply deserving by Mr. Monteux and his men was the audience's tribute, tribute not only to an individual performance, but for the wonderful way in which this conductor is developing the orchestra.

SYMPHONY HEARERS GIVEN NOVEL FEAST

Work of Mozart Revived
After 20 Years

There was only one number on the program of yesterday's Symphony concert which was not new to nearly everyone in the audience, Enesco's Roumanian Rhapsody. The symphony was one of the four Mozart wrote in the key of C major, not the familiar "Jupiter," but an earlier work unheard here since 1900, numbered 425 in the Kochel index.

Mason's "Russians" and Ravel's orchestral version of his piano pieces grouped under the fanciful title "Couperin's Tomb" were both new to Boston.

Mr. Monteux, unlike his predecessors, used for the Mozart an orchestra no larger than those for which the composer wrote. He reduced the number of strings so as to restore the original balance between strings and woodwind. The innovation immediately justified itself by the greater grace and delicacy imparted to the performance, the best Monteux has yet given of an 18th century classic.

Reinald Werrenrath sang the Mason songs as though he were not quite convinced that they had unusual merit. Mr. Mason has been at different times a pupil of Ethelbert Nevin and of Vincent D'Indy. From the latter he has learned a great and intricate variety of orchestral, harmonic and contrapuntal devices for concealing the sort of melodic imagination found in the work of the former. The singer's voice and reputation won him numerous recalls.

Ravel is probably the cleverest composer who ever succeeded in making a little genius go a long way by the aid of a great deal of skill. He reminds one in this respect of Saint Saens, over whom he has nowadays the advantage of employing tricks which have not had time yet to grow stale and commonplace. The "Tomb of Couperin" is a group of four immensely ingenious trifles, which has its full effect only on those observant of the technique employed. The music says almost nothing, but says it with superlative adroitness.

Enesco's Rhapsody is rather crudely entertaining light music by a composer less learned than Mason and less clever than Ravel. It was superbly played, better than we have ever heard it and enthusiastically applauded. But all three of these moderns fade into insignificance beside the genuine power and beauty of Mozart, even in a lesser work.

Next week the orchestra will play an octet by Mendelssohn for string orchestra; the Interlude from Franck's "Redemption"; and, for the first time here a suite from Stravinsky's "Petrouchka."

Mr. Monteux's New Music *Trans. Nov. 18, 1920*

The orchestral novelty of the Symphony Concerts this week is Ravel's Suite, "The Tomb of Couperin," originally published for the piano and subsequently arranged for orchestra by the composer. At least in music, new wine can sometimes be put into old bottles; and that is what Ravel has accomplished in this Suite. The four pieces—Prelude, Forlane, Menuet and Rigaudon—are all in the manner, as the 20th century may imitate it of Couperin and Rameau. The Forlane is a dance of Italian origin not often encountered; it runs in six-eight time and is as the indication Allegretto suggests, of a graceful character. The other pieces need no comment. Ravel's harmony is modern, but with a strongly diatonic cast, and nowhere is he

very far from the spirit of his models. His orchestral requirements are modest: two flutes, an oboe and English horn, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns, one trumpet, harp and strings—practically the orchestra of Mozart, yet the scoring is that of today. In short, the Suite is adroit, charming music that should give immediate pleasure.

Another new piece—or rather series of pieces—will also be heard, "Russians," five songs for baritone and orchestra, with verse by Witter Bynner, music by Daniel Gregory Mason and Mr. Werrenrath as singer. When he sang them in New York with Mr. Damrosch's orchestra last winter, Mr. Spaeth wrote the following note about the songs for *The Transcript*:

Mr. Bynner's poems, if they can be called such, are couched in the colloquial, conversational style that made the horrors of his "Tiger" so realistic. As in that play, a vein of sardonic humor runs through most of them, something not easily caught in musical terms. The series, which appeared originally in the Metropolitan Magazine, describes in the first person the sensations of a Drunkard, a Concertina-Player, a Revolutionary, a Boy and a Prophet.

Mr. Mason has attempted only here and there to suggest a definite Russian atmosphere in his music for these free-hand sketches. The Russian quality is most marked in the second and third songs. The second ("The Concertina-Player") in particular is built upon a theme which might easily be an actual Russian folk-song, and treated somewhat in the manner of Chaikovsky, with an occasional hint of Musorgsky himself. . . . The aimless wandering of the tramp musician sounds perhaps in the monotonous bass, and the whimsicalities of the monologue are fairly closely followed in the declaration, particularly at the end, when the musician proudly offers this delicious testimony of his powers: "I often play for beggars, and they pay me!"

"The Drunkard" is remarkable chiefly for the cruelly high range of the vocal part. Here the text cries out for a rollicking tune of the folk type, with more regard for rhythmic individuality than accuracy of declamation. "The Revolutionary" has much national atmosphere, but the text suffers from such trite phrases as "Nothing has hurt like your misunderstanding me," and "It would not be so hard." There is a solemn, almost gloomy mood here, which contrasts with the rest of Mr. Mason's music. "A Boy" is picturesque and imaginative, containing the lightest and happiest touches of the series, both in words and in music, yet less significant than some of the others in actual content.

Mr. Bynner saved his flamboyant satire for the final poem, "A Prophet." In this burlesque of religious fanaticism, he makes his hero, after commanding universal suicide in preparation for the end of the world, utter this unique farewell:

I take my leave of you, I lead the way,
Hand me the rope, make sure the noose
will slip,

Forgive me if I have not saved your souls.
And I forgive you for not listening.
My mother I forgive for bearing me,
My father for begetting me,
Mankind for being like me.
So farewell! Receive me, God!

Mr. Mason revels in the opportunities for realistic suggestion in these lines, as well as in the preceding details of "the knife, the gun, the rope," and he hangs his prophet finally with a musical timing of the drop worthy of a Berlioz or a Strauss. Technically this music, like most of the rest, is an impressive feat. A close analysis might disclose the fact that Mr. Werrenrath's interpretation has more to do with the success of the cycle than the work of either poet or composer.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

NEW MUSIC AND A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT

Mozart from a Small and Plastic Orchestra—Ravel Amuses with the Ways of the Ancients—Mr. Werrenrath's, Mr. Mason's and Mr. Bynner's "Russians"—Finally a Blaze of Roumanian Wildness

IN his usual quiet fashion Mr. Monteux has made another change for the better in the ways of the Symphony Concerts. Yesterday afternoon, for the first time, as it seemed, within the longest memory, a symphony of the eighteenth century was played by a relatively small orchestra. It happened to be a symphony of Mozart, written late in his fertile twenties and unheard hereabouts since 1900. According to the practice of his time he scored it for two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, kettle-drum and strings. According to precedent at Symphony Hall and almost everywhere else, Mr. Monteux should have employed nearly his full string choir and doubled the other parts to cope with this body of tone. Instead, he kept the paired wind instruments of Mozart's design and reduced violins, violas, violoncellos and double-basses until the

whole band approximated in numbers and balance a concert-orchestra of the composer's day. It sufficed for sonority in every corner of the hall. It gained a lightness of tone that was truer and more natural voice to the music than sixty strings and a doubled wind choir can possibly be. It achieved a corresponding suppleness of pace, accent, modulation. The symphony moved fleetly, transparently. No longer did unescapable weight of tone stiffen plasticity, over-emphasize turn and transition, cloud harmonic brightness, dull light play with figures. As the symphony sounded to hearers at Linz in 1783, so now, in measure, it entered the ears of Bostonians in 1920. At Mr. Monteux's hands long-standing theory at last became altogether justifiable practice.

Throughout, for the change, the music pleased the more. This little symphony in C major—long a favorite with Mr. Monteux in Paris—has none of the gravity or the latent power of the three symphonies of Mozart's final years. It begins gently, slowly, songfully; the ensuing Allegro brings the zest of graceful invention and plastic progress. The slow movement sings simply, pensively. The Minuet is simpler still and not less gracious. The Finale ripples brightly, swiftly. Always it is as though the ear were taking the pure pleasure of music spun like an embroidery upon the air with fancy to shape it and charm to clothe it. The pleasure was the keener and ampler for the transparency, the pifancy, of the transmitting voices. For once, Mozart's fine and vibrant line was neither thickened nor stiffened; his playful or musing modulations were as little glints upon the surface of the music; figure and arabesque ran light and bright; there was sheen upon the harmonic and instrumental texture of the whole. To gain these qualities and to add to them felicity of pace and rhythm and grace of mood is to summon the simple charm, the musical delight of such a symphony. Mr. Monteux could hardly have made happier experiment.

Set magic upon some composer among the ancients—not Mozart this time, but say Monsieur Couperin of the Versailles of Louis XIV. and the Paris of the Regency. Let that magic possess him for the moment with the ways of the twentieth century in modulation, harmony, instrumental color, while otherwise he keeps his native simplicity, fancy, elegance. How would he have written? Perhaps much as Monsieur Ravel writes in the little suite played yesterday for the first time in America and called "Couperin's Tomb," which, being freely interpreted, is a garland of music wound about that resting-place. Originally, six short pieces for piano were twined into it. Discarding a Fugue and a Toccata,

the composer re-made the other four—Prelude, Forlane, Minuet and Rigadoon—for an orchestra hardly larger than Mozart's and appropriately so. In the process Ravel has piled a sophisticated simplicity. He modulates often as with the tips of his fingers. Delicately he sets in characteristic harmonies. Finely he spins the instrumental strands, lays on no more than flecks of light and shade. Everywhere his touch is apt, sure, elegant. There are details of rare finesse and details as well of smiling fancy.

If Couperin hears through the cracks of his tomb, he has reason to be well pleased. "Had I known," he may even say to himself, "so should I have written." With equal reason he may take pleasure in the bright and graceful measures of the Prelude, the rhythmic animation of the lightly springing Forlane as the Venetians named their dance; the formal flow of the minuet, gentle and not too stately; the lively progress of the piping, twinkling Rigadoon. Ravel designs his tonal masquerade after the best models, wears it at happy and pleasurable ease. Yet now and then the familiar lines of his musical figure, so to say, and the sound of his own voice will betray him. Enough that he has been adroit, felicitous, amusing—a little master of playful finesse. Once upon a time he could write sardonic parodies of other men's music. With another turn of the same talent, he now chise's miniatures after Couperin.

Anything but miniatures were the five songs for baritone and orchestra, sung by Mr. Werrenrath, at last called to the Symphony Concerts as no solo voice in a choral piece but as "assisting artist" in his own right. Long since he deserved the call and an audience mindful of his deserts welcomed him warmly, expectantly. His own choice were these "Russians" and before he had proceeded far poet and composer clearly owed him much. The poet is Witter Bynner who wrote these "character-pieces" in free verse after a vivid, sympathetic book about Russia had engrossed and kindled him. In the first "The Drunkard," half fuddled with liquor, muses upon the unhappy state of one denied by his wife the shelter of his own roof. Yet does an inner warmth comfort him. In the second, a "Concertina-Player" sings of a lot by no means without compensations, as he tramps the open road and even beggars throw him coppers for his music. In the third a condemned "Revolutionary" speaks to a father and especially to a mother—too far away to hear—of the love he bears them, of the deep and simple devotion within him. To the mother:

I have no sweetheart except you and earth,
And earth is a strange sweetheart.
It sees me strong and young and beautiful,
Yet has no wish for me.
I must give up, go out.
I who have cared so much!

The fourth is no more than vignette of gray sky, gray geese across it, gray water with a girl's white feet mirrored in it and gray-eyed boy watching, wondering. Last a "Prophet" exuberantly foretells a general doom and gives himself ardently to the sacrifice of a hangman's noose.

So far Mr. Bynner, ironic of humor with his drunkard; fantastic of humor with his prophet; lyric with his gray vision; ironic still, but warming with his tramp-musician;

grave and glowing with his devoted prisoner. With the five also is he graphic and concentrated always. Then enter Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason with music that, in scheme, Mahler's "cycles" of songs for voice and orchestra may have suggested. Seemingly he knows as little of Russians at first hand as Mr. Bynner and in his measures a single hearing discovers small trace of Russian idiom outside the song of the concertina-player. Rather he works from the direct suggestion of the verse upon his powers of imagination and characterization in tones. Yet not so much in characterization as in running comment, illustrating, enforcing the progress of each song.

Don Juan springs into being in Strauss's tone-poem; human figures take shape and spirit in the songs of Wolf and Musorgsky. Mr. Mason can do no such office for Mr. Bynner's personages. No more can he illuminate them with Wagner's flashes of divination and projection. What he can do and does do is to mate his music closely to the verse, following the rough contours, heeding the irregular rhythms. At the same time, that music sharpens details as in the final song of the fanatic; widens the vision as when the tramp-musician sings of the sunny open road; sustains a gentle atmosphere as in the lyric in gray; underscores the drunkard's jerky musings; seeks but not quite gains the mingled glow and bitterness of the "Revolutionary's" longings. Various, incessantly, and often graphically Mr. Mason's music is illustrative; yet minute and close-bound to the verse as it so must be, he holds it firmly and elastically together, keeps it in steady motion. Not often is it music of impinging imagination; rather it is music of mental energy and resource conceived, applied with no small will. By so much it is tour de force in kind.

Finally enters Mr. Werrenrath to begin where the others end. Mr. Bynner has sketched the characters; Mr. Mason has lighted and shaded them. It remains for the singer to call them to life, to give them individualizing speech and spirit. Like Mahler, the composer often treats the voice as though it were but another instrument in his orchestra. Mr. Bynner's verse is not readily "singable." Nothing daunted Mr. Werrenrath sets to his declamation. When he has done, drunkard and fanatic, wanderer and prisoner, the boy of the gray day have each lived their moment to ear and imagination. If Mr. Mason has done his feat of illustrative music, still more has Mr. Werrenrath done his of characterization in tones. All his powers of voice, command of song, vigors of imagination join together to this single end and accomplish it. The propulsive force that poet and composer miss he summons. They are heard and noted. He vanishes, while through him these Russians speak.

Another wildness ended the concert—the wildness of Enesco's Roumanian Rhapsody. Up and down, forward and back, he whips bare and sinewy motifs. Fiercely and more fiercely beat the rhythms. Modulations bite; suspensions tingle; repetitions drive home. The music crouches for breath, then springs forward again, leaping ever higher. A conductor would be made of stone, an orchestra would be adamant, did they not catch fire from this barbaric blaze. Rather Mr. Monteux and his men flamed with it. He flung it out as though it were the wildest of ballets; they, as in the old days laid on and spared not, as supple and sure as they were stout. No wonder the other two rhapsodies have disappeared as failures. A composer may hardly have more than one such piece within him.

H. T. PARKER

The sixth concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place on November 19 with the following program: Mozart, Symphony in C major (Köchel No. 425); Mason, "Russians," five songs for baritone and orchestra, op. 18; Ravel, "Le Tombeau de Couperin"; Enesco, Roumanian rhapsody in A major, op. 11, No. 1. The distinctive feature of this concert was the performance of Mozart's symphony. For it, the orchestra was reduced in numbers. This served to give the work a more intimate appeal, without any crude attempt at archaism. The playing of this small "chamber orchestra" was a marvel of grace and elegance. The phrases were sung with an exquisite sense of proportion and the quality of tone was a delight to the ear. It is without doubt one of the most distinctive things which Mr. Monteux has done in Boston so far. Reinald Werrenrath sang Daniel Gregory Mason's "Russians" for the first time in Boston. They are settings of poems by Witter Bynner. The rough realism of these poems call for the musical genius of the Moussorgsky type to give them an adequate musical interpretation. Mr. Mason's settings, to our way of thinking, fail to catch the distinctive note of the poems.

At a first hearing there seems to be no reason why the music to one poem would not do equally well for another. There are various preludes, interludes and postludes which seem to have no apparent reason for their introduction, as they create no atmosphere and in several cases serve only to hinder the movement of the song. There is much searching for effect in the orchestration, and occasional moments of unusual color are the result. Ravel's suite was played for the first time in America. The material is already familiar in a piano-forte version. In its orchestral form the suite appeals by its whimsical fancy. The interpretation was remarkable for its virtuosity, particularly on the part of the wood-wind instruments. The brilliant orchestration of Enesco's Roumanian Rhapsody failed to conceal its harmonic poverty and rhythmic vulgarity.



REINALD WERRENATH

SYMPHONY TO GIVE CHILDREN'S CONCERTS

Harvard — Nov. 23/26
Conductor Monteux Arranging Program for Dec. 7 and 9

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will devote the week of Dec. 5 to two concerts, given on the evenings of Dec. 7 and Dec. 9, for the pleasure of the younger generation, instead of giving the regular two concerts in Symphony Hall that week. The experiment was tried last year, and its success was so apparent that the programs will be arranged in much the same way as they were at that time. Their design is to acquaint young persons of Boston and vicinity with symphonic music as played by the full orchestra under its regular conductor.

Pierre Monteux is arranging a program which will represent the finest music in the orchestral repertory, but which will be simple and of direct appeal.

Mr. REINALD WERRENATH, baritone, was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., on August 7, 1883. He went back to Copenhagen with his parents, where they lived for two years, and then returned to Brooklyn. When he was ten years old he began to study the violin, but five years later he turned his attention to singing. His first teacher was his father,* a Danish tenor of high reputation in Europe and this country. Later, young Werrenrath studied with other teachers in this country. Hav-

* George Werrenrath, a native of Copenhagen, having sung in opera and concert in European cities, came to the United States in 1876, when he made Brooklyn his home. Solo tenor of Plymouth Church, he was associated with Theodore Thomas in concert trips and he sang in opera—"Faust," "Der Freischütz," "Lohengrin." His first appearance in Boston was at a Theodore Thomas concert on November 20, 1876, when he sang an air from Handel's "Sosarme" and Clay's "Sands of Dee." It is said that he was the first in this country to give a series of song recitals (February, 1877, with Carl Wolfsohn, pianist). Mr. Werrenrath died at Brooklyn in 1898.

ing attended the schools in that city, he entered New York University. At college he led the Glee Club, and for four years was the conductor of the University Heights Choral Society. He sang in several church choirs. In 1908 he attracted attention by singing the music of Carac-tacus in Elgar's oratorio of the same name at the Worcester (Mass.) Festival. In 1913 he gave recitals in London, Paris, Berlin, and else-where; he again sang in London last summer. He made a tour of the United States with Mme. Farrar in 1915, and a tour to the Pacific Coast in 1918. He was engaged at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1918, and made his début as Silvio in "Pagliacci," February 19, 1919.

He has sung with the leading orchestras of this country.

Mr. Werrenrath gave a concert with Beatrice Harrison, violoncellist, on January 15, 1914, in Jordan Hall; sang in Symphony Hall with Mme. Samaroff on November 15, 1914; with Mme. Farrar on October 30, November 14, 1915. In October, 1917, he gave a recital; on March 26 and April 2, 1918, he sang with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in a performance of Bach's Passion Music according to Matthew. On May 2, 1919, he sang at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra when Saint-Saëns's "The Lyre and the Harp" was performed here for the first time. He gave recitals on November 7, 1919, and January 17, 1920; on April 4, 1920, he sang the music of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" at a Handel and Haydn concert; and on October 10 he sang with E. Robert Schmitz in Symphony Hall.

He has composed male choruses and edited the "New Arion" and "Modern Scandinavian Songs."

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920--21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SEVENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, AT 8 P. M.

MENDELSSOHN,

OCTETTE for Striugs in E flat, op. 20

- I. Allegro moderato ma con fuoco
- II. Andante
- III. Scherzo; Allegro leggierissimo
- IV. Presto

RESPIGHI,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Fontane di Roma," (Foun-tains of Rome)

The Fountain of Valle Giulia at dawn. The Triton Foun-tain at morn. The Fountain of Trevi at mid-day. The Villa Medici Fountain at sunset

STRAVINSKY,

SYMPHONIC SUITE from the Ballet "Petrouchka"
Piano Solo, RAYMOND HAVENS

- I. Fete populaire de la Semaine Grasse. Danse Russe. Fair in Festival Week. Russian Dance
- II. Chez Petrouchka. (Petrouchka at Home)
- III. Fete Populaire de la Semaine Grasse. Vers le soir. Danse des Nourrons. Danse des Cochers et des Palfren-iers. Toward Evening. Nurses' Dance. Dance of Coachmen and Grooms.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after Mendelssohn's Octette

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte



Stravinsky
(From a Recent Photograph)

1920

7TH SYMPHONY CONCERT GIVEN

Herald — *Nov 27, 1920*

Mendelssohn's Octet Displays Remarkable Skill of String Choir

MONTEUX PLEASES IN CHOICE OF PIECES

By PHILIP HALE

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Mendelssohn, Octet, E flat major, op. 20 for the string choir; Respighi, "Fountains of Rome," Symphonic poem; Stravinsky, Orchestral suite from the ballet, "Petrouchka," (first time at these concerts).

Mendelssohn wrote this Octet when he was 16 years old. It was at the time an astonishing feat for so young a man; the Octet still commands respect by the workmanship displayed; the fantastical Scherzo is still heard with great pleasure; the other movements have aged. Would that Mendelssohn had always written in the vein of this Scherzo and of another early work, the overture to "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream!" What might he not have accomplished if he had been poor; if he had not been flattered by adoring family and friends; if he had been knocked about the world and had not been wrapped in cotton-wool? There is the Mendelssohn of the works already mentioned, also the "Hebrides" overture, "The Walpurgis Night," the Scherzo in F sharp minor for the piano; then, unfortunately, there is the mass of music by Mendelssohn, the ineffable prig. His music too often brings to mind the portrait in which he is shown with a billowing ruffled shirt and a huge shirt-pin, already to step into an English parlor or to play for the Prince Consort; or as in the caricature by Aubrey Beardsley with pen in hand, probably about to write to some one about the shocking ballet of nuns in

"Robert the Devil," or to express his horror at the sight of poor little Zerkina undressing and singing before the looking glass in "Fra Diavolo."

The Octet had not been heard at a Symphony concert for many years. It tests the strings and is good practice for them. The performance yesterday was excellent. The city may well be proud of this string choir.

It was a pleasure to hear Respighi's beautiful music again, and Mr. Monteux is to be thanked for answering so graciously the request of many. As a rule, an unfamiliar piece is played once, then put on the shelf and not taken down again for many months, or even some years. This is not fair to the audience or the composer, especially when the idiom of the latter is novel. Mr. Monteux is bringing forward many new works by the younger composers of various countries and various schools, while he does not neglect the old masters. This is wise; this is necessary, unless knowledge with appreciation of music becomes stagnant. Undue familiarity with the great works of the old masters is injurious to them. We hear the symphonies of Beethoven so often that it is not easy to recognize the beauty and the grandeur of the better ones. Haydn, a man of many symphonies, is represented from year to year, only by a few that we knew as children by playing them in four-handed arrangements with a teacher or a maiden-aunt. Weber wrote other overtures than the everlasting three. For many years the younger men have not had opportunity to be heard. How woefully scanty, for example, is our acquaintance with the young orchestral composers of Great Britain! But hearing of an important new work at long intervals is not enough to form a judgment; to confirm a sane opinion, favorable or unfavorable.

Great is Stravinsky, writer of ballet music, and Mr. Monteux is his prophet. No wonder that he wished to perform the music of "Petrouchka," for, intimately associated with the composer, he has conducted the first performance of many of his works and many performances thereafter, and with the composer he chose the pages for concert use.

But the music of "Petrouchka," remarkable as it is with the ballet on the stage, is not so well suited for concert performance as is the music of Stravinsky's "Fire-Bird." It is as closely connected with the action, as inseparable, as the music of "Pelleas and Melisande" is with the situations, the dialogue and the emotions. Many pages that amuse or thrill when Petrouchka, the Moor and the Ballerine are playing out the tragedy have no significance in the

concert hall; they merely excite surprise, or possibly the indignation of the hopelessly conservative who roll their eyes in ecstasy at the mention of Brahms, and would loudly applaud a smug interpretation of Hummel's piano concerto in A minor. Nevertheless Igor Stravinsky is a man to be reckoned with and his music should be heard—heard more than once. The performance yesterday was brilliant.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week; the orchestra will be away.

On Tuesday Dec. 7, Thursday Dec. 9, and Friday Dec. 10 at 4 P. M., the Young People's Concert will take place.

The program of the Symphony Concert on Friday afternoon Dec. 17 and Saturday evening Dec. 18 will be as follows: Weber, overture to "Preciosa"; Brahms, violin concerto (Mr. Burgin, violinist); Bax "In the Faery Hills," Symphonic poem (first time in America); Balakireff, "Islamey," Oriental Fantasy for piano, orchestrated by Alfred Casella (first time in Boston).

A RUSSIAN BALLET BY SYMPHONY

Post Nov. 27, 1920
Stravinsky "Petrouchka" Creates Very Deep Impression

BY OLIN DOWNES

Ultra-modern music, prefaced by one of the earliest compositions of Felix Mendelssohn, made the programme interpreted by the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The Mendelssohn composition was the Octet for String's op. 20. It was completed in the composer's 16th year. It served to display the splendid tone of the string choir of

the orchestra, and possibly, also, Mr. Monteux played it to take the curse off the peppery discords of the music of Stravinsky's music to the ballet "Petrouchka" which came at the end of the programme.

Between these two compositions stood the supreme offering of the afternoon, the symphonic poem, "Fountains of Rome," by the young modern Italian, Respighi, wisely repeated after its success when performed for the first time in Boston at the Symphony concerts of two weeks preceding.

NOT HEARD SINCE 1885

Mendelssohn's music has not been heard at these concerts since 1885. It is in four very long and platitudinous movements, of which the scherzo is undoubtedly the best. The orchestra was called to its feet after this performance. The applause must have been for the brilliant playing. It is hard to conceive of any who in this day and age would be stirred by the babbling commonplace of this work.

Stravinsky's music was heard for the first time at these concerts, and the performance was masterly from every standpoint. This is music intended first of all, of course, to go with a stage spectacle.

Extraordinary Originality

Having seen the ballet, which was given a number of times by the Ballet Russe in this city, the music again made a deep impression on the writer, because of its vitality, its dramatic, characterizing power, its rough popular humor, the scraps of Russian folk music so vigorously employed, and the extraordinary originality of both harmony and instrumentation.

How much this music meant to many unacquainted with the stage spectacle, it is not so easy to say. They probably often wondered what it was all about, while other hearers, who had also been beholders, saw before them the riotous throng at the fair in the admiralty market place, the dances of peasants, players, traders and the like; the two organ grinders; the old magician at whose bidding Petrouchka—symbolizing, it is said, the Russian people—dances and mimes; the pains and smarts of Petrouchka, beaten, writhing and groaning, while wind instruments sound discordant; Petrouchka's struggles against the vile Moor, and all his evil; and the fair again, the merriment growing wilder, and finally, in the pale light of the dawn, the ghost of the murdered

Petrouchka, frantically waving its arms over the top of the magician's booth.

Score a Marvel of Genius

The score is a marvel of genius, genius which creates with the certainty and the recklessness and prodigality of inspiration which can do anything with the tonal materials employed. The work hangs together even in the concert-room, without explanatory evolutions and gestures on the stage. The conclusion, the eerie, ghastly music of Petrouchka's end, puts the hearer under a spell, even when he is far from the theatre. Above all, there is felt continually the background of life, the commotion, the bustle, the clattering tongues of the crowd, the wildness and extravagance of drunken dances, of legendary songs shouted out by revelers.

All this is in Stravinsky's music. It was felt, if not wholly apprehended, by many unfamiliar with the scenes of the ballet. Yet it must be admitted that this music loses greatly when transplanted from the theatre to the concert hall.

Respighi's Masterpiece

The imperishable memory of the concert remains that of the masterpiece of Respighi. Here is a beauty unutterably pure, Italian, patrician, a beauty which is the product of centuries of culture and art, and a land where beauty itself finds its valued home.

The work is as original and racial as it is unforced and unerring in the achievement of impressionistic effects by Respighi's wondrous orchestra.

C.S.M. — Nov. 27, 1920

The seventh program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given on November 26 was as follows: Mendelssohn, octette for strings in E flat op. 20; Respighi, "Fontane di Roma"; Stravinsky, orchestral suite from the ballet "Petrouchka."

Does not Mendelssohn's octette suffer in being transferred to a large hall, with each of its eight parts many times doubled? It would seem so on hearing it yesterday. The details of its delicate workmanship were some-

what obscured and the magnified version lost the intimate character of chamber music which is properly associated with the work. Nevertheless, it served as a virtuoso piece for the string section of the orchestra and as such was effective, if in quite a different manner from that intended by the composer. Respighi's "Fontane di Roma," given for the first time in Boston two weeks ago, was substituted for Franck's symphonic piece from the Redemption as originally announced. Would that all important new compositions might thus be repeated. Few worthy compositions can be fully understood at a first hearing. Respighi's symphonic poem is a case in point. Yesterday's hearing revealed unexpected beauties of melody and color and it may confidently be said that the composition is a welcome addition to our orchestral repertory.

Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" is distinctly music for the theater. No doubt the many harmonic barbarities serve to heighten the dramatic action. In the concert room they are often tiresome. There is little thematic interest, little to stir the emotions when the music is played apart from the dramatic action. There are clever orchestral effects, it is almost needless to say. The prodigious command of orchestral technic excites astonishment. It must be admitted that there are occasional poetic moments, as in the final measures of the suite. The program served well to show the virtuosity of the orchestra. Yet it included two works which properly speaking are out of place on a symphony program. Raymond Havens was the pianist in the Stravinsky work, although, as the piano is treated as a purely orchestral instrument, it is to be wondered why his name should be featured when all the musicians of the orchestra distinguished themselves so signally in the interpretation of a difficult and taxing composition.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after Mendelssohn's Octette

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Nov. 27, 1920

THE GLORIOUS DAY OF "LITTLE PETER"

Stravinsky's "Petrushka" for the First Time in Boston Outside a Theatre—Strange to Say It Gains by the Transfer—Rare Pleasure and Stimulus—Mendelssohn's Octet Alive and Well After Ninety-Five Years—Another Notable Performance—Respighi and the Middle Way

(A noted drawing of Petrushka appears on Page 4 of Part 5)

WHEN Mr. Gericke took leave of the Symphony Orchestra in the spring of 1906, there was a ceremonial concert in his honor with making of speeches, bestowal of wreaths and, in general, what the pious call a laying-on of hands. One speaker congratulated the conductor, his forces, composers and the practitioners of music yesterday, today and forever upon the solace they yielded the tired businessman when he settled into his seat in Symphony Hall on Saturday evening assured, through an hour and three-quarters, of rest and recreation. The compliment was well-intended; but, for obvious reasons, it did not altogether please the retiring Gericke or accord altogether with his deserts. Like Mr. Paur before him, in his final years in Boston, he had opened the door of the Symphony Concerts to the moderns and the ultra-moderns in whose music there is no peace. In succession Dr. Muck and Mr. Fiedler swung the gate wider, and now Mr. Monteux has timely and wisely thrust it back upon its very hinges. The brief interregnum of Mr. Rabaud, with his easy entertainments for the elderly, brought, possibly, the last respite. For, were the business-man ten times as tired as he likes to profess himself, his repose of old time in Symphony Hall would not be proof against the Roumanian Rhapsody of Enesco, the suite from Stravinsky's "Petrushka," Casella's version for orchestra of Balakirev's "Islamey." Out upon their brazen tongues; for, whether they please or displease the hearer, they do keep him awake and alert. And in three successive pairs of concerts Mr. Monteux has included these disturbers. The rest of the righteous has vanished from Symphony Hall. Yet somehow the present conductor of the Symphony Orchestra has never been so able, eloquent and generally praised as he is in these days.

It was a courageous act—the deed of a man who loves his profession, respects its obligations, cherishes an artist's honor—to bring into the concert-hall this suite from "Petrushka." Of course Stravinsky deserves to be heard. No one, unless he is purblind and sodden with dislike, denies the Russian his place among the individualities of music in our time or his influence upon composers of his own generation and probably through a generation to come. And if Stravinsky is to be heard at all in Boston or New York, he must find room in symphony concerts. No Russian Ballet ministers periodically to us as does Mr. Diaghilev's to London and Paris. Yet for dancers and mimes upon the stage of a theatre Stravinsky has written his major orchestral pieces. What, then, is a conductor to do? Accept gladly the suite, heard in Boston last autumn, that the composer himself directed from "The Fire-Bird"; join with him, as Mr. Monteux has done, in the extraction of a suite from "Petrushka"; play from first measure to last, as Mr. Monteux did in Paris, as upon some fortunate day he may do in Boston, the whole of "The Rite of the Spring." Behind as well waits "The Song of the Nightingale."

Yet for this very suite from "Petrushka" many a hearer—perhaps composer and conductor too—waited with foreboding. For, if ever music for danced and mimed "burlesque scenes" was close knit to the action and the aspect of the stage, it is this music of Stravinsky. At beginning and end it is charged with the sights, the sounds—the very smells as some say—of a steaming Russian fair. No fête d'élite in the French of Petrograd; no more a peasant merry-making—only a cheap, common, sordid "side-show" on a Shrove Tuesday, frequented by servants, hawkers, "barkers," "shysters" and a few of their betters with a taste or a passing inclination for "low company." The music is redolent of this crew—moves, halts, dances, whirls, murmurs, shouts with them. It is as graphic of every passing incident. Note, even yesterday in Symphony Hall, the soft, clumsy clump-clump-clump of the dancing bear led across the scene. Listen—and the whole audience Friday smiled as it heard—to the rival hand-organs. Open wide the ear to dance piled, as it were, upon dance.

Akin is the music of the puppets—of the little-Peter-doll who is Petrushka, of the pink-cheeked Ballerina, of the Blackamoor who—shame upon her!—is her accepted lover. Does Petrushka, tortured by jealousy and longing, grope and tear and push at the walls of his box? The music twitches with both his physical and his spiritual agonies—twitches and also records the futility of them. Does the fatuous Blackamoor play with a cocoanut? The music shares his silly pastime. In prances

the Ballerina to her smudgy lord and the orchestra plays her penny-trumpet tune. At one moment, it is grieving wistfully—and with a ghostly twitch—for Petrushka foully murdered; the next and there he is—no less in the orchestra than on the parapet of the booth—grimacing and teetering at the old showman—and all humanity. For what are we but like puppets of our fate?

An impossible music—it is easy to say—in the concert-hall. Yet there it was yesterday and there it will be this evening—in nearly every measure self-contained, closely knit, graphic, richly amusing, once and again piteous, always penetrating and exciting, a more individual music in fibre, texture, color, process than ever it seemed in the theatre. And all this with no more aid from tabulated divisions, a programme-note and memories recalled than Mendelssohn exacts for numbers to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Of course, Mr. Monteux was wise in what to include and what to exclude for the concert-hall, and Stravinsky may well countersign him. He began with the music that sets the scene of the fair, whipping and bubbling with bustle, din and stew. He did not overlook the celebrated incident of the hurdy-gurdies. The snare-drum rattled to call the folk to the show-man's booth and forthwith the three puppets spun through their folk-dance.

Next and briefly music to the scene in Petrushka's box—his twitching tortures, gropings, clawings, the wistful little dance he sketches wherewith to win the Ballerina to sympathy and love—this and the futility, the irony of it all. Then, with the whole scene in the Blackamoor's box omitted, back to the fair as darkness descends, snow falls, the crowd thickens, and the dances become more boisterous. There is way for the bear, and a tinkle at least of the drunken merchant's concertina. Then the nurses', the coachmen's the grooms' dances and the wild orchestral whirl of all three. Here, obviously, was the lunging, plunging close. Mr. Monteux has too much artistic scruple, is too loyal to Stravinsky, to halt there. On he goes to the piteous measures of "little Peter's" death for love's sake, and a page further to the ironic grimace with which, as is usual among both human and puppet-kind, such tragedies end.

What a music heard thus self-contained and stripped of every distraction of the theatre—a music of power, beauty, imagery, illusion, irony, fantasy as the composer for the instant wills—a music of the utmost individuality and economy of means! Power welds the three dances of the fair by night until the air leaps and glazes with them, and a breathless orchestra shouts, gasps and shouts again.

Only in "The Rite of Spring" does Stravinsky make rhythm pound harder or colors flare more sharply. Beauty touches the little dance of Petrushka's wistful imagining, the piteousness of his cruel end. He is more, not less, plausible and poignant when his wired arms and legs twitch, his blunt fingers fumble, his sawdust aches in the music rather than in Mr. Nijinsky's or Mr. Massine's miming. In tones rather than in the flesh his final grimace is the more ironic, fantastic, haunting. There is more humor in the contending hurdy-gurdies heard and not seen. A man awkward in a bear-skin lends no aid to the clump-clump-clump of the music. The rattle of the snare-drum is enough to open the showman's booth. So forth and so onward. By every token of yesterday the music of "Petrushka" is self-contained, self-sufficient. Not an illusion, an impression, a quality, that it yields in the theatre disappears or deteriorates in the concert-hall. Instead all are quickened.

What a music again in the mere facture! At every turn the means are as economical as the effect is sure and complete. A chord provokes an emotion; a sequence of chords, an illusion. From a motif of three or four notes upsprings a whole dance. In our day there is no such master of the power of rhythm as is Stravinsky; and none to excel him in the bite and flare of the primary harmonic and instrumental colors. The sharp edge, the pungent phrase are his familiars. He seems to hear the orchestra as so many individual voices with which he may work his will severally, not in traditional choirs or in coordinated groups; while none but him—and the commentators are endless—has ever fathomed his marvellous manipulation of them. Even in him it may be half divination.

And the performance? Enough that there would have been no such impressions, no such illusion, had not Mr. Monteux in a familiar field and the orchestra in an unfamiliar, outdone themselves separately and collectively after days and nights of unsparing work. Again the band can pulse with rhythm, glow with color, run the gamut from finesse to force. In turn, Mr. Havens, as he should, cut sharp and struck hard with the piano-part. Since the day of Liszt's "Faust," the Symphony Concerts have not known so glorious an hour as this afternoon of "Petrushka."

Yet Mendelssohn gave pleasure—the Mendelssohn of the octet for strings, A. D. first place, in 1920 this Mendelssohn of Symphony Concerts in thirty-five years, with parts distributed as though it were piece for two string-orchestras. In the first place in 1920 this Mendelssohn of the octet is preferable to the Mendelssohn of

the symphonies and most of the overtures; to any and all Mendelssohn except him of the music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In the second place, Mr. Montoux and most of the string choir were no less on their mettle with the octet than they were soon to be with "Petrushka." So played in relatively few spots has the music worn bare, thin, antiquated. The slow movement suffers most such impairing. Yesterday it seemed pale, slender, sentimental, prettyfied, like to a "Song without Words," beside the warm vigor or the fleet fancy of the other divisions. Not even the songful violoncellos at the beginning, the full-voiced middle measures, the wistful coloring of the violas could reanimate it.

On the other hand, the flash and flicker, the dart and ripple of the scherzo defy the years. Not even in the fairy-music to Shakespeare's comedy has Mendelssohn been more light and sure of finger, fleet and fecund of fancy. Hand in hand trip animation and delicacy. In the music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" a wind choir was at the composer's command. Here in the octet, and not in the scherzo alone, he can ingeniously suggest, and with only strings, the contrasting colorings of wind instruments. (After all the imaginative and suggestive manipulation of harmonies and timbres did begin somewhat before our blessed musical time). As the strings yesterday played this scherzo, lightly, fleetly, as fine-spun, iridescent web, they seemed ready even for Berlioz's Mab and sylphs. Neither the finale nor they lacked rhythmic animation; the spring of the beginning, the little rushes of one part upon another, pleased the listening fancy; the whole came and went in plastic, polished progress.

Nor is Mendelssohn merely weaving counterpoint and spinning figures in the first movement. There is a fine edge to his first motif; before he has done with the working, he has struck fire, the more for the incisive violins of yesterday. The gentler theme renews this warmth. Rarely in the whole course of the movement does Mendelssohn merely fill staves becomingly. Youth and zest spur him; a fine instinct, an eager hand write. Again a revival worth the making, and an end to doubt of the precision, pliancy, sensibility, range in tonal warmth and tonal color of the renewed string choir. It can glint and it can glow. Nor has Mr. Montoux himself in this elder music often been so sensitive to inflection and undulation. The limpid Mendelssohn has his Gallic kinships.

As good fortune would have it between Mendelssohn and Stravinsky stood Respighi and his music of the Roman fountains, happily repeated within a fortnight in lieu of the banalities of Franck's "symphonic

piece" about a redeemed Hardingesque world. Between a classic octet and ultra-modern "burlesque scenes," this modern tone-poem with nearly all the virtues of the golden mean. Respighi pleases the scholars, the connoisseurs, by well proportioned, contrasted and flowing design, apt workmanship, play of meditative mood and pictorial fancy, the richness, the lustrousness, the sensuous quality that should dwell in a music of the South. By these latter virtues, by clear tone-picturing, melodic warmth, grace or sonority of utterance—and all not too unfamiliar—he pleases the general ear. There is charm in this music of Roman waters and gardens and vigor also when it becomes sea-piece and pageant. Safely walk composers in the middle way and, with Respighi's quality, successfully as well. H. T. PARKER

Trans. — Dec. 6, 1920
New York and Mr. Montoux's Music

At their concert in New York on Saturday afternoon last, Mr. Montoux and the Boston Orchestra played the "symphonic suite" from Stravinsky's ballet, "Petrushka," heard at home a week ago. In The Tribune, Mr. Krehbiel writes of piece and performance as hereunder and most of the reviewers in New York were substantially of his mind:

In its place—which means in the theatre and as an accompaniment to pictures and action—this music is quite the most extraordinary composition with which we are familiar. But as music pure and simple there is little of it which has qualifications for the concert-room. That little is summed up in Stravinsky's treatment of Russian folk-tunes, or melodies based on those tunes. The rest is mere grotesquerie which may amuse; in fact, it does that, but must also bewilder all those who listen to it without having gone through the experience of witnessing the comically pathetic or pathetically comic pantomime in the theatre. It served yesterday to display Mr. Montoux's appreciation of the score and the skill of the orchestra; both in an eminent degree. The performance was admirable, thrilling indeed. The vertiginous movement of the music written to delineate the confused bustle of a Russian multitude in enjoyment of a fair was almost dizzying. The device is one of Stravinsky's early inventions; we knew of nothing like it previous to the advent of his piece called "Fireworks."

In a different manner the fine muscularity of the body of string instrument players which Mr. Montoux has enlisted was brought into notice by the performance of Mendelssohn's Octette. When a composition designed for intimate performance by a group of solo instruments is transferred to a large band the question whether or not it has gained or lost in effectiveness always comes to the fore in the minds of experienced listeners. Yesterday the transformation seemed justified in the

Symphony Hall.

first movement, with its large lines of joy and jubilation of splendid color effects in the middle voices; but in the andante we missed the individual utterances which are native and essential to chamber compositions.

Ravel's suite, "Couperin's Tomb," played at the preceding concert of Thursday evening likewise excited the curiosity of the reviewers in New York. Mr. Aldrich for The Times thought well of it: "Nobody," he writes, "who has ever heard the music of Couperin would mistake Ravel's manner for his, and the title is probably fanciful. . . . The four movements, however, are quite characteristic of Ravel. The Minuet and the Rigaudon have each a curious charm of their own, the Rigaudon a decorous gayety. The harmonization is of Ravel's acid sweetness in his less pronounced manner, stimulating and refreshing. The orchestra is used with much delicacy and grace of sound; the oboe gives it characteristic color." Mr. Krehbiel also yielded to the charm of the suite, but he resented what he calls "Ravel's strenuous effort to avoid the obvious."

Post Boston Symphony Nov. 25/20

Since the coming week will be occupied by the second Southern trip of the orchestra, and the following week by Young People's concerts, the next regular pair of Boston Symphony concerts will be given in Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Dec. 17 and 18. At these concerts Richard Burgin, the new concertmaster of the orchestra, will for the first time play as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His number will be the Violin Concerto of Brahms in D major. Pierre Montoux will open the concert with Weber's overture to the opera "Preciosa." Two new works to be played on this occasion are the Gaelic symphonic poem by Arnold Bax, "An Sluagh Sidhe" ("In the Fairy Hills"), and Balakireff's pictorial "Is-lamey," arranged into an "Oriental Fantasy" by the noted Italian composer of the younger generation, Alfred Casella.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes.

Mason & Hamill

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

BOSTON—SYMPHONY—HALL

Tonight at 8

Philadelphia—Academy of Music, Mon., Nov. 29, at 8:15. Soloist—Jean Bedetti.
Washington—New Nat'l Theatre, Tues. aft., Nov. 30, at 4:30. Soloist—Frances Alda.
Baltimore—Lyric Theatre, Wed., Dec. 1, at 8:15. Soloist—Frances Alda.
New York—Carnegie Hall, Thurs., Dec. 2, at 8:15.
Brooklyn—Academy of Music, Fri., Dec. 3, at 8:15. Soloist—Mary Jordan.
New York—Carnegie Hall, Sat., Dec. 4, at 2:30. Soloist—Jean Bedetti.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

When the Boston Symphony Orchestra returns from its second Southern trip, which will occupy the coming week, it will devote the following week to concerts for the pleasure and edification of the younger generation. For the two concerts, which will befall on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 7, and Thursday afternoon, Dec. 9, all seats will be apportioned through the medium of the public schools and settlements of Boston. In order to meet the inevitable large demands from those disappointed in this allotment, a third concert will be given on Friday afternoon, Dec. 10, for which the seats are now on sale at the box office, Symphony Hall.

The same programme will be given at each of these three concerts, since each will have an entirely different public. Each will begin at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and the nominal prices for seats will be 25, 35 and 50 cents. The rule will hold that no adult will be admitted unless accompanied by one or more children. The object of these concerts, which were so successfully instituted last season, is to acquaint our young people with the finest symphonic music as played by the full Symphony Orchestra under its regular conductor. Pierre Montoux has compiled a programme which will represent the best music in the orchestral repertory and yet be of direct appeal. He has further planned his programme to reveal in turn the different instruments in the orchestra by the incidental solos which occur in the scores.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920--21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

EIGHTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, AT 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, AT 8 P.M.

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE, "Dedication of the House," op. 124

BAX,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "An Sluagh Sidhe," ("In the Fairy Hills")
(First time in America)

BRAHMS,

CONCERTO in D major for Violin and Orchestra,
op. 77
I. Allegro non troppo
II. Adagio
III. Allegro giocoso

BALAKIREFF,

ORIENTAL FANTASY, "Islamey"
(Orchestrated by Alfred Casella)
(First time in Boston)

Soloist:

RICHARD BURGIN

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after Bax's Symphonic Poem

NOTICE. The Evening Concert of next week will be given on Thursday, December 23, at 8, instead of Saturday, December 25. The Afternoon Concert will be given at the usual time, Friday, December 24, at 2.30



Arnold Bax

FADED TEXT

EIGHTH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

"In the Faery Hills," Bax,
Is Interesting Feature of Program

CHRISTMAS WEEK PLANS CHANGED

Herald Dec. 18, 1920

By PHILIP HALE

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Overture, "Dedication of the House"; Bax, "In the Faery Hills" symphonic poem (first time in America); Brahms, Violin Concerto (Mr. Burgin, violinist); Balakireff-Casella, "Islamey" (first time in Boston.)

Beethoven was born 150 years ago this week. Pious homage was paid him at this concert by the performance of an overture, not one of his best. There was an interest attached to the performance, for the overture was the first piece on the program of the first concert given by this orchestra (Oct. 22, 1881.) There was a time when the overture was popular in Boston. Mr. Gericke was fond of it, but it has not been played at these concerts since 1909. Here and there are reminders of the greater Beethoven, but the music is interesting chiefly because it shows the influence of Handel for whom Beethoven had the liveliest admiration. The few measures that introduce the main body of the overture might be transitional measures from any concerto of Handel; while the fugal pages are often in the manner of that master, and the theme is eminently Handelian. There are pages in which Beethoven cut loose and wrote at his own will. The introduction was played with the requisite pomp and ceremony. The fugal section was performed brilliantly.

The name of Arnold Bax is little known here, yet he is a second composer. Born in London, and educated

there, he went as a young man to Ireland, where he fell in with the writers of the "Irish Renaissance," the myths and legends of Ireland. The romantic folk lore obsessed him, nor did a visit to Russia and subsequent life in London free him from the spell. For a time the poetry of Swinburne gave him musical ideas, but he soon returned to his first love. In this symphonic poem he endeavored, according to his own story, "to shadow forth the atmosphere of mystery and almost of terror with which the Irish people regard their faery compatriots." The middle section was inspired by a passage in W. B. Yeats's "Wanderings of Oisín."

Although this symphonic poem is somewhat diffuse; although there are passages here and there that seem extraneous, unnecessary, Mr. Bax has succeeded admirably in the one great demand put upon him: he has reproduced in tones what Matthew Arnold described as "the Celtic aerialness and magic." The music is fanciful, not fantastical; it is poetic. There is the glamour of the strange, wild legends. There is the wistful sadness of the old folk songs. At times one would think that Mr. Yeats had written the music; the Yeats of the earlier years, before he began to revise his poems; before he became self-conscious and finical. Mr. Bax has been neither realistic nor is he a slave to impressionism. He is not afraid of well-defined melody, even when it might be mistaken for a folk-song. In his suggestion of "the good people," he does not hark back to Weber, Mendelssohn or Berlioz. He writes as though the Sidhe had come from a hill at twilight to hear his music, and hearing it, they had sung and harped to him other strains for his pleasure and advantage.

Balakireff's "Islamey" was long regarded as the most difficult composition in the literature of the piano. We have heard pianists of the first rank play it and were not impressed, save by a passage that might have been written for Balakireff's "Thamar." Casella's version for orchestra is as difficult, probably more difficult, for the players, than the piano piece is for pianists. Has the music itself gained in effect through the orchestration? We doubt it. With the exception of the theme for English horn and the treatment of it, there is vertiginous monotony. The dizzy, mad whirling is without sufficient relief in orchestral color. To play the fantasy is a tour de force. Yesterday the orchestra was a virtuoso.

Brahms's violin concerto cannot be ranked with his first and third symphonies, his "Tragic" overture, some of his chamber music and songs. The music in the second movement before the entrance of the solo violin is beautiful.

The oboist, Mr. Longy, and his co-mates brought out the beauty in full. The rhythm of the Finale at the beginning is inspiring. As a whole, the concerto is granitic and forbidding; at times frankly dull. Yet violinists play it. The concerto has been on the program of this orchestra in Boston 14 times, and nine different violinists have been applauded vigorously by the faithful Brahmsites, big and little, palpitating in the family pews. It is possible that the applause on some occasions was a tribute to the endurance of the violinist.

Mr. Burgin, the excellent concert master of the orchestra, the 10th violinist to play this music at a Symphony concert, gave a thoughtful, intelligent, one might say, intellectual performance. The music itself is never sensuous, it is seldom if ever emotional. When there is beauty, as in the Adagio, the beauty is of a contemplative nature. Mr. Burgin was warmly welcomed; he was imperatively recalled many times.

The concert will be repeated tonight. As next week Saturday is Christmas day, the concert that usually takes place Saturday night will be on the night of next Thursday. The afternoon concert will be on Friday, as is customary. The program of next week is as follows: Mozart, Overture to "Don Giovanni"; Concerto in E flat major for two pianos (Messrs. Maier and Pattison); d'Indy, "The Search After God"; descriptive symphony from the opera, "The Legend of St. Christopher" (first time in Boston); Malpiero, "Impressions from Nature," Suite I, 1, The Blackcap; 2, The Woodpecker; 3, The Owl (first time in America); Delius, Dance Rhapsody (first time at these concerts).

BAX TONE POEM PLAYED IN BOSTON

Dec. 18, 1920

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The eighth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given on December 17, was as follows: Beethoven, overture "Dedication of the House," op. 124; Bax, symphonic poem, "In the Faery Hills"; Brahms, concerto for violin and orchestra; Balakireff, "Islamey," orchestrated by Alfredo Casella.

Beethoven's overture had not been performed at a Boston symphony concert for 11 years. It must be admitted that this apparent neglect is not wholly undeserved. It is most certainly not one of Beethoven's most inspired works, and yet it is not unworthy of an occasional hearing. Experienced concert goers are apt to become restive when forced to listen to these revivals, but their appearance from time to time on programs

is of salutary effect, if only to give a proper perspective for the judgment of more agreeable compositions.

Of supreme interest was the symphonic poem of Arnold Bax which was played for the first time in America. It is one of the few opportunities Boston has had of hearing the compositions of the new English school. Previous to Mr. Monteux's advent as conductor of our concerts, the extreme neglect of modern music was to be deplored. Since his assuming the conductorship, however, we are beginning to learn that the art of music has progressed, and that there are composers in England, France and Italy, as well as in Germany, who have something to say and the technique to say it in an original and interesting way.

This symphonic poem is one of the most imaginative of the modern works that we have heard up to the present. It immediately evokes an atmosphere of fairyland, of mystery, of far off times. We are immediately, from the first measure in fact, transported to another world, the magic world of Irish legend and fancy; and this impression is kept up throughout the piece without ever becoming tiresome and without apparent effort. There are no pages of "filling in"; no moments of apparent marking-time. The work is one spontaneous flow of inspiration from beginning to end. The orchestration, while original, seems to be evolved naturally from the musical ideas themselves, and is never forced. A second hearing of the piece is to be hoped for in the near future.

Mr. Richard Burgin, the new concert-master of the orchestra, chose the Brahms concerto for his first appearance as soloist at these concerts. After the graceful, imaginative music of Bax, this concerto seemed heavy-footed and labored. Mr. Burgin might have chosen a more interesting medium for the display of his evident talents as a violinist, or at least it so seemed to us. He possesses a clean technique and a small and rather unsympathetic tone. Yet his playing was in many ways meritorious. His presence is unaffected and he is undoubtedly a serious, painstaking artist. Casella's transcription of Balakireff's "Islamey" is effective. It served to bring an interesting and well-balanced program to a brilliant close.

BURGIN EFFECTIVE IN VIOLIN CONCERTO

Balakirev's "Islamey" Is
Given by Symphony

Beethoven and Bax Divide Honors in
Remainder of Program

Globe — Dec. 18, 1920

Richard Burgin's thoughtful and polished playing in the Brahms violin concerto and Casella's ingeniously boisterous orchestration of Balakirev's piano piece, "Islamey," were the most remarkable features of yesterday's Symphony concert.

Mr Burgin, to judge by the warmth of the applause, has already many admirers among those who have followed his admirable playing as concert master of the orchestra since he came here last October. He played with the delicacy and restraint which Brahms' music more than that of almost any other composer demands. Mr. Monteux and the orchestra were rather too heavy-handed and clumsy with the accompaniment.

Orchestrated versions of piano pieces are usually less effective than the originals on which they are based. It is impossible for an orchestra to do what the pedal on the pianoforte does with the overtones. The strings and percussion, on the other hand, can secure better and more subtly graded accents than are possible on the piano.

Casella, who is a concert pianist as well as a master of the resources of the modern orchestra, wisely tried to express Balakirev's ideas in terms of the new medium instead of endeavoring to make the orchestra sound like a piano. The result far surpasses Balakirev's piano version in brilliance, energy and color.

Arnold's Bax' "In the Faery Hills," the other novelty, contains the material for an effective little piano piece spread rather thinly and pretentiously through a long symphonic poem. The harmonies are often in questionable taste; dissonant, but still squashy and trite. The orchestration is colorless.

Beethoven's overture, "The Dedication of the House," added belatedly to the program to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the composer's birth, which most other orchestras have devoted whole programs to celebrating, was given a sloppy and lifeless performance. The music, written some-

what in the style of Handel, may not be Beethoven's best, but it would sound nobler and more imaginative if played with absolutely precise attacks, balanced crescendos and an occasional nuance.

Mr. Monteux had too evidently spent most of his pains at rehearsals on securing the requisite dash and fire in "Islamey" and in trying to galvanize Br Bax' music into a semblance of sustained life.

Next week the evening concert has been shifted on account of the holiday from Saturday to Thursday at 8. The afternoon concert will be given at the usual hour on Friday. The soloists are Guy Maier and Lee Pattison, who will play a double piano concerto by Mozart. There are three other unfamiliar numbers, D'Indy's "La Queste de Dieu", Malpiero's "Impressioni dal Vero" and delius' "Dance Rhapsody." The only familiar piece will be Mozart's overture to "Don Giovanni."

BURGIN IS SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Concert Master Displays Sterling Equipment as Violinist

Post — Dec. 18, 1920

BY OLIN DOWNES

Richard Burgin, concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was soloist at the concert given by Mr. Monteux and his men yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Burgin played the Brahms violin concerto. There was played for the first time in America Arnold Bax's symphonic poem, "An Sluagh Sidhe" ("In the fairy hills"); for the first time in Boston, Alfredo Casella's orchestration of Balakireff's picturesque piano piece, "Islamey," and the programme opened with

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Beethoven's overture, "Dedication of the House."

BURGIN'S MASTERLY PLAYING

In other cities leading orchestras are giving complete Beethoven programmes in recognition of the 150th anniversary of that composer's birth (Dec. 16, 1770). At the Boston Symphony concerts thus far Beethoven's 150th anniversary is represented by an inferior overture, a composition representative in only a superficial way of the characteristics of the greatest master of symphonic composition the world has yet seen.

Mr. Burgin, playing a concerto which will never be popular, made a deep impression by his performance of it. As is well known, this Brahms concerto is practically a symphony with an extensive solo violin part. As such it was interpreted with thought always for its great lines and the interdependence of the violin and the orchestra.

Such a virile, sincere, enthusiastic interpretation of this work has not been heard for a long time at these concerts, where the Brahms concerto frequently figures on the programmes.

Mr. Burgin is not a violinist of ultra-refinements or sophistications. His playing is always exceptionally straightforward, manly and in a noble spirit. One could hardly think of a violinist better equipped by talent and by temperament for this concerto. Everyone responded to the conviction and the mastery of Mr. Burgin's performance. Everyone realized as perhaps they had not realized before the broad and melodic character of the first two movements, responded to the stirring gypsy rhythms of the finale and understood clearly the gradual development from initial motives of a whole great structure of tone.

The tone poem of Bax is an exquisite and fanciful thing. The opening is in the manner of an Oberon's horn, which transports one to unearthly regions. And what is more haunting than the middle section, the melancholy song heard over the accompaniment of harps, the song of the mortal asked by the Sidhe to sing a song of human joy—a song so sad that hearing it the fairy folk wept in sorrow and anger. Throughout the composition there obtains the atmosphere of fantasy greatly enhanced by the mysterious and beautiful effects of the orchestra.

As for Casellas' orchestration of "Islamey," it is a wonderful box of tricks, and it is more, too. It is the fulfilment of the extravagant ideas of the composer which a piano is inadequate to convey. If you doubt it try yourself to play "Islamey" on your piano, then desist, go to Symphony Hall and rejoice, as the orchestra, boiling and crackling with a thousand wild effects, goes hurtling like a howling dervish to the conclusion.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Dec. 18, 1920

BEETHOVEN, BRAHMS, BALAKIREV,
BAX, BURGIN

An Anniversary in Wise Moderation—A Concerto for Violin to Endure, and Also Enjoy—Contrasting Exercise of Young Moderns—Orchestral Sound and Fury for Its Sake and Fairy-Picture Finely Woven

SERVICES are like sins; they may be of omission as well as commission, and Mr. Monteux surely did the public of the Symphony Concerts, a service of omission when he made no "Beethoven Programme" to celebrate the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the composer's birth. Beethoven was born on or about Dec. 16, 1770; wherefore on or about Dec. 16, 1920, crowd three of his symphonies into a single concert, or else be content with one and set it in a circle of his overtures, concertos and occasional pieces. A pleasing warmth diffuses itself over conductor, players, "assisting artists." Are not these numbers "repertory," so requiring little and none too assiduous preparation? Audiences listen tranquilly to the regular thing in the regular way. Good old Beethoven sounding the same in their ears (for the most part) yesterday, today and forever! Reviewers, especially when they have turned their sixtieth birthdays and live in New York, put to print "reverent" commonplaces that were stale in the earlier years of Victoria the Good. Incidentally they deplore "the degeneracy" of a day in which composers, exactly like Beethoven in his own time, dare to write their own music in their own way—to the wrath of the Pharisees, to the wholesome joy of publicans and sinners. So at a sesqui-centennial—imposing Latin words—is Beethoven affirmed as an "institution" and so are symphony concerts glorified as repositories of "the best models."

There is another way with Beethoven which Mr. Monteux wisely follows. Those who likewise walk in it do not regard the composer as an "institution"; while they leave dates, anniversaries and all that to the learned compilers of programme-books. In their innocence and ignorance these dissenters believe the best of Beethoven's music perennially vital, stirring, enjoyable. To them it is fresh, significant, engrossing, to be heard with a will and a thrill. Therefore they would not have it played too often, until it is routine alike to conductor, orchestra and hearers. They would not have it confined to a few stock-pieces in annual or biennial round according to

"the tradition." They would hear the masterpieces, as they heard the third "Leonore" overture a month ago, unexpectedly, as it were, after long intervals, in animating and vivid performance, as though Beethoven had written it no longer ago than last summer. They would, also, hear the music in which Beethoven is not the master, yet in degree Beethoven still. So they enjoyed the overtures to "King Stephen" and "Prometheus," resurrected last year and again yesterday the revived overture of 1822 with the clumsy title, "Dedication of the House." Of course, it is a "pièce d'occasion," written on commission to keep the pot boiling according to an ancient and by no means dishonorable human custom. Nonetheless, the ample stride, the tonal pomp of the beginning are interesting to hear with Beethoven lording himself Handel-like through his music-making. Handel likewise is the following fugue which is also music-making—several paces near mechanics. Rightly, however, for a ceremonial occasion a ceremonial music.

Yet let none of the musically scrupulous believe that the classics were yesterday neglected. To the contrary, Mr. Monteux is a skilful and conscientious balancer of programmes. If we listeners were to have Bax and Casella, yet also had we Johannes Brahms. . . . Concerto in D major for Violin and Orchestra, Opus 77—as some would say in length, breadth and thickness. Possibly it is somewhat late in the day to repine under the piece. Somehow the violinists have persisted these forty years in the playing of it, even violinists of widely different temperaments. Somehow conductors have found recurring room for it; somehow, and not always drowsily and perfunctorily, audiences hear and applaud. It is quite true that for long measures in the concerto Brahms is thinking his way along and by no means hiding the process. Now and again also this thinking halts or sags and the resulting music is stencil and mechanics. The motifs out of which the first movement springs are dry motifs little touching the imagination, while the orchestral measures cloud the solo-part oftener than they set it in relief.

Yet from the thick sheaf of pages rises that which stirs the performing violinist and which has been known to stir the sympathetic listener. However dry Brahms could be, he remained architect in tones, and in the first division of this belabored concerto, pillar by pillar, story by

story, from foundation to pediment, he is rearing a musical edifice. The expanding lines impress, the adjusted proportions interest, the touches of ornament please, violinist and auditor join with the composer in the act of creation, even to the fricze of the cadenza and the long breath of satisfaction and completeness with which the songful melody finally returns. And the other two divisions are restful respite from these toils of ear and mind. The contemplative beauty of which Brahms still remains master among the moderns, with which he is almost always poet, glows soft and clear out of the slow movement against the autumnal tints of the orchestral background. And in the finale the grave, the bearded, the fat and spectacled Johannes is by no means impervious to the light flash of rhythm, to the motif tossed, caught and tossed again. Did he not write certain Hungarian Dances with a certain animation and something more? No; the concerto for violin is not mere Brahms and mere classic; the "thoughtful" people who hear it "with reverence" cannot altogether wizen it; even "the degenerates" who love their ultra-moderns may find a pleasure in it.

The violinist yesterday was Mr. Burgin, eager to prove new merit to an audience and orchestra that already knows him as a concert-master animating and steadying his fellow-players of the string choir. Possibly, indeed, Mr. Burgin was too perceptibly eager. It was good that he should do his utmost with the music; not so good that outwardly and visibly he should show this striving. By all means the inner fire, the powers stretched taut, but may not the audience better hear these things in the voice of the music that see them in the bearing of the player? So middle age counsels in its dull way and forgets the fine pleasure from Mr. Burgin of a violinist young to the eye, young to the ear, who really cares and is not ashamed to show his caring. Not a technical pitfall of the concerto trapped him and by chance or design Brahms opened many. Throughout the accuracy of his playing never wavered. His tone was clearness itself, a mirror to the course and the inflections of the music through the first movement; warm and gently lustrous in the slow song, bright and light in the finale. As yet it lacks heights, depths, subtleties and so is truly characteristic of Mr. Burgin himself. With the violin and with the concerto he kept to the golden and pleasurable mean of skill, understanding, sensibility and what is called "expression." So far he is no very individual violinist. Enough for him for the present to be unclouded voice to

the music and to his own fine devotions and sincerities.

So to the moderns of the afternoon one of whom asks no more than short shrift. Mr. Casella, if readers are to believe half a page of the programme-book, is a glutton for work. When he is not conducting, he is composing; when he is not composing he is teaching; or else he is writing for what senators—a queer lot—call the public prints, or he fills an odd moment with the arrangement of some one's music in a medium for which that some one did not choose to write. Balakirev preferred to make his "Islamey" a piano-piece; the diligent Casella would have it also "Oriental Fantasia for Orchestra." The transforming process seemingly consisted in the copying of some of the figures, progressions and other idiosyncrasies of Balakirev's own symphonic poem, "Thamar," and the liberal application of a full modern orchestra when it is reiterating rhythms, splashing on instrumental and harmonic color and in general threshing through a wilderness of modulation. Mr. Casella lays on and spares not. Individually, by groups, by choirs and en masse the orchestra does feats of strength and agility. "Islamey" itself is caught under, tossed up, whirled about until there is no breath left in its or anyone's else body. Apparently Mr. Casella has mistaken the bannered hosts of Balakirev's imagining for a concourse of dervishes in the practice of their energetic calling. He has also forgotten a motto for the title-page, say Shakespeare's line about sound, fury and significance.

Bax's tone-poem, "In the Fairy Hills," is music of far different voice and mood, design and suggestion. Rare is his imagination and fine his skill in the use of individual instruments or of slender choirs for the character and the color they may lend. As with many a modernist in these things, his touch is divining, sparing, sure. As rare and fine is his sense of the imaginative prompting, the illusion that harmonic background, modulation and progression may work. In a sense, in this particular piece, he is all for the magic of music to summon vision, for the veils it may drape around it. The texture of his tone-poem is accordingly soft, misty, glamorous. Yet there are moments in which the music plainly has ribs to give it frame; when it runs clear in melodic contours, when more than rhythm unifies and more than chords fasten it. For these modernists are as solicitous for form—for their form—as ever were the ancient or the classical. Only they will not move by prescribed process or travel in orthodox ruts. As their ears and fingers are finer with instruments and choirs, so are they more finely tempered as to form and unity.

In fact Bax is so sedulous for both that sometimes he makes his choice of ways and means too obviously in public. He spreads them, as it were, before his hearers and so becomes diffuse as one unwilling to discard the better for the best, to forego quite all that he might have used. Even so the magic of the music is but seldom dimmed or stayed. It sounds—and the sea-mists rise over the cliffs of the deep inlets to wreath the brown hills, to spin wisps into the valley. It sounds—and the mists and all the air rustle gently with the trooping of the fairy folk. The mists glimmer faintly; shimmer deeper; above the rustlings and the whirrings stir the fairy voices, now plaintive, now joyous, remote, unearthly. The spell deepens; it is as though it possessed those that see and hear. There are shiver, wonder and darkness and silence. What Bax was minded to summon his music brings.

H. T. PARKER



Richard Burgin

Concert-Master of the Symphony Orchestra 1920-21

Polish by birth; Russian by training under Auer; first violinist to Nikisch and Strauss; admired virtuoso in Slav and Scandinavian countries.

Symphony Hall.

Mr. RICHARD BURGIN was born in Warsaw on October 11, 1892. At the age of eight he studied with Lotto, later with Joachim in Berlin, and from the years 1908 to 1912 with Leopold Auer in Petrograd. His first public appearance was at the age of eleven as soloist with the Warsaw Philharmonic Society on December 7, 1903. He came to New York in 1907 and spent a year and a half in this country, playing as soloist with Arnold Volpe's orchestra in Carnegie Hall in 1907 and in two recitals of his own in Mendelssohn Hall in the same year. He also played at the New York College of Music on April 3, 1908. In Eastern Europe he played, as soloist and in recitals, at Petrograd, Kieff, Moscow, Odessa, Copenhagen, and other cities. He has been concertmaster and soloist with the Petrograd Symphony Orchestra, the Helsingfors Symphony Orchestra, the Christiania Philharmonic Society, and the Stockholm Concert Society. As concertmaster he has served under two former conductors of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler and Mr. Nikisch, likewise as concertmaster under Richard Strauss, Schneevoigt, the Finnish conductor, and under Sibelius in Helsingfors. He played Sibelius' Violin Concerto in Gothenburg, Stockholm, and Christiania under the supervision of the composer. At Stockholm and Christiania he was assistant teacher to Auer in 1916-17. In Christiania he led a string quartet, and in Stockholm formed the Burgin Quartet, which toured regularly from city to city, giving twelve recitals a season. In the fall of 1920 he became concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

He played in Boston for the first time in a concert with Mr. De Gogorza, baritone, in Symphony Hall, on November 18, 1920 (Tartini's "Devil's Trill" sonata, Sarasate's "Carmen" Fantasia, and smaller pieces).

Soloist:

RICHARD BURGIN

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after Bax's Symphonic Poem

NOTICE. The Evening Concert of next week will be given on Thursday, December 23, at 8, instead of Saturday, December 25. The Afternoon Concert will be given at the usual time, Friday, December 24, at 2.30

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920--21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

NINTH PROGRAMME

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, AT 8 P.M.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, AT 2.30 P.M.

MOZART,

OVERTURE to the Opera "Don Giovanni"

MOZART,

CONCERTO for two Pianofortes in E flat
(Köchel, No. 365)

I. Allegro
II. Andante
III. Allegro

D'INDY,

DESCRIPTIVE SYMPHONY, "La Queste de Dieu"
("The Search for God") from the Opera "La Legende
de Saint Christophe," Act II.
(First time in Boston)

MALIPIERO.

SUITE No. 1, "Impressioni dal Vero," ("Impres-
sions from Nature")
I. Il Capinero, (The Blackcap)
II. Il Picchio, The Woodpecker
III. Il Chiu, (The Owl)
(First time in America)

DELIUS,

DANCE RHAPSODY

Soloists:

GUY MAIER and LEE PATTISON

Chickering Pianofortes used

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Concerto



PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor



GUY MAIER, Pianist



Lee Pattison

SYMPHONY IN NINTH CONCERT

Messrs. Maier and Pattison,
Pianists, Assist in Ad-
mirable Program

MALPIERO'S SUITE NEW TO AMERICA

Herald Dec. 24/20

By PHILIP HALE

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Monteaux, conductor, took place Thursday night. The concert was repeated yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Mozart, Overture to "Don Giovanni" and Concerto for two pianos (K. 365); d'Indy, "The Search for God"; Malpiero, "Impressions from Nature," Suite No. 1 (The Blackcap; the Woodpecker; the Owl); Delius, A Dance Rhapsody. The pianists were Guy Maier and Lee Pattison.

We write with reference to the concert of yesterday.

After a spirited performance of the overture to the opera that, in spite of the years, is to be ranked with "Pelleas and Melisande" as the supreme achievement of lyrically dramatic art, widely different as the operas are in form and in expression, Messrs. Maier and Pattison gave an admirable performance of Mozart's Concerto in E flat. The Herald has more than once extolled the ensemble playing of these musicians. Yesterday they not only displayed the qualities that have excited praise in cities of this country, Paris and London; they also showed their nice appreciation of the Concerto's character. There was no attempt to modernize the music, to give it incongruous, destructive importance. They accepted the music as it is, suave, tender and also lightsome, and played as Mozart wished; for he once wrote that music should always "sound," meaning that it should be euphonious; and he demanded of a pianist that running passages should flow like oil.

D'Indy's descriptive symphony from his opera, "The Legend of Saint Christopher," was played for the first time in Boston; Malpiero's Suite for the first time in America; the Rhapsody of Delius for the first time at these concerts.

As d'Indy is a devout Catholic, zealous in the observance of religious rites and ceremonies, it was natural that the legend of Christopher should appeal strongly to him. This symphonic music is played before the second act, after the narrator has told of the giant's search for the king of heaven. The giant visits kings and emperors; he questions conquerors of the battlefield; he asks His Holiness the Pope himself; they all tell him in turn that they are not the king of heaven; then, weary and sorrowful, he goes back to his native land.

It has been said, it is said today in New York, that the music of d'Indy is only cerebral; that it is never emotional. To some, yes to many, this reproach may seem just. His music has often an aristocratic character that is forbidding; it is often austere, as if the composer stood proudly aloof. He does not wear his heart on his sleeve. Yet who can hear his second symphony and this descriptive symphony, not to mention other works by him, without feeling that Vincent d'Indy is profoundly, nobly emotional. "The Search for God" is necessarily episodic, as there must be musical expression of each guest of the giant; but here is no panoramic music, no music for films; even without the story in mind, the music would be impressive, whether it portrays the pomp of potentates, the fury of battle, or the joyous bells and the exultation of the faithful on the feast day of the Resurrection. No, d'Indy here is not cold and repelling. His heart beats as warmly for humanity as did the heart of his master Cesar Franck.

Malpiero's Suite is a delightful little work, with interesting and poetic ideas, deftly expressed by the instruments. His scheme of orchestration seems to be his own; nor is he in his harmonic scheme an imitator. They are little pieces, these impressions received from the three birds, but there is more fancy in them than in many huge symphonies and pretentious symphonic poems. How discreet, yet how telling is his employment of instruments! Each has its significance. Mr. Monteux, who conducted throughout skillfully and con amore, is to be heartily thanked for bringing out noteworthy modern compositions.

The Rhapsody of Delius was performed here by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in 1916. It then seemed inferior in construction and interest to his "Paris" and "Brigg Fair," which are in the repertory of the Boston Sym-



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The Rhapsody of Delius was performed here by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in 1916. It then seemed inferior in construction and interest to his "Paris" and "Brigg Fair," which are in the repertory of the Boston Sym-

phony Orchestra; far inferior to his beautiful "Summer Garden." In this Rhapsody there is too little rhapsodic glow. The dancers, as the English, according to the old saying, take their pleasure sadly. There is a reserve, almost a melancholy, that characterizes much of this composer's music. His idiom is still strange to us.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Tchaikowsky, "Manfred" Symphony; Griffes, "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan"; Saint-Saens, Piano Concerto G minor, No. 2 (Percy Grainger, pianist); Lalo, Overture to "Le Roi d'Ys."

PLAYED FOR FIRST TIME IN AMERICA

Symphony Performs
New Works-Trio

Soloists

Post Dec. 24, 1920

BY OLIN DOWNES

Because of Christmas-tide, the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which would ordinarily have occurred on Saturday night, was given yesterday evening. The same programme will be performed this afternoon at the customary matinee in Symphony Hall. This programme consists of Mozart's overture to "Don Giovanni"; his concerto for two pianos and orchestra, in E-flat, played by Guy Maier and Lee Pattison; "The Search for God," from Vincent d'Indy's sacred opera, "St. Christopher"; "Impressions of Nature," Suite No. 1, by Malapiero, and Delius' "Dance Rhapsody." The

compositions by d'Indy and Malapiero were played respectively for the first time in Boston and the first time in America.

D'INDY'S WORK A FEATURE

The feature of this concert was the superb dramatic and symphonic piece of d'Indy. This piece relates the search of Auferus for the Kingdom of Heaven. "He went over the whole earth, visiting the most powerful kingdoms, thinking to find what he sought in the palaces of kings. And the monarchs replied, 'I am not the King of Heaven.'" Auferus went to the great wars. He prostrated himself before the Holy Pontiff, only to receive the same answer. At last, discouraged by seven years wanderings, Auferus returned to his native land.

When d'Indy's opera was performed in Paris, June 6, 1920, the tale of the search and the martyrdom of Auferus is presented in a series of connected episodes and each musical episode is prefaced by spoken narrative on the stage. The music heard last night would have gained in significance, perhaps, under such circumstances. Yet it is such noble music, music so virile in texture, so emotional and lofty of word, that it made a tremendous effect.

Music of the Warrior

We do not know any music which Mr. D'Indy has composed in late years which comes near this piece for sustained inspiration and power. The musical idiom is very strictly that of the old scales and the austere harmonic feeling of medieval times. In this idiom D'Indy is pre-eminently at home. The music never steps out of its medieval frame. It is as the war-song of a Christian warrior of old wandering the world questing for God.

There is musical reference to "the great wars," there is noble pomp and circumstance. The orchestra blazes with color, yet this color is never sensuous or soft. It is radiant or it is hard like steel. It is music mailed and capable, the music of a warrior of the faith. The development of the ideas is as original as it is masterly. It is not conventionally symphonic at all, and old devices like the cannon fit admirably a touching melody in the manner of plain song. Then, too, the piece is so coherent as a whole.

Deliberate and Designed

This music interfered a little with one's receptivity to the impressionistic nature sketches of Malapiero, of which

the third, a nocturne, made the best impression at a first hearing. But this music is for the writer far below, in artistic value, the same composer's "Pauses of Silence" heard at the Boston Symphony one and two seasons ago. That music is the mature expression of an exceptional mind. The music of Malapiero heard last night seems deliberate and designed in its impressionism. More worthless, however, was the Delius Dance Rhapsody, a series of variations on an English or Irish dance tune, which variations become tiresome stunts on the part of a composer who is never unconscious of himself.

Messrs. Maier and Pattison gave an admirable performance of Mozart's concerto. They played with a beautifully developed sense of ensemble, with balance of tone, and coordination with the orchestra. They played with sparkle and a lively rhythm, with crisp clarity and precision of attack. In the slow movement, following the lead of the composer, they touched greater depths. The whole performance, technically and musically, was one which put the little known double piano concerto before its audience in a rarely favorable light.

There was much enthusiasm throughout the evening, and recalls for the soloists.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

MOZART, MODERNS AND A NOTABLE
NEW PIECE

An Orchestral Fragment from d'Indy's
"Saint Christopher" Proves a Superb
Music—"Impressions of Nature" and a
New Side to Malapiero—"Back to Mozart" and Not in Vain

MOZART and the moderns divided the evening—the concerto in the Symphony Concert of last E-flat for two pianos, seemingly the one evening. Both were interesting, and only piece available when paired virtu- whereas neither he nor they are joined with an orchestra. Years always so. By the virtues of contrast each ago Mr. Randolph and Mr. Hutcheson enhanced the merit of other—desirable circumstance, likewise, if we are to believe, Boston; the other day Mme. Samaroﬀ and as the books tell us, that the current of Mr. Gebhard undertook it in New York; music flows unbroken yesterday, today yesterday Mr. Maier and Mr. Pattison and forever. It is good to hear the classics had their turn. It is music almost of an when they are not so familiar as to be improvising Mozart. Possibly he spent coated thick with routine, when they are days or a full week in the making of it, not so rare as to seem like curiosities whereas, according to legend, the overture lifted from a case in a museum, dusted, to "Don Juan" was written in a single varnished and set, as it were, upon rather night. Yet, as his unique way was, tottling pins. Nobody nowadays expects pains, if there were any, did not dim or to hear in the theatre the overture to Mo- stiffen spontaneity. The melodies spring

zart's opera, "Don Juan." In its present state this "capital of music" prefers to receive "lyric-drama" in dribblets from primi donne making money and losing reputation as entertainers on Sunday afternoons. Not too often has the overture been repeated at the Symphony Concerts. There, indeed, like many another prelude of the opera house, it seems to lead nowhere. The hearer, again as the books say, must take it as self-contained. Fortunately at the back of nearly everyone's head is some notion of Don Juan, his fortunes and his fate. If there were not few can be so dull as to hear without responding ear and mood the threatening chords, the sombre, mysterious figures of Mozart's first measures. A little orchestra he used, as we say in these days of an hundred players, a relatively small orchestra gave him voice yesterday, but with it and with what economy he gained his ends. In the distant year of grace, 1787, atmosphere (as the present word goes) and illusion were quite possible in music. They are not nearly so modern discoveries as some of us believe. After all it is the individual imagination and not the implements or what the wise call "the time-spirit" that makes the music.

Again, when Mozart goes forward more swiftly and lightly, is the Don Juan rising from page and orchestra a whit less vivid than the Don Juan whom Strauss flings out of his tone-poem on the canvas of our ears and minds in the panoply of modern harmonic and instrumental color, in the light and shade of modern romantic feeling? Is he less glowing, less conquering figure, less in amorous prowess or unearthly fate? Hardly, if only we think of Mozart's overture as the tone-picturing that it really is, yesterday, today and forever; if only on this particular occasion Mr. Monteux had played this Allegro, as the formalists call it, less urgently and more plastically.

Music of another sort was the Mozartean rarity of the evening—the concerto in the Symphony Concert of last E-flat for two pianos, seemingly the one evening. Both were interesting, and only piece available when paired virtu- whereas neither he nor they are joined with an orchestra. Years always so. By the virtues of contrast each ago Mr. Randolph and Mr. Hutcheson enhanced the merit of other—desirable circumstance, likewise, if we are to believe, Boston; the other day Mme. Samaroﬀ and as the books tell us, that the current of Mr. Gebhard undertook it in New York; music flows unbroken yesterday, today yesterday Mr. Maier and Mr. Pattison and forever. It is good to hear the classics had their turn. It is music almost of an when they are not so familiar as to be improvising Mozart. Possibly he spent coated thick with routine, when they are days or a full week in the making of it, not so rare as to seem like curiosities whereas, according to legend, the overture lifted from a case in a museum, dusted, to "Don Juan" was written in a single varnished and set, as it were, upon rather night. Yet, as his unique way was, tottling pins. Nobody nowadays expects pains, if there were any, did not dim or to hear in the theatre the overture to Mo- stiffen spontaneity. The melodies spring

lightly into being and forthwith charm by flowing grace, pensive fancy, or deft sparkle. The variations and the modulations seem the intuitions of the instant. From the tips of Mozart's fingers fall delicately the orchestral background and accompaniment. The simplicity, fancy, elegance, serenity of the whole music seem inexhaustible second nature in the composer. The hearer, too wonted to the strivings of these our days, basks in them.

If ever there was music of the gossamer of tone it is this concerto and, like light glinting gently through it, is the interplay of the two voices. The one pianist completes the melody that the other has begun; or lets his fellow sing it, while he weaves his garlands of arabesque.

Back figures more there a hal More Maier their have b and se rable Figure fancy pulse With t smiling tison unity respon divided feel it spirit- and e ers bu and e compl all we again.

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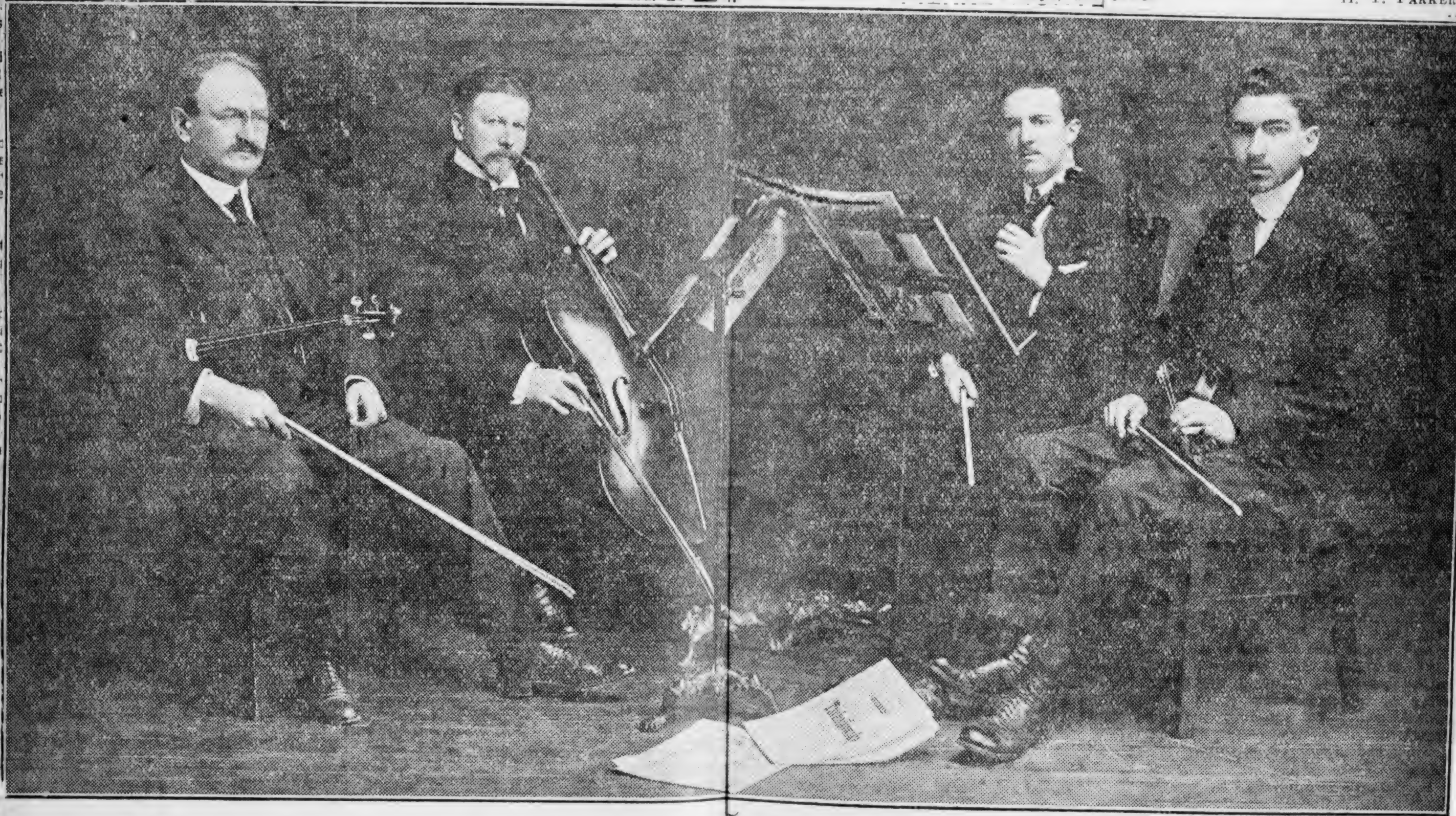
Malipiero's own poetry of this summer woodland—a clear and simple poetry withal. Then the poetry of silent night in woodland dusky and still. For it Malipiero discovers melody, simple, low-voiced, suffused with dim harmonies; shadowy of color—music that may have sounded in his ear as from long vista felt rather than seen. Again, the woods of autumn, the conventional mood of melancholy, with a touch of convention (as musical convention goes in these days) in the expression of it. This first "impression" may pass for preluding. The other two affirm anew the sensitive temper, the sensitive hand of Malipiero. He can summon his own beauty and suggestion into musical speech; he can also use, as some have doubted, a

spirit, ~~spoke~~ unfettered and unclouded. There is more than one resemblance between his "Saint Christopher" and Wagner's "Parsifal." Not the least is the equal impression of old design and deeply set purpose at last and altogether fulfilled.

The outcome, in this symphonic fragment, with Mr. Monteux and the orchestra adding their own eloquence, is music that less persuades by beauty than commands by power. There is superb largeness of substance; there is a stripped might of march and movement. Down the winds of time, blow the echoes of battles, in old legend. Far yet near stir the tonal pomps of kings and pontiffs keeping high and holy festival. Here and there sound the voices of the vicars and the lords whom God, in those days, set

over men. These things come and go; while the great longing in the heart of the slave for the King of Heaven ever haunts the music, as in undertone; while in overtone, go the wonder, the beauty, the power of that celestial presence. Let the pedants pick their way into the occasional Wagnerian suggestion—for d'Indy cannot escape the master who, hardly less than Franck, swayed his younger prime. Let them seek out also for delight or derision what some will call the "medievalism" of "Saint Christopher." The power, the exaltation remain and both are the rarest of qualities, whatever be the other glories, of composers in our particular day. For the most part they bask in their gardens. D'Indy prefers his high tower.

H. T. PARKER



(Photograph by Horner)

The Revived and Newly Constituted Hoffmann Quartet

J. Hoffmann, First Violin; C. Barth, Violoncello; L. Artieres, Viola; E. Hoffmann, Second Violin



lightly into being and forthwith charm by flowing grace, pensive fancy, or deft sparkle. The variations and the modulations seem the intuitions of the instant. From the tips of Mozart's fingers fall delicately the orchestra's background and accompaniment. The simplicity, fancy, elegance, serenity of the whole music seem inexhaustible second nature in the composer. The hearer, too wonted to the strivings of these our days, basks in them.

If ever there was music of the gossamer of tone it is this concerto and, like light glinting gently through it, is the interplay of the two voices. The one pianist completes the melody that the other has begun; or lets his fellow sing it, while he weaves his garlands of arabesque. Back and forth they toss variations and figures; ornament from the one suggests more ornament from the other, and lo! there is a cadenza. And so forth through a half hour of seeming improvisation.

Moreover, Mozartean as Mozart were Mr. Maier and Mr. Pattison face to face across their two pianos. Their tone—for they have but one—was limpid and light, bright and sensitive. Their fingers were inseparable when the melody flowed from them. Figure and ornament kept Mozartean fancy and grace, seemed the common impulse of the instant in the two virtuosi. With the composer they shared serene and smiling elegance. Mr. Maier and Mr. Pattison have attained more than a flawless unity of touch and tone, more than a like responsiveness when the piece in hand divides their voices. They perceive music, feel it, play it as with a single mind and spirit. The eye sees two pianists; the ear and every other perceptive faculty discovers but one. Yesterday, moreover, a third and essential voice—Mozart's own—was as completely fused with theirs. Through it all went a hint of miracle—Mozart's way again.

Not in garden but in woods Malipiero received the sensations out of which he made the music of three "Impressions of Nature," played in Boston by Mr. Monteux for the first time in America, as Mr. Bodanzky played the other three two months ago in New York. The names of birds—blackcap, wood-pecker, owl—label them and beyond mistaking. The wood-pecker drums intermittently through his particular piece. In fact, however, all three are tone-pictures in little, according to familiar exercise of our composing youth. It is summer in the woods and they are astrife with light and life. Malipiero writes no delineative music after the example of Wagner in the familiar scene in "Siegfried." Rather, he finds a rhythmic figure (as Musorgsky liked to do) and sets it flashing here, there and everywhere until the music becomes a sunlit web quivering in the bright air. The background shimmers: the motion never halts. It is

Malipiero's own poetry of this summer woodland—a clear and simple poetry withal. Then the poetry of silent night in woodland dusky and still. For it Malipiero discovers melody, simple, low-voiced, suffused with dim harmonies; shadowy of color—music that may have sounded in his ear as from long vista felt rather than seen. Again, the woods of autumn, the conventional mood of melancholy, with a touch of convention (as musical convention goes in these days) in the expression of it. This first "impression" may pass for prelude. The other two affirm anew the sensitive temper, the sensitive hand of Malipiero. He can summon his own beauty and suggestion into musical speech; he can also use, as some have doubted, a relative simplicity of means.

Finally, the composer of constriction, the Delius, whose music even in a "Dance Rhapsody" is never so articulate as his imagination would make it. He would improvise bravely upon a well-rhythmed, readily manipulated motive. He would make it dance; he would make it sing. But no sooner does he set the dance in motion than somehow beclow its feet as by excess of tension; while no sooner does he sign than cloudy harmonies descend upon the ring. Only with a mighty effort toward the end does he finally set his motive free. The gods of music have been cruel to Delius. Imagination they gave him and then denied him speech.

D'Indy led the moderns—the d'Indy of the one fragment from the music-drama of Saint Christopher that it is possible to transfer to the concert-hall—a symphonic poem, in brief rather than in little, that is epitome, in the second act, of the journey of the slave who was to be martyr, up and down the world in quest of the King of Heaven. Of course, it should be the obligation of the Metropolitan Opera House to set on the American stage this "Legend of Saint Christopher," with which an illustrious composer would crown his career, in which he has written as only he in our time writes. By the token, moreover, of this symphonic fragment, he would not fail upon the ears, the minds, the hearts of hearers. The music is masterfully made, with the fertility in invention and resource; the ever unfolding unity that are d'Indy's intent and desire fulfilled. Into music he would transmute mediæval legend and often out of these pages rise the modes, the accents of mediæval psalmody. None the less, being of these days and of his own voice and manner, d'Indy impregnates them with modern sonorities, sharpens them with twentieth-century dissonance, enriches them with the harmony and the color of a later time. Learning, wisdom, resource aid in the process, but a veritable divination guides it. Seemingly in this music of his final years, the loftiness, the austerity of d'Indy's mind and

spirit speak unfettered and unclouded. There is more than one resemblance between his "Saint Christopher" and Wagner's "Parsifal." Not the least is the equal impression of old design and deeply set purpose at last and altogether fulfilled.

The outcome, in this symphonic fragment, with Mr. Monteux and the orchestra adding their own eloquence, is music that less persuades by beauty than commands by power. There is superb largeness of substance; there is a stripped might of march and movement. Down the winds of time, blow the echoes of battles, in old legend. Far yet near stir the tonal pomps of kings and pontiffs keeping high and holy festival. Here and there sound the voices of the vicars and the lords whom God, in those days, set

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H. T. PARKER



G. Francesco Malipiero

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920-21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

TENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, AT 8 P. M.

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

"MANFRED" SYMPHONY, op. 58.
(after Byron's Dramatic Poem)

- I. Manfred's Wanderings and Despair. Lento Lugubre; Moderato con moto; Andante; Andante con duolo.
- II. The Fairy of the Alps. Vivace con spirito; Trio l'istesso Tempo.
- III. Pastorale: Andante con moto
- IV. The Palace of Arimanes; Invocation to Astarte; Manfred's Death. Allegro con fuoco; Andante con duolo; Tempo primo; Largo

GRIFFES,

"The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan."
(after the Poem of S. T. Coleridge)

SAINT-SAËNS,

CONCERTO No. 2 in G minor for Pianoforte, op. 22

- I. Andante sostenuto
- II. Allegretto scherzando
- III. Presto

LALO,

OVERTURE to "Le Roi d'Ys"
("The King of Ys")

Soloist:

PERCY GRAINGER

Steinway Pianoforte used

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

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Percy Grainger, the Australian Pianist, Will Play This Winter for the First Time with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The Boston Public Knows Him Well Because of His Settings of Folk Songs.

GRAINGER SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Restore Tschaikowsky
to Place on the
List

BY OLIN DOWNES

The variety and interest of Mr. Monteux's programmes continuing, the Boston Symphony Orchestra played Tschaikowsky's "Manfred" symphony; Griffith's symphonic poem, "Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan"; Lalo's overture, "Le Roi d'Ys," and, with the assistance of Percy Grainger, pianist, Saint-Saens' G minor concerto, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

TSCHAIKOWSKY WELCOME

Mr. Monteux has conducted comparatively few compositions of Tschaikowsky—is Tschaikowsky waning in the concert hall?—and his choice of the "Manfred" symphony, or fantasia, which has not been heard at these concerts for many years, was a welcome one. Writing this work, Tschaikowsky is Russian "Manfred" himself, and we would listen willingly to this long, picturesque, dramatic composition, if only to hear again the superbly tragic theme of "Manfred," so ominously intoned at the opening of the work, so nobly flung out against the tumultuous tonal background of the conclusion.

Other Beauties in Work

But there are other pages. There is

the movement in which Tschaikowsky suggests the appearance of the Witch of the Alps in the waterfall, which remains, in these days of virtuoso instrumentation, a fascinating passage of scoring, and other rages, in which Tschaikowsky shows his Slavic passion for the picturesque. Above all, there is the haunting beauty and poignancy of the dialogue with the ghost of Astarte. Well, there are those who look with condescension on this composer Tschaikowsky. They talk about his over-emotionalism, his unrestrained revelations of self, his tonal mannerisms and excesses, his difficulty in mastering symphonic form. This fact remains: as no other Russian, with the possible exception of Moussorgsky, who could never have filled a canvas the size of the "Manfred" symphony, Tschaikowsky can rise to an occasion.

Puts Other Writers to Shame

He may flag at moments when exigencies of form embarrass him. But confront him with a dramatic moment, and he will portray Manfred with a theme as Byronic as Byron. Give him such a situation as that which follows the orgy in the Palace of Arimenes, in Byron's poem, and Tschaikowsky will match it with his music. He will match it in a way you will never forget. He will put most of the composers of his day, not only composers of Russia, but of all Europe, to shame by the fervor, the sincerity, the flaming intensity of his utterance.

There was occasion again, listening to "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Kahn," to lament the untimely taking off of Charles Tomlinson Griffes, the young American of great genius who was just finding himself in his art when he died. "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Kahn" had, in fact, barely become known and recognized for its work when there came to an end a career of extraordinary promise.

Mr. Grainger's Playing

Then, at the hands of Mr. Percy Grainger, as fluent a pianist as he is a composer, a performer born to play this popular work, the Saint-Saens G minor concerto, with its astonishingly grand opening and its astonishingly superficial progress, rattled to its end.

A less noted composer, in a less pretentious manner, does something which stirs us far more—ala in the overture to "Le Roi d'Ys."



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1. 1921

TENTH CONCERT OF SYMPHONY

Percy Grainger, Pianist,
Assists in Impressive
Program

TSCHAIKOWSKY'S "MANFRED" HEARD

By PHILIP HALE

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Tchaikowsky, "Manfred" Symphony; Griffes, "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan"; Saint-Saens, Concerto in G minor, No. 2 for the piano; Lalo, Overture to "Le Roi d'Ys," Percy Grainger was the pianist.

The "Manfred" symphony had not been played at these concerts for nine years. In no one of Tchaikowsky's important works is the composer's labor more apparent. He was practically hounded to the task by Balakireff, who sketched a program for him in 1882, told him what he should and should not do, assuring him that Byron's tragedy as a subject for a symphonic poem had contemporaneous interest, "for modern humanity is such because it knows not how to preserve its ideals."

The performance yesterday was impressive and brilliant. The French musicians and critics have for some years not been over-friendly towards Tchaikowsky's music. It does not appeal to them so much as the music of Rimsky-Korsakoff or that of Borodin, or even that of Balakireff. Perhaps Tchaikowsky's mannerisms, never more noticeable than in this symphony, annoy them; the endless repetition of a negligible phrase by various solo instruments or groups of instruments; a certain coarseness in choice of thematic material; his tendency to shriek his emotions; a gloomy atmosphere, which he breathed as a man. Yet, now and

then, in "Manfred" there are eloquently Byronic moments. Manfred and Astarte are strongly portrayed by their respective themes. Scorn, remorse, despair are thundered forth, while the memory and the vision of Astarte are expressed with a tenderness, now human, now unearthly that we find in Tchaikowsky's letters when he pours out his soul in confidence. The second movement, "The Fairy of the Alps," with its tonal representation of the cataract, and the final bacchanal show the influence of Berlioz. Tchaikowsky is no more fortunate in a musical orgy than Berlioz was in his finale of "Harold in Italy"; but for his finale the former found contrasting measures of a sepulchral solemnity that he alone could imagine; measures that speak of the tomb and the end of all desires; hopeless, desolate measures, as those in the first and last movements of the "Pathetic" Symphony.

"The symphonic poem of Griffes, played for the first time at a concert of this orchestra a little over a year ago, when the composer was suffering in body, unable to pay for the copying of the orchestral parts, and thus taxing what strength was his, teaching by day and working far into the night that his "Kubla Khan" might be ready for performance, brought vividly to mind the loss to the world by his untimely departure. For here is music of genuine fancy, music that by the thought and the expression reveal individuality and the soul of a poet. Nor was this composer guilty of abusing pseudo-Orientalism; he heard music that might have stirred the revellers beneath Kubla's pleasure dome.

Mr. Grainger played the familiar concerto in a delightfully musical manner. Not relying solely on fleetness and brilliancy, he gave a finely conceived and detailed performance of the first movement, too often read in a perfunctory manner by pianists impatient to show what they "can do" later when insistent demands are made on technical proficiency. And so, well-worn as the concerto is, yesterday it had fresh life, nor was the workmanship displayed by the composer the only attractive feature of the music itself.

The concert was too long, yet who would have missed Lalo's overture or Mr. Monteux's interpretation of it?

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concert next week is as follows: Schubert, "Overture in C-Major," in Italian style; Hadyn, "Military Symphony"; Bruch, "Violin Concerto, G-Minor, No. 1"; Debussy, "The Sea." Isolde Menges will be the violinist.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. Jan. 3, 1921
CHAIKOVSKY'S "MANFRED"; ALSO
REAL MUSIC

The Commonplaces, Seldom Relieved, of a
Tedious Piece — Mr. Griffes's "Kubla
Khan" Renews Its Magic—Mr. Grainger,
Glorifies a Concerto by Saint-Saens, and
Throughout the Orchestra Shines

CHAIKOVSKY is the ogre of the Symphony Concerts. Many frequenting them wish to hear his music, hear it seldom, are disappointed, speak their desires and their chagrin to each other and to the powers that be at Symphony Hall. On the other hand, every conductor of the orchestra, since Mr. Fiedler's day, has disliked Chaikovsky's music and made no secret of his distaste. Dr. Muck was ill at ease with the Russian's pieces; believed himself unresponsive and dull in actual performance; would have none of the three latter symphonies (except "The Pathetic" at Pension Fund concerts); and compromised with the desire of the public by far separated revivals of a suite or a tone-poem. Since Chaikovsky is rarely heard at orchestral concerts in Paris, where orthodox and unorthodox look askew at him, Mr. Rabaud knew him not. Mr. Monteux, in turn, inclines little to his music, but with his usual fairness and openness of mind, appreciates the hankering of many for it. Having set The Pathetic Symphony on a Pension-Fund programme, he began to cast about for a piece to be played in the regular course of the concerts. Upon neither the fourth nor the fifth symphony, both long unheard in Boston, upon none of the suites or the fantasias, did his choice finally fall, but upon "Manfred: Symphony after Byron's Dramatic Poem," last audible in Symphony Hall from the hands of the admiring Fiedler in 1911.

Accordingly, "Manfred" was played at the Symphony Concert of last Saturday and rapt was the attention, long and loud the applause, particularly when orchestra as well as conductor stood to receive it. Numerous are the partisans of Peter Ilitch—usually with their forties well behind them—and vociferous as well. Yet in many an ear of 1921 the music itself sounded, for the most part, trite and tedious, coarse and common. A darksome, clumping motif rumbles out Manfred's despairing woe and is led through tonal tor-

tures and tonal thunders. A motif, sensuously sugared, songfully thickened, evokes Astarte from his visions—the familiar formula, the easy antithesis, of Chaikovsky symphonic, silthering up and down the orchestra or purring "intensely" through it. And lo! there is a first movement!

Next a scherzo—saving grace to the whole piece so long as Chaikovsky is busy with the flickering rhythms, the glinting harmonies, the rainbow of instrumental color, wherewith he would suggest the Fairy of the Waterfall. By so much fancy, if not imagination, serves him in this "Manfred Symphony." Soon, however, return the hero's and the composer's dolorous dumps. They are not slow to descend upon the conventional "pastoral" stuff of the third movement. Manfred "does take on awful," as the colored woman said of her distressed husband; but three-quarters of the symphony are done. Sound and fury begin the final division—an "orgy" in the palace of a Prince of Darkness who stupidly mistakes din for debauchery. Then a ghostly interlude—Astarte in apparition—where, for the second time in the whole music, Chaikovsky forsakes formula for illusion. Finally, sixty long minutes from the beginning, the grim measures of Manfred's dissolution. They are appropriately lugubrious; they stage death; but with naught in them of the passage from despair into nothingness, wringing ear and spirit at the end of The Pathetic Symphony.

There Chaikovsky, deeply, almost fiercely, imagining, cuts to the quick. Here he tolls at a formula of romantic music à la Berlioz and of romantic poetry à la Byron. The fashions of both change and we, fickle mortals, change with them. Only by effort of will may we stir nowadays to Manfred in verse or tones, and the impulse must come from the vesture around him. Neither Byron nor Chaikovsky can weave it for the eyes and ears of the twentieth century. In verse, in spite of the Englishman's poetic energy and pictorial richness, Manfred, mooning, posturing, is the spent rocket of a dead-and-gone romanticism. In tones of the Russian, if no. of Schumann, he is mere formula worked when, with the exceptions already noted, the composer's imagination was dry and his hand mechanical. A common Manfred is a bore and Chaikovsky's Manfred is common.

Then began the real music of the evening—with Mr. Griffes's tone-poem, "The Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan," timely repeated after the first hearings of last season, for intrinsic desert no less than as memorial to a composer who might have long adorned American music, had

Death, the hateful, passed him by. With this very piece he has appreciably enriched it. For here is the very poetry of tones. Out of parting harmonic mists rises Coleridge's palace of dream—and there is magic in the line and pulse of the music. Around gardens blossom, fountains flow—and sunlit is the melody, rippling the modulations. There is festival within—and dance-rhythms rise and fall while near and far the instrumental voices clang. Magic again—and upon palace, garden, fete, the harmonic veils descend. Of old they warmed; now they chill. A perfect music in degree and kind is this tone-poem, because everywhere the formal progress and the poetic and pictorial suggestion go hand in hand effortless; because everywhere well chosen and individual means accomplish the desired end; because from first measure to last Mr. Griffes evokes and sustains one of the most evasive of moods—the mood of magical vision; because the beauty and the fineness of his measures are born of as fine and beautiful an imagery. There are in American music Mr. Loeffler and Mr. Carpenter. There was—the more the pity—Mr. Griffes. And a public that fourteen months ago covered "The Pleasure-Dome" with applause, somehow on Saturday heard it coldly.

Possibly the audience felt surer of the estimable Monsieur Saint-Saëns in a concerto fifty years old, with Mr. Grainger as pianist—for fresh token of the more enlightened policy now prevailing at the Symphony Concerts in the choice of soloists. In the Higginsonian day, 'round and 'round went the "good old stand-bys." Blessed were they because hearers knew exactly what to expect. Now youth, as youth in the concert-hall goes, has entry—Helfetz and Spalding, Levitzki and Ornstein, Mr. Werrenrath and Miss Braslau—and seldom has this youth defaulted anticipation. Once more Mr. Grainger fulfilled it. The life of this concerto in G minor is rhythmic verve, and the pianist was adept and unflagging. It is crystal-clear music, and he was limpid and crisp of tone without a hint of dry exposition or hardness of touch. Throughout Saint-Saëns is both fanciful and elegant—without those traits the pedants would surely have scorned the Allegretto as "trivial"—while Mr. Grainger was as playful and polished as though he had never cultivated the marimba or written, if memory does not slip as to title, a corn-stalk march.

And the best of all the pianist's abilities was precisely the ability that the concerto most needed. Whatever the music before him, he animates it, makes it sound as if he and the composer were improvising it upon ears and perceptions hearing it, in the illusion of the instant, for the first time. How sure, simple, felicitous seemed Saint-Saëns's means!

Franksome was the Presto, with the liveliest of modulation in pace and accent. The Allegretto charmed by gayety and sheen of progress. The more sedate first movement gained warath, grace, pellucid phrase, rhythmic ardor. Mr. Grainger is unashamed of high spirits in the concert-hall, albeit within he measures and masters them. Saint-Saëns, dry old juggler with tones, as he often seems nowadays, should bless him for them.

With the overture to Lalo's opera, "The King of Ys," the concert ended and once more the "new" orchestra gave proof of its new powers. The violoncello, the oboe, the clarinet sang as voices in music-drama; now the band felt the rhythmic impetuosity of Lalo's measures, again suffused them with his sentiment, or anew caught his martial fire. Yet it had excelled no less in Chalkovsky's rainbow-like Scherzo; while, as Mr. Monteux rightly willed, it spared not with Manfred's rude musical melodrama. As well within their powers lay the filmy texture of Mr. Griffes's tone-poem, the bright rhythms, the smiling euphonies of Saint-Saëns's concerto. A real orchestra plays again at Symphony Hall, and more and more it becomes a sensitized instrument.

Items and Announcements

Mr. Monteux and the Symphony Orchestra will be heard in a second concert for its Pension Fund at Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 6, and with the long and eagerly desired "Wagner Programme." It will be interesting to see how a cosmopolitan conductor like him chooses it and what mettle the band displays in it. To ask for Wagner in the opera house in the Boston of 1921 is to cry for the moon. (The director of the Metropolitan smiled the smile of gentle scorn when some one asked him the other day whether he might bring his company hither next spring!) But Wagner in the concert-hall is a deal better than no Wagner at all.

By another token even the old men are resigning themselves to the end of the war. Two weeks hence, Mme. Menges is to play at the Symphony Concerts a concerto of Bruch for violin—and by free and unmolested choice. Now the aged Bruch, like other men of his years the world over, said in war-time many a peevish, false and foolish thing about "the enemy." Some hereabouts noted them, chose to be vindictive, and by ulterior influences compelled Mr. Spalding (who happened to fight in that same war) to abandon a concerto of Bruch that he wished to play at the Symphony Concerts a year ago last October, as they had previously constrained Miss Braslau to withdraw a piece of his music that she wished to sing with the orchestra. Mr.

Symphony Hall.

Monteux and public sentiment generally have happily made an end of these futillities. Bellicose invective and concertos for violin hardly seem related things.

Orchestra and conductor departed last evening upon the usual monthly journey southward. In Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and Brooklyn, Mr. Cortot, the familiar pianist, will assist them, playing Saint-Saëns's concerto in F major in which he was once heard here with the Conservatory Orchestra of Paris. The same cities are to hear Casella's version of Balakirev's "Islamey," to be played likewise in New York along with the other novel numbers of recent concerts in Boston—the fragment from d'Indy's "Saint Christopher"; Bax's tone-poem, "In the Fairy Hills"; Malipiero's "Nature-Pieces" and Mr. Griffes's "Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan." Schumann's symphony in D minor, Brahms's in E minor and Chalkovsky's "Manfred" are distributed through the programmes.

H. T. PARKER

Music in Boston

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor BOSTON, Massachusetts — At its tenth concert on December 31 the Boston Symphony Orchestra played the following program: Tchaikowsky, "Manfred" symphony op. 58; Griffes, "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan"; Saint-Saëns, second concerto for pianoforte in G minor; Lalo, overture to "Le Roi d'Ys." Percy Grainger was the pianist.

Tchaikowsky's "Manfred" has not been heard here in some years and is something of a novelty for that reason. The freshness of the themes and the brightly colored orchestration are remarkable still. For all its morbid wailing, its fretfulness, its pure and unashamed melodrama, this music shows the unmistakable marks of genius. The performance was above criticism. Mr. Monteux's understanding of the score was perfect. He played it sincerely, in the true romantic manner.

Griffes' "Kubla Khan," played for the first time a little over a year ago, did not produce a different impression than on that occasion. The composer has well assimilated the means of expression adopted by composers of the present time. It is artfully constructed music, picturesque, effective, and at certain moments expressive. There is a noticeable absence of a distinctive, personal note, however.

Would that Mr. Grainger had chosen another and more novel concerto. One associates him with less hackneyed, familiar music. His reading was remarkable, nevertheless, for its rhythmic life and fire. His performance was without affectation, sincere, in the spirit of the music. Lalo's Overture is agreeable music, a useful piece for rounding out a program. The playing of the orchestra throughout the afternoon was particularly beautiful in tone and phrasing.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

Boston—Symphony Hall—Tonight at 8

Soloist, Percy Grainger

Philadelphia—Academy of Music, Mon. Jan. 3, at 8:15. Soloist, Alfred Cortot.

Washington—New National Theatre, Tues., Jan. 4, at 4:30. Alfred Cortot.

Baltimore—Lyric Theatre, Wed., Jan. 5, at 8:15. Alfred Cortot.

New York—Carnegie Hall, Thurs., Jan. 6, at 8:15, and Sat., Jan. 8, at 2:30.

Brooklyn—Academy of Music—Fri., Jan. 7, at 8:15. Alfred Cortot.

Springfield, City Auditorium—Sun., Jan. 9, at 3.

Hartford, Parsons Theatre—Mon., Jan. 10, at 8:15. Soloist, Piastro.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920--21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

ELEVENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, AT 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, AT 8 P.M.

SCHUBERT,

OVERTURE in the Italian Style in C major, op. 170

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in G major, "Military, (B.&H.No.II)

- I. Adagio; Allegro
- II. Allegretto
- III. Menuetto; Trio
- IV. Finale: Presto

BRUCH,

CONCERTO for Violin, No. 1, in G minor, op. 26

- I. Prelude: Allegro moderato
- II. Adagio
- III. Allegro energico

DEBUSSY,

TROIS ESQUISSES SYMPHONIQUES, "La Mer"

- I. De l'aube a midi sur la mer (From Dawn till Noon on the Ocean")
- II. Jeux de vagues, ("Frolic of Waves")
- III. Dialogue du Vent et de la Mer, ("Dialogue of Wind and Sea")

Soloist:

ISOLDE MENGES

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

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Isolde Menges, the Young English Violinist, Came to This Country with a Great Reputation. This Praise Was More Than Confirmed by Her Performance in New York. She Will Appear in Boston for the First Time This Winter.

SYMPHONY PERFORMS "THE SEA"

Debussy's Work Easily
Feature of Its
Concert

Post Jan. 15, 1921
BY OLIN DOWNES

Miss Isolde Menges, violinist, was soloist at the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestral compositions were: Schubert's Overture in the Italian manner; Haydn's Military symphony, and Debussy's three pieces for orchestra, which go under the collective title of "La Mer."

DEBUSSY THE FEATURE

The performance of this music of Debussy was for some the feature of the concert. Not but what Mr. Monteux led a superb performance of a delightful and insufficiently known symphony of Haydn, not but what Schubert's overture in the manner of Rossini entertained the audience hugely. But the crown of the concert was Debussy's impressionistic score, which was given by far the best performance thus far heard in this city.

As to the permanent value of this music, one hesitates after many hearings in coming to a conclusion. Debussy's sea is as baffling as the sea itself, in its many moods. These moods, or these sounds of the sea, are

miraculously echoed by Debussy's orchestra.

Marvelous Orchestration

The orchestration of this composition seems almost past compare. It is wonderful in every way and in every department of the orchestra. If one took the scoring for the woodwind choir alone, the woodwind choir without strings or brass or even percussion to help it out, one would be fascinated. In fact, some times we wonder if fewer strings than those of the standard symphony orchestra of today, with the retention of the standard number of wind instruments, would not make even a more effective performance. We have heard this music in the smaller spaces of Sanders Theatre in Cambridge, where the wood showed more than it does in the spaces of Symphony Hall, and the effect was wilder, more eerie, more uncannily of the sea. But what is true of the woodwind is likewise true of the strings and other divisions of the orchestra. Debussy writes for one as for all, with complete mastery.

In Debussy's orchestra the winds whisper, the waves crash, sirens sing strange songs. But in spite of all this tonal magic the music seems to lack the grip and the unity of conception which make so wonderful for example, the earlier and less mature music of the movement, "Sirens" from the three orchestral nocturnes. In that movement is the essence of "La Mer," and the Nocturne is much less sophisticated, much less fussed over, while simple and wonderful ideas, put very modestly, tell with becoming brevity, an unforgettable tale.

Best Way to Enjoy It

The way to take "La-Mer"—and one could not help taking it that way during the sympathetic and engrossing performance of Mr. Monteux—is perhaps to listen to each measure for what it is, to immerse oneself in its sheer tonal beauty and wonder; to forget all instinctive demands for some kind of a form, some kind of an artistic structure; to meet the composer half way, not to reflect that this sound might represent a wind that was shaking the shutters as well as a wind disturbing ocean depths, to take Debussy's word for it that this is the sea and revel in the fantasy with the composer. Thus Wilde lamented the decay of the art of lying. To him every artist was a liar, a man who invents something which is not so, and his greatness to be measured by the quality of his yarn. Let us listen to Mr. Debussy, artist-liar, with



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the understanding that if he will please keep on lying so wonderfully about the sea we will listen to him, promise not to interrupt or ask embarrassing questions as to the accuracy of his tale, but take it for what it is and neither inquire nor speculate as to its probability. But we personally think down deep in our hearts that this music is a little less genuine, less spontaneous and inspired than earlier music of Debussy. It is certain that much of its tonal fascination was the accomplishment of Mr. Monteux and his superb orchestra.

The performance of Haydn's symphony showed again what foolish and traditional fallacies historians and students of music, as well as of every other subject under the sun, will maintain. The particular Haydn fallacy is that Haydn was a very proper and respectable composer, an apostle of form for form's sake, and a man without too many elemental human impulses in him. Whereas the truth is that Haydn was an extremely red-blooded man, who danced attendance on a prince only because he had to, but whose heart went out to the people and the fields, which found their way into his lusty, melodious music.

Miss Menges, who was widely applauded, played the Bruch G minor concerto, a conventional though excellently written work, a work which will soon be as dead as the dodo, a work over which Mendelssohn would have shed tears of joy, and pointed it out to Schumann as a model of composition. This work Miss Menges played in a conventional manner with an abuse of vibrato, without individuality, without artistic distinction.

11TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Performance of Debussy's
"La Mer" Poetic and
Impressive

ISOLDE MENGES AS
SOLO VIOLINIST

Herald Jan. 15, 1924
By PHILIP HALE

The eleventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, Overture in the Italian style, C-major; Haydn, "Military" Symphony; Bruch, Concerto for Violin, G-minor, No. 1; Debussy, "La Mer." The solo violinist was Isolde Menges, who played with the orchestra for the first time.

The feature of this concert was the performance of "La Mer." There has been five performances before yesterday, but no one of them was so poetic, so impressive. We sometimes wonder if the symphony audience fully appreciates what Mr. Monteux is doing for music in this city; if it fully appreciates his catholicity of taste as shown by his programs; his interest in the work of the younger composers of all nations; his skill as a disciplinarian and as an interpreter of works ancient, modern and ultra-modern. He is a singularly modest man, not one to blow his own horn, not one to make a sensational display; he is not a parlor-lion, seeking to make himself "popular" by gaining the sweet influence of ladies. A man of a refined nature, well-informed, courteous, he is devoted to his art and his family. No conductor since Mr. Henschel has been so fortunate in program-making, and Mr. Henschel as a conductor was the veriest amateur learning his trade at the expense of the orchestra and the audience. It is not extravagant to say that the concerts this season have, on the whole, been the most uniformly interesting in the history of the orchestra; some of them have been the most brilliant. We are fortunate, indeed, that this most musical conductor dwells here and is in command.

Is "La Mer" to be ranked among Debussy's greater compositions? Some years ago M. Louis Laloy, always an admirer of Debussy, welcomed, apropos of "La Mer," what he called a happy change in Debussy's art; at first wholly an impressionist, he came to adopt more ample forms, more precise ideas, a more solid construction, more vigorous rhythms, without losing anything of his finesse or his freshness. It is true that in "La Mer" the developments are largely planned; the three sections might be called the first movement, the Scherzo, and the Finale of a symphony; but this does not make the music any the more beautiful. There is much in the saying of Plotinus that fire surpasses other bodies in beauty because it obtains the order of form "and is the most subtle of all, bordering as it were on an incorporeal nature." There is more intensity, more power in "La Mer" than in the preceding orchestral works of Debussy; there is also the indefinable, entrancing subtlety.

If one says, "But to me the ocean is different from this," the answer is that the ocean is what one sees and feels in its presence. To the sailor the ocean is not so mysterious as it is to the landsman. Quote the famous line of Aeschylus, or poems of Byron, Swinburne, Whitman, to him, and he would find nothing in them. In this music of Debussy is what the word "ocean" suggests to the imaginative. Mr. Jones may long for a prolonged orchestral storm; Mrs. Jones may miss the rocking that she finds in the first movement of "Scheherazade"; to Miss Jones the ocean is only an excuse for showing herself liberally in a becoming bathing suit. The poetry of the ocean, sportive, tender, capricious, ironically jovial, sublime, terrible, escapes this amiable family. What to the three is this music of Debussy?

Whether Schubert's overture was written in mockery of Rossini or in admiration of his genius—the latter hypothesis is the safer—the fact remains that Rossini did the thing much better. (There is an eloquent tribute in the December number of the Chesterian of London by—of all men in the world—Alfredo Casella).

There are perhaps a dozen of Haydn's Symphonies seldom played that would be agreeable to hear. We found the "Military" Symphony, in spite of the admirable performance, for the most part dull. Even the bass drum, the triangle and the cymbals do not save it. Did Haydn introduce these percussion instruments to arouse the three-bottle gentry and the bulbous matrons of London from their slumber?

Miss Menges showed a rich tone and emotional feeling in Bruch's hackneyed, mushy and splurgy concerto. She has, undoubtedly, what so many singers fondly think they have, viz. temperament. It is unfortunate that she has not yet learned to play with greater bodily repose, with authoritative ease and poise.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 1; Franck "Les Djinns," symphony poem for piano and orchestra (after Victor Hugo)—E. Robert Schmitz, pianist—first time at these concerts; Bingham, Passacaglia, op. 10 (first performance); Roger-Ducasse, Suite Francaise in D major.

DEBUSSY'S SEA-MUSIC SAVES AN
AFTERNOON

Jan. 15, 1924
Otherwise Mr. Monteux Sets a Dull Programme — Tedious Resurrections from Schubert and Haydn, and Threadbare Bruch—Miss Menges for None Too Interesting Violinist—Mr. Dadmun Proves Singer of Notable Quality

FOR the first time within recollection Mr. Monteux, at the Symphony Concert of yesterday, narrowly escaped a dull programme. He had searched out neglected pieces by classic composers—an Overture "in the Italian style" by Schubert, a "military" Symphony by Haydn—and they hardly warranted rediscovery. He had sanctioned Miss Menges's choice of Bruch's first Concerto for Violin as solo-number of the day, and time, change, repetition have worn it threadbare. An audience, quick by habit to applaud the songful Schubert, the melodious, playful, easy-going Haydn, heard the Overture impassively, the Symphony coldly; while through the Concerto, it had quite as many eyes for Miss Menges, who is not usual of aspect, as ears for the music. Salvation came with Debussy's Sea-Pieces, seizing and stirring imagination in themselves and played with high eloquence.

Clearly Mr. Monteux's best and truest field is the modern and the ultra-modern composers. Among their pieces he chooses interestingly, variously, rewardingly. He plays them with penetration, sympathy, revelation, impressing his hearers. He is not, however, a conductor to gild the commonplace, like Schubert's Overture of yesterday or, the other day, Beethoven's

Overture, "Dedication of the House." With reason, he avoids the routine of the "classical reperory," since in French clearness of mind, he perceives that it is stalling many a masterpiece. Usually his discoveries on the borders of it have praised him; but not Haydn's "Military Symphony." In a sense, however, it was cynical satisfaction to find Mr. Monteux thus fallible. Week after week, through all one season and half another, he has set programmes for the Symphony Concerts. Hardly one of them has failed to interest from beginning to end—a unique record in the forty years of the orchestra. In the descent of yesterday, came the humanizing touch. If a conductor never slips, by the same token—usually—he never rises.

In Schubert's Overture, the virtuosi of the wood-wind choir sang pretty Italianate measures in glamoring tones of smooth, rich sensuous texture. Of themselves and of Mr. Monteux, they gave these measures long-breathed, curving, Italianate phrasing. Now the strings set in background; again they darkened or brightened the song; yet again they interrupted it with rushing figures. Toward the end came the inevitable crescendo "of the Italian style" in the days of Rossini and through the first half of the nineteenth century. Even then, the scornful called it a "gallopade." The discreet Schubert escapes this reproach—in tameness. So did he do his duty to a fashion in music at Vienna in the year of grace 1817; while a hundred years later at Boston, an audience as dutifully heard him—and, probably, with as little inner glow of satisfaction.

Better, however, Schubert Italian than Haydn military—if to be military consists in an Allegretto in a subdued march-rhythm with light claps of the cymbals and light taps upon the bass drum to accent it. Add thereto a Finale similarly pointed and broken by a modest trumpet-call and the martial Haydn is complete. Unfortunately, putting on this panoply, he puts off more familiar, more desirable graces. There is no heartiness, no sprightliness in the first movement, not much invention, few sprightly strokes, only music-making to fill the profitable commission of the estimable Johann Peter Salomon. The veiled march of the second movement needs more than the "military" trimmings to escape as routine composition. A connoisseur of Haydn might hardly pick the Minuet from a hundred others written all in the day's work in the Vienna or the London of his time. The lusty, fanciful sportive Haydn of many a Finale distinctly drags his usually skipping feet, takes refuge in a trumpet-call. Good old Haydn the simple, the charming yesterday, today and forever; but when charm flies out of

the window, as in this Military Symphony, the simplicity draggles near to commonplace. Those who obstinately set all "the masters" above every human frailty will say that Mr. Monteux failed to catch the flavor, the accent of the music. But was there any such—except of a commission fulfilled by the faithful Haydn working rain or shine?

Poor old Bruch snapping and snarling at "the enemy" through the war, while with more reason he might have reviled the fate overtaking his violin-pieces! Naught else of his music survives outside Germany and hardly there. No longer do "Odysseus," "Arminius" and his other blends of sentiment and sonority, workmanship and effect, stir even the musical backwaters of this world; while before his Concerto or his Scottish Fantasia the expectant hearer merely asks nowadays what the violinist is likely to make of it. In spite of symphonic pretence and of many ingenuities, down they have come to the level of Ernst's and Vieuxtemps's and Wieniawski's concertos and fantasias, as merely "grateful music for the violinist." As he or she plays them so are they—suave Adagios, florid or finical "passage-work," glinting Finales. And Miss Menges played the Concerto well enough. Her technical means sufficed, even if her ear and fingers were not always quite unerring. Her tone flowed warmly, pliantly. It is full-bodied, bright of texture, if not always exactly edgeless. In a richer music, it might be sensuous and sumptuous. Without apparent effort Miss Menges did Bruch's feats of skill and agility; added tremors of tone to his sentimental song, which is hardly necessary; projected his bolder phrases, his more energetic rhythms. The regular thing in the regular way—but always with the lurking suspicion that, given a stranger, more imaginative and higher-pitched music, there would emerge a violinist with individuality, with even a propensity for the fantastical. To the eye the English Miss Menges may look Greenwich Village and its equivalent in London which is Chelsea. Yet in her aspect is hint of something more and rarer. Possibly Bruch is only her sop to the musical bourgeoisie.

Finally, to efface all that had gone before, the Sea-Pieces of Debussy. Nowhere has he stretched so ample a canvas, filled it with so large a tonal design. Those who would have him a maker of miniatures forget that, for once at least, in this sea-music, he is also a master of architecture. There are symphonic scope and sweep, expansion and cumulation in "La Mer." Steadily the first "sketch," as he chooses to call it, broadens and deepens. The pale

sea, the calm sea of the misty dawn gains color, motion, force. In the music is impetus, driving, irresistible. Again in the third "sketch," wind and sea soon cease murmuring; swiftly they become voices of power. The waves surge upward; the gusts descend to meet them; reverberant are their voices. Between, for contrast in a far-flung music, the curling and the rippling of the waters when they play with each other and the sun and the breeze.

Like a fresco—and no miniature—in tones is this music. The rhythms beat strongly; full-voiced is many a modulation; the harmonic background is stretched tense; the chords ring large; often the instrumental coloring is bold and sharp; always there is motion. In his own grand manner may Debussy write, if he choose, and in it he has designed and fashioned the sea-pieces. Large as it is, it is still his own, because everywhere, out of rhythm, harmony, timbre, modulation, he is still weaving a characteristic imagery and atmosphere. Here in tones is the sea as light traverses it, plays upon it, transforms it—the sea sombre, the sea radiant, the sea in countless aspects between. Here also and by like means and in like medium are manifold moods of the ocean—inert at the beginning, then stirring into changeful life and aspect; at play in the intermezzo; uprearing its might in the Finale. Here, besides, in tones are the voices of the sea when the wind caresses or whips it into speech—from whisper to thunders. Of course, there are minute strokes; Debussy would not be himself did he not make them. Yet on the instant they fall as details into the might and magnitude of the whole. Mr. Monteux missed nothing in the music. He sustained its formal substance; he released its imagery. For the first time not a few of his hearers knew a Debussy grandiose.

H. T. PARKER

Symphonic Smoke

There is no smoking-room at Symphony Hall, but by the signs of last Saturday evening, the management, unlike that of any other house of public entertainment in Boston, now permits smoking in the corridors. Everywhere, through the intermission at Mr. Toscanini's concert, men were promenading, cigarette in mouth, smoke in the air. The vapors were so thick and omnipresent that they drove some back to their seats, even penetrated the auditorium. Within municipal regulation, the management is a law to itself in such things; but it might considerably reserve one corridor for those, especially women, who dislike smoke-wreaths. Or was it merely lax with the throng that Mr. Toscanini attracted? By more than one sign, discipline in the house-staff at Symphony Hall needs stiffening.

Boston Notes

Specialty for The Christian Science Monitor
BOSTON, Massachusetts — The eleventh program of the Boston Symphony, given on January 14, was as follows: Overture in the Italian style in C major op. 170; Haydn, "Military" Symphony; Bruch, Concerto for Violin in G minor op. 26; Debussy "La Mer." Mr. Monteux's revival of Schubert's Overture was not a happy thought. The Overture is hopelessly dull and old-fashioned; it is not even characteristic of Schubert himself; it is Schubert masquerading in the guise of Rossini and Company; his masquerading is but poor stuff, lacking that touch of humor so necessary to the successful assumption of another's personality. The Italian mannerisms are in evidence without the saving qualities.

There is little to be said of Haydn's "Military" Symphony. To our way of thinking Haydn wrote several symphonies of greater musical interest. No doubt in days gone by the sound of triangle, drum and cymbals amused, perhaps even astonished, the audience. There were many in the audience of yesterday who derived evident pleasure from this clear, limpid, artless, tiresome music. Due respect must be paid to the "classics."

Isolde Menges was the soloist in the Bruch concerto. She played with full, rich tone, excellent rhythmic sense and clear technic. Her phrasing was musical and she more than fulfilled every demand which the timeworn concerto made upon her. Are there no new concertos for the violin, worthy of a hearing? Even Bruch has written one fully as interesting as the one played yesterday, yet seldom heard. Debussy's "Sea Pieces" closed the program. Mr. Monteux is probably the finest and most authoritative interpreter of such music in America at the present time. He revealed new beauties in these sketches. He created the mood and atmosphere so necessary for their proper effect. His interpretation was stimulating to the imagination. There were many delicate touches of color, many clever bits of orchestral technic, many beautifully drawn phrases throughout the performance.

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Miss ISOLDE MENGES, violinist, was born at Brighton, England, in 1894. Her father, George Menges, a German, taught the violin; her mother, an Englishwoman, taught the violin and the pianoforte. Miss Isolde was instructed at a very early age by her father. She gave a recital in her father's house at Brighton when she was three years and seven months old, playing a few pieces on her little fiddle. When she was eleven years old she took additional lessons for about a year of Leo Sametini. Early in January, 1908, she played in Germany with marked success. In 1909 she entered the Imperial Russian Conservatory of Music at Petrograd and remained there three years as a pupil of Leopold Auer. Her first appearance in London was at the Queen's Hall on February 4, 1913, when she played Tschaikowsky's Concerto, Lalo's Rhapsodie Espagnole, and three smaller pieces. The Brighton municipal orchestra was conducted by Lyell-Tayler.

Her success thereafter throughout Great Britain and on the European Continent was great. In the fall of 1916 she came to the United States under the management of Maud Allan, the dancer, and played in this country for the first time at New York on October 21, 1916: Brahms's Concerto and Lalo's Rhapsodie Espagnole. Ernest Bloch conducted the orchestra, and his own "Hiver-Printemps" was then performed.

A recital in Boston for January 15, 1917, was announced, but the engagement was cancelled. Her programme included Brahms's Sonata in D minor (with Richard Epstein, pianist), Bach's Chaconne, Saint-Saëns's Havanaise, and pieces by Handel-Hubay, Handel-Harty, Gluck-Manen, Fiocco, and Brahms-Joachim.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920-21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

TWELFTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, AT 8 P. M.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 1, in C major, op. 21

- I. Adagio molto; Allegro con brio
- II. Andante cantabile con moto
- III. Menuetto; Allegro molto e vivace; Trio
- IV. Finale: Adagio; Allegro molto e vivace

BINGHAM,

PASSACAGLIA for Orchestra, op. 10
(First Performance)

FRANCK,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Les Djinns," for Piano and Orchestra

[First time at these Concerts]

Piano Solo, E. ROBERT SCHMITZ

ROGER-DUCASSE,

SUITE FRANCAISE, in D major

- I. Ouverture; Très décidé
- II. Bourrée; Pas vite et très rythmé
- III. Recitatif et Air; Très declamé. Plus lent; lentement
- IV. Menuet vif; Très décidé; Tranquille

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

12TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Franck's "The Jinn" Interpreted with Eloquence and Passion

SCHMITZ AT PIANO
POETIC VIRTUOSO

Herald Jan. 22, 1921
By PHILIP HALE

The 12th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program read as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 1; Franck, "The Jinn," symphonic poem for piano and orchestra (first time at these concerts); Bingham, Passacaglia for orchestra (first performance); Roger-Ducasse, Suite Francaise. E. Robert Schmitz was the pianist. Yesterday afternoon the order in which the pieces by Franck and Bingham were played was reversed.

Franck's symphonic poem was heard here really for the first time. It was played at a Chickering Production Concert in 1909, but the attendant circumstances were not favorable and the music made little impression. Franck was never strongly influenced by oriental legend or color. He wrote a song, "The Emir of Bengador," with words by Mery, interesting in itself, in the oriental way as it was then musically understood. There was an illustrated title page showing the conventional eastern potentate addressing the conventional light of the harem. Mr. Gardner Lamson sang the song at his recital nearly 30 years ago; the first song of Franck's that was heard in Boston. It was the first time that Franck's name was on a program of any concert in this city.

One is not accustomed to associate this composer with the musical expression of the Satanic. He reached a sublime height of mysticism in pages of "The Beatitudes" and thus stood with Palestrina and the Spaniard Tomas Luiz de Victoria; his mysticism was warmed by his sympathy with poor humanity; but when he attempted in "The Beatitude" to portray in tones Satan and all his host, he wrote music that reminds one of Meyerbeer at his worst. The wonder is that he chose Victor Hugo's "Jinn" for the subject of a symphonic poem. Nevertheless he succeeded far better here in

demoniacal expression than in his symphonic poem "The Wild Huntsman." M. d'Indy has said that "The Jinn" is not properly speaking a musical adaptation of Hugo's "lozenge" and is not "very closely connected with the subject." It is true that the music is not panoramic; it is not an interlinear translation; but it is charged with the spirit of Hugo's wild verses. There is a dramatic, one might say melodramatic intensity to it that is not to be found elsewhere in Franck's compositions. There is more than the suggestion of the supernatural; there are the hellish voices of the dread visitors with their breath of flame, their murderous wings. In the relieving passages there is still the shudder of anxiety, of fear, until the cries die away in the flight of the dark swarm; and town, sea, sky are again at peace.

The performance of this music was Hugoesque. Mr. Monteux gave an eloquent and passionate interpretation; the orchestra was a supreme virtuoso; Mr. Schmitz's playing of the piano will long be remembered. Twice now at Symphony concerts he has been as one of the orchestral players. May we not hope to hear him soon in a concerto where he will have the dominating role? Few pianists that come to Boston can vie with him as poetic virtuoso and emotional musician.

Mr. Bingham, an instructor in theory and composition at Columbia University, has written a set of variations in the form of a Passacaglia, but not in the old and orthodox manner. The theme, proclaimed by a trumpet, is modified rhythmically; there are many changes in tonality and harmonization; in one instance, at least, there is development. Mr. Bingham, modest as a man, is by no means timid as a composer. He dares at times to use a thunderous speech, to be bold with the brass section, to prepare unexpected combinations of timbres. The Passacaglia is interesting in many ways; it argues well for his future—though he is by no means a beginner in composition. As the work was heard yesterday, the instrumentation occasionally seemed thick and ineffective, as if the musical ideas were not clearly brought out. The work was favorably received. Mr. Bingham, with refreshing modesty, did not rush to the platform; he left his seat on the floor only to bow.

There was a delightful performance of the symphony, one that the fastidious Mr. Gericke, lover and master of proportion and euphony, would have applauded. A brilliant reading of the French Suite brought the end.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be: Dvorak, Symphony No. 2, D minor; Cyril Scott, Two Passacaglias (first time in Boston); Mozart, Pamina's Air from "The Magic Flute"; Charpentier, "Depuis le Jour" from "Louise"; Wagner, a Faust overture. Mme. Hulda Lashanska will then sing in Boston for the first time.

MID-SEASON CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Work of American
Given—Schmitz,
Pianist, Soloist

Post Jan. 22, 1921
BY OLIN DOWNES

E. Robert Schmitz, pianist, was soloist at the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Schmitz played the piano part in Cesar Franck's symphonic poem, "Les Djinns." The orchestral pieces were Beethoven's 1st symphony; a "Passacaglia" by Seth Bingham, a young American, an organist and a graduate of Yale University, who was present in person to respond to the applause of his composition, and Roger-Ducasse's "Suite Francaise."

NOT A DISPLAY LIST

The programme was not one calculated to display to the greatest advantage the capabilities of the conductor and the orchestra. The more noticeable was the interest given to compositions which were not of exceptional importance, the musicianly care for detail, the brilliancy and the technical finish, the tonal glory of the orchestra which Mr. Monteux has developed.

Thus Beethoven's early symphony was made arresting because of the unexpected interest of inner parts and of passages which ordinarily sound old-fashioned, if not commonplace. But why any longer play the symphony? The First symphony is not Beethoven. The Second is, and the Third is one of the greatest of the nine. If we want the style of music presented by Beethoven's first symphony why not play Haydn or Mozart, whose G. minor or

C major symphonies are far superior to this one. And yet—there was a day when the opening chords of this first symphony of the youthful Beethoven, chords known and used and introduced with like freedom by inexperienced students of harmony today, were savagely attacked and held up by critics as matter for distrust or ridicule.

Not Franck at Best

Franck's piece is not representative of the composer either. Just why so admirable a musician and so brilliant a virtuoso as Mr. Schmitz should have elected to play this work it is hard to understand. Once in a while there is heard the voice of Franck. Elsewhere it is orchestral racket. When the piano enters with a theme which as a theme of thanksgiving for the passage and the disappearance of the demons of Hugo's poem, we recognize the organist of St. Sulpice.

To say that Mr. Schmitz made of his part as much as could be made of it is merely to state the fulfilment of expectation. But again, why the selection? At best the piano part of "Les Djinns" is an obligato part of a symphonic work and not a concerto, while the work is not a work in itself worth while.

Bingham's "Passacaglia"

Nor can we wax enthusiastic over Mr. Bingham's "Passacaglia." It is brilliantly scored and in that way effective. But we cannot feel that the composer feels natural in this music. It seems mathematically planned. The theme of the Passacaglia appears fussed over. It offers certain facilities for development and variation which the composer no doubt planned carefully, if not fustily. But where is the spontaneity, or the "developments" which develop as though nothing else could happen under God's shining sun?

One of the best places is a variation in which the harmony is most conventional. Listening to that, one queries whether all this elaborate counterpoint and somewhat d'Indyque d'Indy was one of Mr. Bingham's teachers—this d'Indyque treatment is not unconsciously artificial, unconsciously assumed by the composer of whose seriousness and idealism there can be no doubt. But respectable intentions do not make good music, and this music is respectable enough to have originated in Boston instead of New Jersey. O for a really wild strain from Camden or Passaic! It is true, nevertheless, that the audience called Mr. Bingham twice to his feet, and that he accepted this applause with a pleasure as unfeigned as his modesty.

Ducasse's Suite

After all, the most entertaining and natural music—barring Beethoven—was that of Roger-Ducasse. It is not great

music. It is not deep. It relies over much on sequences and other musicians' tricks. But it has movement, life, rhythm, gaiety which is French.

It is clearly written and orchestrated in a frequently piquant manner. And it was beautifully played by Mr. Monteux and his men.

FRANCK'S POEM BY THE SYMPHONY

"Les Djinns" Played for the
First Time in Boston

Beethoven, Bingham and Roger-
Ducasse Also in Program

Franck's "Les Djinns," a symphonic poem for orchestra and piano, suggested by the poem of Victor Hugo, was performed for the first time at the Symphony concerts yesterday afternoon. E. Robert Schmitz, the French pianist, heard here as soloist last season, played the piano part. The piece was an experiment to test the possibilities of the piano as an orchestral instrument. Franck did not intend it as a concerto.

Mr Schmitz respected the composer's intention in subordinating his part in the performance. His staccato is too brittle, lacking in vigor. The music is groping toward an orientalism it does not succeed in suggesting. It is not in the class with Franck's Symphony, or his violin sonata.

Seth Bingham's Passacaglia is somewhat in the spirit of Franck's organ pieces. Mr Bingham, like his teacher, D'Indy, has not learned to write as few notes and as few parts as possible. His counterpoint and his orchestration are often thick and muddled. The musical ideas in his Passacaglia are of considerable interest.

One wondered whether the composer did not think in terms of the organ, as Schumann thought in terms of the piano and then arrange his ideas for orchestra. The audience seemed favorably impressed. One would like to hear more of Mr Bingham's music. It is individual and imaginative in conception.

Roger-Ducasse undertook to crystallize the practices of modern French composers in his "Suite Francaise." The result certainly strikes an average between Massenet and Faure. If Beethoven, whose "First Symphony" began the program which M. Roger-Ducasse's piece ended, had merely wanted to reduce Haydn, Mozart and others now forgotten to a neat and effective musical formula, called perhaps a "Viennese Suite," it seems doubtful if his fame

would have lasted to our day.

Instead, he did revolutionary things, such as persistently accenting off beats, even in his "First Symphony," which caused the conservatives to make unkind remarks about "confused explosions of the outrageous effrontery of a young man."

He later did greater and more daring things which have made it a fashion to call this symphony badly diluted Haydn. It is still agreeable music to listen to, especially when played with the skill and taste shown yesterday by Mr Monteux and the orchestra.

The twelfth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given on January 21 was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 1 in C major; Bingham, Passacaglia (first performance); Franck, "Les Djinns"; Roger-Ducasse, Suite Francaise. E. Robert Schmitz played the piano part in the Franck piece. *Monteux Jan. 22, 1921*

Mr. Monteux's reading of the Beethoven symphony was the outstanding feature of the afternoon. He never sought to imbue the music with an importance foreign to it. All was grace and lightness, and this work of Beethoven's youth, so full of promise of the great genius to be revealed in the compositions of his maturer years, was presented with all the freshness and charm so native to it.

Bingham's passacaglia for orchestra is a magnified exercise in counterpoint. It inspires awe when one reflects on the immense amount of labor involved in the writing of it. If the object of music is to display mathematical ingenuity, this passacaglia is undoubtedly an important composition. Those who look for something more in music will probably find it but dry stuff indeed. Why, in a country so full of poetical ideas and impulses as America, do so many of its native composers seek their inspiration in the abstruse contrapuntal of Reger and his followers? Bach, the greatest contrapuntist of them all, contrived to express emotion in spite of his counterpoint. But then, scarcely one of Bach's fugues would pass muster in a conservatory as an example in "the strict style." The Suite Francaise by Roger-Ducasse is agreeable music. It is facile, sounding no great emotional depths, and brilliantly orchestrated. Franck's "Les Djinns" was adequately interpreted by Mr. Schmitz. Excellent artist that he is, one regretted that he had not the opportunity to display those qualities, for which he is justly admired, to better advantage.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. Jan. 22, 1924
An Apathetic Afternoon with None Too Interesting a Programme—Mr. Monteux and the Orchestra Excel Themselves with Early Beethoven — Thin-Voiced Franck, Thick-Voiced Bingham, and, Finally, the Clear, Bright Tones of Roger-Ducasse

Not often, within easy recollection, has an audience at a Symphony Concert seemed so indifferent toward conductor, music, and even soloist, as did that of yesterday afternoon. Only at the discovery of Mr. Seth Bingham, thrice called upon to acknowledge the applause at the end of his Passacaglia, was there any display of enthusiasm. For the rest, through Beethoven's First Symphony, which began the concert, through César Franck's "Les Djinns," in which Mr. Robert Schmitz played the accessory piano-part, and even through most of Roger-Ducasse's "Suite Française"—far and away the most interesting music of the afternoon—the apathy continued. Undoubtedly some of this indifference can be laid to the general lassitude occasioned by the thermometer's violent reaction from the recent "cold snap," but the "weather-man" should not be made to bear all the blame. The fact is that Mr. Monteux has a second time put together a rather dull programme—the one really bright spot in it the aforesaid Suite by Roger-Ducasse.

Surely the days of the first of Beethoven's symphonies are numbered, if they are not already told. It was many years ago that Berlioz, one of the most appreciative of all commentators on Beethoven's music, said of the piece, "This is not Beethoven." Nor is it, save in the Minuet, and in certain passages here and there in the other movements. There is a pleasing dignity in the introductory Adagio, once a stumbling block to the pedants because of the tonality of its opening chords, but the Allegro and the amiable Andante are for the most part colorless music, without the light charm, the peasant gaiety of Haydn, the Grecian purity of Mozart, or the robustness and depth of Beethoven himself. The Minuet—it is really a Scherzo—is still fresh and vigorous, though the once celebrated Trio seems now overpraised; and there is a bright cheerfulness in the Finale—though Berlioz found it childish—that still gives a mild pleasure. The performance was in every way admirable—clear, supple, beautifully proportioned and euphonious. Mr. Monteux has never been so fortunate in his reading of the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart as in this symphony of the youthful Beet-

hoven which somewhat resembles them. And so far as the playing of the orchestra was concerned, little that it has done this year has given so happy an augury of a return to its former technical perfection.

Mr. Bingham's Passacaglia received yesterday its first public performance. From the all-informing programme-book we learn that the composer's name has appeared in the concerts of the New Haven Symphony Orchestra, the Philharmonic Society of New York, the Barrère Ensemble and the Little Symphony. Yet for all that he cannot be considered one of the better known among even the younger American composers, and for that reason Mr. Monteux deserves the more credit for giving his Passacaglia a hearing. With every wish to be kind to Mr. Bingham it is not easy to grow enthusiastic over his piece. There is in it an abundant display of scholarship, skill in counterpoint, in thematic transformation and, though to a less degree, in orchestration. It is commendably vigorous and straight-forward, and at times there is a pleasing richness of effect—and yet the breath of life seems not to be there. It is more than ten years since this Passacaglia was composed and surely Mr. Bingham, who is still a young man, must look upon it somewhat as an exercise in composition. The great difficulty in the treatment of the Passacaglia form as it is ordinarily understood lies in making the numerous short episodes appear congruous and relevant. That Mr. Bingham has done this with the same success as, for example, Brahms in the Finale of his Fourth Symphony, cannot be admitted. But his intention appears to have been slightly different; with the deliberate adoption of rhythmic modifications and changes of tonality, the resultant effect is more that of a theme and variations than of a single unified movement. The chief shortcoming of the piece is its frequent thickness, which at times comes perilously near to clumsiness.

"After the Poem of Victor Hugo"—so runs the sub-title of César Franck's "Les Djinns"; and the irreverent will add "a long way after." For a few measures there is a suggestion of the flight of evil spirits, but after the piece is once under way the composer seems more concerned with the technical problem of adjusting and combining the piano and orchestra—one which he worked out far more successfully in his later "Variations Symphoniques." But Franck, even at his feeblest, is always an interesting craftsman, and this Symphonic Poem is not without a certain elegance; it has its moments of effectiveness. Yet on the whole it is sterile music. The more the pity then that Mr. Schmitz should have wasted his art and skill upon it; and, as has already been suggested, it proved for him a rather thankless task. Of the

technical excellence and musical beauty of his playing, much might be said. But it is no longer a new story, and the repetition of it may well be deferred until he is heard again in music more worthy of his powers.

After so much that, in one way or another, failed to stir and interest, the French Suite of Roger-Ducasse seemed a veritable masterpiece of modern music—which it actually is not. Nor is it even particularly individual, but it is charming and well made, melodious and brilliantly orchestrated. The Overture has amplitude and stride, and it and the livelier Bourrée and Menuet are strongly rhythmic, while the "Recitatif et Air" is in striking contrast to them. Of all the music of the afternoon, this latter movement, with its pensively haunting measures, made the deepest impression. In the single performance which the Suite received ten years ago by the heavy-handed Mr. Fiedler, the music lost not a little of its lightness and distinction, and yesterday it made a far better impression. The long-credited dogma that only German conductors can properly interpret German music has been pretty thoroughly disproved, yet nowadays we are furnished with abundant evidence that French music receives its fullest and most characteristic voice only at the hands of a Frenchman.

W. S. S.

E. Robert Schmitz, the French pianist, who is to combine with Reinald Werrenrath in the second of the Sunday afternoon concerts in Symphony Hall, cannot be directly compared with any other pianist. His amazing brilliance and dexterity are combined with his intuitive perception of the inner self. A native of Paris and a winner of the first prize of the Paris Conservatory, he immediately afterwards toured Europe. The genius of much new music in Paris, he instituted and directed the "Symphony Concerts Schmitz," which still bear his name, thus the public appreciation of the piano, orchestral and choral works of Debussy, Ravel, D'Indy, Milhaud, Magnard—even Schoenberg, is due to his tireless effort. Joining the French army at the declaration of war, two wounds and a gas attack at the front confined him to an army hospital for seven months. He still thanks Providence that in this misfortune his hands were spared. Coming to the United States after the armistice, he gave his first concerts in Chicago, and later caused a considerable stir of interest and praise in New York by a series of recitals with preliminary lectures on the "Spirit of Modern Music." Boston has had a foretaste of his fine musicianship in an appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra last spring and also in a recital of his own.

SCHMITZ. PIANIST WITH SYMPHONY

The twelfth concert this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The usual large and appreciative audience attended to hear a program of excellence.

The opening number was a Beethoven symphony, C-Major Symphony, No. 1. This is in four movements. The third "Menuetto; Allegro molto e vivace; Trio" was particularly pleasing in itself for its charm and in the freshness of interpretation with which the orchestra played it.

The second number on the program was "Passacaglia for Orchestra" by Seth Bingham. The composer himself writes "The Passacaglia," differs from those of Bach, Frescobaldi and Brahms in that the theme is modified rhythmically, the tonality and harmonizations are frequently changed and there is some development." The work is one of merit and was given an interesting presentation yesterday.

Mr. E. Robert Schmitz



E. ROBERT SCHMITZ

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Mr. E. ROBERT SCHMITZ was born in Paris, February 8, 1889, of French parents. The father was of an Alsatian family. Mr. Schmitz studied the pianoforte at the Paris Conservatory under the late Louis Diémer. In 1908 he was awarded a first *accessit*; in 1909, the second prize; in 1910, the first prize for pianoforte playing. He gave concerts in Belgium and in Germany in 1910-11. Having played accompaniments for Mmes. Maggie Teyte, Julia Culp, Mysze-Gmeiner, and others, in 1912 he gave recitals of ultra-modern music in Paris. He founded and conducted in Paris the Association des Concerts Schmitz. He thus brought out orchestral and choral works by Milhaud, P. Le Flem, O. Klemperer, and others. In 1913 he was the first to play Schönberg's music for the "S. M. I." Active as pianist and conductor, associated in his concerts with leading composers and musicians, he joined the French colors August 19, 1914, and served for three years and two months. He was wounded slightly, but, gassed severely, was in a hospital for seven months. After the armistice he came to the United States. At Chicago he taught for a few months, and played in orchestral concerts. Going to New York, where he now lives, he gave his first recital there on April 17, 1919, and has given many since, some with historical and critical comments, introducing many new compositions. He played for the first time in Boston at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, February 13, 1920 (Carpenter's Concertino—first time in Boston). His first recital in Boston was on April 15, 1920.

Mr. Bingham was graduated from Yale University in 1904. He studied music there with Harry B. Jepson; and in Paris with Guilmant, Widor, and Vincent d'Indy. In 1908 he received the degree of Mus. Bac. from Yale, and won the Steinert Prize by his "Pièce Gothique" for organ and orchestra. From 1909 to 1919 he was the instructor of organ-playing at Yale. He has been a church organist in New Haven; Rye, N.Y. Since 1913 he has been organist of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

He is now instructor in theory and composition at Columbia University.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920-21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

THIRTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, AT 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, AT 8 P.M.

DVOŘÁK,

SYMPHONY No. 2, in D minor, op. 70

I. Allegro maestoso

II. Poco adagio

III. Scherzo: Vivace; Poco meno mosso

IV. Finale: Allegro

SCOTT,

TWO PASSACAGLIAS

MOZART,

ARIA, "Ah! lo so," from "The Magic Flute

CHARPENTIER,

AIR, "Depuis le Jour," from "Louise"

WAGNER,

A FAUST OVERTURE

Soloist:

HULDA LASHANSKA

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



Hulda Lashanska Is a Scandinavian Dramatic Soprano. This Season's Appearance Will Be Her First with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

13TH CONCERT OF SYMPHONY

Herald Jan. 29, 1921
Two Passacaglias by Cyril
Scott Heard Here
for First Time

MME. LASHANSKA'S SINGING ENJOYED

By PHILIP HALE

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Dvorak, Symphony No. 2, D minor; Cyril Scott, Two Passacaglias (first time in Boston); Mozart, Air of Pamina, from "The Magic Flute"; Charpentier, "Depuis, le jour," from "Louise"; Wagner, A Faust overture. Mme. Hulda Lashanska sang for the first time in this city.

Mr. Scott's Passacaglias, according to Dr. A. Eaglefield Hull, Mr. Scott's biographer, were first played in London in 1916. The two melodies that serve as subjects are of Irish origin—"The Irish Famine Song" and "The Poor Irish Boy." The latter song is said to have been often heard in the earlier Georgian period. The Passacaglias are scored for the swollen modern orchestra.

There are two ways of looking at these compositions. One is to regard them simply as curious experiments in harmonization and instrumentation; amusing, in the sense with which this word is used in the jargon of the Parisian studio, but not to be taken seriously. The other way is to accept them as a serious work of a composer, endowed by nature, whose inventive faculty and technical skill are of no mean order; the work of a man who has original views and his own method of expression; a man whose independence and boldness—call it aesthetic arrogance, if you will—are not displeasing. This Englishman has surely fluttered the Academicians and the Doctors of Music in Great Britain.

If there is talk about form, Mr. Scott's Passacaglias are more orthodox in this respect than the one by Mr.

Seth Bingham performed at the last concert. The subject is inexorably maintained; the hearer does not strain ears in detecting it. The structures built upon the two subjects as foundations may often be fantastical, even extravagant; gargoyles may serve at times in the decoration; but there is always the suggestion of native power. The composer does not build at random, he does not fail, or stand aghast at his own work; he knows exactly his purpose; he accomplishes it in his own defiant way.

Does some one, to whom music is a means of exciting a "gentleman-like joy," as an old Greek put it, exclaim in protestation: "But these Passacaglias are noisy"? When there is a tremendous volume of sound, it is not a din. The sound is as well-defined as a thunder-clap. Nor is there a constant orchestral whirlwind; there are variations of ingenious contrast, free from platitudes. Furthermore in each Passacaglia the hearer feels a certain continuity. He does not see Mr. Scott putting down his pen, knocking his pate, and addressing the ceiling: "There, that's done. What in the world should come next?"

Whether the audience was startled from its well-bred and traditional composure; whether, forgetting the soothing charm of conventional music, it frankly enjoyed the music; whether it was hugely amused—this would be difficult to say. The applause was fervent and prolonged. Mr. Scott rose from the guest seat and bowed in a dignified manner, not effusively; and he applauded, as was eminently fitting the brilliant, stirring performance of the orchestra.

Dvorak's Symphony had not been heard at a Symphony concert since 1903. Mr. Monteux is to be thanked for the revival. The symphony shows Dvorak at his best. A master of rhythm and color, a melodist of direct appeal, naive, but not without art; seldom far away from his beloved Bohemian woods, fields, and simple, joyous life; not afraid of suggesting the folk songs and the dances of his country even in a symphonic work, he wrote during the years of his poverty from his heart. In his later years he became sophisticated. When his too-familiar symphony "From the New World"—was new in Boston, we wondered at the late Horatio Parker describing it as pleasing but "meretricious." In comparison with the symphony in D minor, the later one is "meretricious," indeed. It is a pity that to the younger generation Dvorak is known chiefly as the composer of "From the New World" Symphony and a certain "Humoresque" transcribed for



Hulda Lashanska Is a Scandinavian Dramatic Soprano. This Season's Appearance Will Be Her First with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

13TH CONCERT OF SYMPHONY

Herald Jan. 27, 1921
Two Passacaglias by Cyril
Scott Heard Here
for First Time

MME. LASHANSKA'S
SINGING ENJOYED

By PHILIP HALE

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Dvorak, Symphony No. 2, D minor; Cyril Scott, Two Passacaglias (first time in Boston); Mozart, Air of Pamina, from "The Magic Flute"; Charpentier, "Depuis le jour," from "Louise"; Wagner, A Faust overture. Mme. Hulda Lashanska sang for the first time in this city.

Mr. Scott's Passacaglias, according to Dr. A. Maclelland Hull, Mr. Scott's rapt biographer, were first played in London in 1910. The two melodies that serve as subjects are of Irish origin—"The Irish Famine Song" and "The Poor Irish Boy." The latter song is said to have been often heard in the earlier Georgian period. The Passacaglias are scored for the swollen modern orchestra.

There are two ways of looking at these compositions. One is to regard them simply as curious experiments in harmonization and instrumentation; amusing, in the sense with which this word is used in the jargon of the Parisian studio, but not to be taken seriously. The other way is to accept them as a serious work of a composer endowed by nature, whose inventive faculty and technical skill are of no mean order; the work of a man who has original views and his own method of expression; a man whose independence and boldness—call it aesthetic arrogance, if you will—are not displeasing. This Englishman has surely flattered the Academicians and the Doctors of Music in Great Britain.

If there is talk about form, Mr. Scott's Passacaglias are more orthodox in this respect than the one by Mr.

Seth Bingham performed at the last concert. The subject is inexorably maintained; the hearer does not strain ears in detecting it. The structures built upon the two subjects as foundations may often be fantastical, even extravagant; gargoyles may serve at times in the decoration; but there is always the suggestion of native power. The composer does not build at random, he does not fail, or stand aghast at his own work; he knows exactly his purpose; he accomplishes it in his own defiant way.

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the fiddle.

Wagner's overture has sadly aged. Mme. Lashanska has a beautiful voice, which she uses skilfully and emotionally. Her admirable qualities were at once displayed in the pathetic air of Pamina; Mozart's music still remains the supreme test of a singer. She gave a concert version of the air from "Louise," the air itself is not for a symphony concert—and sang it delightfully. Perhaps in a performance of the opera, her interpretation would not be dramatically suited to the situation.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program for Feb. 11 and 12 includes these works: Schumann, Symphony, C major, No. 2; Carpenter, Suite from the Ballet, "The Birthday of the Infanta" (first time in Boston); Beethoven, Concerto No. 3, C minor, for piano. Mr. Levitzki will be the pianist.

SYMPHONY IN OLD AND NEW WORKS

Scott's Passacaglias
Given—Mme. Laschanska, Soloist

Post Jan. 29, 1921

BY OLIN DOWNES

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, gave its 13th programme of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Hulda Laschanska, soprano, was soloist. The orchestral compositions were Dvorak's little known 2d symphony in D minor; Two Passacaglias, Cyril Scott; Wagner's "Faust Overture." Mme. Laschanska sang the air of Pamina from Mozart's "Magic Flute" and the air of Louise from Charpentier's opera of that name.

HEAVILY FORMAL

This second symphony of Dvorak, which was played superbly, is not a work which invites extended discussion. Here and there a melody for a wind instrument, which remains a moment in the memory because of its lovely, characteristic curve, its Slavic tenderness, but for the most part a steady-going, formal symphony in the German manner, heavily conventionally orchestrated.

We would like to hear other symphonies of Dvorak—we have boyhood memories of a pleasureable kind connected with a two-piano performance of the first symphony in D major—but one's suspicion is confirmed by a retrospect of the two compositions that the best of Dvorak, symphonically speaking, is found in the lovely and familiar work penned by a homesick Czech when he sat down, lonely, dreaming of his own country in the new world.

Scott's Passacaglias

Mr. Scott's Passacaglias have brilliant instrumentation, and the two themes he uses, of Irish origin, would make excellent material for passacaglias in the old-fashioned manner, in the manner, let us say, of Brahms. But they certainly do not fit the odd harmonizations which Mr. Scott employs. Let a composer use as strange and ultra-modern harmony as he chooses, but let it fit his material.

Mr. Scott's harmonic scheme does not grow out of his original material, is not implied by it, and the irritating discrepancy is strongly felt almost throughout both compositions. One may except, perhaps, the reckless humor of certain of the variations of the second Passacaglia, but after remembering these, after recalling with pleasure the splash and the glimmer of Mr. Scott's harps, and some fascinating tricks with the woodwind, one cannot avoid, even after a first hearing, when it is well to be cautious, the conclusions that these two works do not rank among the most representative efforts of a gifted composer. This, though the performance by Mr. Monteux was doubtless sympathetic, hospitable to the composer's thought, as it was effective in so far as the music permitted. Mr. Scott, who was present, was called to his feet twice to acknowledge the applause.

Mme. Laschanska's Singing

The concert served to disclose the existence of a singer who is almost alone among her sisters of this generation. Alone in the genuineness, fineness, musicianship of her art of song. Both airs are in different ways severe tests of a singer. But though

Mme. Laschanska was not in the best of vocal conditions, presumably suffering from a cold, she was able to meet these tests in a manner which immediately won the approval of the audience. She never forced her voice. She phrased with a purity of style which a majority of her colleagues may well envy her. The limpidity and the perfection of legato demanded by Mozart's music were hers. She also colored her tones appropriately and with dramatic understanding in Louise's song of youth and of sensuous reminiscence. Saying this, it may be added that a modest and intelligent young artist was perhaps deprived of some measure of her authority and artistic self-possession by the condition of her throat and by the awe, unnecessary and unjustified, which some singers who come here seem to feel of Boston audiences, so that she did not let herself go, and thus sacrificed the sweep of line, the cumulative development, to its climax of Louise's air.

These were either wholly circumstances of the moment, or else it is worth while to Mme. Laschanska to point out that she need not fear to make felt her own individuality, to assume a more confident and subjective attitude in interpretation. For she has a voice of uncommon freshness and beauty, and her accomplishment, both as a musician and a vocalist, is such that she can expect to go very far. Mr. Monteux accompanied admirably.

Wagner's "Faust"

Every time we hear the "Faust" overture we feel the more regret that Wagner did not complete his original conception of a "Faust" symphony. He is as yet the one man in musical history who seems to have had all the qualifications, by his philosophic and dramatic temperament, by the quality of his musical invention and his superb technic, to have composed a symphony of "Faust," which would have been, had he completed it in the years of his maturity, as much a revelation of "Faust" as the fifth symphony is an immortal revelation of Beethoven. This, notwithstanding Schumann, Liszt—aye, and Friedrich Nietzsche, who composed "Faust" music which we once were privileged to hear, and many others. Wagner's introduction is "Faust" himself. Of course there is old-fashioned bunk, of the "Flying Dutchman," Senta period, in his music of Gretchen. But there is also the lament of the dying Tristan, which, transported bodily, becomes warp and woof of the greatest of music dramas; there is the chromatic sigh of the violins in the overture to that opera; there is the Mephisto-

phlean mockery of the Gretchen motive; and a really stupendous mastery of the overture form, and bending of it to dramatic purposes. There is the soul flung on music paper, of the universal character conceived by Goethe. Acknowledge episodes which are now of the past, the hand of a great master is on the music, which could be twice as old-fashioned as it is, and yet, because of his flaming spirit, cause us to thrill and to wonder.

The performance of this work, however, was not one of Mr. Monteux's best. It was ordinary.

Boston Notes

The thirteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place on January 28. The following was the program: Dvorak, Symphony No. 2 in D minor op. 70; Scott, two passacaglias; Mozart, Air of Pamina from "The Magic Flute"; Charpentier, "Depuis le Jour," from "Louise"; Wagner, a Faust overture. Hulda Laschanska was the soloist.

The revival of Dvorak's second symphony was a happy thought on the part of Mr. Monteux. It added another to the long list of such revivals for which we cannot be too grateful to him. This symphony does not show the lapse of time as much as might be expected. There is a certain freshness and sincerity in the music of Dvorak which will probably cause it to outlast much of the music of his contemporaries who wrote with perhaps more method and seriousness. It is to be regretted that Dvorak's name has so long been associated with the "New World Symphony" only. Many of his other works are quite as worthy of a hearing as yesterday's performance showed. Cyril Scott's two passacaglias, performed for the first time in Boston, are hardly to be taken seriously. This does not mean that they are not delightful music to hear. The orchestral coloring is laid on with a lavish hand and the meagerness of invention is thereby concealed. Although these pieces are not unpleasantly dissonant, they do not excite the desire for an immediate re-hearing. They were enthusiastically received and the composer, who was present, acknowledged the applause which his compositions brought forth. Mme. Laschanska interpreted the aria from "Louise" with much purity of

tone and style. The playing of the orchestra throughout the afternoon was brilliant, and remarkable as well for its rare beauty of nuance and rhythm.

Those who attend orchestral concerts for the purpose of hearing sensational interpretations of Beethoven's symphonies; those who enjoy theatrical pianissimos and fortes, those who enjoy a thick, heavy orchestral tone quality will not be satisfied with the performances of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. On the other hand, those who delight in hearing the masterpieces of the classical repertory and deserving works of our own time interpreted with exquisite taste and skill, without the intrusion of an aggressive personality between them and the music, will find these concerts a never ending source of pleasure and education.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

SCOTT'S MUSIC IN UNFAMILIAR VOICE

His Two Passacaghas for Orchestra Works of Imagination and Power—The Faded Wagner of "A Faust Overture"—The Fresh Dvorak of a Resurrected Symphony—Mme. Lashanska, Cool and Crystalline Singer

A TRANQUIL Symphony Concert ran agreeable course at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, and naught disturbed peace and pleasure unless it was the two Passacaghas of Cyril Scott. Prolific in songs, piano-pieces and the "smaller forms" generally, he has written relatively little for orchestra in his riper years—a Concerto for Piano, a setting of Keats's ballad, "La Belle Dame sans Merci," possibly the music-drama with which gossip credits him, and the two troublesome Passacaghas. These and the Piano-Concerto he brought with him on his present visit to the United States. The Concerto requires the presence of the composer "at the piano"; the powers at Symphony Hall preferred that he should occupy the "guest-seats" and as "the author of their being," acknowledge the applause the persistent Passacaghas won. Not only did the audience hear the composer's music; it also looked upon him; and a pleasure of the lecture-room became a pleasure of the concert-hall.

In more senses than one, persistent is the word for the two pieces. True modernist, Mr. Scott respects the chosen form. That is to say, he preserves "the subject" of each Passacaglia as faithfully as though he were writing in the eighteenth, instead of the twentieth century. An Irish folk-piece—a sombre, moaning "Famine Song"—underlies the first; another folk-tune, "The Poor Irish Boy," that the composer sets beating to lively dance-rhythm, is source of the second. In neither does the ear ever lose clew to these basic measures. Indeed, Mr. Scott drives home the dancing-tune by every rhythmic, harmonic, instrumental device within his power. They are well chosen "subjects"; the lament of "The Famine Song" pierces the ear, haunts the memory; the dance is so gay a tune and so adaptable to "development" that only by inadvertence could Mr. Grainger have overlooked it. The variation of these persistent "subjects" that the making of a Passacaglia prescribes is another thing. Rather, as Mr. Scott writes, it is ingenious and often imaginative manipulation. He leads fragments of his Irish tunes less from key to key than through quickly passing tonalities. He diversifies and contrasts the harmonic and instrumental dress, the rhythmic accent; he impregnates measure after measure with his own fervent moods. Time and again he flickers into vivid harmonic experiment, sometimes easy to catch in the concert-hall, sometimes more graphic on the paper of the score. As often keen play of timbres flashes out of a multitudinous orchestra, lacking only a first shawm and a second sackbut.

At every turn Mr. Scott compasses variety of voice; nowhere does the fabric of the Passacaghas sag or dim; while over both, hiding the processes beneath, is deep, clear glow of creation from the heart as well as the mind, by imagination as well as by reflection. The first Passacaglia rises from dark reiteration, through variations as in individual lament, to a massed and sombre splendor of mourning that endures but is not resigned. The second Passacaglia is apotheosis of the folk-dance, decked with the trappings, gilded with the lights and shadows, spurred by the devices of a more sophisticated music; while, throughout with higher and higher beat, rhythm dances tireless. The celestia tink aerially upon an Irish green; the tripping folk—and chords that are as acid in respectable ears. Not the least of the work of the moderns and the ultra-moderns is to clothe the old forms with new imagery and vigors. Well does Mr. Scott do it in these two Passacaghas, and lo! the second is more akin to the original dance whence the form sprang than twenty similar exercises written in studious, orthodox

"closets." From his piano-pieces—the Sonata aside; from his songs, it is easy to label Mr. Scott a composer with fancy and felicity. In these Passacaghas, as in the Sonata and the Quintet for strings, he is composer of imagination and power.

For gentler spice to the afternoon, two elderly pieces contrastingly belied anticipation. Not often in these days does Wagner's "Faust Overture" return to the concert-hall. When it does most of us with his music-dramas at the back of our heads, expect much of it—more than it can yield in these present years of musical grace, more, perhaps, than it yielded when even it was "New: First Time." The truth is that it sounded yesterday as a faded, antiquated romantic music. Hear the dark-course Dvorak was natural rather than some beginning—Faust self-tortured, groping, characterized in tones by a Wagner that in those early forties lagged in such things far behind Liszt and Berlioz. Listen to Gretchen, attended by songful horns and half-sister to simple Senta of "The Flying Dutchman." Observe the lispings, as it were, of the subsequent Wagnerian idiom—"chromatic sighs" and the like. Watch the tentative Wagner, feeling his way to the Mephistophelian mockeries with which Liszt made a division of his "Faust Symphony" coruscate as with blue flame.

No doubt, the composer of "Tristan" and "The Ring" that was to be, but exceedingly thin-voiced. No doubt the approved romantic formulas for such subject-matter in tones—but how far from the graphic energies of Berlioz, the keen strokes of Liszt. No doubt skilful manipulation of a formal overture to delineative ends; but somehow the Weber of "Oberon," "Euryanthe" and "Freischütz" keeps the process fresh and glowing; while dust strews "Eine Faust-Overture." The unquenchable Wagnerians averred that Mr. Montoux was at fault; that he did not animate and glamor the overture as he did the Fantastic Symphony of Berlioz a year ago, as Dr. Muck used to do with the lesser tone-poems of Liszt. They had reason, as the French say; but what of a Wagner that cannot keep his feet in merely dutiful performance?

On the other hand a proud afternoon for poor old Dvorak, the despised and forsaken of every truly modern repertory, a happy afternoon for all within ear-shot of his Symphony in D minor, timely resurrected by Mr. Montoux. It has not been wrung out to the last thin drop, like that sop of conductors to audiences, the Symphony, "From the New World." No more does it depend upon rather patchy sonorities like the overtures—"Husitzka," "Carnival," "Othello"—to be heard in occasional revival. In fact, this Second Symphony is no more than Dvorak "warbling his native wood-notes wild"—or rather mild—in his prime therewith and pleasant to hear in the process. Once he is clear of a "scholarly" and so for him rather labored beginning of the slow movement, the melody charms in outline, substance, progress and the color the wind-choir lends to it—a wist-

ful, simple hearted, yet by no means unordered music. By instinct, maybe, Dvorak sang, but he contrived also to be adept in the singing. Bright are the contrasting rhythms of the Scherzo. He has caught them glinting from the folk. Spontaneously, gayly he writes. There is plentiful symphonic flourish in the Finale and it does nowadays sound empty. There are also measures still warm with the strangeness and the glow that is romantic illusion. Not for nothing was Dvorak a Czech who could dream as well write music. Agreed that in the first movement he is no more than following the formulas sonorously; but even there the instinct for the finely set harmony, the warm tint in the instrumental voices, will out. Of course Dvorak was natural rather than some sophisticated composer. Therein is his distinction; thereby his more spontaneous and innocent music, like this Symphony in D minor, keeps vitality, gives pleasure after forty years. It was not until he took thought of the world and wrote "New World" symphonies that he labored and was dull. Yesterday, too, the woodwind choir of our orchestra would have rejoiced him.

Between whiles and for the first time in Boston, Mme. Hulda Lashanska sang—a chastely longing air of Pamina from Mozart's opera, "The Magic Flute"; the sensuous and rhapsodic soliloquy of Louise from Charpentier's like-named music-drama. She is of cool and comely presence—a Galatea, so to say, of the concert-hall. She possesses a cool, clear soprano voice, smooth, rounded, crystalline. As the polished, transparent, glassy sphere in which the "gazer" is about to read the future, holds the eye, so do Mme. Lashanska's tones engage the ear. She sings with a cool and studious skill—the note well shaped, the phrase well moulded, the period well curved and cumulated. Careful is she in the mating of text and tone, of voice with orchestra. She takes mental note of the mood, the sentiment of the music and would discreetly convey it.

Of such resource and mettle, Mme. Lashanska sang Mozart's air so that the duller hearer perceived the flowing beauty of line, the charm of phrase unfolding into phrase, the serene and limpid course of the music, the gentle pathos, gently mirrored. The loveliness, the remoteness (as it seems nowadays) of Mozart in such song were in her tones. A crystal voice sang a crystal music and for the time and place, the manifold Mozart asks no more. To at least one singer of the younger generation, Mme. Sembrich has transmitted a Mozartean technique and poise. The rhapsody from "Louise" is far different of matter, manner, mood. The crystal of the singer's tones faithfully mirrored Charpentier's pages; but no ray of sensuous warmth, no glow of amorous ecstasy, no wild glint of freedom traversed it. Thoughtfully Mme. Lashanska sang Louise's monologue—Louise "happy in her home" and taking tea with "our best people."

H. T. PARKER

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Mme. HULDA LASHANSKA (Mrs. Harold A. Rosenbaum) was born in New York on March 15, 1892. She was educated at the Normal College. She won a scholarship for pianoforte, singing, harmony, languages, at the Institute of Musical Art. She took pianoforte lessons of Alexander Lambert. Having studied singing with Mme. Frieda Ashforth for four seasons, she sang for the first time in public with the Symphony Society of New York, on November 27, 1910.

She then went to Paris, where she studied French diction for a year under Ponceau. In 1913 she was married. For nearly two years she did not sing in public: she acquired a repertoire, instructed by Mme. Sembrich. She has sung with leading orchestras of this country, in recitals, and in concerts with Mr. Emilio de Gogorza. She now sings for the first time in Boston.

Mr. Scott's father was a Greek scholar; his mother, an amateur musician. The boy showed musical instinct at a very early age, playing by ear when he was five and a half years old, and improvising. At the age of seven he began to practise notation. When he was twelve years old he entered the Hoch Conservatory of Music at Frankfort, where he studied the pianoforte with Uzielli. After a sojourn in England he returned to the Hoch Conservatory, to study composition with Ivan Knorr, whom he left when he was twenty years old. He had composed a symphony, which had been performed at Darmstadt, and some chamber music which later he destroyed. At Liverpool he took up the composition of poetry, encouraged by Charles Bonnier, an enthusiastic admirer of Mallarmé and the modern French school. Richter produced Mr. Scott's "Heroic" suite for orchestra in Manchester and Liverpool, and songs and pianoforte pieces were published. When he was twenty-five he became acquainted with occultism and the mysticism of the East. Dr. A. Eaglefield Hull, his biographer, says that "this changed the whole tenor of his inner life, and this new interest made a great impression on his musical tendencies. Under the inspiration of mysticism, he wrote 'Lotus-land,' 'Sphinx,' 'Two Chinese Songs,' and other pieces of a like nature, and he also began to get rid of 'key-tonality,' as it is usually understood. . . . In music his affections seem at first very limited, and as he himself has stated that a man's creative style is largely the outcome of his admirations, it will be instructive to glance at his preferences. They begin with Bach (and Scarlatti to a lesser degree), and then comes a big hiatus until Chopin and Wagner. He confesses that both Mozart and Beethoven do not appeal to him 'except a bar or two here or there.' Neither do Schubert nor Schumann, as a whole, though he prefers these later composers to the earlier ones. Strange as it may sound, Mozart and Beethoven give him an unpleasant sense of childishness." Dr. Hull says that Mr. Scott believes Wagner to have been the Shakespeare of music, "all-satisfying and entirely monumental in his great operas."

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Symphony Hall.



CYRIL SCOTT, ENGLISH COMPOSER AND PIANIST.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

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Symphony Hall.



CYRIL SCOTT, ENGLISH COMPOSER AND PIANIST,

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920--21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

FOURTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, AT 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, AT 8 P.M.

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY No. 2 in C major op. 61

- I. Sostenuto assai; Allegro ma non troppo
- II. Scherzo; Allegro vivace: Trio 1. Trio 2
- III. Adagio espressivo
- IV. Allegro molto vivace

STRAUSS,

ORCHESTRAL SUITE from "Der Bürger als Edelmann," Opera based on Molière's Play, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"

- I. Overture to Act I. Jourdain the Bourgeois
- II. Minuet
- III. The Fencing Master
- IV. Entrance and Dance of the Tailors
- V. The Minuet of Lully
- VI. Introduction to Act II, (Intermezzo); Dorantes and Dorimeno. Count and Countess
- VII. Entrance of Cleonte
- VIII. The Dinner. Music at Table and Dance of the Young Kitchen Servants
(First time in America)

BEETHOVEN,

CONCERTO No. 3, in C minor, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, op. 37

- I. Allegro con brio.
- II. Largo
- III. Rondo: Allegro

Soloist:

MISCHA LEVITZKI

Steinway Pianoforte used

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

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Mischa Levitzki, Foremost Among the Younger Russian Pianists, Is No Stranger to Boston, Having Played Here First in 1916. He Has Been Here Several Times Since, Notably with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1918.

14TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Excerpt from Strauss's
Music to Moliere Comedy
Much Applauded

BEETHOVEN WORK BRILLIANTLY GIVEN

Herald — Feb. 13, 1921

By PHILIP HALE

The 14th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Schumann, Symphony, C major, No. 2; Richard Strauss, Orchestral Suite from the music to Moliere's comedy, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (first time in this country); Beethoven, Concerto No. 3, C minor for piano (Mischa Levitzki, pianist).

The audience was not concerned with the question whether Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the librettist, had done Moliere a deadly injury by their comedy-opera-burlesque — produced at Stuttgart in October, 1912. Nor was the audience interested in the fact that "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" section was dropped, like the boy Xury in "Robinson Crusoe" when the revised version was performed at Berlin the next year. It listened to the Suite arranged by Strauss as purely concert music; listened and enjoyed it hugely, applauding enthusiastically after each movement; at the end recalling Mr. Monteux several times and insisting that the orchestra should share in the honor. Seldom has an unfamiliar musical composition been so warmly received in Symphony Hall.

This Suite is interesting in many ways; it bids for immediate popularity. It is curiously scored: 6 violins, 4 violas, 4 violoncellos, 2 double basses; 2 flutes (interchangeable with 2 piccolos), 2 oboes (one interchangeable with English horn), 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons (one interchangeable with double bassoon), 2 horns, trumpet, trombone, piano, kettle-drum, campanella, side drum, bass drum, tambourine, cymbals, triangle, harp. With these instruments Strauss performs all manner of agreeable tricks.

As Lully wrote music for the first performance of Moliere's comedy in 1670, Strauss now and then attempts to reproduce the spirit of the ancient music, but he is whimsical in this, and is suddenly ultra-modern. He is reported as having said after he had completed his "Rosenkavalier": "Now I have written an opera in the manner of Mozart," but he could not write in that manner, greatly as he admires the composer of "The Marriage of Figaro"; nor can he content himself with imitating Lully. Would the Florentine recognize "The Minuet of Lully" played yesterday? It is delightful music but not in the 17th century manner.

The overture is sparkling with its pretty closing dance tune; the first Minuet, without any pretence of imitating Lully, is melodious and graceful; the "Entrance and Dance of Tailors" is gay. The more serious movements — if Strauss is ever serious in this Suite — are the charming Intermezzo, and the beautiful measures entitled "The Entrance of Cleonte." The Dinner Music with Dance of the Kitchen servants is the least engrossing portion of the Suite in spite of various musical eccentricities that might have been effective at the performance in Stuttgart. The Courante in the Suite was not played.

There are many measures that recall the "Rosenkavalier," especially the waltzes. As in other late works of Strauss, the comparative poverty of thematic invention is not wholly concealed by skilful juggling with the instruments; common place, even common melodic figures are not authoritatively embellished by strange blendings of instrumental timbers. It is not necessary to inquire whether the various movements suit the action in the theatre; when a Suite derived from stage music is played in a concert hall, the theatre, for which it was composed, no longer exists; it never existed.

The Suite was finely played by the small orchestra. A successful performance of this music demands not only humorous appreciation, spirit, dash, sentiment; it also demands at times a certain appropriate rollicking coarseness; at other times elegance; above all finenesses.

Mr. Monteux gave a spirited, even an exciting reading of Schumann's Allegros and Scherzo, but with the exception of the Introduction to the first movement and the Adagio, in which the romantic dreamer Schumann is revealed — these sections were eloquently performed — the Symphony has aged. And in this symphony more than in the other three the orchestration seems hopelessly crude, ineffective, distressing to the ear, while the musical contents are seldom worthy

of a more tasteful dress.

The concert was a long one. Some in the audience were unable to hear the last movement of Beethoven's Concerto. Perhaps they feared that the tea and buttered toast—possibly with muffins—were growing cold. The withdrawal was not courteous to Mr. Levitzky, Mr. Monteux and the orchestra, especially as the performance was a brilliant one. Those who did not hear the final Rondo missed an admirable interpretation, conspicuous for crystalline clearness, surprising fleetness, with an ever-present sense of proportion. These qualities with the same musical intelligence in phrasing and in employment of tonal gradations marked the performance of the first Allegro, while the reading of the Largo was emotional without undue emphasis. We read in New York newspapers, when Mr. Levitzky recently played this concerto, that when he was more mature he would show greater depth of feeling. Thus was he patted on the head, as the circus girl by the ringmaster: "She rides well for one so young." But the music itself is not conspicuous for "depth" except to those who have turned the concerto into a fetish inhabited by a spirit. Deep musical emotion was not in fashion in the Vienna of 1800.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week comprises Vaughan Williams's "London" Symphony; Mozart's Concerto No. 6 for violin (Jacques Thibaud, violinist); Chabrier's Overture to "Gwendoline."

Feb. Boston Notes 13. 1921
Specialty for The Christian Science Monitor

The fourteenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which was given on February 11, was as follows: Schumann, second symphony, op. 61, in C major; Strauss, orchestral suite from "Der Bürger als Edelmann"; Beethoven, concerto for piano and orchestra in C minor.

Strauss' suite was given for the first time in America. The opera from which it is drawn is based on Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." The orchestra which Strauss employs is a small and curiously arranged one. The strings are limited to six violins, four violas, four violoncellos, and two double-basses. Each of these plays an individual part. The wind section consists of the usual number of instruments found in the scores of Mozart and Haydn save that the two flutes at times play the pic-

colo, the second oboe occasionally changes to the English horn and the second bassoon to the double-bassoon. A trombone is also added. The piano has an important part and there are various instruments of percussion. Naturally there is an attempt in the music to suggest the atmosphere of the seventeenth century. The most successful portions of the suite in this regard are the overture and the music to accompany the entrance of Cleonte. However, this music is but an imitation of that of Lully and his contemporaries, and like all imitations it is never so good as the original. One feels that the composer is all the time saying to himself: "I must be simple, I must be naïve, I must be charming."

In consequence this music, in spite of its cleverness and apparent simplicity, gives the impression of a pose assumed for the time being. The music for the Fencing Master scarcely rises above the quality of much of the perfunctory melodramatic music which we are accustomed to hear in the theater. The music designed to accompany the dinner scene is intended, so we are informed by the program notes, to be humorous. Personally we are unable to find anything particularly humorous in a quotation from the "Rheingold" to accompany the fish course and the bleating of the sheep from "Don Quixote" to accompany the mutton. Of course the connection is obvious, but why are not certain other portions of the music explained? There are twitterings of the flute and clarinet which no doubt refer to the game, and other pages which would undoubtedly serve as an accompaniment to a platter of sausages; still one would like to be accurately informed as to these matters in order that a full æsthetic enjoyment of the music might be reached. The performance was wonderfully euphonious. It seems a pity that so much careful rehearsal was wasted on music of so little value. However, the performance served to show the catholicity of Mr. Monteux's taste and his unsparing devotion to the art of music, regardless of school or period. Schumann's symphony was given an inspired reading, in the true romantic spirit. Mischa Levitzki was the pianist in the Beethoven concerto.

SYMPHONY IN LATEST BY STRAUSS

Suite From "Der Burger"
for First Time
in America

Post

Feb. 13. 1921

BY OLIN DOWNES

Richard Strauss' orchestral suite from his opera, "Der Bürger als Edelmann," a German corruption, with incongruous frills, by Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, of Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," was performed for the first time in America at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mischa Levitzki was soloist, playing the Beethoven C minor piano concerto. Schumann's C major symphony opened the programme. The symphony is aging, with the exception of the slow movement, aging fast. Mr. Levitzki grows constantly in poise, in technical proficiency and in beauty of tone. This he showed at once, as he also showed a musicianly comprehension of Beethoven's score, for his performance was not merely the performance of a complacent virtuoso.

STRAUSS' CURIOUS BAND

The audience applauded Mr. Levitzki warmly. It applauded with still more warmth the music of Strauss. It ap-

plauded until Mr. Monteux made his orchestra rise and bow. This orchestra called for by Strauss was far from the normal strength and proportions of the Boston Symphony. Strauss' orchestra for "Der Bürger als Edelmann" is curiously arranged.

In the string division, which consists of six violins, four violas, four violoncelli and two double basses, each player has an individual part. In addition to the strings there is a woodwind choir consisting of two flutes, one interchangeable with piccolo, two oboes, one interchangeable with English horn, two clarinets, two bassoons, one interchangeable with double bassoon. The brass choir asks for a trombone, two horns and a trumpet. There are many percussive instruments, a piano, kettledrums, side drum, bass drum, tambourine, campanella, cymbals, triangle and a harp.

Hoffmannsthal wrote the libretto of "Der Bürger" as he had written the librettos of "Electra" and "Rosen-Kavalier." The libretto of "Der Bürger" is a strained affair. Jourdain, the suddenly rich bourgeois, gives a banquet, to which he invites noble guests. A young composer whom Jourdain patronizes has been asked to compose a short opera, "Ariadne auf Naxos," and a farce, to amuse the guests. As the time is passing Jourdain tells his composer that he must perform both works at the same time, and thus they are performed, cheek by jowl, now a little of this one and now a little of that. Strauss said that the thing was symbolic of a young composer of genius at the mercy of capitalists and the like. He composed in various styles, in the manner of Molière's day, in the manner of early Italian opera and in a vein of buffoonery.

In music for the supper scene he indulges in familiar Straussian tricks. Thus, as salmon from the Rhine are placed on the table he quotes the river music from "Rheingold," and when mutton is brought the famous orchestral imitation of the bleating of sheep, from Strauss' own "Don Quixote," is heard. At the first performance of the new opera Strauss hung out signs requesting that the critics should not write about it until it had been given three times. Some critical gentleman then remarked that he supposed this was another joke, a joke about as good as Strauss' quotation of motives by Wagner and himself. Later Strauss revised "Der Bürger," and the new version was heard in 1913.

Inscribed to Boston Symphony

There are eight numbers in this suite arranged from the opera. They are as follows: Overture to Act I.—Jourdain, the Bourgeois; Minuet; The Fencing

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Master; Entrance and Dance of the Tailors; The Minuet of Lully; Introduction to Act II. (Intermezzo; Dorantes and Dorimene—Count and Countess); Entrance of Cleonte; The Dinner (Music at Table and Dance of the Young Kitchen Servants). Mr. Strauss, very civil in these days to American orchestras, has personally, it appears, inscribed copy No. 21 of this suite to the Boston Symphony. Of more importance is his scoring and the nature of the music.

The scoring is very ingenious. It is probably in response to criticisms of Strauss' heavy, swollen orchestration in other works that he turns around in this one to show what he can do with a comparatively few instruments. He handles them resourcefully. There is no question about that! Frequently the impression is that of a full orchestra. At other times there are opportunities for delicacies and conceits, of which the composer hastens to avail himself.

Very Clever and Very Blase

When all is said and done, however, we cannot, with the best will in the world, admire this music. It is very clever, and also it is at the bottom very blase. It appears to be the music of a composer satiated with success, confronted with the limitations of his own nature, looking eagerly about him for a new idea, freak, amusement. Strauss imitates the idiom of Moliere's period skilfully. But when does he convince? When has one any idea that this is more than a box of tricks? The two minuets are pleasing. There is deliberate vulgarity and buffoonery in other places.

Following the dinner music there is a passage of the melodious and wonderfully well adjusted melody of Strauss which tells. There is at times a suavity that mocks the situations. The spectacle on the stage, with the music, would doubtless help this suite, but we cannot believe that repeated hearings of music from "Der Burger als Ede Edelman" would at all enhance Strauss' reputation with those who admire—and no more than ourselves—the flaming genius which inscribed "Till Eulenspiegel," "Tod und Verklärung," "Zarathustra" and other of the earlier works on music paper. It is too bad. Not only singers, but composers, should stop when they have reached the height of their careers, and not attempt longer to lure the public.

SYMPHONY CONCERT 13, Traus. — Feb. 24, 1921 STRAUSS'S NEW SUITE FOR THE FIRST TIME

Incidental Music to Moliere's Comedy, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," Written as He Has Written Nothing Else — Simplicity and Sophistication, Old-Time Suggestion and Modern Flavor in Rare Blend—Schumann and Beethoven for Prelude and Postlude

COMPOSERS are a frugal folk. Having once put music to paper, they are exceeding loth to consign it to oblivion. From operas that speedily failed into oratorios that still endure, went Handel's handiwork. It is the pastime of antiquarians to trace the measures of a matured composer back to a discarded or unfinished page of his youthful days. Fragments of Concertos forgotten somehow slip into Symphonies perennial. If memory holds, there never was a performance of Lalo's opera, "Fiesque"; but in "The King of Ys," "Namouna," and his symphonic pieces many ears have heard much of the music. Scotland and Spain are hardly near neighbors, and Sir Walter Scott and Messieurs Merimée, Meilhae, and Halévy are not exactly close kin; but here and there—the explorers of trifles say—Bizet's "Fair Maid of Perth" fed Bizet's "Carmen." And so onward with instance upon instance. No wonder Richard Strauss follows in these well-marked footprints, since if half the gossip of Munich and Berlin run truly, he is of frugal mind in many other matters than music. "Thrift, thrift, Horatio!" Thereby do we gain villas in the Bavarian Highlands and sumptuous apartments in Charlottenburg, publishing our music even after a long war upon wide-margined paper, richly glazed, beautifully engraved, appropriately inscribed.

Nine years ago Strauss wrote incidental music—overture, entr'acte, "entrances," dances, songs—to a German version of Moliere's comedy, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." He wrote it because he, Hofmannsthal—his usual librettist—and incidentally, Reinhardt, the theatre-director, had agreed to use the play as preface and frame to a short and fantastical opera, "Ariadne on Naxos"—mingling of mythological "lyric drama" in the "grand style" of the seventeenth and eighteenth century with the antics of the Italian Commedia dell'Arte. The two-fold piece was first

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represented at Stuttgart in the autumn of 1913; elsewhere a few other German theatres reproduced it; Sir H. Tree and Sir T. Beecham even ventured it in London. Nowhere, once the first flush of curiosity had passed, did the hybrid much interest the public. It was soon clear, besides, that since theatres lack singers and opera houses actors, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" plus "Ariadne on Naxos" would be seldom staged. Accordingly Strauss and Hofmannsthal took counsel with prudence, parted play and opera, shaped "Ariadne" into an independent piece. Again it would not be the truth to say that self-contained, it won and held audiences. High and dry, then, lay the incidental music to Moliere's comedy. Not too often is it played on German-speaking stages; not many of them may readily assemble and practice an expert orchestra of thirty-six in Strauss's exacting score, while even before the war, the French preferred Lully, who worked with Moliere, to Strauss, who worked with Hofmannsthal. There was but one salvation, unless these incidental numbers were to go for naught—to assemble from then an Orchestral Suite for the concert-hall. At his leisure Strauss put it together, published it, despatched score and parts to the Boston Symphony Orchestra for first performance in America. Yesterday afternoon it was so played with the conductor, the prescribed band and the audience equally "on edge." All three had no small reward.

Nowhere else, seemingly, has Strauss written such music in such manner. His nearest approach to it are the so-called Mozartean passages (like the Trio at the end of the third act) in his "comedy with music" in eighteenth-century Vienna, "Der Rosenkavaller." There, however, the dimensions are larger, the pitch higher. For the incidental numbers to "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," Strauss reduces the orchestra to thirty-six—sixteen strings, each playing a separate part, paired woodwinds and horns, individual trumpet, trombone and decorative instruments of percussion. Keenest sacrifice to any composer in these days, he actually forswears two harps. Moreover, he uses his ornamental instruments sparingly—for the most part in only one division—while everywhere else he keeps his band at low or middle voice. Throughout, too, he writes with sedulous care of detail as though he were fashioning a fine embroidery in tones upon Moliere's play. He seems not much concerned with the motifs he has invented to characterize one or another salient personage, like Monsieur Jourdain who would do as gentlemen do. In the concert-hall in particular, they come, they go, little impressing the hearer. Like the motifs whence the dances and the more decorative divisions of the Suite spring, they are no more than serviceable.

As usual with the Strauss of middle years, the treatment is everything and upon it he lavishes skill, resource, imagination. The harmonies move in delicate tracery or fanciful suggestion; the low-pitched instrumental voices speak with many tongues; the lightest of hands often sets the rhythms beating. Now, as in the overture, this incidental music runs gayly, smilingly, with little jets of mocking humor, as in the measures for pompous Jourdain. Again, as in the two Minuets, wistful melody, tinged with melancholy, marches to gentle rhythmic beat. The music of the Fencing-Master at play with his foils, glints with the light brilliance, the cut and thrust of trumpet, horns, piano. The Tailor's Journeymen are common folk; their dance shall have like savor, but harmony, instrumental voices and fancy with rhythm shall make it piquant. Leading personages upon the stage, Strauss gains the grave elegance that is the very note of stateliness in the theatre and the music of the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries; while with it he charms twentieth-century hearers. It is hard to imagine more adept means, more delicate musical fancy, more felicitous illusion than he gains with his music for Cleonte and for the intermezzo of the Count and the Countess.

At every turn through these seven numbers—one more, a dance, the Courante, was omitted yesterday—the listener receives and enjoys a sophisticated simplicity. How gentle and graceful the melodies, how bright and light the rhythms, how elegant the ornament, how transparent the whole! The courtiers of Louis XIV. highly entertained by "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," might have taken hardly less pleasure in Strauss's decorations—were it not for a play of harmonies, of instrumental timbres that long outstrips their taste and time. Here is the gait, the air, the fancies and pleasantries of their music, but all savored—and so the more piquant—with the modulations, the harmonies, the timbres of quite another way and day. Tour de force is too stout a word for so delicate a thing, yet no other quite so well measures it—and a tour de force of freshness and dexterity, not of decadence or of mere bigness.

The more the pity, then, that the final and the longest division of the Suite falls below the rest. It is the music that accompanies the ceremonious dinner of Monsieur Jourdain and his guests and the dance of the young servants joined by one who has leapt from the omelette on surprise. Again Strauss, as through the whole Suite, gains fine sonorities from his little orchestra; again he makes modulation and dissonance serve the circumstances of a somewhat disturbed meal; the dance goes piquantly enough, but not quite with the animation and the fancy of the tripping tailors. The likelihood is that he

is over-occupied with a delineative purpose, that he is too eager for a humor he does not always gain. We must hear Wagner's Rhine-nixies when the salmon is served from that river; the sheep must bleat for a moment out of his own "Don Quixote" when the maitre d'hotel hands the relêve of mutton; as some say, the kitchen youth have heard—and remember—dances in "Electra" and "Salome" and presume (say two hundred years before) to parody them. All this, however, proves to be mere "paper-music," to be read at leisure in the score, but hardly to be heard in the quick commerce of theatre or concert-hall. Straussian taste is not impeccable in these matters; Straussian humor has been known in sundry times and places to seem humorless. As it was, the listener heard yesterday in this "dinner-music" an over-long, over-elaborated, rather mystifying and pedantic piece, written less for the play and the audience than for the composer's own satisfactions. Somehow in a Straussian garden, there must always be a patch of thistles.

The new Suite is not short. For the first time in four years, the Symphony Concerts had opened door for a novel piece from Germany. Strauss still keeps no small prestige as composer; his music to "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" engrossed and pleased the audience; the flower of the orchestra joined with Mr. Monteux to match finesse with finesse and delicacy with delicacy, to gain everywhere lustre and fragrance. Inevitably the rest of the concert seemed as prelude and postlude. The prelude was Schumann's Symphony in C major, which conductors still take from the shelves, which audiences still hear and applaud because, as the English say, "it is right and proper," so to do. But test this routine and decorum by the actual music and the actual hearing. Seldom has Schumann written more turbidly, repetitiously, monotonously than in the three Allegros. Restlessly he strives, clamorously he insists—and there is no outcome except a flash or two of the beauty of romantic vision and romantic expression that even his struggles with the symphonic form and polyphony could not subdue. Through one movement—the Adagio—he sustains both the vision and the expression. The rest with all Mr. Monteux's pains, is dusty, even dull. Far fresher went the postlude—Beethoven's Concerto for Piano in C minor with Mr. Levitzki's crystalline tone for the solo part, with Mr. Monteux and the orchestra light of hand and smooth of voice, with Beethoven's gentler beauty of song playing out of the Largo, with his stores of fancy darting swift and sure through Allegro and Finale.

H. T. PARKER

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ESTRA, HARPIST

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Richard Strauss

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His first recital in Boston was on October 19, 1916. He gave recitals here on November 27 of that year and on November 10, 1917. On December 27, 1918, he played Saint-Saëns's Concerto in G minor with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. On April 6, 1920, he played with Messrs. Copeland, Ornstein, and Arthur Rubinstein, at an Ampico Reproducing Piano concert in Symphony Hall.

On the Largo, with his stores of fancy darting swift and sure through Allegro and Finale.

H. T. PARKER



MME. LUCILE DELCOURT.
OF THE SYMPHONY ORCH-
ESTRA, HARPIST



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H. T. PARKER

MME. L. OF T. ESTA



Richard Strauss

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920--21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

FIFTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, AT 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, AT 8 P.M.

WILLIAMS,

A LONDON SYMPHONY

I. Lento Allegro risoluto

II. Lento

III. Scherzo; (Nocturne): Allegro vivace:

IV. Andante con moto; Maestoso alla marcia
Allegro; Maestoso alla marcia

Epilogue: Andante sostenuto

(First time in Boston)

MOZART

**CONCERTO in E flat major, for Violin
(Koechel No. 268)**

I. Allegro moderato

II. Un poco adagio

III. Rondo: Allegretto

CHABRIER,

OVERTURE to the Opera "Gwendoline"

Soloist:

JACQUES THIBAUD

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony



Jacques Thibaud Is Considered One of the Greatest Violinists Now Living. He Was Wounded During the War and, Obtaining Leave of Absence, Visited This Country.

SYMPHONY IN 15TH CONCERT

Herald — Feb. 19, 1921
Vaughan Williams's "London" Played Here for
First Time

PROGRAM WILL BE REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The 15th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Vaughan Williams's "London" symphony was played here for the first time. The program also included Mozart's concerto, E flat major, for violin (Mr. Thibaud, violinist), and the overture to Chabrier's "Gwendoline."

When Mr. Coates came to New York as a "guest conductor" of the Symphony Society of that city, he brought out the "London" symphony (Dec. 30, 31, 1920). A description of the work, signed with his initials, was then published in the Bulletin of that society. It is reasonable to suppose that this description was inspired by the composer, although he was reported as saying when the symphony was first performed seven years ago that various sights and sounds of London may have influenced him, but it would not be helpful to describe them; that the title might run, "A symphony by a Londoner"; that the work must succeed or fail as music, and in no other way. He probably had a change of heart while he was revising his work; or Mr. Coates may have persuaded him to describe the symphony, so that the hearer might not dilate with the wrong emotions or be wholly perplexed.

This description is of a pictorial, geographical, sociological nature. The first movement opens by the "calm and silent" Thames. One might add to Mr. Coates's description: a foggy daybreak, a fog as Dickens saw it; a mysterious river, the one known to Rogue Riderhood. Then there is the noisy London of crowded streets, of shouts and whis-

ling; the London of the costermonger; the scene changes to shabby districts. Again the Strand.

The second movement portrays a melancholy region that has seen better days. The night is falling. There is the thought of poverty and squalor. In front of a "pub" an old musician is fiddling. The cry of "Sweet lavender" is heard.

In the third movement Saturday night sounds from the slums are borne across the Thames embankment. In the streets coster-girls are dancing. There is the music of mouth-organ, concertina, hurdy-gurdy. The Thames flows on in the foggy night, and there is silence.

The finale opens with a "Hunger March" of those out of work, pinched with the cold, starving. The former gay scenes of the first movement are now distorted, as viewed by the eyes of the oppressed. There are cruel discords. At last, as in an epilogue, there is "vast and unfathomable London." The symphony ends as it began with the Thames, "the keeper of many secrets, shrouded in mystery."

Mr. Coates's description, which we have greatly condensed, is entertaining reading; but the title, "London," should be enough for one that knows that city, is imaginative and prepared to meet the composer half-way.

The symphony is profoundly impressive, musically, with or without a program. Many of the pages are sinister, even cruel, reminding one of the London through which De Quincey wandered with the poor girl who vanished, and haunted his memory in after years. A stony-hearted London! And even the reckless, vulgar gayety is not the coarse jollity of the happy and unthinking. The introduction is, perhaps, the most poetic portion of the work. It is singularly original, with its impassiveness, its remoteness from everyday life, its absence of everything earthly or spiritual. Almost as fortunate is the reproduction of street life.

It seemed to us that the slow movement steeped in melancholy, say rather utter hopelessness, would have been more effective if it had been performed at a little faster pace; and we should have liked a madder, yes, coarser, performance of the Scherzo. There is no more vulgar mob than that of London. In this Scherzo "Arrie" and "Arriet" should make the welkin ring; the street girls should dance till their hats bob tipsily, till their dishevelled hair streams in the wind. Yet the performance, as a whole, was noteworthy, one that brought out the singular talent of an English musician, whose idiom is his own, whose audacity is tempered by art, who does not see the life of Lon-

ely. for the sake of musical cure, but suffers himself, is one the complaining millions of men." composer that looks on poverty, hunger, loneliness, merely as a novelist in search of copy, without human sympathy, could never have written the last movement.

There is so much native vigor in this music, so much realism that is not photographic; there is so strong an appeal, that chatter about the composer's technical methods, harmonic schemes, orchestral devices and inventions, would be impertinent. The symphony is worthy of the man that wrote "On Wenlock's Edge."

Seldom is such pure, chaste, classic, yet warm and sympathetic violin playing heard in Symphony Hall or any other hall as was heard yesterday. One might add the adjective "elgant" if that word were not sadly abused in these days. Mr. Thibaud played Mozart's music as Mozart would have liked to hear it. There are fiddlers. There are violinists. There are a few great artists that have chosen the violin as a means of imparting, or creating beauty; Mr. Thibaud is of them.

The concert closed with a spirited performance of Chabrier's tempestuous, tumultuous overture.

This concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Brahms, Symphony, No. 2; Carpenter, Suite from the ballet "The Birthday of the Infanta" (first time here); Schelling, Fantastic Suite for piano and orchestra (Benno Moiseiwitsch, pianist).

Boston Notes

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

The fifteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place on February 18. The program follows: Vaughan Williams, a London symphony; Mozart, concerto for violin in E flat, Jacques Thibaud, soloist; Chabrier Overture to "Gwendoline."

Vaughan Williams' symphony was played for the first time here. Few modern works have made such a favorable impression. In spite of its modernity, the expression is never forced. There is never that searching for novel effects for their own sake so regrettably frequent in other works of our own time. The melodic outline is always graceful and the harmony and orchestration are natural and unaffected, while at the same time interesting and original. The interpretation was sympathetic. Mr. Thibaud's playing is not suited, we

are happy to say, to a public taste accustomed to the highly colored, self-assertive, flashy style of a certain school of violin playing often applauded to the echo. Mr. Thibaud is first a musician and after that a violinist of superlative attainments. His playing of Mozart's Concerto was a delight from beginning to end. Beauty of tone, nobleness of style, taste and refinement of expression were its characteristics. Such playing is all too rare and all too little appreciated by the musical public. Chabrier's Overture was brilliantly played. Feb. 19, 1921

WILLIAMS' LONDON SYMPHONY PLAYED

Yelke Feb. 17, 1921
Thibaud, Violinist, Assists
in Mozart Concerto

Chabrier's "Gwendoline" Overture
Also in the Program

"A London Symphony" by Vaughan Williams was the chief item on yesterday's Symphony program. It has been played in New York, but never before in Boston, where the composer, an Englishman, is known only by a few songs. Williams was a pupil of both Parry and Stanford, but his radical admirers praise him for having abandoned the dry principles they taught him.

True, his harmony is based not on Mendelssohn but on the modes found in old church music, yet it is seldom exceptionally dissonant. The four movements of his symphony are not constructed according to orthodox formula, but what structure they have seems to be simpler, more like a suite than like Brahms. His orchestration, except for a superabundance of percussion and brass, might be somewhat muddled Tchaikowsky.

The basic defect which should have prevented Williams from attempting anything as ambitious as a symphony is a poverty of melodic invention. He cannot, it would seem, compose a tune worthy to stand beside the strikingly original themes of Debussy.

Mr. Monteux and the orchestra gave what seemed an unusually good per-

formance of this symphony, and of Chabrier's trivial and bombastic overture to "Gwendoline," a piece totally unworthy of the composer of "Espana," which one hopes never to hear again at a Symphony concert.

Jacques Thibaud played the solo part in the violin concerto in E flat which goes by Mozart's name, though a large part of it, as recent investigation has shown, is not by Mozart, but the work of someone who completed it from scattered sketches left by him, as Sussmayer did with the "Requiem." Mr. Thibaud produced an exquisitely lovely smooth, clear tone. His interpretation was fluent and graceful, but Mozart's vivacity escaped him. The audience received him cordially.

This program will be repeated tonight at 8. Next week, Moiseiwitsch, the admirable pianist who has hitherto played only once in Boston, will take the solo part in Schelling's "Fantastic Suite." The other numbers are Brahms' Second Symphony and Carpenter's Suite from "The Birthday of the Infanta."

ENGLISH MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Post Feb. 19, 1921
"London Symphony"
Given—Thibaud's
Artistry as Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

Vaughan Williams' "London Symphony" was played for the first time in Boston at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Pierre Monteux conductor, in Symphony Hall. Williams, an Englishman of 49 years, benefitted in his style because of his contact with Ravel and other modern composers, although he is sincere and authentically English in his idiom in this symphony. He has allowed to appear a programmatic explanation of his music.

FEELING AND MOOD

The symphony is in four movements. The first, one finds, may be taken as expressing London at dawn—the flowing of the Thames, the striking of "Big Ben" in Westminster tower, the noises of the Strand, the comparative hush of the Adelphi district, a district aged, run down and full of memories, and again the bustle, yells and racket of the Strand. The second movement is inspired by the thought of Bloomsbury in the foggy twilight of a November day, the Bloomsbury of poverty, of shabby streets and hollow gentility. The third movement, in carnival vein, is Saturday night in a bench of the Temple Embankment. The last movement, in the nature of an apotheosis, speaks of poverty, the march of the unemployed, the tragedy, the poetry, the enigma of London.

There is feeling and mood in this symphony, which is too long and padded. At least it is music by a composer sincere and sensitive to the atmosphere of his town. There is the echo of the din of city streets, the gaiety and vulgarity of the "pub," the smack of folk tune, or rather street cry, here and there, as in the delightful quotation of "Sweet lavender; who'll buy my lavender?"

First Movement Best

The first movement seems by far the best. The introduction is imaginative—the grayness of dawn, the silence of the river, the distant chime of the clock and the pages, following which are weird and exciting. The slow movement has poetic atmosphere, though it is long drawn out. There is animation and vitality in passages of the third movement, but it is patchy, and the last movement peters out. It would have been better, it seemed to us, had Mr. Williams taken his material, condensed it and written a symphonic poem in one movement.

On the other hand, it is recognizable that here, at least is an Englishman with infinitely more consciousness of his locality than that shown by the pinchbeck Londonism of Edward Elgar. And the themes are not merely quoted. They are treated sympathetically, and are often given a special significance. At other times there is mere manipulation and treading of water. Orchestration there is felt the influence of Stravinsky.

Since the Stravinsky of one decade is not the Stravinsky of another because of his incredibly rapid evolution let us be explicit: The Stravinsky of Petrouchka, whose color scheme and rhythmic and instrumental effects haunt Mr. Williams until at times he becomes imitative. The performance was a triumph of fine nuance and brilliant virtuosity, thanks to Mr. Monteux.

Mr. Thibaud's Playing

Jacques Thibaud, violinist, gave an unforgettable performance of Mozart's E flat concerto. One is tempted to say that this concerto could not be played with greater art. We shall hesitate to go in to a concert hall when another violinist than Mr. Thibaud performs it. The perfection of line, the classic grace and continency of expression, at the same time, the warm quality of the tone and the expressive singing of lovely melodies constituted a veritable revelation of Mozart. Mr. Thibaud was warmly applauded. The applause should have been frantic in order to be proportionate, when one recalls an occasion not many weeks ago in which a young violinist played in a manner decidedly superficial and received more recalls, longer applause than did Mr. Thibaud yesterday. "Sic transit . . ."

Chabrier's Overture

Chabrier's wild and dramatic overture to "Gwendoline" ended the concert, and its superb performance was exhilarating beyond expression. Chabrier was first a temperament, then a musician, though a very gifted one, to boot. Who makes the orchestra blaze as he? Who evokes from the instruments a nobler tumult, a tumult more elemental as he thinks of the storm-swept coast of ancient Brittany, of the invaders from the north? Then there is the sensuousness and the forbidding and intensity of the love music. And then, alas, there is the atrocious musical parody of Walhalla—the climax where Chabrier not only falls short but falls clean to the ground with the barrel organ ditty which he gives his dying Harold and Gwendoline, as, expiring in the flames, they sing of Walhalla.

It is a caricature of nobility, with a Wagnerian appoggiatura to it which only increases the disgust one would feel—if the whole business were not so stirring that the one who listens can only choke and applaud!

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Feb. 19, 1921
OUTWORN CHABRIER AND MOZART
TRANSFIGURED

The Frenchman's Resounding Overture Feels the Years—Mr. Thibaud as Divining, Transmitting and, for the Hour, Flawless Violinist—The "London Symphony" Evades Mr. Monteux and the Music Suffers Accordingly

THE audience at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon was unusually chary of applause. Only when Mr. Thibaud played the solo-part in a Concerto of Mozart for violin did piece—or rather performance—much stir it. To Vaughan Williams's new "London Symphony"—noted and notable work in kind—it returned only perfunctory even desultory, plaudits and a few zealots, rather than the whole listening company, recalled the conductor at the end and finally brought the orchestra also to its feet. Of old the public of "these concerts" used to rise to Chabrier's Overture to his opera, "Gwendoline"; whereas it now whisked away homeward after a few courteous clappings. Yet the quality of neither music nor performance had materially diminished. The years hardly lessen Chabrier's vehemence when the marauding Danes, shouting and smiting through his first measures ravage the land and the ear. His singing violoncellos may still lay on and spare not with the music of the passion of the Saxon princess for the invading hero. No whit less loudly does Chabrier's Valhalla clang; cheaply theatrical remain the final measures of beatified vision. Chabrier does not smugly imitate Wagner in the manner of a Rabaud; he does not follow literally any of the Wagnerian formulas; yet had there been no "Ring" operas, there would probably have been no "Gwendoline." More and more in the sifting of time, the overture joins the other pseudo-Wagnerian pieces in which Chabrier's generation of French composers was prolific. Being such, it fails to endure. Moreover, nothing but the composer's fire of spirit and energy of workmanship now save motifs and music from frequent commonplace; while lapsing time and changing fashions are kinder to finesse than to force. Before long, the listener to Chabrier's overture suspects, there will be naught left of him in the "active repertory" but his Spanish rhapsody.

So measuring applause, audiences clearly feel these changes of the years and the modes with music, though they may not find words for them. As certainly they perceive and respond to the beauty, the poise, the insight of such violin-playing as Mr. Thibaud's in Mozart's Concerto, for which there are no words at all. In itself, it is no remarkable music. Much of it is no more and no less than workaday Mozart, even though as some say he purposed in his later years to rewrite the piece in the manner of his mature symphonies. The composer was often his own violinist; if not, according to the custom of those days, he left much to the performing virtuoso, who might be finely strung musician as well. The violin-part—and still more the accompaniment—were no more than hints from the composer. The dexterity of the orchestra would fill out his measures; the violinist, according to his degree, would add skill and taste, discernment and beauty. A first movement with two motifs in interplay, "passage-work" for the violinist's plasticity and finesse, songful measures for his sentiment; a slow movement of silken melody, melancholy of mood; a light and glinting finale and the Concerto was done—for a Mozart in perpetual flow of music through an easy-going day.

Such a violinist of Mozartean time, custom, imagination was Mr. Thibaud. His tone glowed with soft lustres; it moved in delicate undulations; it insinuated its own beauty and the beauty of the music into ear, mind, fancy. The "passage-work" of the first movement became a fine tracery of sound, a veritable embroidery upon the air, spun in tone that caught the lightest inflection of the composer, the slightest impulse of the violinist. Even the routine of the sonata-form became at Mr. Thibaud's hands an aerial, iridescent music. There were songful measures as well—in this first Allegretto, in the ensuing Adagio—played in serene and limpid flow, phrase melting into phrase, while here and there ornament ruffled like ripples the shimmering surface. Gentle sentiment played through this song while at every turn Mr. Thibaud gave it that light quiver, that delicate vibration upon air and ear which are life to such music, which are as fine flicks upon the hearer's perception and response. In this tremor—for it is hardly more—is the secret loveliness of such Mozartean song. Few musicians, playing his Concertos, his piano-pieces, singing his songs, divine it. Fewer still may impart it. In high degree Mr. Thibaud does both and in penetrating sensation upon his hearers draws from Mozart a hidden and characteristic

beauty.

The violinist passed to the final Rondo, and caprice vied with elegance. Mr. Thibaud made it no "brilliant Finale." Rather, he kept the return of the motifs, the rhythmic élan, the flow of the figures, the little in-takes, as it were, of sustained song in light, fanciful, sportive play. Mozart, like the other composers of his day, would give these Rondos the voice, the air, of gay and adept improvisation—the conjurer in tones in final shake of his magic sack. Mr. Thibaud caught the intent, conveyed the illusion. Throughout the Concerto he was not merely faithful to the composer. He divined him with the keenest of perception, the truest of imagination. He served this divination with means for once free from every technical, every temperamental, infirmity. Mr. Thibaud is wont to pursue an ideal perfection. Through a brief half hour yesterday he caught and held it. In years in the concert-hall he may know no finer achievement, his hearers no deeper delight.

Mr. Williams's "London Symphony" is another, a different matter. With the best will in the world the hearer who has chanced to listen to it elsewhere, who has read the composer's pages with a little imagination for sound, could not escape the impression that the music somewhat evaded M. Monteux. As a whole, it is more rugged, more forthright than he seemed to suspect. It asks bolder phrasing, sharper accents, rougher texture, more emphatic movement, progress, contrast than he chose to give it. There are British directness, even bluntness, in the "London Symphony"; where the mood and speech invite it, there is British heartiness as well. Mr. Williams designed the Symphony largely; he wrote it now with grave intensity; again with vivid imagery; in sober contemplation tinged with melancholy; often he would be sharp, strenuous, even drastic. Mr. Monteux softened him, refined upon him and the music suffered thereby.

The conductor caught the grey mystery, the subdued and haunting voice of the prelude of the river in everlasting flow beside the sleeping city; but it was possible to wish a sharper rhythm, a livelier color in the ensuing measures of morning stir and energetic folk. In the music of dusk and melancholy, of twilight shadows falling upon empty, weary places, Mr. Monteux mistook meditation for mourning. His pace seemed too slow; his phrases too long drawn; his mood too lugubrious. Mr. Williams surely designed his music of the Costers' Saturday Night to run roughshod; with intent he wrote flaringly,

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robustly. The conductor, as they say of drivers and horses, refused the composer his head.

Again in the so-called Hunger March—tone-picturing of the crushed and suffering, the envious and the rebellious—Mr. Monteux softened harshness, subdued tumult, under-accented dissonance. So played the "London Symphony" seemed by no means its true self and made much less than full impression upon an expectant and then disappointed audience. The performance this evening may less dim and weaken a music that lacks neither light nor heat nor strength, and comment thereafter may prove more discerning and just. For the time record suffices—and regret that mischance should have overtaken new music of no small significance and worth—from a "new man," besides, with his English fellows, too little known in America.

H. T. PARKER

Vaughan Williams was educated at Charterhouse (1887–90) and at Trinity College, Cambridge (1892–95). In 1890–92 he was at the Royal College of Music, London, and after taking his degree at Cambridge he spent 1895–96 at the Music College, where he studied composition with Parry and Stanford, the organ with Parratt, the pianoforte with Herbert Sharpe and G. P. Moore. At Cambridge he had studied composition with Charles Wood. In 1897–98 he had lessons in composition from Max Bruch in Berlin. He also took lessons in Paris for two months from Ravel. "When the Frenchman had asked relentlessly, 'But why do you do so and so?' and 'Why should such and such be done?' the Englishman could only rub his eyes and say: 'Well, why indeed? And thank you very much for the hint.' After which he came home and wrote 'Wenlock Edge'." In 1901 Williams received the degree of Mus. D. from Cambridge. From 1896 to 1899 he was organist of South Lambert Church. He has lectured for the Oxford University Extension in Oxford and London. In 1914, at the age of forty-two, he enlisted as a private in the R. A. M. C. As stretcher-bearer and scrubber of floors he served in France and at Salonica. He passed the examination for an artillery commission in 1917 and won special commendation for his place on the list.

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Mr. JOSEPH JACQUES THIBAUD, violinist, was born at Bordeaux, France, on September 27, 1880. Until he was thirteen years old, he was taught by his father. Entering the Paris Conservatory he took lessons of Martin Marsick and in 1896 was awarded a first prize. (First prizes were also awarded that year to Messrs. Sechiari and Monteux, pupils of Berthelier, and Soudant, pupil of Lefort.) Thibaud's brother, Joseph Charles, born at Bordeaux on February 25, 1875, took a first prize at the Paris Conservatory for piano-playing in 1892. Another brother, Henri Bernard, a violoncellist, and a student at the Paris Conservatory, was born at Bordeaux on July 8, 1877.

In his twelfth year Mr. Thibaud had played in public at Angers. In Paris he had become known by his brilliant solos at the Café Rouge in the rue de Tournon, frequented by Conservatory pupils, who were in the habit of playing there in ensemble and as soloists. He joined Colonne's orchestra in 1897 and in 1898 became the solo violinist of that orchestra. In 1899–1900 he appeared as a virtuoso in towns of France, and at Brussels, Mannheim, and Geneva; in 1901 at Berlin, Amsterdam, Lisbon; in 1902–03 in Russia, the Scandinavian countries, Roumania, Italy, Spain.

His first appearance in Boston was on November 7, 1903, when he played César Franck's sonata with André Benoist, and pieces by Bach, Saint-Saëns, Vieuxtemps, Marsick, and Wieniawski.

A second visit to this country was made in 1913–14 and on December 28, 1913, Mr. Thibaud gave a concert with Mr. Bauer in Symphony Hall. He gave a concert with Carlos Salzedo, harpist, in Jordan Hall, January 31, 1914.

When the war broke out, he went into active service. Late in 1916 he was given leave of absence from the French Army on account of injuries received while on duty in the trenches. He played in Boston with George Copeland in a concert at Symphony Hall, December 24, 1916.

On April 2, 1917, he gave a concert with Mr. Bauer in Jordan Hall.

January 12, 1918, recital in Jordan Hall. March 24, concert with Guiomar Novaes in Symphony Hall, when he played Mozart's concerto in E-flat major. October 27, concert with Mr. Bauer in Symphony Hall.

On April 4, 1919, he played Saint-Saëns's Concerto in B minor, No. 3, at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall. On December 4, 1919, January 8, and February 5, 1920, he played with Mr. Bauer the violin sonatas of Beethoven. His last appearance in Boston was with Mr. Cortot, pianist, at the Boston Opera House, January 30, 1921.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920--21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SIXTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, AT 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, AT 8 P.M.

CARPENTER,

SUITE from the Ballet, "The Birthday of the Infanta."

I. Introduction. Entrance of the Infanta. Children's Dance
Arrival of the Guests. The Gypsy Dance

II. The Bull Fight

III. Entrance of the Dwarf. The Fatal Dance. The Tragedy
The End.

(First time in Boston)

SCHUMANN,

CONCERTO in A minor for Pianoforte and Orchestra, op. 54

I. Allegro appetuoso

II. Intermezzo: Andante grazioso

III. Allegro vivace

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY No. 2 in D major, op. 73

I. Allegro non troppo

II. Adagio non troppo

III. Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino

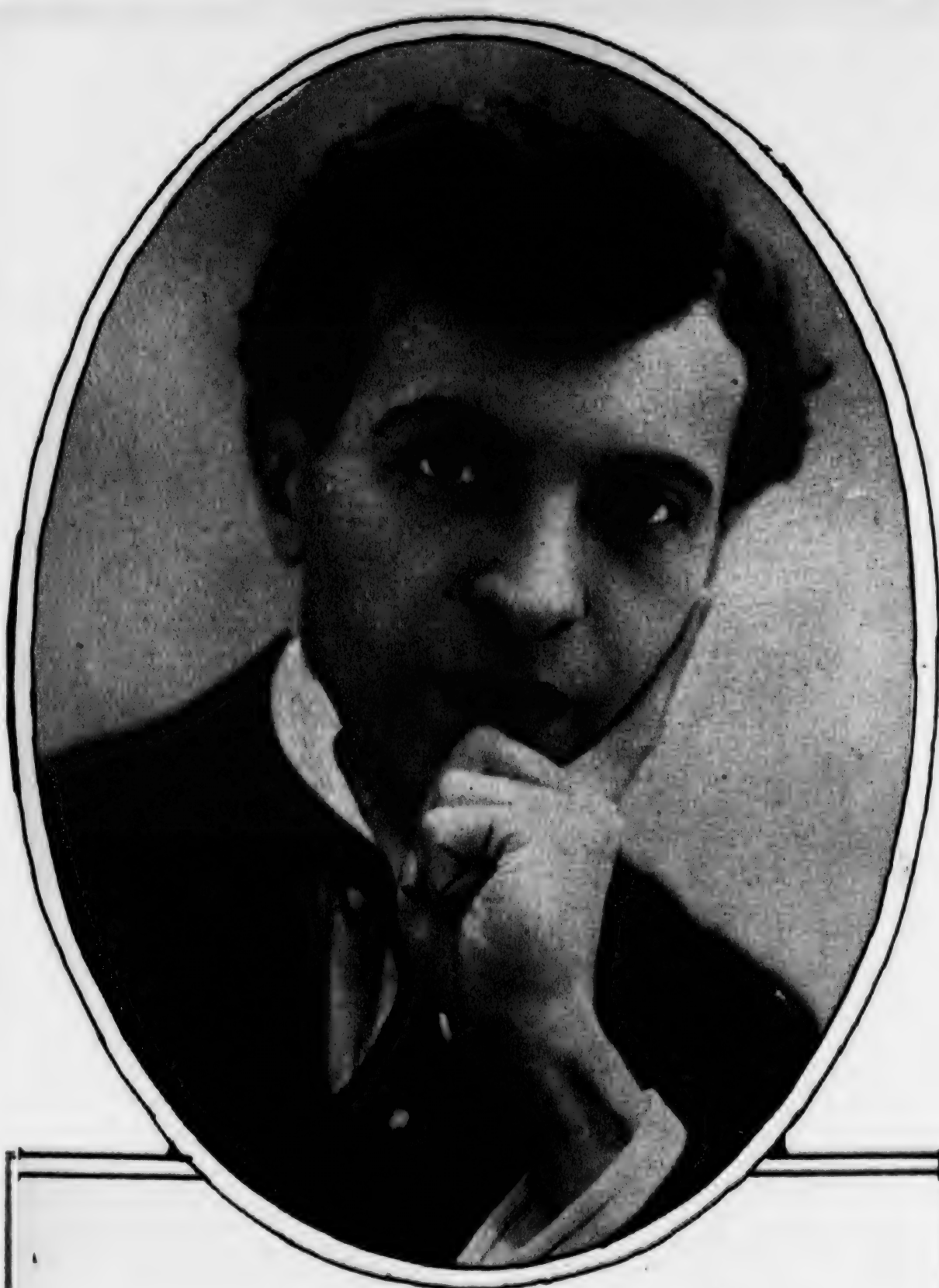
IV. Allegro con spirito

Soloist:

BENNO MOISEIWITSCH

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Concerto



♦ Benno Moiseiwitsch, Pianist, Has Been Extremely Popular in London. His Appearance in New York Has Always Been Welcomed. He Made a Profound Impression Here Last Season.

16TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald Feb. 26, 1922
Moiseiwitsch, Pianist, Plays
with Orchestra for
the First Time

PROGRAM WILL BE REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The 16th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Benno Moiseiwitsch, pianist, played here with the orchestra for the first time. The program was as follows: Carpenter, Suite from the ballet, "The Birthday of the Infanta" (first time here); Schumann, Concerto, A minor, for piano; Brahms, Symphony No. 2, D major.

There is music composed originally for a drama or a ballet that is worthy of performance at a Symphony concert, by reason of its contents, its structure, its inherent beauty, its value as absolute music without regard to the stage for which it was written. One hears with pleasure at a concert the "Namouna" Suite of Lalo; Bizet's music for "L'Arlesienne"; ballet music by Rameau or Gretry; even the ballet music from Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba" or Rubinstein's "Feramors." Other suites could be named, as that derived from Gabriel Faure's music for "Pelleas and Melisande." The list is by no means a short one. Take a recent instance: Mr. Henry F. Gilbert's concert version of his ballet, "Dance in Place Congo," was not out of place at a Symphony concert last season.

However effective Mr. Carpenter's ballet may be in the theatre—and of

this we cannot say, for we have not seen the ballet—it has little to recommend it for admission to a symphony concert program. Its possible effect depends chiefly, one is tempted to say wholly, on its association with the situations and the evolutions of the ballet. As concert music, it is disjointed, scrappy, rather common. Regarded solely as music, pure and simple, its worth is slight. There are few pages that are beautiful; few that are impressive; few that are exciting. Nor is the Suite saved by the more or less ingenious juggling with instruments in combination or in solo use. The nearest approach to a purely musical effect is in the closing measures, which accompany on the stage the death of poor Pedro and the exit of the Infanta. Here there is a direct and emotional appeal. Nor does one find adroit characterization in the Gypsy Dance; nor does one find lively suggestion in the movement of the Suite entitled "The Bull Fight."

There are some who say that Schumann's piano concerto has aged; that it is now only for a small hall; that its intimacy is ineffective in a large one. A character drawn years ago by Immermann in a satirical novel said that next to hearing music the most disagreeable thing was the hearing talk about it. We cannot understand the attitude of those objecting to Schumann's concerto, as the choice of a pianist. To us, it is one of Schumann's most romantic works, as fresh today as when he dreamed it. And yesterday it was played romantically, with the finest appreciation of its many beauties, with a tonal charm, with a rhythmic surety, with a poetic feeling, with a varied coloring that heightened the enchantment cast by the music itself. It would be impertinent to dwell on Mr. Moiseiwitsch's great ability as a virtuoso. In this instance the accomplished virtuoso and the poetic interpreter are one and the same.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Mendelssohn, "Scotch" symphony; Mozart, overture to "The Abduction from the Harem"; Gilbert's "Indian Sketches" (first performance). Alice Nielsen will sing "Deh vieni non Tardar" from "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Batti, Batti" from "Don Giovanni."

Soloist:

BENNO MOISEIWITSCH

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Concerto



✧ Benno Moiseiwitsch, Pianist, Has Been Extremely Popular in London. His Appearance in New York Has Always Been Welcomed. He Made a Profound Impression Here Last Season.

16TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald Feb. 26, 1920
Moiseiwitsch, Pianist, Plays
with Orchestra for
the First Time

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REPEATED TONIGHT**

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Soloist:

BENNO MOISEIWITSCH

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Concerto

MUSIC OF BALLET BY SYMPHONY

Post Feb. 26, 1921
Moiseiwitsch Recre-
ates Schumann
Concerto

BY OLIN DOWNES

John Alden Carpenter's music to his ballet, "The Birthday of the Infanta," was played for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor. The composer was present, and his brilliant score was warmly applauded. Benno Moiseiwitsch, pianist, played for the first time at these concerts, and gave perhaps the finest, the most romantic performance of the Schumann concerto that has been heard in many years. The last item of the programme was Brahms' second symphony, and this work, too, was very fortunately interpreted by Mr. Monteux.

MUSIC FOR ACTION

Had it not been for the accidental holdup of the train, caused by stormy weather, Mr. Carpenter's ballet would have been given by the Chicago Opera Company on the 6th of last March. This would have placed the music in a more advantageous position than it occupied yesterday afternoon, because this is music for a scene, for action, pantomime, dances. The scene, suggested by Wilde's tale, is an episode

of the birthday of the Infanta. In a costume of the period of Velasquez she is entertained by other children and by a spectacle devised for the occasion. There are gypsy dancers, a tight-rope juggler, a bull fight, and what not—all these episodes furnishing Mr. Carpenter opportunity for illustrative music. The crowning feature of the entertainment is the performance of a misshapen dwarf caught in the forest. He dances in a grotesque manner and when the princess throws him her handkerchief he wonders, in his joy, if she loves him. But when he attempts to follow the children into the castle for the cutting of the birthday cake the dwarf sees himself for the first time in a mirror. He knows at last how he looks, he guesses the figure he must cut in the eyes of the princess. He falls brokenhearted and dies. The child princess, discovering his still and prostrate form, draws back in horror to get away, to forget.

Mr. Carpenter's music, designed for the stage, is nevertheless effective in the concert room. He has gone a step farther in his scoring than we have known him to go before. It is a coincidence, perhaps, a mere evidence of the way in which certain ideas are afloat at certain times in the air, that his orchestra, like certain features of the score of the Vaughan symphony last week, remind one again of the orchestra of Stravinsky's "Petrouchka." That is a work which haunts the music of today, a work so individual, perhaps, that once heard a modern composer of talent and sensitiveness cannot again be the same. We hear once more the agonizing trumpet, the force and the grotesquerie of primitive rhythms treated with modern resource and ingenuity, and we have effects not merely of rhythm, but of color achieved by pulsatile instruments.

Tragedy Not Felt

As to the originality of this music, which must fit and accentuate the situation on the stage, that is another matter. We do not find in it very much originality of idiom. Nor do we feel the grim tragedy of the end of the dwarf, Pedro, as we do feel the taking off of Petrouchka. This note is absent from the excerpt played yesterday. Very possible it is struck in the score of the whole ballet, of which only selected passages were played. Lacking it, the workmanship, the myriad colors, the expert employment of rhythms and timbres, are astonishing and entertaining. Short of having done a new thing, Mr. Carpenter writes with the acme of brilliancy and style. He appeared personally on the stage in response to the applause and was repeatedly recalled.

Mr. Moiseiwitsch re-created the music of Schumann, and re-created it in the composer's image. The performance was that of a great master, and few, if any, of the pianists now before the public could have equalled it. When slight liberties, as some pedantic people would call them, were taken with tempi or with the shaping of phrases, they made the music all the more spontaneous, free as the air, hot from the composer's heart. One thought of what Wagner said to an orchestra: "Now, gentlemen, we know this music. We are going to interpret it and I am going to stop beating time." Complete authority, complete abandonment to the musical impulse, and complete control characterized Mr. Moiseiwitsch's playing. There was felt the sure pulse of the great beats, and there was also the delightful fluctuation, and ebb and flow which makes music, and rescues it from the pump-handling of time-beaters.

Performance Lyrical

With the exception of the few declamatory passages, or the clanging chords of the principal theme of the finale, the performance was wonderfully lyrical from beginning to end. The piano sang. The intermezzo was deliciously intimate, like an improvisation of piano and orchestra. The finale swept one away with its youthful spirit. It was the undying youth of Schumann. There are pianists who come and go. This one is the earnest and objective interpreter. The other is a virtuoso who excites an audience, if he does not stir it to the depths. Another is an impressionist, and so on. All great artistic qualities which could be called into play by the Schumann concerto were at the command of Dr. Moiseiwitsch and his performance will in all probability long stand, for the writer, as the ideal expression of the composer's thought.

Mr. Monteux caught the idyllic wood of Brahms' symphony, and he also felt what can well be called the respiration of this music. It is music which breathes quietly and deeply, like nature. The melodies of the first movement exfoliate, as it were, before one's eyes. They arrive at their complete fulfillment as inevitably as the full flower bursts from the stalk. Mr. Monteux wove the melodic strands of this movement together with as much as he showed in his observance, at the same time, of every carefully wrought detail of Brahms' form. He interpreted the slow movement with feeling and without logy pretense of profundity. We have seldom heard so much humor in the scherzo, and the vigor of the finale was in the highest degree characteristic. This was the completion of a delightful concert.

Feb. Boston Notes 26.1921

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its sixteenth concert on February 25. The program was as follows: Carpenter, suite from the ballet "The Birthday of the Infanta"; Schumann, concerto for piano and orchestra, op. 54; Brahms, symphony No. 2 in D major, op. 73. Benno Moiseiwitsch was the pianist. It is difficult to speak of Mr. Carpenter's suite. As music of the theater it may be effective, but as he allows it to be played in the concert hall, it must, of course, be judged purely as music and its shortcomings cannot be excused on the ground that it is not played in its proper surroundings. Moreover, there is no reason why music, originally conceived for the ballet, should not have value apart from the purpose for which it was originally composed. Delibes, to cite only one example, wrote much charming and original music which is interesting wherever and whenever heard. To return to Mr. Carpenter's suite. As music of the concert hall it is lacking in form. Such themes as there are are not of distinction and often border dangerously on the vulgar and commonplace. The orchestration does not cover up the woeful lack of taste displayed in their selection. One asks: Why did Mr. Monteux, a man so remarkable for his refined taste, select such a composition for performance at a symphony concert? The crashes of brass drum and cymbals, the melodies played on the glockenspiel, the blatant brass are all reminiscent of the music hall. The audience received the work with enthusiasm. This kind of music is undoubtedly grateful to the ears of many but there are places where it is more appropriate than in a symphony concert. The Schumann concerto was poetically played by Mr. Moiseiwitsch and the orchestra. Brahms' D major symphony was excellently read by Mr. Monteux, who again proved himself a master in the interpretation of compositions of the most varied character.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Feb. 25, 1921
FROM CARPENTER BACK TO BRAHMS
AND SCHUMANN

A Suite from the American's Ballet, "The Birthday of the Infanta," Bears New Conditions Well, Reveals No Small Mastery of Rhythm and Color—Mr. Monteux Reanimates a Classic and Mr. Moiseiwitsch Enriches a Concerto

AMERICAN composers are not usually innovators. Ingrained in them, as in the rest of us, is the racial instinct toward uniformity, to the regular thing in the regular way. They are excellent imitators when the model is so well established and generally approved as the newer French music. They work well in any orthodox traces, with never a gall upon their shining coats. To take their own course with their own music is another, a perilous, thing. Mr. Loeffler has dared so to do and is accounted a baffling composer; Mr. Gilbert, doing likewise, is the "eccentric Mr. Gilbert"; Mr. Carpenter, exhibiting the same preference, is an "outsider" who happens to write music. The "best people" in the little world that composes, reviews and debates American music (with not a little gossip along the way) still looks skew-eyed at him. Strange fellow! he does not frequent "musical circles"—possibly under premonition of boredom. He actually conducts a business commonly reported to be profitable; he even elects the life of a cultivated man of the world. And when he writes music, Heaven save the mark! He began symphonically with a fanciful, playful Suite about a baby's "morning-out" in a perambulator. He continued with sportive Concertino—a Concertino with rag-time in it—for piano and orchestra. "Serious" musicians, "right-thinking" American composers, do not choose such courses; while purblind and perverse are those who dare to find a clear American quality in these vagaries.

Even when Mr. Carpenter wrote a Symphony, he distinctly departed from the rules. Certain measures, certain procedures, distinctly suggesting the composers to the Russian Ballet, gave almost as much offence as the tinkling triangle in Liszt's Concerto for piano. Such things were simply "not done"—in respectable symphonic circles. By these signs, Mr. Carpenter was likely to undertake a ballet—and he did, with no better precedent in the whole range of American music than

"The Dance in Place Congo" by "the eccentric Mr. Gilbert." Much of that piece in an earlier day had been a symphonic poem; but for the bleak winds of criticism upon "The Birthday of the Infanta," Mr. Carpenter had not so much as such figleaf.

Nevertheless, the piece was actually written; nay, it was mimed and danced in Chicago, in New York, almost in Boston. Any ballet, however—especially one fathered by an exacting and independently minded composer—is bound to be only occasional in American opera houses. Accordingly Mr. Carpenter sought in the music a Suite for orchestra in the concert-hall. For the first time hereabouts that Suite was played at the Symphony Concert yesterday and in disadvantageous circumstance. Few in the audience had actually seen, as well as heard, "The Birthday of the Infanta" in the theatre. Wilde's story, whence the fable comes, is not widely known. Less than half the music could be wisely transferred to the new container. There had been laborious rehearsal and consequent murmuring, while plentiful gossip affirmed that without settings, action and the general glamor of the stage, Mr. Carpenter's ballet, like the chaos of Genesis, was null and void. Yet there was Mr. Monteux holding manfully to his purpose and conducting with the practised instinct for rhythm, for color, for the vivid momentary stroke wherewith he excels in music for the theatre. There also was the orchestra missing none of the composer's flashes or filagree of detail. And there finally was an audience, plainly interested, pleased, and minded to call Mr. Carpenter not once, but twice, to the platform. Strange these perverse ears that somehow prefer pleasure to orthodoxy. Can it be that even in Symphony Hall on Friday afternoons, sits a "loose" generation?

Of course, these fragments of "The Birthday of the Infanta" lose appreciably by shift to the concert-hall. If they did not, they would not be the revealing, accentuating, illuding music that they are in the theatre, knit into every detail of the action, a-quiver to every suggestion of mood and atmosphere, yet they remain anywhere an exceedingly adroit, vivid, sustained and individual music. Even in his Symphony, Mr. Carpenter has hardly achieved such an expert, artful, orchestrally fanciful a score. Like the abler and the younger composers of our day, he thinks, feels, writes in the terms of the orchestra. He is becoming more and more sensitive to the individuality, the suggestion of instrumental voices. He gains in ingenious and imaginative manipulation of them, in contrast, in combination, in stark separation, in manifold play of enhancing color. The

Suite of yesterday teems with vivid instrumental and harmonic strokes; it abounds no less in felicitous harmonic and instrumental details. Both are audible even in the quick passage of new music upon unprepared ears. Mr. Carpenter writes to be heard in theatre or concert-hall as well as to be read in "the closet."

All this, moreover, is no mere technical virtuosity. It seeks and gains delineative, poetizing, atmospheric ends—achieves them with economy, precision, directness of means. A few measures of introduction suggest the tragic fantasy which is the mood of the whole mimodrama; not so many more measures at the end suffice to summon the dwarf dead of piteous disillusion; the little princess shrinking away in as piteous bewilderment over these blows of fate; the whole descent out of courtly and ornate fantasy into a woful tragedy of inner confusions and self-deceits. The Birthday of the Infanta and gay fetes for the royal child. The birthday of the Infanta and a dwarf who hugs illusions of beauty and of love and pays for them; a girl-princess who learns in such an hour that life is not a pretty, playful, simple thing. So in the music, even in the concert-hall, has Mr. Carpenter wrought the finer illusion of his ballet. The means may be harmonies and color, rhythm and motif, but the source is the imagination, the sensibility, the sustaining will, of the composer.

In theatre or concert-hall, music of fete necessarily abounds in "The Birthday of the Infanta." The children of the court stream into the princess's party; a ceremonious retinue bears the gifts appropriate to the occasion and her state. There are dances of festival before the dwarf comes with dances of the heart. There is even a mimic, but no less haunting, bullfight. In all these "numbers," as the elder ballet-masters would call them, Mr. Carpenter's instinct for rhythm—his best and most characteristic ability—serves him richly and variously. The motifs whence spring say, the capering of the children, the dance of the gypsies, the procession with the gifts, are not remarkable in themselves. They are no more than serviceable material. Yet once Mr. Carpenter has animated them with his vivid and plastic rhythms, once clothed them in his rainbow play of harmonies and timbres, set in a vivid detail here, a shadowy detail there, forthwith comes the illusion that he seeks. In the concert-hall, the listener, with two grains of imagination, feels the occasion, catches the illusion.

That illusion is by no means simple. To and fro goes the bullfight; the ear hears, the eye sees, the feints and the rushes; trumpets flare; red cloths wave; yet some-

how the music does remind him that all this is mimic for an Infanta's birthday. Stately indeed are the bearers of gifts; a turn of rhythm, a dash of color and we auditors hear and see them, as Mr. Carpenter heard and saw, a little grotesquely. Of a sudden across the introductory measures, of a sudden, again, across the final bars, falls the dull, distant clang of the great bell of the palace. The rhythm is stark, the notes bare; yet there is omen and there fulfilment of the dwarf's tragedy. It is by the means, the fruitful means of the composers of our day, that Mr. Carpenter achieves this illusion—by imaginative command of rhythm, harmonies, instrumental color, by the divination that is resource glorified. Why reproach him because he discards others with which elder composers have worked; because he is not too fertile in these older inventions and too fertile in these older inventions and means so long as they bring to pass his chosen end. Even in the concert-hall—and three-fold more in the theatre—"The Birthday of the Infanta" works the illusion Mr. Carpenter would compass. Once more he has written an unflagging music.

Two other pieces filled the remainder of the concert with familiar, anticipated pleasure—Schumann's Concerto for Piano, with Mr. Moiseiwitsch playing the solo part, and Brahms's Second Symphony with Mr. Monteux and the orchestra rich-voiced in instrumental song. Once more returned the familiar and unexplained anomaly that French conductors will take German music more slowly than do German leaders; whereas those same Germans similarly stay the pace of French pieces. Otherwise, Mr. Monteux excelled himself with a classical symphony; while at every turn the orchestra gave him back a depth, warmth, suppleness of tone worthy of its best days. No roughness marred the texture of the music, no stiffness impeded its flow. The conductor found, developed, sustained Brahms's melodies, the orchestra gave them life and glow. Not often does a symphony of the nineteenth century, hallowed though it be, yield such an impression of pure and vernal instrumental song as did the first movement, yesterday, of this symphony in D major. The succeeding Adagio renewed such wealth of songful beauty. By ever so little Mr. Monteux seemed to touch the Scherzo with Gallic caprice, especially in the quick, glinting measures that twice return. Thereby Brahms was the gainer, as he was in the same symphony, two months ago, under Mr. Toscanini's Italian intensities. In the Finale, it was exhilarating to hear the rhythms stride, the phrases leap. Mr. Monteux has done the Boston Orchestra and its public many

services—not the least when he keeps this, that and the other "classic" a living music, cut free from the bonds of repertory and routine.

Over the Concerto, it is possible to blaspheme, saying that some of us have heard quite enough symphonic Schumann for one musical year. Yet, as always, the Schumann of the piano is not the Schumann of the orchestra, though in this particular piece he joins the two together. Seemingly the piano stimulates his orchestral imagination, and he achieves the lovely Euphonies of the Concerto. Seemingly the piano quickens his sense of form and the music flows unclouded by thick repetition. Again fancy makes flashing play with rhythm as through the syncopations of the Finale. Again out of romantic vision rises melody, as in the first movement and the intermezzo, that returns ever fresh and strange and beautiful. Even for the over-fed the Piano-Concerto renews the transporting Schumann—the Schumann that Mr. Moiseiwitsch served yesterday not merely with inexhaustible technical means, with apt touch and glamoring tone, but with the insight and the imagination that out of rhythm and melody weave the magic of sudden beauty—the spell of romance upon familiar things.

H. T. PARKER

MOISEIWITSCH IN SCHUMANN'S PIECE

4 Col. Feb. 26, 1921
Pianist Revealed Player as
of the First Rank

Carpenter Acknowledges Applause of His Ballet Suite

Benno Moiseiwitsch, who played Schumann's piano concerto in A minor at yesterday's Symphony concert, is unmistakably a pianist of the first rank. He is no mere steely-fingered virtuoso but a sensitive and thoughtful musician, who uses his remarkable technique as a means to imaginative ends.

Able seconded by Mr. Monteux and the orchestra, Moiseiwitsch put unwonted grace and deftness into music that others have too often made clumsy and tawdry, lending Schumann a plaintive charm, almost an elegance, not com-

monly associated with his name and work. The applause was genuinely enthusiastic.

John Alden Carpenter, who had come on from Chicago to be present at the first performance here of his suite from "The Birthday of Infanta," was called out to bow his acknowledgments several times before a politely appreciative audience. The music would doubtless be more obviously effective if heard with the ballet for which it was written.

In the concert hall the various excerpts, prettily and cleverly contrived as they are, suffer from a lack of continuity. Mr. Carpenter has not tried in this piece to be especially subtle or profound. He has succeeded in writing light, agreeable, up-to-date music, easy to listen to, but hard to remember afterward. The performance was spirited, but not crisply polished.

The other number was Brahms' Second Symphony, which should, if the old routine of playing each of the four every other season is to be kept up, have been the Third. Rabaud gave us the Second. Monteux has already played the First and Fourth, but no one since Muck has vouchsafed a performance of the Third. It is perhaps a small matter, but those who love their Beethoven, Brahms and Mozart symphonies have in the past expected to hear them in regular rotation at the Symphony concerts.

Mr. Monteux's interpretation made the first movement, ordinarily the finest in this symphony, restless and clogged with little "effects," some of them unintentional slips. The adagio on the other hand, usually rather dull, became as Toscanini made it the other day, songful and poetic. The other two movements, like the first, suffered from lack of precise ensemble.

It seemed to the listener that the conductor did not imagine each movement as a whole, but merely did what he could with each separate section regardless of the cumulative effect. Brahms so carefully seeks to build up. One doubted, too, whether enough pains had been spent on this piece at rehearsals.

Items and Incidents *Trans. Feb. 14/21*

It is said that the last words written by the late Mr. Honeker for print was the final sentence in a review of a concert in New York by the Boston Orchestra. It ran: "There is only one Boston Symphony Orchestra," and was his emphatic way to note the advance of the band this season under Mr. Monteux's endless pains. Other reviewers agreed with him when it was last heard in New York ten days ago. "Steadily," said Mr. Krehbiel in The Tribune, "it is growing toward the perfection for which the old orchestra stood." And in The Times Mr. Aldrich was not slow to hear the "fine tone" of the Bostonians in Dvorak's Second Symphony or their lightness and crispness in the First Symphony of Beethoven.

Symphony Hall.

BENNO MOISEIWITSCH



Benno Moiseiwitsch, the Russian pianist that will play at the Symphony concerts this week, was born at Odessa on Feb. 22, 1890. He studied the piano at Odessa with Dmitri Klimoff at the Music School of the Imperial Russian Musical Society, taking the Rubinstein Stipendary Prize at the age of 9. He afterward studied with Leschetitzky in Vienna. In 1909 he played in the Queen's Hall, London. Having lived in London since then, he has played repeatedly with British orchestras and given many recitals. He came to the United States in the season of 1919-20. In Boston he has played only once—a recital in Symphony Hall on Feb. 23, 1920. He is ranked among the very first of pianists now living. His wife is Daisy Kennedy, a celebrated English violinist, who, after a tour in Australia with her husband, came to the United States this season.

Mr. BENNO MOISEIWITSCH was born at Odessa, on February 22, 1890. He studied the pianoforte at Odessa with Dmitri Klimoff at the Music School of the Imperial Russian Musical Society, taking the Rubinstein Stipendary Prize at the age of nine. Afterwards he studied in Vienna with Leschetitzky. In 1909 he played in the Queen's Hall, London. He made that city his home, playing repeatedly with British orchestras and giving many recitals. Coming to the United States in 1919 he played for the first time in New York late in that year.

In Boston he has given only one recital, February 23, 1920, in Symphony Hall. His wife is Daisy Kennedy, an Australian and a celebrated violinist, who after a tour last year with her husband, in Australia, came to New York and gave her first recital there on November 29, 1920.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920--21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SEVENTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 4, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, AT 8 P. M.

MENDELSSOHN

SYMPHONY No. 3 in A minor, "Scotch," Op. 56
I. Andante con moto; Allegro un poco agitato.
II. Vivace non troppo.
III. Adagio.
IV. Allegro vivacissimo; Allegro maestoso assai.
(Played without pause)

MOZART

OVERTURE to "Die Entführung aus dem Serail"

MOZART

ARIA, "Deh Vieni non tardar" from "The Marriage of Figaro."

MOZART

ARIA, "Batti, batti," from "Don Giovanni."

GILBERT

INDIAN SKETCHES.

I. Prelude.
II. Invocation.
III. Song of the Wolf.
IV. Camp Dance.
V. Nocturne;
VI. Snake Dance
(First Performance)

ALICE NIELSEN

Soloist:

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony



All Who Cherish Memories of the Extinct Boston Opera Company Will Fondly Recall Alice Nielsen, the Lyric Soprano Who Took Many Parts.

17TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Eloquent Performance by
Conductor Monteux
and Orchestra.

MISS NIELSEN IN SONGS OF MOZART

By PHILIP HALE

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Mendelssohn, Symphony in A Minor, "Scotch"; Mozart, overture to "The Abduction from the Harem"; Gilbert, Indian Sketches (first performance). Miss Alice Nielsen sang "Deh vieni non tardar" from "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Batti, batti" from "Don Giovanni."

As the ultra-radical Alfredo Casella astonished his countrymen and others by praising the music of Rossini, so Darius Milhaud, a composer of ultra-modern tendencies, has surprised Frenchmen by stating that Mendelssohn was the greatest classic of the 19th century. The symphony played yesterday—Mr. Monteux and the superb orchestra gave an eloquent performance—is about 80 years old. Hearing it, one can grasp Milhaud's meaning; for Mendelssohn, a stickler for form, yet occasionally a romanticist, observed the orthodox conventions with constant attention to a beauty that had not the strangeness in its nature commended by Bacon in his essay. It was very seldom that Mendelssohn let himself go as he did in "The First Walpurgis Night." He seldom screamed, for screaming would not have been well-bred. He measured carefully his effects; he made his points neatly. Overpraised in his life-time, too long a petish in England, he has since been under-rated. He was the incarnation of musical orthodoxy. His radical feeling, if he had any, is not to be detected in his music. He never exulted in it as Mr. Bloch does today.

Yet, when all is said, this "Scotch" symphony contains beautiful and delightful pages. The work has not aged greatly; it is fresher than many orchestral works written a few years ago.

Only in the sentimental Adagio does one find the weaker Mendelssohn, the composer of many "Songs Without Words." Without using Scottish tunes, he gave the symphony a Scottish character, for he had been impressed by his visit to Holyrood; by the story of Mary and Rizzio; by the melancholy surroundings. The melancholy is gentle, contemplative in his music; the composer was not in doleful dumps; and in the gay and exquisitely scored scherzo the Mendelssohn, constitutionally joyous—joyous always in gentlemanly fashion—is revealed. The performance without pauses, as the composer wished, was an exceedingly fine one. After the great performance of Brahms's symphony last Saturday night, after the performance of Mendelssohn's Symphony yesterday, the doubting Thomases, if there are still a few, who sigh for "a conductor that is in sympathy with German music" and speak disparagingly of the orchestra, which was never in a higher estate, should hold their peace.

Some years ago Mr. Gilbert of Cambridge transcribed for Mr. Curtis's elaborate work, "The North American Indian," melodies and tribal songs from phonographic cylinders. The character of the melodic fragments, their wildness and their rhythmic capriciousness, aroused his enthusiasm. In this Suite of six movements, using phrases as hints, he has endeavored to present various moods of Indian life. He has been eminently successful in portraying these moods and at the same time writing music that holds the attention and stirs the blood without purely ethnological consideration. Of the movements, the Prelude, the Invocation, and the Song of the Wolf, especially the latter two, are the most effective, though the Camp Dance will always probably make the most immediate appeal to audiences in general. The Nocturne has less decided character; it is more conventional in sentiment and expression. Mr. Gilbert has long been recognized as a composer of singular individuality. He does not belong to any school; he does not worship in any chapel. He might say proudly with Walt Whitman, "Solitary, singing in the West, I strike up for a New World." We find in these "Indian Sketches" an advance in the presentation of his musical ideas. His instrumentation is clearer and more varied; his contrasts are more frequent and more effective; what seemed in former works a certain and needless brutality has turned into true virility. There are pages of the "Sketches" that are distinguished by what Henley said with reference to Hazlitt's open letter to Gifford, "splendid savagery." The subject chosen called for this.

The songs of Mozart sung by Miss Nielsen were introduced by an overture

of Mozart that had not been played at these concerts since 1895. Miss Nielsen has long been known as an accomplished singer of Mozart's music. To sing this music, which "comes from the air and returns to it," is a singer's severest test. At first Miss Nielsen was apparently nervous, or not wholly "in voice"; but she recovered herself and sang the two songs with the requisite simplicity and smoothness; with an agreeable vocal quality. "Deh Vieni" admits for the sake of melodic continuity, a little faster tempo than was taken; and we should have liked a more marked emotional contrast beginning with "Vieni, ben mio!"

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will comprise Weber's overture to "Euryanthe"; Haydn's Concerto in D major for violoncello (Mr. Bedetti); Liszt's Symphonic poem, "Orpheus"; Ravel's Valses Nobles et Sentimentales, and "Romeo Alone and Ball at Capulet's," from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony.

GILBERT'S PIECES BY SYMPHONY

Indian Sketches for
First Time—Miss Nielsen Soloist

BY OLIN DOWNES

Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, played without pause between the movements, as was the intention of the composer, opened the programme of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Miss Alice Nielsen was soloist. She sang two airs of Mozart, "Deh vieni" from "Figaro's Wedding" and "Batti, batti," from

"Don Giovanni." The orchestra played as prelude to these airs the jocose overture to Mozart's "Elopiement from the Seraglio." Finally, Henry F. Gilbert's "Indian Sketches," six in number, were played for the first time.

FRAGMENT FROM CHANT

These Indian sketches have been evolved from fragments of Indian folk-melody. The process of evolution is clearly and aptly described by the composer, thus quoted in the programme book: "I have in but one instance quoted an Indian melody verbatim. (I have used short phrases of a measure or so from which to develop more extended melodies in the same spirit.) Most of these barbaric chants are to me but potent suggestions pointing in the direction of an unexplored domain of musical color. While comparatively few of these primitive songs have musical value, while a dreamy monotony is one of their frequent characteristics, there are yet scattered here and there through the mass of this material, certain striking and piquant musical phrases which give one a positive and distinct impression of racial color. I have used certain of these phrases as hints; as suggestive musical nubs, which I have developed; striving never to lose touch with the barbaric character of the original melodic germ."

Are Masterpieces

In concentration of expression, in mastery of orchestration, in the establishment of mood by relatively simple means, these sketches are the most advanced and the most finished thing Mr. Gilbert has done. He has employed wider canvasses before. He has called more instruments to his service. But he has never handled his material so well, and has never thought in a stronger, more rugged, more lofty spirit. Of the American composers of today, he is the only one who, on occasion, achieves grandeur. In this music is echoed the stern, barbaric nobility of a dying race.

There is also felt the background of wild and spacious nature—nature, not that of a tropical and sensuous South, but of great reaches, one fancies, of the Northwest.

Mr. Gilbert, in these Indian sketches, has not only come in contact with an unexplored domain of musical color, which would in itself have justified the composition of his remarkable suite, but he has felt and responded to deeper things, which one is prone to believe existent in the nature, in the spiritual fastnesses of the Indian.

Extraordinary Rhythmic Force

It is not possible to discuss in detail these sketches. They are distinguished by extraordinary rhythmic novelty and force; by clear and significant orchestration, with novel use of percussion instruments; by a prophetic vigor, and, on occasion, poetic imagery, which is the composer's own contribution. The sketch which made the quickest impression was that of the "Campfire Dance," with its thudding of Indian drums and its humorous character. This is for the writer the least of them all. The prelude is a masterly building up of a barbaric, misshapen musical phrase which extends itself and rears its head over cross rhythms of percussion instruments. (Percussion instruments are in this suite often used not merely for rhythm but for color.) The "Invocation" has a noble sweep and a fanatical crescendo to its climax. The Song of the Wolf is one of the most haunting passages, the stern cry echoing through exquisite vistas of orchestral color. The nocturne is simple but supremely suggestive in its evocation of mood, and the "Snake Dance" is even more remarkable than the prelude for the wildness and impact of its rude, swinging rhythms.

Strange and Fascinating

This music is not sentimental perspective of the Indian, nor is it, on the other hand, musical photography or inartistic realism. It is the product of a creative nature quick to respond to the excitement of novel material, to sense in this material the spirit of a race and the grand nature from which that race has derived its being. The music is so strong, so uncompromising in its vigor and its directness and logic of expression that it puzzled the audience, which, however, as the performance proceeded, warmed more and more to a strange and fascinating art, and at last recalled the composer several times to the stage.

Miss Nielsen's Singing

Far, indeed, was this from the music of Mozart! Miss Nielsen sang the introductory measures of recitative of the air from "Figaro's Wedding" with exemplary musicianship and fineness of nuance. She has become each year a more thoughtful interpreter. Add to this her inborn qualifications for the interpretation of Mozart. A singer who interprets, for example, the character of Zerlina, with her song of pleading to the discomfited and sorely tried Masetto, must have in her own artistic nature a certain naivete and youthfulness, a spontaneity and innocence of sentiment, which are either felt and present, or else absent, for they cannot be manu-

factured. In her phrasing and in her sentiment Miss Nielsen was very fortunate. She was, it is true, less spontaneous, less carefree, in her vocalization, than she ordinarily is.

Why do singers betray such accursed caution every time they rise before a Boston Symphony audience? The reservation about Miss Nielsen's singing is this comparative lack of ease and of contagious enthusiasm which is one of the gratifying and distinguishing characteristics of her art. In all probability these things will be in evidence this evening, after the first sight of a motionless audience and the plaster casts frowning down from the niches in Symphony Hall. That is not opera. That is not the stage for which Miss Nielsen is born, but on the other hand she is one of the few opera singers whose performances in the concert room sustain careful and critical examinations, and the audience recalled her repeatedly yesterday afternoon.

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Dear Nomad—I think one of the strangest sights in Boston is the gathering on the steps of Symphony Hall of people waiting for a chance at the "rush" seats at the Friday afternoon rehearsal. I do not know what they save in money, but it must be at a dreadful risk to their health. Some of them arrive quite early in the forenoon, and I have seen them standing under umbrellas in a cold drizzle, long before the time for opening the doors. If people were obliged to stand under such conditions, outside the doors of a mill, or a railroad station, the Mind-Other-People's Business Club would deluge the papers with letters, and probably go to the Legislature, protesting that the "Interests" were treating the people like "serfs."

It seems paradoxical that people to whom a dollar or two is so important should be willing to take the chance of spending a great many dollars for the expenses of a probable sickness. On the other hand, it seems strange that people who look so comparatively prosperous should have to run special risks. I saw a woman standing out there the other day, wearing a long fur coat. It must have been very heavy after the first hour or so. If she could afford the coat, why couldn't she afford a reserved seat? And how can people to whom a dollar is of such account devote practically a whole working day to a concert? And could not most of them, in the time they spend on those cold steps, earn the money for a reserved seat? They look like people whose time must be worth something. I leave off as I began; it is a strange sight.

Boston, Feb. 26.

Undoubtedly it is. This is only one of a number of things in the world that we have to give up.

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Boston Notes

The seventeenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given on March 4, was as follows: Mendelssohn, Scotch Symphony, op. 56; Mozart, overture to "Die Entführung aus dem Serail"; Mozart, arias from the "Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Giovanni," Alice Nielsen, soloist; Gilbert, Indian sketches.

The performance of Mendelssohn's symphony was a particularly fine one. The music sounded singularly fresh, only in the development section of the first allegro giving evidence of age and other fashions. The whole work was given a new life and meaning by Mr. Monteux's spirited and sympathetic reading. The delicacy of the scherzo and the rich tone of the first violins and cellos in the adagio were noteworthy.

Mr. Gilbert's sketches were played for the first time. To many they will seem rough and uncultured, needlessly uncouth. Yet they are not to be dismissed with a careless word or two. They represent a distinct phase of American music. They are blatantly American. Every page might bear the "Made in America" stamp, and, like them or not, their sincerity must be admitted. This is American music and if you find it crude it is because, when stripped of our foreign musical trappings, we are crude. Mr. Gilbert has a fine courage. He dares to be absolutely himself in his music and there is not one note which does not bear witness to his sturdy independence of thought and freedom from conventional restraint.

These sketches might easily be criticized. There are many things to shock the average listener. The point is, however, in the spirit of their conception, and shortcomings in the execution must be excused. Mr. Gilbert's work, in its graphic realism, national character and, as well, in its often inadequate technical working out, reminds one of the Russian Moussorgsky. Later American composers will reap full harvest from Mr. Gilbert's courageous pioneer work, as did so many of the successors of the great Russian.

An Appreciation

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a concert in Brockton on Feb. 20, in spite of the storm. The Brockton Times of the 21st voiced the delight of the audience. "The last number was Enesco, Roumanian Rhapsody, in A major, Op. 11, No. 1, and its last melodious chords mingled softly with sighs of regret from the listeners, who for more than two hours had drifted happily on the sea of soul-stirring music." Mr. Richard Burgin was the soloist. He "exhibited rare skill as the sweet voice of his violin rose and fell in charming interpretations of dreamy, passionate and vivacious phases" (sic). The symphony was Dvorak's "From the New World." "All who understood the technique and sympathetic understanding necessary for successful intonations were impressed with the faultless blending of the violins, violas, flutes, trumpets and other instruments which make up the ensemble of the perfect melody producers."

Toscanini, Monteux, Pizzetti, Gilbert

Double Day of Conductors and Composers, Old and New, with Plenteous and Various Harvest

WITH the usual Symphony Concert in the afternoon and the final concert of Mr. Toscanini and his Milanese orchestra in the evening, Boston fed full, yesterday, of symphonic music. For both occasions there were ample but manifestly different audiences. To Symphony Hall in the afternoon went the company that, half by habit and half by inclination, frequents the matinees of the Symphony Orchestra. Bye and large it is a public that takes much joy of itself—and most things on the stage for granted. Above the usual, it was in that mood on Friday. What stranger within our gates, listening to the faint clapping of hands as Miss Alice Nielsen came to the platform, would have suspected that she had been a conspicuous ornament of the Boston Opera House; that, girl and woman, this town had known her more than twenty years? No wonder that after such chilly greeting her singing of two arias from Mozart lacked the eager impulse with which she sang them—and with no accompanying orchestra—in the same room last May. Barely courteous, moreover, were the listeners when, at the end of the concert and of his new "Indian Sketches," Mr. Gilbert joined Mr. Monteux, to acknowledge exceptionally cool audits. The composer as he has a right to do, may choose his own way in living and music-making; he may not be "quite one of us" and all that sort of nonsense. Yet it is the custom of audi-

ences at the Symphony Concerts to applaud a composer warmly—especially a resident composer—when he is present to hear a first performance of his music, even if that music is more baffling and less meritorious than Mr. Gilbert's happened to be. Seemingly the cold without had also nipped within, and the "Symphony Matinée," as they would call it in New York, was uncommonly "institutional."

Different, indeed, was Mr. Toscanini's audience in the evening. Those whom custom sends to Symphony Hall on Friday afternoons, go not to hear visiting conductors, however eminent and stimulating; but some of those who take eagerly the pleasure of orchestral music, whenever and wherever it is to be had, found themselves capable of two concerts—and enjoyment thereof—within the short space of eight hours. The connoisseurs of music and the performance of music in this town do not miss a concert by Mr. Toscanini and he is sure to attract not a few from the social fringe, so to say, that likes to savor the rarities of the arts. Youth as well abounds at his concerts—exhilarating to see and to feel in this city of middle-aged audiences. Best, of all, men hear Mr. Toscanini gladly, especially the men of his own race. Old and young, rich and poor, in dinner-coats and in worsted sweaters, they abounded last evening in Symphony Hall, alert with attention and quick with applause, kindling like the rest of us at the conductor's largest or finest fires. Yet, as a whole, the concert, "farewell" though it was, lacked a little of the zest of the three preceding it. Perhaps the chosen music was in itself less interesting; perhaps it could not heat Mr. Toscanini's orchestra and audience to highest pitch; perhaps, even, we hearers are becoming accustomed to the conductor and his ways. Strangeness has departed from him, while time has not yet deepened familiarity.

—The Symphony

Plentiful Mozart

As composers went, the day was Mozartean. At the Symphony Concert, Miss Nielsen sang two familiar airs—Susanna's "Deh! Vieni!" from "Figaro's Wedding" and Zerlina's "Batti, Batti!" from "Don Juan"; while for preface Mr. Monteux set the overture to the light opera, "The Abduction from the Harem." (The original German title is nearly as formidable; long since the Italians wisely condensed it into "Il Seraglio.") In turn, in the evening, Mr. Toscanini began his concert with Mozart's Symphony in E-flat.

Unless it be the two airs none of this music is of the perfect Mozart. The habitual music-maker, at the day's work, does creep into the symphony, while certainly the resurrected overture is, as they say in the Middle West, of such "output." There are round reverberant measures in it, as becomes the heartiness of a German "singspiel" such as Mozart designed "Il Seraglio" to be—no better measures, though it be blasphemy to suggest as much, than the despised Nessler set into the overture of his nineteenth-century piece, equally shaped for a "popular" audience, "The Trumpeter of Sakkingen." Nessler, however, writing songfully in his preluding, swims through thick Teutonic sentimentality, whereas Mozart, similarly minded, instinctively writes gracefully, tenderly transparently. These periods preserve the overture in the concert hall, as an air or two—say with a Hempel to sing it—preserves the whole opera. Even so, far enough are they from the long, light, gleaming line, the undulating inflections, the mingled charm of sensuous longing and sensuous melancholy that fills "Deh! Vieni!" with silvery beauty, or the playful, insinuating grace that winds through "Batti, Batti!" and sheds the smile that half mocks over the tear that half entreats. In both goes Mozart, the endlessly fanciful, the superlatively delicate melodist, and the melodist as well who made such song the very voice of character, incident, mood. Often Miss Nielsen, singing, was at one with him; but lack of confidence here and there dulled the soft resonance of her tones; while excess of pains with every lovely coloring or modulation of the music stayed its flow. Yet few in these days sing the airs of Mozart with such transparency, tenderness and taste as does she. Her voice gains the limpidity of the music, her spirit catches its fineness.

It was in the symphony, however, that Mr. Toscanini crowned Mozart. Of old, when Richard Strauss was conductor as well as composer, he so excelled with him; more recently, Dr. Muck touched glorious moments by his side; but neither, as memory recalls him, quite sustained himself at the Italian's level of felicity.

He used as full an orchestra as the score permitted—the whole string choir, the usual doubled winds—yet nowhere did weight of tone stay the pace, stiffen the suppleness of the music, or make angular the lithe and curving progress. Full-throated, but never thickly, sang Mr. Toscanini's orchestra when Mozart would have it so. Yet, on the instant at conductor's and composer's bidding—as delicate as it had been robust—it spun the contrasting arabesques of melody and ornament. The conductor, moreover, has schooled it to phrase this music as a singer phrases song—sensitively, suavely, limpidly, with artful sense of proportion and flow. Mr. Toscanini's wind choir may contain few virtuosos, but from him it gains the aerial quality which is the essence and the glamor of Mozart to us of the twentieth century. Moreover, what the pace, whatever the texture of the music, these wind-voices always "shone through."

Everywhere, too, the conductor was all for a Mozart songful. From him mere "workings-out," as the analysts call them, to fill a form, mere play with figures for the sake of such light sport, gained accent and color of melody. Now in one choir, now in another went this song; sometimes the whole orchestra, again a few instruments, gave it voice. As in the preluding or the Andante it might be pensive; as in the Finale, it might be fleet and gay; as in the first Allegro, it might be now bright, now shadows; but ever under Mr. Toscanini's hand, it sang and as many as the moods were the voices. As clear, light, supple were the rhythms—recall the mingled grace and animation of the Minuet. As unfailing was the elegance, as true the aristocratic note of the performance. Fleet and gay was Mozart in the Finale, yet never did he merely race and caper. Formal he might be until the second melody enters the first movement, but what an air of high-bred workmanship the conductor gave the music! Here was Mozart transfigured—and in his own spirit. Mr. Toscanini's miracles do not begin and end with the moderns.

From Beethoven to Elgar

As the course of the two concerts ran, other classic composers likewise had in-ning. Mr. Monteux has quietly and wisely waived not a few "traditions" of the Symphony Concerts; but he seems still to respect the precedent that once in a musical year ordains a Symphony by Mendelssohn. Last winter he resurrected "The Reformation Symphony" and it gratified an interest of curiosity. Yesterday his choice lighted upon the "Scotch Symphony." Next season, presumably, it will be the turn of the "Italian Symphony." Yet, per-adventure, one or another of Mendelssohn's overtures—"Fingal's Cave" or the sea-piece—would yield as much pleasure

as characteristic music, returns none too often to Symphony Hall. Yet the "Scotch Symphony" played as songfully, rhythmically, plastically and warmly as it was yesterday, is still engaging to hear. In Mendelssohn's present, fate was exceptionally kind to him; for his future it was hardly less benignant. It gave him two preservative virtues: the ability to say lucidly, persuasively, what he wished to say and no little mastery over pure work-manship.

It is easy in these days to say that Mendelssohn's musical ideas lack depth; that his musical moods miss fervor; that he neither exalts nor penetrates. Yet, somehow, those ideas remain quite untarnished by the passing years; while the moods keep no less their animation. There are rust-stains even on Berlioz; there are wrinkles and cracks upon Liszt years ago; but the surface of Mendelssohn, the classicist, still shines smooth, bright, mirror-like to whatever is within the music. How well jointed, how well polished a surface it is! Every prescription of form seems to fall into natural place; every detail is as apt as aptness can be; while at every turn falls the little stroke of fancy or of skill. To this day, the harmonic felicity guides them; the matter and the spirit of the music shines through them. A master of style was Mendelssohn, and so smooth, so firm and fine-textured therewith that gnawing time may not gain tooth-hold.

Mr. Toscanini's classics were the third "Leonora Overture" of Beethoven, the "Good Friday Music" from the third act of Wagner's "Parsifal" and, as some Englishmen would mildly but firmly say, Elgar's "Enigma Variations." The overture—it is little exaggeration to say—falls before no conducting, gains only in degree by any conductor. As the part of Hamlet is presumed to be "actor-proof," so is it well-nigh "conductor-proof." Within long memory only Mr. Stokowski has been able to over-cloud and dull it—by incongruous refinements, by excessive finicking with details. For a century and a quarter, it has been essentially tone-poem, music-drama in little, the concentration, the glorification of Beethoven's only opera. Mr. Toscanini—almost needless to say—was quick to release, to enhance the dramatic voice of the music. Often he began low with tonal suspense, expansion, ascent; intense; gathered them, held them for quivering instant; then released them in climax as inevitable as seemed yesterday the first notes of the distant trumpet or the flooding of the orchestra into song of devotion or of exultation. Once within this song, Mr. Toscanini and his orchestra deepened passion, outspread might and splendor.

Those who would have music end with Haydn, Mozart and the early symphonies led it into these evil ways of ecstasy and frenzy and that a whole century of composers have but followed after him. Mr. Toscanini ingrains both with a tonal suspense and surge that runs as fire through stubble—although far from stubble is this epitome become epic.

The chivalric clang of the music or the Grail-Knights passed quickly in the fragment from "Parsifal." It was upon the perdurable loveliness of Wagner's melody of awakening nature under the holy spell of holy day upon which Mr. Toscanini plied his powers that his orchestra might give back fadeless beauty and spiritual evocation. If ever there was music of inspiration, it is these brief measures in which Wagner summons the glow, the tremor, the magic and miracle of awakening spring in light and air upon the earth, to human eye and human heart. For an instant, he interweaves with it the poignant motif of longing that threads through and through "Parsifal," that blessing may still pang. Every one knows Mr. Toscanini's fiery power; such moments as this reveal also his poetizing, visioning, deeply human sensibilities.

For another side, with Elgar's Variations, the virtuoso conductor had deserved fling. There they are—a full fourteen of them and not so much as one or a measure of one was omitted last evening. In the hearing, who cares a penny for the concealed, the enigmatical motif, unheard, but according to the composer lying at the root and in background to the whole piece? The concert hall is not exactly the place for the speculative solution of puzzles. Who also, unless he happens to know Sir Edward's intimate circle can guess at his tonal limning of his friends from variation to variation? Enough for the cynics to say that Lady Elgar must be dull and a certain Mr. Sinclair an exceedingly acrobatic organist. As music for its own abstract sake, audiences must hear and conductors play the music. Possibly they play it because it offers them rich opportunity for characterization and differentiation. When a variation sparkles with fancy and play of harmonies and timbres, they can make it flash the more as did Mr. Toscanini with the "Dorabella" variation. Like him, they can swell the sonorous advance the breadth and the depth of the "Nimrod" variation until the audience cannot resist applause. Or they can set in the dark background to the variation of the singing violoncello; keep the long flow and slow throb of the sea-variation; speed the rhythmical impetuosity of another; enhance the striding pace, the resonant vigors of the Finale. They can also move as quickly as they may past the variations that are mere note-weaving. There

are three or four such that left even Mr. Toscanini impotent.

New Music as Well

At either concert, there was also novel music. Loyal to the "new Italian symphonists," in just desert as their music steadily proves—Mr. Toscanini introduced one more of them—the Pizzetti, whom the over-zealous and fantastic d'Annunzio renamed Ildebrando da Parma, quite as though he were mediæval, not modern. The chosen pieces were three numbers set in Suite for concert-usage from the incidental music to the poet's play, "La Pisanella," of the Cyprus of the Crusades—bloody and cruel, plous and lustful, feasting and intriguing, raging and dreaming. One accompanies the rising of the curtain upon a scene by the quayside, with the merchants and the shipmen astir, the gallants observant, lounging, truculent, the serving-men running hither and thither, the sky bright, the throng noisy—and afar and alone the figure, among the bales, of the dumb courtesan banished from Pisa for her beauty. Pizzetti's music, full voiced, full bodied, harmonically rich, instrumentally pungent, catches the diversity, the bustle, the glow of the scene. It is written with an admirable directness, candor and vigor; and when for a while it would evoke the amorous image of the Pisan woman, come the warmth, the pith of Italian song. Yet there is an individual note—again the note of directly imagined and clear-cut music-making.

The grave Dance of the Falconer ensues—a slow, a stately Saraband of an officer of the royal household conscious of his importance, with the briefest of intermezzos wherein his hooded birds seem to shake their bells—stroke of musical skill as well as of delineative imagination. So again the music has individual flavor. The final dance, wherein the Pisan dies smothered under the roses heaped upon her by the vindictive queen—vengeful because her son loved the courtesan and with love returned—proceeds in heavy sensuousness, as though premonition of impending fate weighed down the dancer, then rushes as toward inevitable doom, ends as a music stifled. Again the listener feels Pizzetti's directness of imagination, directness and richness of resource. Here, then, and in music apart from the theatre for which it was destined, is a composer of fibre both fine and stout, of large, quick spirit, of ample and candid means. His impending Sonata should disclose more of him interestingly, gratefully.

Mr. Monteaux's novel numbers were the six "Indian Sketches" of Mr. Gilbert, the origins of which from early studies and early usage of this aboriginal music as supplement to lectures, have already been

printed in this place. As they stand now they are work of the composer's ripar years, when he can wield an orchestra in divided or in massed tone, has mastered rugged modulation, learned the secrets of reiterated and broken rhythm, can lay on his harmonic and instrumental color boldly, broadly, in stimulating fierceness of will and outcome. Now and again in his music, Mr. Gilbert's expressive and suggestive means have seemed to fall short of his imaginative and delineative design. He has wrestled and written. In the "Indian sketches, clearly, purpose and accomplishment are better matched, and in three or four of the six, he has fulfilled himself above both the "Comedy Overture" and the Prelude to Synge's peasant tragedy, "Riders to the Sea." One sketch may be dismissed as the inevitable necessity to such a Suite—the number that shall exhale gentle song in pensive mood. Mr. Gilbert calls it a Nocturne, would suggest in it night-paddling upon forest-clad, solitary rivers. Actually, he achieves hardly more than a conventionally musing, a conventionally developed and harmonized melody. At a single hearing it evokes a dutiful composer, but neither night nor solitude, darkling stream or shadowy forest. Another sketch, "The Camp Dance" may also pass as no more than graphic, sportive rhythm—"young barbarians"—and not so barbarous at that—"all at play."

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The grave Dance of the Falconer ensues—a slow, a stately Saraband of an officer of the royal household conscious of his importance, with the briefest of intermezzos wherein his hooded birds seem to shake their bells—stroke of musical skill as well as of delineative imagination. So again the music has individual flavor. The final dance, wherein the Pisan dies smothered under the roses heaped upon her by the vindictive queen—vengeful because her son loved the courtesan and with love returned—proceeds in heavy sensuousness, as though premonition of impending fate weighed down the dancer, then rushes as toward inevitable doom, ends as a music stifled. Again the listener feels Pizzetti's directness of imagination, directness and richness of resource. Here, then, and in music apart from the theatre for which it was destined, is a composer of fibre both fine and stout, of large, quick spirit, of ample and candid means. His impending Sonata should disclose more of him interestingly, gratefully.

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 "LA TRAVIATA," Violetta. 1910, March 19; 1911, January 7.
 "RIGOLETTO," Gilda. 1910, March 21.
 "L'ENFANT PRODIGE," Lia. 1910, November 16, December 2, 5, 31; 1911, February 8, 18.
 "CARMEN," Micaëla. 1910, December 19, 30; 1911, January 25, February 4.
 "THE SACRIFICE," Chonita. 1911, March 3, 8, 13, 18.
 "PAGLIACCI," Nedda. 1912, April 17 (with the visiting Metropolitan Opera Company); 1913, December 20 (Boston Opera Company); 1914, February 2, 13 (Boston Opera Company).
 "DON GIOVANNI," Zerlina. 1913, February 12; 1914, March 11.
 "IL SEGRETO DI SUSANNA," Countess Gill. 1913, March 18, 20, 29; 1914, February 13.
 "MARTHA," Lady Harriet. 1913, March 24, 29.
 "IL BARBIERE DI SEVIGLIA," Rosina. 1914, February 4.
 "ROMÉO ET JULIETTE," Juliet. March 4.

In 1910 Miss Nielsen became a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

She appeared at the Majestic Theatre, Boston, on October 29, 1917, as the heroine in the operetta "Kitty Darlin'," music by Rudolf Friml. The operetta was based on Belasco's "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." In following seasons she toured the United States as a concert singer.

She has sung in Boston often in concert. Her last appearance was at Symphony Hall in a concert with Mr. Bedetti, violoncellist, on May 2, 1920.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920-21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

EIGHTEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 11, AT 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, AT 8 P.M.

WEBER

OVERTURE to "Euryanthe"

HAYDN

CONCERTO in D major for Violoncello

- I. Allegro moderato.
- II. Adagio.
- III. Allegro.

LISZT

SYMPHONIC POEM No. 4. "Orpheus"

RAVEL

VALES NOBLES ET SENTIMENTALES

- I. Modéré.
- II. Assés Lent.
- III. Modéré.
- IV. Assez animé
- V. Presque Lent.
- VI. Assez vif.
- VII. Moins vif.
- VIII. Epilogue: Lent.

BERLIOZ

"Romeo alone; Grand Fête at the Capulets,"
from the Dramatic Symphony, "Romeo and Juliet,"
op. 17

Soloist:

JEAN BEDETTI

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Concerto

Boston Notes

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The eighteenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given on March 11, was as follows: Weber, overture to "Euryanthe"; Haydn, concerto in D major for violoncello; Liszt, symphonic poem "Orpheus"; Ravel, "Valse Nobles et Sentimentales"; Berlioz, "Romeo Alone and Grand Fête at the Capulets," from the "Romeo and Juliet" symphony.

The outstanding feature of the concert was Mr. Bedetti's playing of the Haydn violoncello concerto. He exhibited an elegance in phrasing, a beauty of tone, a refinement and nobility of style which have seldom been surpassed or even equaled at these concerts. He was particularly happy in the songful adagio and the graceful rondo, where his rare qualities as a musician had ample opportunity for display.

Ravel has apparently formed the habit of orchestrating his compositions originally conceived for the piano. As piano pieces his "Valse Nobles et Sentimentales" (given yesterday for the first time in Boston in their orchestral dress) are amusing and entertaining music. In an orchestral version they lose much of that intimacy wherein lies their charm, and this in spite of the variety of orchestral coloring which the composer has lavishly bestowed upon them. Liszt and Berlioz, the great Romantics, were well represented on the program. It is well to note how much the moderns are indebted to them and occasionally pay tribute to their great and original genius. What a pity that the Handel and Haydn Society or the Cecilia does not give us a performance of the entire "Romeo and Juliet" symphony! The portion played yesterday created a desire to hear more. Mr. Monteux again proved his versatility in conducting music of various schools. The orchestra also should be complimented on the marked improvement which it has made in the last few weeks. In precision and in flexibility it is at the present time well-nigh perfect.

18TH CONCERT OF SYMPHONY

Ravel's "Valse Nobles et Sentimentales" Played Here for First Time

BEDETTI PLAYS HAYDN CONCERTO

By PHILIP HALE

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe"; Haydn, Concerto, D major, for violoncello (Mr. Bedetti, violoncellist); Liszt, Symphonic Poem, No. 4 "Orpheus"; Ravel, Valse Nobles et Sentimentales (first time in Boston); Berlioz, "Romeo alone; Grand Fete at the Capulets," from the "Romeo and Juliet" symphony.

Ravel wrote his waltzes for the piano and they were played. He then orchestrated them for a ballet, "Adelaide: or the Language of Flowers," which was performed. Mr. Monteux was the first to bring out in Paris (Feb. 15, 1914,) the waltzes as a concert piece, four years after the piano waltzes were composed, two years after the ballet was performed. It is not necessary to discuss the question whether this music suffers by transference from the theatre to the stage; yet it is possible that Ravel thought vaguely of a ballet in the future, as today his "Valse" for orchestra brought out as a concert piece is turned into a ballet for Vienna. Dancers are still "interpreting" music that was never intended for the ballet, and seems singularly inappropriate. Not long ago a daring young woman danced a "Philosophical Ballet," to Cesar Franck's prelude, Choral and Fugue; Debussy's "Nocturnes," Wagner's "Parsifal" and "Tristan" have been "illustrated" by scantily clad maidens skipping about in Paris. It would not be surprising if Miss Duncan's pupils should soon dance to the music of

Bach's Passion according to Matthew, sacred dances, of course, yet with the customary prancing and bounding and tossing arms aloft.

When Ravel's "Valse Nobles et Sentimentales" were first played on a piano at a concert where the names of the composers were announced, the program gave the names chosen by Ravel, a saying of Henri de Regnier: "The delightful and always novel pleasure of a useless occupation." M. Cornet then inquired whether this "useless occupation" was in hearing the waltzes or in composing them; a merry quip that probably was not appreciated by M. Ravel. Mr. Rosenfeld speaks of the waltzes as "a slightly ironical and disillusioned, if smiling and graceful and delicate commentary, to the season of love." This sentence may be taken by some as a subtle description; but can music be of itself, without any program or suggestive title, ironical? If one points to the last movement of Berlioz's "Fantastic" Symphony or the Mephistopheles section in Liszt's "Faust," the answer is: Berlioz wrote an elaborate program; Goethe's Mephistopheles was justly celebrated for his irony.

Let us take Ravel's music, as music, without gloss or commentary. Some of the pages are charming, but does not the charm consist chiefly in dexterous instrumentation, in fleeting harmonic moments, not in substantial, or even emotional musical ideas? Is there not a monotony induced by constant piquancy and continual surprises? To some of us the music has the artificiality of the ballroom, though there are suggestions, as in life, of sentimental couples, of amorous words hastily exchanged, of encircling arms for a moment after the music has died away.

The Waltzes were played with the requisite euphony—modern euphony calls for elbowing harmonies and prickling dissonances; they were played with the necessary delicacy and finesse. We have never heard a more eloquent performance of Weber's overture than the one of yesterday: there was grandiose and fiery treatment; there was the stirring expression of Weber's chivalric vein; while the reading of the free fantasia section after the unearthly pianissimo measures—and there was a pianissimo of a nature seldom heard before Mr. Monteux came to us—was singularly impressive. Even the fugato measures, which as a rule seem out of place, if not boresome, were yesterday significant. Brilliant, too, was the performance of the excerpt from Berlioz's symphony, so brilliant that the ball music no longer seemed common; while the oboe, played by Mr. Longy with his accustomed skill, was the very voice of the love-smitten Romeo.

Liszt's "Orpheus" had not been heard at these concerts for 15 years. The neglect is unaccountable, for it is free from the bombast, hifalutin, sawdust pomp that disfigure the more familiar "Tasso" and even portions of too familiar "Preludes." In "Orpheus" Liszt is more truly poetical. One should not read his preface; reading it, one might be disinclined to hear his music. The performance was effective; the different solo passages were beautifully played.

Mr. Bedetti gave a remarkable performance of Haydn's concerto; a performance distinguished for its elegance and taste; for its unostentatious brilliance. The adagio was played with a simplicity and a tenderness of expression that came from the heart of the violoncellist and touched the heart of the hearer.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program of March 25-26 is as follows: Beethoven, "Pastoral" Symphony; Loeffler, "La Bonne Chanson" (after Verlaine); Wagner, Transformation Music and Closing Scene from Act I of "Parsifal." The orchestra will be assisted by the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Club, which have been trained by Dr. Davison.

SYMPHONY IN MASTER FORM AGAIN

Bedetti, Cellist, Soloist

—Shares Honors
With Monteux

BY OLIN DOWNES

One of the most brilliant of the recent concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. We do not remember any performance of

Weber's "Euryanthe" overture so stirring as that given on this occasion, a performance which resurrected the youthful and knightly spirit of Weber, the glow of his romanticism, and the supremely imaginative music—witness the middle part of the overture—which one finds in the midst of the poorest of his scores.

BEDETTI PROVES HIMSELF

Jean Bedetti, first cellist of the orchestra, was soloist. He played Haydn's D major concerto, and in so doing proved himself, still a young man, not only a gifted and proficient cellist, but really a great musician. It was the afternoon of the orchestra, and Mr. Monteux, who again surpassed himself in the reading of Liszt's "Orpheus," of Ravel's witty and ironical "Valse Nobles et Sentimentales," and in the interpretation of the poignant music which Berlioz wrote in the sections "Romeo Alone; Grand Fete at the Capulets" of the "Romeo and Juliet" symphony.

Ravel's music is more effective—it was originally composed for piano—as arranged by the composer for orchestra. The thought of Ravel is usually made clearer and more striking when he orchestrates it, for his musical thought is intimately connected with other arts than music, and the strongly contrasting, coloristic effects of the orchestra, which he handles with a magic of his own impress, his vision on the hearer as no single instrument could.

Flirting With Flowers

The programme book tells us of the performance of these waltzes in Paris to the ballet arranged for Mme. Trouhanowa, the dancer, in April, 1912. The ballet was called "Adelaide, or the Language of Flowers," "a delightful piece of early 19th century artificiality, in high-waisted frocks and turbans and puce suits and frills. Adelaide and Loredan flirt with delicious affectation in the language of flowers throughout a ball in a violently green and blue drawing room, and fall into each other's arms at last before the balcony opening onto an impossibly blue sea after Loredan, casting at her feet a sprig of cypress to tell his despair, has placed a pistol to his temple without firing it. The same amusing artificiality is in the theme, the staging, the dancing and the music."

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Concerto

This outline of the ballet seems to us to furnish a better indication of the spirit of Ravel's "Jeux d'esprit" than any critical or descriptive phraseology.

Berlioz and Liszt, fellow-sinners of a period when exaggeration of an emotional and pictorial kind was evident in all arts, supplemented each other yesterday—Liszt on one side, Berlioz on the other, of the sophisticated badinage of Ravel. Liszt has certainly written one of the best and most coherent tone-poems under the title of "Orpheus," but in moving intensity of utterance, in exquisite poetry, in dramatic blood, the music of Berlioz kindled the imagination the more. And this music could hardly have been given a more eloquent performance.

Haydn's concert was delicious to the ear. It is one of the new 'cello concertos so simple and well made, so brisk, so melodious, that the 'cello does not sound cumbersome and long-winded, or the concerto a bore. Had the music been less interesting, however, Mr. Bedetti would have distinguished it by his masterly playing.

It was playing not only of remarkable technical finish, but playing typical of Haydn's music. It had polish. It did not over-emphasize. Never once did the music, so to speak, step out of its frame. It kept the 18th century manner and the spirit of 18th century art, and we must candidly admit, in these days when all reviewers supposed to know anything speak with condescension of 18th century art, that the art of the 18th century seems to us in many respects more and more wonderful as the years go by. The full beauty, the aristocratic refinement and at the same time the bonhomie of Haydn were delightfully expressed by Mr. Bedetti, who never ceases developing in his art.

We have spoken for the quality of the orchestral performances. They were notable not only for the precision of attack and the brilliancy of the fortissimo, but for something else much more difficult to secure, and not invariably in evidence in concerts of the reorganization period of the Boston Symphony. They were notable for the fineness of the pianissimo passages, the clearness and beauty of the tone in places where it seemed a mere breath of sound, coming from so many instruments that one rubbed one's eyes. In all respects, this concert was an extraordinary tribute to Mr. Monteux's labors and the ever increasing virtuosity of an orchestra three times rebuilt in as many years. The audience testified to its appreciation by its applause.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

RAVEL AND THREE CONTRASTING "ROMANTICS"

His Super-Sophisticated Waltzes for the First Time in Boston—Ironic and Mocking Pastime—Weber, Liszt and Berlioz Various and Familiarly—The Orchestra on Its Mettle and Mr. Bedetti, Master-'Cellist

FOR the most part, romantic composers from the first half of the last century engaged Mr. Monteux, the Symphony Orchestra and their audience yesterday. Had not Mr. Bedetti's solo-piece—the Concerto for Violoncello by Haydn—intruded, the conductor would have escaped narrowly the "unified" programme of Dr. Muck's day. True, upon it were the "Noble and Sentimental Waltzes" of Ravel, as yet not ten years old, and by no means in the vein or the manner of Weber, Liszt and Berlioz. With those pieces, however, Ravel might have passed as devil's advocate at this canonization, so to say, of the "romantics." The inference is that his title for his music is designedly ironical. Nowhere are the waltzes "noble" either in content or procedure; while the chemist in tones would report hardly "a trace" of "sentiment." On the very title-page, the composer's line from Regnier about "the pleasures of useless occupation" hints mocking purpose toward "nobility" as stock pose and pompous platitude, at sentiment as giddy or treacly gush. They were such in the days when "noble" waltzes were actually written—Schumann, for example, so labels one of the divisions of his "Carneval"—when truly sentimental waltzes abounded in the music-shops and strewed the pages of "ladies' annuals." They will probably remain such until human nature is born again and in new pattern; while artists of Ravel's mind and temperament will as everlastingly gird at them.

The method of this girding is, of course, musical. The habitual maker of "noble and sentimental waltzes," say in Victorian days, sought the flatulent phrase, the pulpy period. In every detail he was pink of propriety. His chest swelled, his eye glowed—or moistened—as he released himself in tones to triple rhythm. Such pieces were Jos. Sedley's music. To this day the attentive ear may hear them echoing from the pages of "Vanity Fair." Beyond mistaking, Ravel is of another mind and man-

ner with his waltzes—in the piano-pieces they originally were, in the version for orchestra played yesterday for the first time in Boston, as the ballet they briefly became in the Paris of 1913. From dry, precise little motifs, etched in the orchestral voices, springs his music. They are too meagre to be "noble," too prosaic to be "sentimental," and so seeming to fulfil his ironic purpose. He makes play with them and, apparently, his one desire is to avoid the resounding platitudes of "nobility," the sugared stream of "sentiment." He develops a motif; for half a moment, the waltz moves straightforwardly enough. Thereafter, at every other turn a peppery modulation, a sub-acid harmonic detail, an instrumental stroke, bitter-sweet; while throughout goes an air of light sport in dexterity and sophistry.

Ravel is never insistent upon this innuendo; to be such would be that foolish thing, the striking of an attitude. He is quite content to insinuate it; and so to achieve the antithesis of "nobility" and "sentiment"—to achieve it, most of all, perhaps, in the theatre when this music as "Adelaide or The Language of Flowers," went hand in hand with a courtesan smelling tube-roses, a noble duke laying his heart and his purse at her feet in other blossoms, a sentimental youth sighing out his amorous soul in sprigs of cypress and bunches of heliotrope. In his waltzes Ravel is dry and thin; in theirs the purveyors of "nobility" and "sentiment" were watery and rotund. They sprawled and slavered when they wrote; he is exact and elegant. They retailed pompous commonplaces of procedure; he chooses to be adroitly piquant. They smiled a large and oily smile out of the sentiment in which they fondly wallowed. He lifts an ironic eyebrow and is amused—even sighs on occasion in the waltzes a pretty tonal sigh of disillusion. Admittedly altogether sophisticated sport of the composing table, of the piano or the orchestra in the concert-hall, pastime of a certain cast of mind and temperament for kindred spirits, "caviare to the general"—and thankfully as Ravel might have whispered to himself with a glint of satisfaction. But it is his custom to assume an audience—or a few in it—as sophisticated as himself and to believe at will in the answering ironic twitch. Besides, adeptness at anything—music-making in our day included—is a pleasing game.

With reason Weber, Liszt, Berlioz seemed large-minded, warm-hearted, outspoken, when they replied with the overture to "Euryanthe," the tone-poem of "Orpheus," the soliloquy and fete from the music of "Romeo and Juliet," to this devil's advocate of super-sophistication. Well at least did two of them bear the sifting years, the change of mental and

emotional attitude, the shifting fashions of life and a world that breed Ravels and Ravellian music-making. Weber still strikes fire in the impetuous ardor with which his overture begins and ends, still works fantasmal illusion in the middle measures of ghostly apparition. Heats of imagination, glow of power were in him when he wrote the preludes to his three surviving operas. He knew the brilliant, the direct means. They seem flung off—and how surely!—in a single zestful hour of concentrated creation. Ravels or no Ravels, the clang, the rush, the flare of them quicken ears and stir hearts. They are of the romantic army with banners; and when it halts and Weber would sound the note of romantical strangeness, ghostly tremor still quivers through the apparition. War-horses of the concert-hall may be these Weberian overtures, but war-horses whose manes still toss, whose hoofs yet beat.

Proof against the years, the fashions, the attitudes is also Liszt's tone-poem of "Orpheus." Agreed that the design is soaring romantic convention—Orpheus's song to sound again, the music wherewith he tamed beast, lured bird, conquered Hades, softened stocks, stones and woman's heart. Agreed that Liszt might have written it as "nobly and sentimentally" as the overblown note upon his title-page forebodes. As many of his tone-poems—or at the least many a division therein—suggest, he was quite capable of grandiose pulp and platitude, even rejoiced as he made it. Liszt, however, was far better romantic executant than romantic theorist—no poet in words but once and again poet in tones. In "Orpheus" he invents melody, gains and sustains instrumental song that hardly flag through the whole course of the tone-poem. It may not be song to summon the magic, mystery or might of Orpheus—that, probably, must ever remain aural vision uncaught, super-incarnation of the whole body and spirit of music—but it is song engrossing the ear, touching the heart, awakening illusion, unfolded and diversified in abiding beauty. "Orpheus" dates from Liszt's carnal days; yet the Liszt of "St. Elizabeth" and other pietistic baggage is nowhere so celestial as in this tone-poem of pagan legend. Oftener than some will believe—overhaunted by his pomps and platitudes—Liszt knew inspiration.

Berlioz probably believed he knew it as well, was exercising it, when he wrote his symphony of "Romeo and Juliet." Not too much of the music now survives actively; as the composer said, it is the equivalent of an opera—disembodied in the con-

cert hall; and of those fragments Mr. Monteux played yesterday all but the "Queen Mab" music. Once more, however, "the grand fete" in Capulet's house seemed musically a dull, commonplace, noisy party much needing trappings of the stage to mask it; while even the characteristic melody of Romeo's soliloquy in the garden is losing pith and pungency. The Capulets, according to Berlioz, distinctly lacked fine taste in choice of dance-rhythms; they had clear preference for din; maybe the young Veronese "jazzed"—in a mediaeval manner—at their parties. It is the virtue of Berlioz's melody to be stripped and piercing, a fine and penetrating line. Yet time in this music of Romeo is surely wearing it thin and numb. Irony and workmanship, Ravel might say with his dry smile, getter bear this sifting than romance and exuberance. 1950 may decide.

In all these pieces, from Ravel to Berlioz and back again, conductor and orchestra excelled themselves. The overture to "Euryanthe," though the stage, even in Germany, nowadays hardly knows the opera, is music of the theatre. Therefore Mr. Monteux warmed to it, made it stride, flash and glow at beginning and end, gained in the ghostly measures a quivering, expectant hush worthy of Toscanini himself. Under the conductor's design every detail in Ravel's Waltzes—and they are almost wholly detail—fell into place; while in the playing of the orchestra few passed unnoted, unfelt. Light went the mocking rhythms; there was point in the harmonic innuendo. In turn the Capulets' orchestra considerably excelled the Capulets' music, and it was not the fault of singing wood-wind or of strings throbbing beneath that Berlioz's "Romeo," musically, seemed rather a moon-calf. Best of all, however, was the orchestra in Liszt's tone-poem, since there, for the while, it regained in instrumental song the mellow depths, surface-shimmer, lustrous transparency, mingled warmth and sensibility of an earlier but vividly remembered day. To such quality—and at the cost of what care and pains!—Mr. Monteux can now on occasion bring it. Then in truth only Mr. Stock's Chicagoans rival it in American concert halls.

As Mr. Monteux has worked to this goal, so have his forces worked with him. Of what manner of men most of these hundred are, there was proof yesterday in the quality of Mr. Bedetti, master-violoncellist. Haydn's Concerto might hardly have been played with a graver richness of tone, a serener beauty of simple pensive song than he gained in the slow move

ment; with a lighter bow and a brighter tone (as 'cello-tone goes) than he plied in the rhythmic give-and-take of the finale; with more exactness, elasticity and elegance upon the nearly endless figures and ornament of the Allegro. The cadenzas did but heap proof on proof of Mr. Bedetti's abilities as virtuoso. As musician equally he shone out of them since they accorded with Haydn's substance and style; while in the Adagio blended poise and poetry praised him. Not by ability only but by work the more, do these perfections come. Of such is the present spirit of Mr. Montoux's orchestra. H. T. PARKER

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA TO ABANDON THREE CITIES NO MORE CONCERTS IN PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON— MORE AND NEW WORK AT HOME— VISITS TO NEW YORK CONTINUE

With the concert of this evening in Philadelphia, with the concerts of tomorrow afternoon and Wednesday evening in Washington and Baltimore respectively, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will abandon its annual visits to the three cities. For twenty-five years, more or less, from November through March, it has given a monthly concert in each of them, almost invariably to a large, responsive, established audience. It is now foregoing these visits for three reasons—because it is finding a widening field for concerts in cities nearer Boston—in New England in general and in Massachusetts in particular; because trustees, manager and conductor are planning new ventures at home for next season and the future generally; because present fares on the railroads for a hundred men make the cost of these "Southern trips" no small charge upon the treasury of the orchestra. The circular letter sent to subscribers in Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore to announce the change, says briefly:

Owing to the increasing demand for concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the vicinity of Boston, and the limited time at the disposal of the Orchestra to meet this demand, it has been decided to omit the usual series of concerts. In appreciation of a loyalty of long standing, this notice is sent to the regular subscribers so that they may have this information at first hand.

The regular monthly journeys of the Symphony Orchestra to New York will continue as heretofore from November through March, with ten concerts in Manhattan and five in Brooklyn according to long-standing schedule. These, however, require but three working days, instead of the whole working week necessary for visits farther Southward. New York, moreover, remains the musical capital of the United States where the band deserves to be heard and where it has maintained itself through thirty years and more. Before long, the plans for new work by the orchestra at home and in New England will be announced. Surmise, rightly or wrongly, anticipates more concerts in neighboring cities, more Young People's Concerts in Boston, and a resumption of the choral concerts of Dr. Muck's final year.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920-21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

EIGHTEENTH PROGRAMME

Mr. JEAN BEDETTI, violoncellist, was born at Lyons, France, on December 18, 1883. At the Lyons Conservatory of Music he took violoncello lessons of his father. He made his first appearance in public at a theatre in Lyons when he was eleven years old, and played Davidoff's concerto. He studied at the Paris Conservatory, where he was awarded a second prize in 1901, and a first prize in 1902, when a first prize was awarded also to Mlle. Clément. Mr. Bedetti's teacher was Jules Loeb.* Mlle. Clément, a pupil of Cros Sainte-Ange, was named first. This action on the part of the jury was severely censured by leading critics. Having played in chamber-music clubs, Mr. Bedetti became the first violoncellist of the Opéra-Comique orchestra in 1904. In 1908 he was appointed first violoncellist of the Colonne Orchestra, playing in turn under Messrs. Colonne, Pierné, and Monteux. He has given recitals in French cities, also in England, Belgium, Spain, and Switzerland. Called to the colors in the French mobilization of August 2, 1914, he served actively at the front for eighteen months. He joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the fall of 1919. He played here with this orchestra, Schumann's concerto (January 30, 1920); Saint-Saëns's Concerto No. 1 (March 6, 1920); and the violoncello solo in Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 5, D major, Kogel's edition (April 2, 1920). Since his arrival in Boston he has played in various concerts.

* Jules Léopold Loeb was born at Strasbourg, May 13, 1852. Studying at the Paris Conservatory, he took a first prize in 1872. He became a member of the Opéra orchestra in 1873, and was afterwards the solo violoncellist at the Opéra and at the Conservatory concerts. He was a member of The Marsick Quartet and of Philipp's Society of Wind Instruments and Strings. In 1900 he was appointed Professor at the Paris Conservatory.

Soloist:

JEAN BEDETTI

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Concerto

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Trans. — Mch. 14, 1921

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There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Concerto

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920--21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

NINETEENTH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, MARCH 25, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, AT 8 P. M.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in F major, No. 6, "Pastoral," op. 68

- I. Awakening of serene impressions on arriving in the country; Allegro, ma non troppo.
- II. Scene by the brook-side: Andante molto moto.
- III. Jolly gathering of country folk: Allegro; in tempo d' allegro. Thunderstorm; Tempest: Allegro.
- IV. Shepherd's Song; Glad some and thankful feelings after the storm: Allegretto.

LOEFFLER,

POEM, "La Bonne Chanson" (after Verlaine)

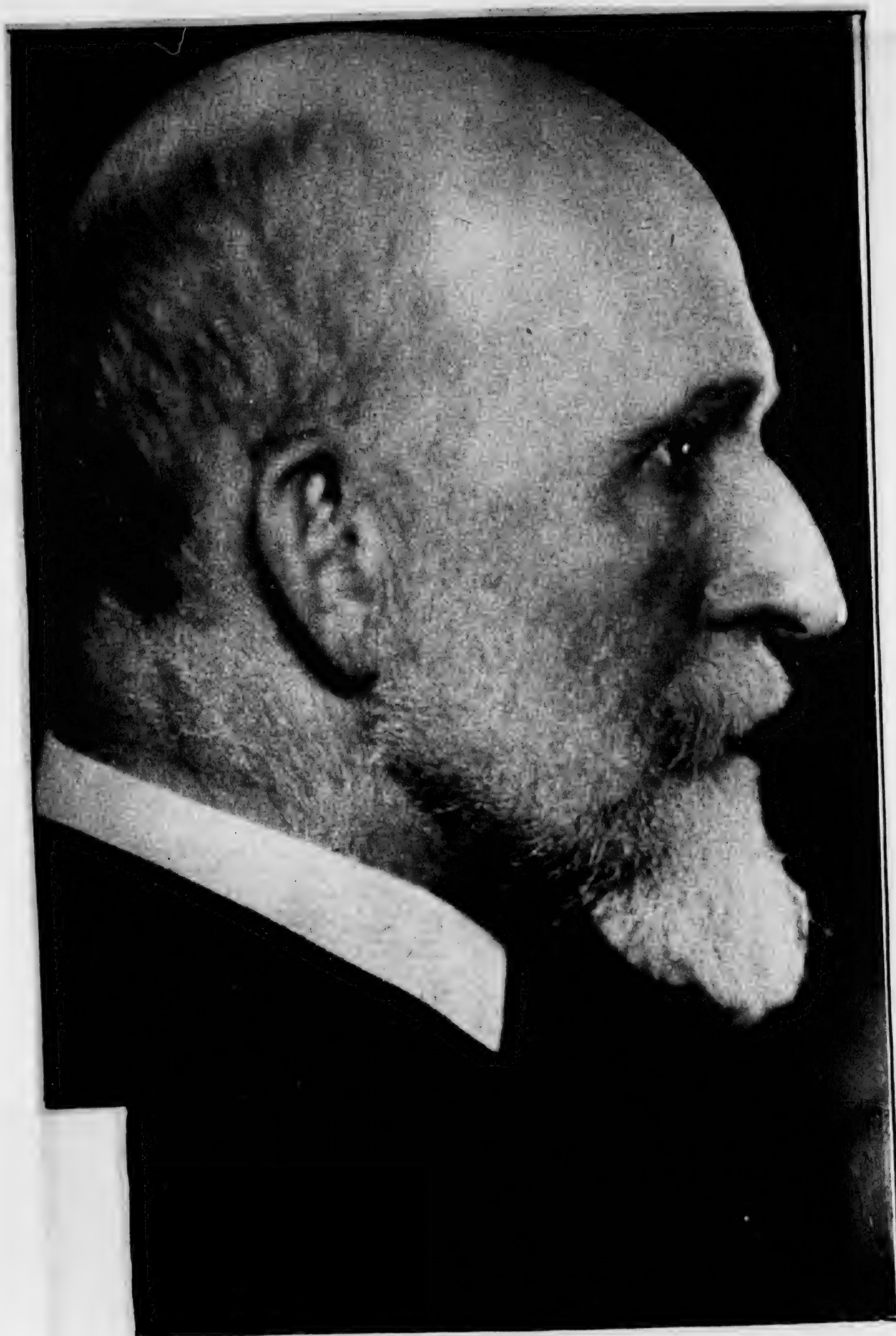
WAGNER,

Transformation Music and Closing Scene (The Holy Grail) from Act I., "Parsifal"

Assisted by the HARVARD GLEE CLUB and the RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY, trained by Dr. Archibald T. Davison

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

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Charles M. Loeffler
(Photo by Bachrach.)

19TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Loeffler's Poem Given Between Beethoven and Wagner Yesterday

COLLEGE CHORUS AID IN "PARSIFAL"

By PHILIP HALE

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, "Pastoral" Symphony; Loeffler, Poem, "La Bonne Chanson" (after Verlaine); Wagner, Transformation Music and Closing Scene from Act I of "Parsifal." The orchestra was assisted in the performance of Wagner's music by the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, which had been well trained by Dr. Archibald T. Davison.

There was a remarkably fine performance of the Symphony; the most beautiful, the most appealing we have ever heard. As a rule, this symphony is anticipated with dread: Many conductors take it too seriously, laboriously, lead it with a heavy hand; they are often unfortunate in the choice of tempi, and so the hearer is bored, not yawning visibly out of respect to Beethoven or fearing lest a neighbor may frown on him, regarding him coldly, counting him disrespectful, irreverent, no doubt a disolute person. But yesterday the Symphony was indeed pastoral, light hearted, something more than a fearsome length relieved only by the little ornithological passage in which nightingale, quail, and cuckoo are neatly imitated; at least, it is fair to suppose this: we have never heard the nightingale sing. Jean Cocteau, in his amusing little book, full of aphorisms, designed to make the bourgeois sit up, says that the nightingale sings badly. So we must not be unduly prejudiced by praise of the bird coming from Milton, Matthew Arnold and other poetical enthusiasts. Yesterday there was a thunderstorm, a tempest to use the good country term

that has come down from Shakespeare and before him. How admirably Mr. Monteux interpreted this section of the Symphony, which is often a laughable little shower, hardly warranting a spread umbrella or a flight to shelter. How charming the first two movements as played yesterday by the superb orchestra! To borrow the Host's characterization of Master Fenton, the Symphony yesterday smelt April and May.

Singularly euphonic and also eloquent was the performance of Mr. Loeffler's poem, which is truly a poem, whereas certain musical compositions so entitled might be described as vers libre—too free—or as pedestrian prose. It is based, as all know, on a charming little lyric of Verlaine. There is genuine lyrical spirit in Mr. Loeffler's work, there is warmth, there is passion, an abiding sense of beauty; needless to say, mastery of technic is displayed throughout. While the music is generally lyrical there are moments when the composer in his rhapsodic plight leads one to forget the simplicity, the naivete of Verlaine's verse. If there is any adverse criticism to be made, one might say that there is at times over-elaboration; over-conscientiousness in the treatment of details. The audience was fully appreciative of the music and the performance. Mr. Loeffler acknowledged the long-continued applause.

The performance of Wagner's music impressed the audience. To some "Parsifal" is a "sacred" work, on account of the communion scene and the Good Friday Spell. As a matter of fact, the communion scene depends largely for its effect on the stage setting, the stage management and theatrical devices, such as putting the choir of boys aloft, so that their voices come as from high above—celestial voices. In the year of the production at Bayreuth, 1882, this scene was memorable, and so for some years afterward until the Widow Cosima and the ambitious young Siegfried made up their minds that they knew how "Parsifal" should be performed better than the spouse and father. The music, itself suffers necessarily when it is taken from Bayreuth and performed in an ordinary opera house. It suffers still more when it is performed in a concert hall. As a concert performance that of yesterday was creditable. At Bayreuth in 1882 we heard bells out-of-tune, if not jangled, nor was the intonation of the boys in the dome invariably pure.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Chadwick, "Melpomene" overture; Sibelius, Symphony No. 3 (first time in Boston); Beethoven, Piano Concerto in G major, No. 4 (Arthur Rubinstein, pianist).

CHORUSES SING WITH SYMPHONY

Harvard and Radcliffe
Singers Assist in
"Parsifal"

BY OLIN DOWNES

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, gave its 19th programme of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The programme consisted of Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony"; Loeffler's "La Bonne Chanson" after Verlaine, and the transformation music and closing scene from act one of Wagner's "Parsifal." This scene was performed with the assistance of a chorus of male and female voices selected from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society and coached for this performance by their leader, Dr. Archibald Davison, of the music department of Harvard University.

LEADER APPLAUDS AUTHOR

Astonishing was the appeal made by Beethoven's symphony to the audience. It was applauded for minutes after the performance. After many years a master symphonist's early attempt at impressionism was fresh and eloquent. The performance was sympathetic in spirit and finished in detail. The tempo of the second movement, "Scene by the Brookside," was not too slow, as it often has been. On the other hand, the tempo of the next movement was a trifle too fast.

Only the last movement seemed over-long yesterday. But over all was the great spirit of Beethoven and the very fragrance of nature.

Mr. Loeffler's symphonic poem had also a very enthusiastic reception. From his conductor's stand Mr. Monteux applauded the composer, while the composer from his seat in the audience applauded Mr. Monteux and his men for their excellent performance, and finally

rose twice to acknowledge the applause. For us this symphonic poem, after repeated hearings, is too long and too rich in ideas. There is with the musician, as well as the poet, the thought of a certain unusual form. "As the poem of Verlaine"—we quote from the programme book—"is a theme with interruption, so the musical paraphrase may be described as variants of a theme, with corresponding interruptions."

Luxuriance of Detail

This plan is followed out with notable mastery of harmonic and instrumental color, with constant ingenuity and invention, and an exquisite sense of beauty, but for us it makes the music too episodic. If such a composer as Mr. Loeffler cannot follow the form of Verlaine's poem with the most successful results in his musical structure, then we are convinced that this procedure is almost a practical impossibility in the musical art. Inevitably, there is luxuriance, and impediment, of detail. The final climax is anticipated.

The thread of the narrative becomes a little tangled. Directness of development is thus impaired.

With these important reservations—as a matter of personal opinion on the part of the writer—it may be said that Mr. Loeffler's music is of rare beauty and imagination, if not of sufficiently simple and architectural line.

Music From "Parsifal"

The music from "Parsifal" was played with glorious virtuosity by the orchestra and in a devotional spirit on the part of Mr. Monteux. The performance of the singers, while there was not the ideal tonal balance, reflected credit on the work of Dr. Davison and on the earnestness and talent of the chorus. Correct balance would be hard to get under any such circumstances. A foot of difference in the precise distance of the boys' voices—these parts being taken by women's voices—from the stage, would make a change of sonority. The men standing back of the orchestra sang rather too loudly and hence with an inevitable coarseness of tone out of place in this music. In the opera house it would not have been too loud.

The audience liked the performance. Many were deeply moved. They thought of the opera and its mystical name, and of the season of the year, and what was not in the score was in the feelings with which they listened to it. We are writing a reviewer's retrospect of a concert. This reviewer must say, in common honesty, that he

TIGHT BINDING

has always considered much of "Parsifal" rather poor music. The music has lacked, to him, the force, the beauty, the sincerity, of other of Wagner's music dramas. The religiosity of "Parsifal" does not ring wholly true in his ears. It is too subtle and self-conscious. It is mixed up with too many philosophic qualities, as it was the product of a strangely variegated set of ideas on the part of the composer. Also, to this reviewer, there is an over-use of the same musical motives, tiresome in the concert room. He was glad to hear the last of it.

In the opera house an extremely impressive scene makes the music expressive if only by association. In the concert hall this music does not belong. The orchestral music of the "Good Friday Spell" would have been a hundred times better and in place.

In the first place, it is more inspired and less worked over and drawn out. In the second place, it sounds to infinitely better advantage in a hall. In the third place, there is not that crazy quilt of motives, repeated to the limit of physical and mental endurance, associated with these personages and principles on the stage. In the fourth place, the concert was too long by half an hour.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

ANTICIPATION, BELIED AND ALSO
EXCEEDED

Fragments of "Parsifal" Fail Under Un-
escapable Conditions to Work Illusion—
Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony Reborn
in Fresh Delights—The Paradox of Mr.
Loeffler's Tone-Poem, "La Bonne Chan-
son"

AS the run of the Symphony Concert went yesterday afternoon the piece and the performance that had raised expectation fell below it; while the piece and the performance that might have passed as routine excelled anticipation. Rarely is so ample a fragment of an opera by Wagner set in Symphony Hall as the "Transformation-Music" and the "Grail Scene" from the first act of "Parsifal." To the orchestra it added choirs from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, summoned for the first time to a "regular" Symphony Concert; it was boon to an operaless city; it reillumined the halo that for many an ear and imagination still circles Wagner's "consecrational festival-play." With reason, expectation rose high.

It was disappointed because, as soon appeared, such music of the theatre loses illusion under conditions of the concert-hall, however eloquently sung and played there.

On the other hand, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony is a "repertory piece" of as long standing as are the years of the orchestra. Time and again, it has come and gone in relatively routine performance—conductor and band at ease of work, audience at ease of pleasure. Once and again even such comfortable performance has been marred by too willing acceptance of ready-made conventions. It pleased Mr. Monteux to restudy this music with fresh eye and ear; to impart it for itself regardless of "the tradition;" to put the orchestra to its mettle. The outcome of this wisdom and energy was a performance that made the Pastoral Symphony bloom anew. The fanciful listener heard it—it was pleasant to believe—as it sounded a hundred-odd years ago in a Vienna to which it was "new: first time." Between Beethoven and Wagner, Mr. Loeffler, warmly applauded by a public that has long set him high, had place with "La Bonne Chanson," tone-poem to verses of Verlaine, first heard in revised version two years and more ago. Again the music made mixed impression. Not a few measures seemed over-long and over-elaborate for the poet's, if not composer's design; while as many more stirred by beauty of suggestion and power of delineation.

The fragment of "Parsifal" left anticipation unfulfilled because, in large part, the rites of the Grail depend for illusion upon unescapable and untransferable conditions of the theatre. The briefer "Transformation-Music" is, fortunately, more independent of them. It is the orchestral interlude, to which the old knight, Gurnemanz, leads Parsifal from the demesne of the Grail within the sanctuary. Of old it sounded against moving scenery; now, by common consent of opera-houses the world over, that undeceptive background is left to imagination. The music is largely, richly, sonorously written; it moves in grave progress. Within it, mystery, suspense, exaltation rise gradually until it shivers into chime of nearing bells. Throughout it approximates "absolute" music. It was well played yesterday, though Mr. Monteux, absorbed, seemingly, in detail of motif and euphony, might have piled an ampler eloquence.

Of other nature and circumstance is the music of the succeeding rite. The stage discloses the shadowed sanctuary of Holy Cup and Holy Lance, isolated shrine deep within the castle. Gaunt and time-stained frescoes look from the walls; above shines the sunlit azure of the dome; bathed in

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white glow is the Holy Table. Knights, esquires, boyish servitors defile in long, slow-paced line, threaded with the red and white of their mantles. The bread, the wine, pass become as the body and blood of Jesus. Holy canticles rise from knightly throats; high in the dome boys' voices make ethereal answer. There is music of solemn ceremony, holy hymn, mounting ecstasy, descending benediction. As nearly as he dared, as nearly as he could, Wagner sought and achieved a mystical operative Eucharist.

Within the theatre, music, action, picture make the audience like to Parsifal on the stage—moved, mystified, spectator in presence of holy rite and rhapsody. In the concert-hall, only the music engages the company—one element, even if it be the most considerable, in the whole illusion. It is heard, moreover, from an uncovered orchestra; whereas Wagner designed it for an orchestra within an enclosed pit. The change, sensitive as Mr. Monteux was to it, seems to coarsen texture and timbres. The music of ritual tends to become a music of subdued pageantry; the celestial glow, the ethereal tremor, sound less as spiritual aspiration, touched with divine benediction. Upon the stage, again, high in the dome sing youth and boys. In Symphony Hall, these voices were but set behind the platform, sounding on the same plane as the voices of the knightly choir—no doubt an unescapable procedure, yet fatal to illusion of remote and gleaming height. Throughout, the orchestra played with no little beauty and fineness of tone, at moments with loveliness of soft accent and melting euphony. Mr. Monteux was operatic conductor expert with means, sensitive to ends. The visible singers from the Harvard Glee Club, sonorous of tone, ample and rounded of phrase, precise and elastic of rhythm, struck both the chivalric and the churchly note in the canticles of the knights. The invisible singers from the Radcliffe Choral society, still a little abashed by the exacting intervals of the music within the dome, conveyed a measure of its mystical voice of bliss. Both Mr. Monteux and Dr. Davison, as leaders of orchestra and choirs, had evidently done their utmost. Through no fault of theirs enfolding, transporting illusion came not, as it usually comes in the theatre. It was absent because Wagner, to compass it, fused inextricably with the music all the factors of his stage.

Ample amends was the performance of the Pastoral Symphony. Fancy it, of all the symphonies of Beethoven, except, possibly, the Eighth, making new sensation upon a practised audience in March of 1921, a round 112 years after it came first into the world! Far was Mr. Monteux, and far he kept the orchestra, from the routine that needs another symphony of Beethoven,

takes down the Pastoral, runs through it once or twice by way of preparation for perfunctory or Stranskian performance. He read it as with brightening eyes; he heard it as with kindling ears; he played it as though the composer had laid it, treasure trove, only the other day, upon his doorstep. Best of all, he comprehended it with sympathetic imagination, transmitted it with true divination.

Monsieur d'Indy may be as solemn as two owls about "the tranquillity of Beethoven's soul in the presence of Nature"; for it is the prime business of his Beethoven to be as much as possible like that same Monsieur d'Indy. Yet what is the beginning of the Pastoral Symphony but a glinting, tripping, gay-spirited operetta-tune—Beethoven lightly glad, sportively merry? Precisely so Mr. Monteux paced, phrased, rhythmized the music, and it was delight again. Lightly he subdued it as the playfulness softens into musing. Into the second movement the conductor carried this sunny, pensive mood. Not once did he cloud it with thick sentimentality; not once did he turn Beethoven, alive with quick-coming fancies, into dawdling moon-calf. The arabesques of the wood-winds smiled on the tonal web; the whole music went limpidly, songfully, in gentle sparkle. Beethoven could be homely and homely were the rhythms, the quality of tone to which the conductor animated and characterized the Scherzo. Stravinsky himself could hardly have made the piping oboe, the grumbling bassoon more individual.

Usually twentieth-century audiences listen to Beethoven's tonal thunder-shower with the smile of sophisticated condescension. Mr. Monteux, penetrating the simplicity of the composer's means, made it ominous, restless, disturbing. As he had made the first movement gay, so once the shepherd's song had been gently sung, he kept the Finale jolly. Scrape away the crust of "tradition," rub away sentimental smear, put by pious posturings—in other words, search Beethoven's score—and is not this Pastoral Symphony of Mr. Monteux the veritable Pastoral Symphony? Back to Beethoven went Mr. Toscanini with the Seventh Symphony, and there was new thrill manifold in the music. Back to Beethoven goes Mr. Monteux with the Pastoral and the music is as full of new delight. Sometimes "the tradition" is as superfluous as it is solemn.

The fifth poem, "Avant que tu ne t'en ailles," of Verlaine's slender volume, "La Bonne Chanson," is a simple little poem. Twenty short lines is the span of it; terse and bare are the words, albeit artfully joined and modulated; as direct is the imagery. The world stirs to the tremors of the dawn; the lover's heart stirs with the tremors of desire. The sun rises; shines also love. Thrice familiar course of French

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lyric poetry, minded to link the motions and the moods of nature with the stirrings and the sensations of love; thrice familiar inspiration, as well, to Gallic composers and composers of kindred mind and temperament. Upon these simple verses as slender foundation Mr. Loeffler has reared a complex and elaborate tone-poem. The design is the treatment of a single motif—tremor of earth, tremor of longing—in successive variation with digression here and digression there, until the whole music shall concentrate itself into climax of risen sun, into gentler postlude of amorous, expectant ardor. Fulfilling this purpose, Mr. Loeffler writes measure after measure of meditated harmonies, page after page of adroit, imaginative play with instrumental voices. Variant succeeds variant in the progress of the motif through an intricate music. A "bonne chanson" becomes almost a "grande chanson."

The censorious might reproach the composer with a prolix, an overweighted music. Enough to repeat that through many a moment, especially in the middle measures, it seems over-long and over-elaborate, a piece of too recondite invention and procedure. Keener upon memory, more characteristic of the Loeffler of other tone-poems, of the symphony, of the memorial string-quartet, are incidental play of imagination, incidental use of inclusive delineative means. The prelude of the tremulous world in the pallor that is interlude between fading night and flushing dawn touches beauty. The postlude of the lover's gentle, deep and quivering desire no less attains it. Flashes of detail, as in the tonal beam through the orchestra in answer to the first beam of the sun; tremors that thread its choirs like flock of morning song or rustle of dewy leaf; transitions from idyllic to amorous mood pierce the hearing ear, cut deep into answering vision or emotion. Mr. Loeffler is no maker of paradoxes, but such parts of his "Bonne Chanson" much outweigh the whole.

H. T. PARKER

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The nineteenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given on March 25, was as follows: Beethoven, Pastoral Symphony; Loeffler, "La Bonne Chanson" (after Verlaine); Wagner, Transformation Music and The Holy Grail scene from "Parsifal." The orchestra was assisted in the Wagner number by the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, Archibald T. Davison, conductor.

Mr. Monteux's playing of the Pastoral Symphony was one of his outstanding achievements of the sea-

son. An admirer of the most extreme modernists, playing their music with a supreme understanding, he is yet able to bring to the music of the earlier classicists a sympathy altogether remarkable. Beethoven's music has been for many years the victim of "traditional" readings. So much reverence has been paid these traditions that the real emotional content of the music has often been lost sight of. As a reaction, many conductors have introduced purely personal interpretations and readings, readings which are no more justified by the music itself than those of the traditional sort.

Mr. Monteux, to our thinking, in this interpretation of the Pastoral Symphony has succeeded in pursuing a middle course. He has in a sense restored Beethoven's music to its original state. He has, in other words, made this music live again. He has given it a life and vigor long absent from Boston concert halls. Where so many excellent points in style and interpretation are in evidence it is difficult to become particular, yet the delicate nuances of the first movement which prevented the numerous repetitions of the first subject from ever becoming monotonous, the simple grace of the andante and the piquancy and humor of the scherzo deserve special praise. In short, on hearing the symphony as played yesterday, one instinctively exclaims: "this is truly the Pastoral Symphony as Beethoven conceived it!"

It is difficult to speak of Mr. Loeffler's Poem with enthusiasm. Yet it contains many passages of beauty and true feeling. Does it really express the intimate feeling of the verses by Verlaine from which it draws its inspiration? There is certainly room for a difference of opinion. However, this does not detract from its many excellent qualities, considered as music pure and simple and apart from its literary side.

The scene from "Parsifal" became at times tiresome. In spite of all its orchestral trappings and theatrical effectiveness, it lacks the true religious fervor of Palestrina or Vittoria and their contemporaries. It is, after all, often too obvious in treatment.

Progress Acknowledged

After both the concerts of the Boston Orchestra in New York last week—the final pair of the season—Mr. Aldrich wrote in *The Times* a true and timely word about the progress of the orchestra under Mr. Monteux back to its standards before it was twice disrupted. On Friday after he had heard it in Brahms's Second Symphony, Ravel's Waltzes, the Overture to "Euryanthe" and fragments from "Berlioz's music to "Romeo and Juliet," he wrote:

Its playing epitomized the success that Mr. Monteux has had in his work so far to bring the orchestra back toward the superlative excellence it had before disruptive forces struck it. That he has wrought much improvement in its playing is evident, even though he has not yet remodeled it completely.

On Saturday, after the reviewer had listened to Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, Liszt's tone-poem, "Orpheus," and Chabrier's Overture to "Gwendoline," he wrote again:

The orchestra has done well this season, and has gone some distance in winning back the high esteem in which it was held for so many years by its New York public. The improvement in its playing under Mr. Monteux's continued direction has made itself felt, and he and his players have found deserved admiration.

More grudgingly after the concert of Thursday, Mr. Henderson said in *The Herald*: "The orchestra played better in the latter part of the season than it did in the early days. Possibly it will do still better things next autumn." Strange that neither of these able reviewers noted Mr. Monteux's own progress. Like not a few of his predecessors, he grows with his work.

Items and Incidents

At the concert of the Symphony Orchestra for its Pension Fund in Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, April 10, Mr. Burgin, the first violin, and Mr. Bedetti, the first violoncello, will both be heard in solo-pieces from Chaikovsky. They are the outstanding figures of the string choir.

Mr. Burgin, by the way, played the solo-part in Glazunov's Concerto for Violin at the concert of the Symphony Orchestra in New York last Saturday afternoon. *The Times* said justly of him:

His appearance was unassuming, unpretentious; his playing was that of an unusually excellent musician, not, perhaps, in all respects of a virtuoso—it is not expected that a concert master shall step to the front from his desk and return to it, showing all the characteristics of a player devoted to the brilliancy and bravura of solo perform-

ances—but of a master of his instrument in tone and technique, wholly competent to interpret all the difficulties of the composition and quite sympathetic with its spirit. Mr. Burgin won much applause and a number of recalls.

Yesterday afternoon at the final concert for the season of the New York Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Damrosch announced the winners of the prizes—\$1000 and \$500 respectively—offered a year ago by Mr. Henry Harkness Flagler for pieces of symphonic music requiring no more than twenty minutes for performance and written by an American composer. The judges—Messrs. Stokowski, Chadwick, Carpenter, Kneisel and Damrosch—gave the first prize to Louis Grünberg of New York for a tone-poem, "The Hill of Dreams;" the second to Karl McKinley of Hartford for a tone-poem after Shelley, "The Blue Flower." Mr. Damrosch will include both pieces in his programmes next autumn.

Tschaikowsky Programme

A splendid programme, consisting entirely of the music of Tschaikowsky, has been arranged by Pierre Monteux for performances by the full Boston Symphony Orchestra at the last Pension Fund concert of the season, to be given in Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, April 10, at 3:30. The symphony will be the Fifth in E minor by the great Russian master. There will be two soloists at this concert—Richard Burgin, the concertmaster of the orchestra, who will play the first movement of the Violin Concerto, and Jean Bedetti, the illustrious first cellist, who will be head in the Rocco Variations. The remaining orchestral numbers will be the Italian Caprice and the "Marche Slave."

On Thursday evening, with Miss Nielsen as assisting singer, the Symphony Orchestra will play in Sanders Theatre at Cambridge in the sixth of its current series of concerts. The programme traverses Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; Weber's Overture to his Opera, "Euryanthe" and Romeo's orchestral soliloquy and the ball at the Capulets' from Berlioz's symphony, "Romeo and Juliet." Miss Nielsen will sing two airs of Mozart—"Deh! Vieni" from "Figaro's Wedding" and "Batti Batti" from "Don Juan."

CONCERT-CHRONICLE

Journal. — *April 23, 1921.*
Philadelphia, the Boston Orchestra and an Attitude—Recent Comment on a Change of Policy—Harrison Potter the Promising—New Choral Pieces Impending from American Composers

SUNDRY newspapers in Philadelphia weep aloud and in public over the abandonment by the Boston Orchestra of monthly visits to that city. At length they recount the virtues and glories of the band "under Henschel, Gericke, Nikisch, Paur, Fiedler, Muck," but stop short at any mention of the recuperative work—large, fine and exacting—that Mr. Monteux has done. So calling the roll of conductors, they set down a Fiedler or a Paur and leave him unmentioned, though he excels either on every score, though he has outstripped them in achievement under far more difficult circumstance. Similarly these newspapers extol to the heavens the Higginsonian régime and have not a word to say of the trustees and the guarantors who saved the orchestra first from war-time extinction and then, with Mr. Monteux aiding, from dissolution under desertion. These editorial articles wallow in the "splendid record" of the band thirty, twenty, ten years ago; they string together the "bede-roll"—whatever that Philadelphian bauble may be—of ancient achievement.

In spite of these rhetorical veillings, the purpose is plain and smug and mean—to belittle the present estate, the present conductor of the orchestra. Of such from the final days of Dr. Muck to the present days of Mr. Monteux has been the disposition of many a Philadelphian, especially the Philadelphians of print. Though the orchestra bettered itself monthly in their ears, though Mr. Monteux both held and gradually drew near to the old standards, yet there were none so deaf as those who would not hear. Meanwhile they put to print, as they are putting it now, a strange verbiage, of which only the innuendo was clear, about "the signal artistic lustral period" of the orchestra, when "it meant everything for Philadelphia." With reason—business considerations aside—it is quitting a public so minded. Undisturbed by a new orchestra worthily born of an old, Philadelphia may still sleep snug—and deaf.

H. T. P.

After Many Days

One, Pierre Monteux, Is Discovered in New York as Able Conductor

THE personality of a conductor is not the foundation of an orchestra. The "prima-donna of the baton" is, in plain English, an enemy of orchestral permanence. It is impossible for any one man to keep a public in a state of excitement year after year. Yet the moment the "prima-donna conductor" ceases to excite audiences his occupation is gone. The best conductor for a term of years, as we have already intimated, is the solid and sound technician, equipped with sufficient sensitiveness and insight to give him catholicity of taste and universal sympathy. The ecstatic adorers will not become tired of his stock of revelations. . . .

Meanwhile, the writer of these lines would like to invite the attention of all concerned to the accomplishments of Pierre Monteux. No one has said sharper things about his conducting than the present writer. But only a deaf man could fail to perceive that the Boston Symphony Orchestra played very much better at its last two concerts than at its first two. Was that because Mr. Monteux has suddenly discovered the secret of conducting and become a dangerous rival of the magician from Holland?

Hardly. It meant simply that the prosaic but experienced Frenchman had enjoyed the advantage of a season's work with his orchestra, which had been reorganized in the fall. The men had shaken down into their new relations, the balance had been restored, and the conductor could get what he desired. There has, so far as this writer knows, been no celebration of the triumph of Mr. Monteux, though several old lovers of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have expressed their delight. There are many differences betwixt tweedledum and tweedledee and one of them is in the power of réclame. [W. J. Henderson in *The New York Herald*

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Harvard Glee Club



DR. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON, *Conductor*

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920--21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

TWENTIETH PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 1, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, AT 8 P. M.

KALINNIKOFF,

SYMPHONY No. 1 in G minor

- I. Allegro moderato.
- II. Andante commodamente.
- III. Scherzo: Allegro non troppo.
- IV. Finale: Allegro moderato; Allegro risoluto.
(First time in Boston)

BEETHOVEN,

CONCERTO in G major, No. 4, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, op. 58

- I. Allegro moderato.
- II. Andante con moto.
- III. Rondo: Vivace.

CHADWICK,

DRAMATIC OVERTURE, "Melpomene," in D minor

Soloist:

ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN

Steinway Pianoforte used

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

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Arthur Rubinstein, Pianist, Came to Boston Some Years Ago as a Very Young Man and Surprised All Who Heard Him.

20TH CONCERT OF SYMPHONY

Herald — *Apr. 2, 1921*

Work by Kalinnikoff Is
Played for the First
Time in Boston

ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN IN BEETHOVEN PIECE

By PHILIP HALE

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Kalinnikoff, Symphony No. 1, G minor (first time in Boston); Beethoven, Concerto in G major, No. 4, for piano (Arthur Rubinstein, pianist); Chadwick, Dramatic Overture, "Melpomene."

Kalinnikoff's symphony, which was produced at Kieff in 1897, should have been heard in Boston long before yesterday. Why did the conductors neglect it? Is it too melodious? Is it too "light"? The audience found it most agreeable music, unmistakably Slav in spirit, yet not aggressively nationalistic. Here and there the influence of Tschalkowsky is felt, but there is no servile imitation. On the contrary, Kalinnikoff has much to say for himself. He was very poor in his early years. When he was 27 years old his future was bright; his ability as a composer was recognized; he had an honorable position at Moscow in the Italian Opera House. The next year he was "ordered South." During the remaining years—he died within two days of being 35—he composed in the Crimea and waited for the end.

It is customary to say when a composer is thus fated that his works show a melancholy akin to despair. This has been said of many in various walks of life. The fact remains that some do not thus betray physical weakness and mental perturbation. Beethoven in a most dismal mood wrote a singularly cheerful symphony. Brahms was sometimes musically in doleful dumps when he was enjoying his restaurant life in Vienna,

gay in his rude manner with his many friends.

Now in Kalinnikoff's Symphony certain themes and phases of their development are tinged with melancholy, but it is not a personal lamentation, never a wail, never a shriek, as is the case with many pages of Tschalkowsky; there is no suggestion of sullen, morose despair as in pages of Brahms. There is the melancholy that so often characterizes the Russian folk song, though the words of the song may be anything but sombre. Kalinnikoff's themes are often simple, but they make a direct appeal through their honesty of sentiment and expression. He had a sense of grace and beauty. He could be ingenious in harmonic and orchestral treatment without seeming merely a haphazard experimenter. Contriving unusual effects for the Andante and the Trio of the Scherzo, he knew well what he was about. The symphony, finely played, was welcomed yesterday with more than ordinary warmth.

Mr. Chadwick's overture was composed in 1886. To use his own words, it was his purpose to typify in tones "an atmosphere of tragic poetry in general." That he succeeded in doing this is indisputable. There have been iconoclasts, revolutionaries, impressionists, anarchists in music during the last 35 years. There have been works that at the time were furiously applauded, declared "epoch-making"; and where are they today? There have been novel harmonic systems with constant experimentation in orchestral colors; much progress, legitimate and desirable; often merely a vain attempt to impress or startle by superficial means, orchestral juggling, the mere ear tickling or ear stunning of the moment. Mr. Chadwick's overture remains a noble work, nobly planned, nobly executed, with musical ideas that are inherently tragic, deeply emotional. There is Greek feeling in modern expression. In this instance the title of the work does not belie its contents.

Mr. Rubinstein, who played here for the first time with the orchestra, gave an excellent performance of the Concerto. The Andante is one of Beethoven's supreme conceptions. Its very simplicity is a stumbling block to many, the simplicity of Beethoven when he was greatest. Mr. Rubinstein's technical ability, conspicuous as it is, was not ostentatiously displayed; it served gladly the composer.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Schubert, "Tragic" Symphony, No. 4; Foote, Suite in E major for strings; Saint-Saens, Violoncello concerto, No. 1 (Alwin Schroeder, violoncellist); Vassilenko, Epic Poem, op. 4. (First time in Boston.)



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SYMPHONY RESTORES CHADWICK

Post Apr. 2, 1921
Master Work Heard
After 32 Years
on Shelf

BY OLIN DOWNES

Kalinnikoff's symphony in G minor, played for the first time in Boston; Beethoven's G major concerto, with Arthur Rubinstein as pianist, and George W. Chadwick's "Melpomene" overture, made the programme of the 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Chadwick was present at the concert.

A DELIGHTFUL SYMPHONY

This was the first time Kalinnikoff had figured on a symphony programme. He was born at Woma, Russia, in 1866. He died in 1901. Why the performance of his symphony, which has been heard in many other American cities, and which was first heard in 1897, has been delayed so long, it is difficult to say. For this is a delightful symphony or should be, if the last two of its four movements are representative of the whole.

The form is conventional for the most part, but the ideas are charming. They are genuinely and characteristically Slavic, as witness the theme of the opening movement which recurs in the finale; also the main theme of the slow movement, which likewise recurs; the fascinating middle portion of the scherzo; the racial quality, from the first note to the last, of the concluding section. The symphony sails along, as lucid, dexterous as you like, following established procedure, following it with both ease and sincerity. The composer is pleasantly at home in his form. His instrumentation is clear and brilliant.

Mr. Rubinstein's Playing

Mr. Rubinstein, in turn, gave a delightful performance of Beethoven's most original and romantic composition for piano and orchestra. He was brilliant without being metallic or superficial. He was imaginative, poetic, without losing for a moment that note of underlying virility and force which is felt in the most tender passage of Beethoven. We do not remember a finer performance of the concerto in G major. Mr. Rubinstein was repeatedly recalled.

Then came what is to the writer Mr. Chadwick's greatest orchestral composition, the overture which after 35 years remains in its vein the greatest outstanding achievement of American orchestral composition. It is not merely the sounds of the instruments, as Whitman would say, which move us when we listen to this music. It is the spirit behind the instruments, the genius of the music itself. It has the feeling of Greek drama. There is felt the imminence of destiny, of terrible penalties and atonements. There is the exaltation of the moment when the puny being called man, cleansed, ennobled, majestic through knowledge, suffering and resignation, confronts calmly the high gods of his fate. This overture was written by a young man fresh from his European studies nearly four decades ago. In it are the things the race will not willingly let die.

Remarkable Workmanship

There are remarkable qualities of workmanship which, accompanying the depth and sincerity of feeling, make the music so significant today. The form, though it shows intense devotion to the classic architectural tradition, is not at all a slavish following of rules. It is the characteristic vehicle of original thought, compact but never stiff, inflexible or unsusceptible to dramatic requirements. The musical motives possess that force which impresses the idea on the hearer and engenders heat and additional strength in development. The orchestration seems the one inevitable dress of that musical thought. Nothing but the English horn and oboe could properly intone the motive, ominous and fateful, which sounds over rolling drums.

Later on the sombreness of low registers of the strings and wind instruments is suddenly set off by the wild shrill fanfare of the trumpets. Then recall the passage at the beginning of the coda, if memory serves, in which the basses stalk about with the initial motive of the allegro.

Mr. Monteux's performance was compelling in its eloquence, proportions and sweep. Hearing it, one asked with considerable wonder why this overture has not been more frequently played at the symphony concerts. The last performance at these concerts was in 1902. That

is unjustifiable neglect of music which the rising generation cannot do without.

To its invincible sincerity, its loftiness of spirit, its uncompromising pursuit of a great purpose, the deepest respect, the humblest gratitude are due.

Mr. Chadwick, who was present at this performance, may very well congratulate himself on a composition which sets him apart from every other American composer of his period, and which will long remain a monument to his talent and his ideals.

RUBINSTEIN HAILED AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Plays in Beethoven's G
Major Piano Concerto

Arthur Rubinstein, the soloist, at yesterday's Symphony concert, was warmly applauded for his playing in Beethoven's G major piano concerto. His phrasing was that of a sensitive and intelligent musician. His technique is adequate, but his chief interest seems to be in giving a faithful and clean cut interpretation of the composer's intention.

The deftness and imagination that made Mr. Rubinstein's performance enjoyable, were conspicuously lacking in the orchestral accompaniment, which was unpardonably ragged and perfunctory, owing, perhaps, to insufficient rehearsal. The slow movement, especially, was marred by the failure of Mr. Monteux and the orchestra to mark and vary the accents in the tragic figure for strings in octaves which recurs at intervals.

The First Symphony of Kalinnikoff, substituted for the Sibelius originally announced, was given a spirited and intelligent performance. If not a supreme masterpiece, it is at least clever and agreeable music. Kalinnikoff at least borrows with discretion from a wide range of sources, adapting to his purpose the styles, rather than the themes, of such composers as Brahms, Wagner and Rimsky-Korsakoff.

The other number was Mr. Chadwick's familiar "Melpomene" overture, with which there is no fault to find except that one would rather listen to Brahms' "Tragic Overture," a far more poignant appeal to the muse of tragedy.

Next week Alwin Schroeder, the veteran cellist, admired here for 40 years as a member of the Symphony Orchestra and the Kneisel Quartet, will be the soloist, in Saint-Saens' A minor concerto. The other numbers are Schubert's seldom-heard Fourth Symphony; an "Epic Poem" by Vassilenko and Arthur Foote's Suite for Strings, in E major.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. Apr. 2, 1921
ONE GRAVE AND TWO EASY-GOING
PIECES

A New Chadwick Looms Large Out of His Old "Melpomene" Overture — A Bright, Eager, Songful, Fanciful Music from the Russian, Kalinnikoff—Arthur Rubinstein, Virtuoso Pianist, According to Type

IN a sense the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon was a concert of surprises. It yielded, first, a light, transparent, unlabored, altogether pleasing Symphony—the Russian Kalinnikoff's in G minor—that other publics in America have heard gladly, but that conductors in Boston have hitherto overlooked. And in these days of "cerebration" and the cosmos in tones, a simple and songful symphony is a rare bird that should be promptly netted. Secondly the concert restored in the pianist of the day, Mr. Rubinstein, a virtuoso of a type now nearly vanished—of singular aspect, of individual, if not peculiar, manner, content with his own skill playing over the surface of the chosen piece. Finally, for the surprise of surprises, Mr. Chadwick's overture of the eighties, "Melpomene," was played for the first time in many years. And lo! the Chadwick of those days was composer of large mind and warm imagination, gaining grave beauty, commanding sober power—no tired juggler with new forms, new manners, the commonplace of a later day, as he has seemed too often for his own good in recent tone-poems. With reason a pleased audience gave continuous evidence of its enjoyment. From October through April there are twenty-four pairs of Symphony Concerts. Naturally, properly, many of them bring exacting music. By the same token a few of them should be easy-going. The flexible Monteux knows above most of his predecessors the virtue of variety.

In those days, a full thirty-five years ago, Mr. Chadwick would hymn the Muse of Tragedy, as Greeks and Romans knew the nine sisters, guardians of the arts—the darkling dolorous Melpomene of fate predestined, woes endured, tumults traversed, of heroic resolution and heroic resignation. Hence a music of large design and voice, moving in agitation, somberly colored, keeping always to an austere progress. There is darksome beginning as of overspreading doom and destiny; middle measures of stress, struggle, turbulent vicissitude, noble contention; an end, within the pall of fate again, but now mantle

to human fortitude. The bowed heads are still proud and not unlamented. Formally, Mr. Chadwick has achieved a pervading unity of design. He has written an overture according to orthodox prescription—slow introduction, "main body" of changeful matter and mood; due climax; epilogue which is as prologue renewed and transfigured. The purists may not quarrel with him.

Fused as completely within this formal progress is the poetic, the emotional content of the piece—destiny of the high gods, brave human resolution; storm and stress, tumult and torture; fate the invincible, but fate not unilluminated. The champions of matter over manner may rest well content. Always again, Mr. Chadwick's means achieve his ends. The motifs have clear profile, individual substance, bear or develop expressive voice. The note of destiny penetrates, haunts, takes specific mood in the unfolding, at will of the composer. The clash of combat strikes large and full, drives high, shivers against the unconquerable; and, at last, by no small imagination in the transfiguring of motif, fate also pities. Throughout the darksome harmonies shadow, but never cloud, the sombre background; in the measures of strife come modulations that pierce or clang; there are contrasts of timbres—as when resistance pales, shatters upon the inevitable—that were, that remain power. A noble reticence glows through the sombre end.

And ever in the overture thrums the high heroic note. In these days, it seems, Mr. Chadwick might summon and convey deep tone of exaltation. Back to Mozart says this voice among the makers and the commentators of music in these troubled times. Back to Beethoven cries another throat. Since a place upon current programmes is counted Mr. Chadwick's due, why not back to the Chadwick of these earlier pieces—this "Melpomene"; the neglected "Adonais"; and, in another vein, the Symphonic Sketches? They far excel the tone-poems of obligation and the fashion in these, the composer's infertile years. It is the custom nowadays to turn the smile that barely misses sneer upon the "New England group" of elder composers, to count them as inconsequential as though they were Longfellows or Whittiers of minor verse. Yet hardly an American not a New Englander could have compassed the austerities—and the nobilities—of this overture of the Tragic Muse.

Kalinnikov's Symphony is a light and pleasing music. Kalinnikov, it seems, was a Russian of the generation that is now middle-aged. Tuberculosis smote him; he died relatively young; he left behind a considerable baggage—outside this particular Symphony unknown to concert-halls and opera houses in the western world, not too often heard from Russian stages.

Apparently his were the mind and the spirit that go their own independent way; while precarious health compelled him to life apart. He was not of the old Russians taking thought of Glinka and of Dargomyzhsky; he was not of the Russian nationalists, Balakirev and Musorgsky en tête; he was as far from the neurotic and super-saturated Chalkovsky, as he was from the harmonic magnificence, the instrumental splendor, the lush oriental opulence of Rimsky-Korsakov. No more is he semi-Germanized Russian in the manner of Rakhmaninov and Medtner. In a word, he was merely and simply Kalinnikov, putting to paper the music that was in him to make. The prodigious and occasionally pedantic prophets of the programme-books discover a "Russian" physiognomy in his motifs, even in a few measures of his preluding. To one and another casual hearer, yesterday, it was not so apparent. Somehow the impression did persist that any man, anywhere might have written Kalinnikov's Symphony—if he happened to be Kalinnikov.

Throughout, it is a pleasurable Symphony to hear—as clear as the day, as bright as the sunshine with only a little passing cloud, here and there, to cross, shadow and agreeably diversify it. Quickly Kalinnikov's motives flower into melodies that are as pure instrumental song, though by no means so deeply felt, as Schubert's own. He develops them fancifully; adorns them gracefully, conducts them warmly; sets them in unforced contrast; bestows artful little ingenuities upon them like the twitterings of the harp over the first motif of the slow movement, like the sparkling showers of figures dappling more stationary measures; lifts them eagerly through crescendo to climax. Con amore, wrote Kalinnikov through this Symphony; youthful ardors kindle the music; youthful candors release it; from first measure to last it is delightfully free from calculating, brooding, striving self-consciousness. Happily for Kalinnikov and his hearers, the cosmos little interested him. There was music in his heart; he set it free with his mind to guide and choose the way. Yet his were no indiscriminate youthful heats. He is selective with apt means; he is sensitive to moods. It was good to hear again a robust and hoofing, rather than flickering, fleeing Scherzo. Charm exhaled from an Andante, melancholy without Gallie sophistication. And he was very "grand," indeed, as the youngsters say, when he martialed almost all his motifs through the commingled sonorities of the Finale. Young blood is good blood when it flows so eagerly, brightly, honestly as it does through this one and only "opus"—in American concert-halls—of Kalinnikov.

Mr. Arthur Rubinstein, pianist and intermezzo of the afternoon between Sym-

phony and Overture, is none of your professional gentlemen of this hour of Hofmann and Bauer, Kreisler and Spalding, who come to their audiences in business-like aspect and manner and in like fashion give proof of the artistry and the individuality veiled within. Rather Mr. Rubinstein is of an elder, a vanishing, and yet a perennially renewed species of virtuosi. His locks are not as the hair of other men; he wears the frock-coat of Reisenauer, Paderewski, Busoni; his face is a pale oval of singular contours; his manner has idiosyncrasy; with upturned face and closed eyes, he plays through many a measure; or a moment of meditation bows him closer to the keyboard. And all this without a trace of personal flourish, of impression sought upon an audience. Seemingly it is honest second-nature to him, virtuoso second-nature.

As virtuoso Mr. Rubinstein likewise made way through the piano-part of Beethoven's Concerto in G major—the Concerto of the brief slow movement wherein the piano sighs—at first seductive and then resigned—against strings that will not be persuaded out of mutterings. The first division is manipulation, modulation, "passage-work" to satiety, and through it Mr. Rubinstein was adept with limpid and thin, cool and crystalline tone that rippled over figure, twined into arabesque, impassive as pellucid stream. The second division was akin—were it not that Beethoven there asks a sentiment that evaded equally the chiselling Rubinstein and a perfunctory and monotonous Monteux. To the finale of sprightly pattern-weaving the pianist added tonal glint, rhythmic élan, and a lengthy, a paling Concerto was done. Probably in first and last movement there remain now no more than the surfaces Mr. Rubinstein expertly skimmed; but the Andante runs deeper than his virtuoso-shallows, and such quality, quite missed yesterday by both conductor and pianist, is the one and only reason for this Concerto in concert-halls of 1921.

H. T. PARKER

MUSIC

April 2, 1921

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The twentieth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given on April 1, was as follows: Kalinnikov, Symphony No. 1 in G minor; Beethoven, Concerto No. 4 for piano and orchestra; Chadwick,

Dramatic Overture "Melpomene."

Although of agreeable character and containing much of interest, the program as a whole was not striking. Mr. Monteux's programs this season have contained so much that was novel that this slight falling off in interest is for that reason more noticeable. The symphony was played for the first time in Boston. It is not remarkable music. The chief theme of the first movement is characteristically Russian and there are poetic moments in the slow movement. The work as a whole, however, follows German methods of construction almost slavishly. The development of the themes is stereotyped and from the beginning it is a foregone conclusion as to what the composer will do. The symphony gave evident pleasure to a large portion of the audience. Undoubtedly it was a relief to many to listen to a composition written in such a comfortable, straightforward style, so easily understood and taxing the powers of comprehension to such a small extent.

Last week, occasion was found to speak of Mr. Monteux's admirable interpretations of Beethoven. His accompaniment to the G major concerto, as played yesterday, was an additional proof, if any were needed, of his power and authority in this connection. The piano part was played in masterly fashion by Arthur Rubinstein. This concerto has been played in Boston by many pianists in many styles, but to our mind Mr. Rubinstein's conception of the work more nearly approached the true spirit of the piece than any in the past.

Chadwick's overture still is effective music. It induces a really tragic atmosphere and the climax is moving. It was played brilliantly and with a refreshing sincerity seldom accorded an American work by a foreign conductor. Both Mr. Rabaud and Mr. Monteux have revealed to us many hitherto unsuspected beauties in the works of native composers which had been hidden from us by the often perfunctory interpretations of former conductors.

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Mr. ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN, pianist, was born at Lodz, Poland. When he first came to the United States, in 1906, it was stated that he was then eighteen years old. Asked by a reporter of the *New York Times* whether he was a relative of Anton Rubinstein, he replied that there were cousins of his father's in Warsaw who were cousins of Anton, but not close cousins; he, Arthur, belonged to the Polish branch, Anton to the Russian. He further said that Lodz was not a town in which there was regard for the best music. "All my people were in trade, in manufacturing mostly, and that was their life." Showing musical instincts at a very early age, he was taken "at the age of three" to Berlin, where Joachim heard him and found that he could "transpose Brahms without the notes." Joachim interested some wealthy persons in the child, who then began the serious study of the pianoforte with Barth. It is said that he also had lessons from d'Albert and Leschetizky; that he played at Berlin at the age of twelve, for the first time in public.

Having played in the leading cities of Europe, he appeared in New York on January 8, 1906, with the Philharmonic Orchestra. He gave a recital in Jordan Hall, Boston, on March 16, 1906, when his programme included Tausig's version of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor for organ; Chopin's B-minor Sonata, and other pieces by Chopin; pieces by Brahms, including the second volume of the Paganini Variations; and Liszt's Mephisto Waltz. A wandering virtuoso in Europe and South America, he was heard again in Boston in company with Messrs. Copeland, Ornstein, and Levitski at an Ampico Reproducing Piano concert in Symphony Hall on April 6, 1920. Early in this season with Edouard Risler he gave concerts of music for two pianofortes in South American cities.

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A Russian Symphony, as Yet Unheard in Boston and by No Means Taxing, on Mr. Monteux's Programme for Tomorrow—Other Impending Joys

APPARENTLY the Third Symphony of Sibelius is to get no farther in Boston than the rehearsal of last Monday which finally convinced Mr. Monteux of the justice of his predecessors' objections to it. The First Symphony of Vasili Kalinnikov, which has taken its place on the programme of this week's concerts, is a piece of a different order. Kalinnikov has not tried to say something in his own way, and failed, instead, he has written very much in the manner of others, and succeeded. A glance through the score bears out in a general way both the things that have been said in praise of it and the criticisms that have been urged against it—a curious paradox in the face of seemingly opposite opinions. Writing of the first performance of the piece in Munich in 1906, the correspondent of *The Musical Courier* described it as "fresh, vital, radiant with melody, originality and genius." Yet to Mr. Aldrich of the *New York Times*, who heard it played the preceding year by the Russian Symphony Society, it was merely "an agreeable work, showing skill and taste but hardly the uncommon gifts that his compatriots seem to attribute to him." The fact is that Kalinnikov has written here with a refreshing sureness and certainty, with a ready command of fluent and even striking melody, with a fine feeling for orchestral effect and with an abundant display of scholarship, and yet one searches the score quite vainly for musical procedures that might be described as distinctly Kalinnikovian—or, for that matter, for any novel or "modernistic" touches. But after all, the symphony is not exactly new; the date of its composition is not at hand, but it was heard in Vienna as long ago as 1898—the composer was then thirty-two—and it may easily have been written some time before.

According to Rosa Newmarch's account of him in *Grove's Dictionary*, Kalinnikov was born in the Government of Orlov, his father was a police official, and the boy was educated in the Orlovsky Seminary, where for a time he directed the choir. To quote Mrs. Newmarch: "In 1884 he came to Moscow in great poverty, but succeeded in entering the Music School of the Philharmonic Society. He studied the

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bassoon, and also composition, under Ilyinsky and Blaraberg. Having completed a brilliant course at this school, Kalinnikov was appointed assistant conductor for the Italian Opera, Moscow, for the season 1893-94. Unhappily, the privations he had undergone had told on his health. Symptoms of consumption now began to show themselves, and he was ordered to relinquish work and winter in the Crimea. The remaining years of his life were devoted entirely to composition. There seems no doubt that, but for his premature death, Kalinnikov would have won high place among Russian musicians." Only thirty-five when he died, Kalinnikov left behind him a considerable quantity of music including two symphonies and various smaller orchestral pieces, incidental music to Tolstoi's play "Tsar Boris," a cantata, a string quartet and the usual array of songs and pieces for the pianoforte.

This first symphony runs in four movements. The opening Allegro moderato is orthodox in form even to a repetition of the "exposition," and the two main themes are clear and straightforward—the first with strong suggestion of Russian folk-music. The second movement, an "Andante commovente," begins placidly with a theme that is afterwards to receive a very different treatment in the Finale, while open fifths in the accompaniment impart to it an Oriental flavor, enhanced in an ensuing "Un poco piu mosso." Both themes are then developed and combined with much contrapuntal ingenuity, there is exciting progress to a "climax" and a return to the opening calm. In the Trio of the Scherzo, itself vigorous and straightforward, the music is frankly Eastern—another instance of "scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar." But in the last movement Kalinnikov is again the academic musician, showing his allegiance to the "cyclic form" of César Franck; by way of introduction he repeats in part the initial theme of the first Allegro; and the second theme of the Finale, though not a literal repetition of the songful melody of the first movement, resembles it very closely. At the end, the melody of the Andante is proclaimed majestically by the brass against a figuration derived from the main theme of the Finale itself. In summary, then, it may be said that no one who reads or hears the piece critically could reasonably doubt that Kalinnikov had either the proper upbringing or the proper instincts for a symphonist.

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There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920--21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

TWENTY-FIRST PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 8, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, AT 8 P. M.

SCHUBERT,

"TRAGIC" SYMPHONY No. 4, in C minor

I. Adagio molto; Allegro vivace

II. Andante

III. Menuetto: Allegro vivace; Trio

IV. Finale: Allegro

FOOTE,

SUITE in E major for String Orchestra, op. 63

I. Prelude

II. Pizzicato and Adagietto

III. Fugue

SAINT-SAËNS,

CONCERTO for Violoncello and Orchestra in A minor, op. 33

I. Allegro non troppo.

II. Allegretto con moto.

III. Allegro non troppo

VASSILENKO,

EPIC POEM for Orchestra, op. 4
(First time in Boston)

Soloist:

ALWIN SCHROEDER

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

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21ST CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Program Includes "Tragic"
Symphony by Schubert
and Vassilenko Epic

**VIOLONCELLO PIECE
GIVEN BY SCHROEDER**

Herald Apr. 9, 1921.
By PHILIP HALE

The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, "Tragic" Symphony, No. 4; Foote, Suite in E major for strings; Saint-Saens, Violoncello concerto No. 1 (Mr. Schroeder, violoncellist); Vassilenko, Epic Poem for Orchestra, op. 4 (first time in Boston).

The Andante from Schubert's "Tragic" Symphony was for some years a favorite piece in Boston. Theodore Thomas brought it here in 1871 and it was played three times at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra within four years. The symphony was composed in 1816, but the whole of it was not heard in public until George Grove brought a manuscript copy of it from Vienna for performance at the Crystal Palace early in 1860. Yesterday the whole of the symphony was played for the first time in Boston, as far as we are able to ascertain.

Was it worth while to exhume this symphony? To modern ears there is little that is "tragic" in the work, except in the Introduction; otherwise the music is rather amiable; the Andante is frankly sentimental. The symphony is chiefly valuable for its showing a step in the development of the composer. Only in the Introduction does he strike an individual note. The other movements are hardly Schubertian except perhaps the Minuet. He had not yet caught the secret of surprising yet apparently inevitable modulations; the music is free from the peculiar and characteristic

melancholy, nor is there the careless spontaneity of the great melodist of the after years. Schubert was only 19 years old when he wrote this symphony, which was beautifully played; one appreciated the performance even when the music seemed commonplace.

Mr. Monteux is to be thanked for reviving Mr. Foote's Suite. The revival was more than a compliment to a Boston musician; the pleasure in hearing the music was more than parochial pride in the success of a fellow townsman. This Suite would be heard gladly in any city; not merely because it is by an American. The Prelude, skilfully constructed, is in form both classic and romantic, charmingly melodious throughout. Then comes the second movement, Pizzicato, with a tender episode, now wistful, now reassuring, an admirable contrast to the capriciously plucked strings. "Capriciously"? The word may be misleading. There are pizzicato movements in which the composer too evidently aims at surprising the hearers and trapping their applause. Mr. Foote's Pizzicato persuades one that he could not have thought of this music in any other way. After this movement applause was so hearty, so genuine that Mr. Foote was obliged to acknowledge it. The Finale is a fugue, not too scholastic; not too long drawn out; music that holds the attention while it commands respect.

Vassilenko of Moscow supplied no program for his "Epic Poem." A biographer has said that it shows the composer's "taste and talent for mediaevalism which receives support from a profound knowledge of modal and church music." This may all be, but the chief impression made by the Poem is that it pictures hard and desperate fighting. The musical ideas are not striking; the instrumentation is heavy. The Poem, an early work of the composer, who was born in 1872, is middle-class German rather than Russian. As far as it is concerned, Vassilenko's name might be Mueller and Chemnitz or Elsieben his dwelling place.

Mr. Schroeder must have been greatly pleased, deeply affected by the whole-souled tribute paid him by audience, conductor and orchestra after his performance of Saint-Saens's concerto, which still holds a high place in the literature of the violoncello. Mr. Schroeder joined the orchestra in 1891. He has been before the public as a violoncellist since 1875. During all these years he has served his art faithfully and honorably. It is not too much to say, that while his excellent qualities have been appreciated in cities of this country and of Europe, he is here peculiarly at home; he is a Boston institution. Young in heart, receptive, not disturbed or perplexed by changing and novel forms of musical expression, he

is still in the stage of artistic maturity. The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week comprises Vaughn Williams's "London" Symphony; Arthur Shepherd's Fantasy for piano and orchestra (Mr. Gebhard, pianist), and Tschalkowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture-fantasia.

SYMPHONY RESTORES OLD WORK

Schubert's 4th Played;
Schroeder, 'Cellist,
Soloist

Poet

Apr. 9, 1921

BY OLIN DOWNES

Schubert's "Tragic" Symphony in C minor, No. 4, was played for the first time as a whole in Boston at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The two Schubert symphonies which figure in the standard repertory of the orchestra are of course the 9th and the 10th symphonies in C major and B minor. The others are seldom heard and are commonly accounted negligible and immature manifestations of Schubert's genius.

A VERY VITAL WORK

On the contrary, this fourth symphony is a very vital work. First of all, it is much more concise than the great symphony in C major, and although in the early work, developments of ideas are not as rich and as varied as they are in the C major symphony, there is a directness of expression and a coherence of structure fitting well the dramatic and melancholy character of the work.

The symphony is of a piece. It is not a string of four movements put together in a shambling way by a composer whose ideas came out too fast for him to whip them into proper shape, as often happened with Schubert. The instrumentation is somewhat immature, a little blocky, a little of first one group of instruments and then another.

Charm in Melodic Passages

On the other hand, there are inspired places where Schubert uses the one inevitable instrument for an idea, as only he knew how to use it in a way that could not be learned, and always there is adequate sonority and appropriate changes of color for different passages. There are unforgettable melodic passages, as witness the principal melodies of the slow movement and the characteristic charm of the middle section of the minuet, one of the countless pearls of melody always dropping from Schubert's sleeve.

But above all there is the powerful mood of the symphony. The audience greatly enjoyed the symphony. It was moved by this simple, songful work, with an almost childish and naive instrumental scheme, with no idea on the part of the composer that he was doing a wonderful thing.

Mr. Schroeder, the Master

Alwin Schroeder, a veteran of the orchestra, a member of the former Kneisel Quartet, and intermittently of the Boston Symphony since 1891, stepped from his seat in the ranks and played his solo—the Saint-Saëns A minor concerto, played it with the wisdom that years bring, and that nothing else but years and experience of life may bring; with the mental grip and mastery of a master of many great performances, with a rhythm that ruled, with a cantilena never sentimental, yet superbly expressive and capable of transforming trivial passages into expressions of significance.

He was applauded long and loudly, after which he modestly returned to his seat in the orchestra.

Arthur Foote's Suite

It was a pleasure to hear again Arthur Foote's melodious and admirably written E major suite for string orchestra, op. 63. It is music written in a spirit of true modesty, in which ideas are treated felicitously, and not pretentiously, for what they are worth.

The instrumental dress is simple, as befits the substance of the music. The music is artistic in form and finish, in workmanship, and it gave much pleasure.

The composer was several times called to his feet to accept the thanks and appreciation of the audience.

Vassilenko's Epic Poem

An Epic Poem for Orchestra by Sergei Vassilenko was played for the first time here. It has an imposing introduction, like a gloomy medieval castle in a painting by Roerich, in which a thundering old religious chant is heard. This is heroic, sombre, and, on the whole, magnificent. Then there is much orchestral pother, leading to the complete announcement of a savage, war-like theme. One catches now and then a savor of that great wind which blows across the Russian steppes and through the pages, for example, of Gogol's "Taras Bulba." Yes, there is here the germ of a truly epic, medieval Russian symphonic poem.

Unfortunately, the flight is not sustained, and the instrumentation is swollen and almost throughout very noisy. The climax is reached almost at once, therefore there is no climax. Would there were. Would that that grim old chant might have grown upon us and reached its apotheosis through battle music, and gathered force till the very earth trembled under it. But it is not easy to write a symphonic poem. A composer must be as great as his theme. Few composers may match in their scores the spirit of Taras Bulba.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Apr. 9, 1921
BACK TO SCHUBERT; FORWARD TO
FOOTE

Sentiment and Music in Mingled Flow—
Mr. Monteux Resurrects a Piece from
1816 and Another, Quite as Ancient, in
the Big Bow-Wow of the Nineties—A
Parisian and a New Englander for Live-
lier Pleasure — Compliments to Mr.
Schroeder

SENTIMENT and music flowed freely at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon in pleasant stream of entertainment. There was sentiment for Mr. Foote, the composer, at pause and at the end of his Suite for Strings happily revived by Mr. Monteux. The audience so enjoyed the Pizzicato movement that it called the composer from his seat. It so enjoyed the whole piece that it bade him rise again. In fact, it would not have done until it had brought the orchestra also to its feet. Conductor and string choir had played the Suite well, with bright, transparent, plastic tone; each movement had sounded in characteristic

pace, rhythm, quality; often the blended or parted voices had been agreeably shaded. None the less the music was not such as to test the finest mettle of the band any more than was Kalinnikov's Symphony, a week ago, when the audience of Friday insisted upon like tribute to the performance. On both occasions the music had pleased it much; because of that pleasure it seemed to infer that the orchestra had achieved some rare feat of virtuosity; whereas it had done with the piece merely what any band of its abilities should do. It may excel itself, as it has done more than once this season, in novel and highly exacting pieces; but if the music failed to stir hearers, the performance has gone unacknowledged. Some day some one will write a little book, "The Philosophy (sic) of Applause." It should be an amusing monograph—of lively human interest.

Sentiment flowed again over Mr. Schroeder, violoncellist in the orchestra, and usually at the first desk, since 1891, less an occasional interval. For the first time in ten years he was invited to play the solo-part of a Concerto in the regular course of the concerts. Modestly he came from his place to begin; as modestly he returned to it when he had finished. Mr. Monteux set chair for him; Mr. Burgin replaced it; Mr. Bedetti who shares his music-stand, shook him warmly by the hand; the men of the orchestra were quick with sincere friendly applause. Equal was the good will of the listeners, some of whom had known Mr. Schroeder while he was a young man newly come from Germany. It was two or three minutes before the clapping made room for the music; as many were the recalls of reward. Had the violoncellist been no familiar figure, high in the regard of hearers, he would have deserved these plaudits. Saint-Saëns's Concerto in A minor was the chosen piece—a continuous music through which the solo-voice threads in unsentimentalized song, polished "figures," reticent ornament-work of a composer designing clearly, proceeding dexterously and surely, using measure in all things. Discerningly Mr. Schroeder played, pliant of bow and fingers in pattern-weaving; clear, round, flowing and just of tone in sustained song; sensitive of accent, light of stroke always—the performance of virtuoso and musician in whom quiet poise is now the harvest of the years.

As the music of the day went, the elder and familiar composers had much the better of it. Since a Concerto for Violoncello still remains a part of the whole duty of music-making, Saint-Saëns's piece may pass for a model in kind. Writing continuously, he avoids the division into three compartments—one to display the

'cello in expanding motiv and diligent figuration; one to reveal it in sustained melody; one to set it capering—and sometimes squeaking—apace. Writing with discretion, he neither sugars the song nor turns the capering grotesque. Writing lightly, artfully, he does not overtax the form, the instrument, the patience of the audience. Writing elegantly, he is fanciful with motiv and mechanism, apt with euphony and transition, flowing, unobtrusive always. A model Concerto, indeed, full of French discernment of the fitness of things—one that will bear repetition quite as well as Haydn's, Dvorák's, Lalo's, Schumann's. And—to dare boldly—there might be relief from this recurring round. Elgar has lately written a Concerto for Violoncello; it has given pleasure to audiences in England; it can be bought they say—it might be profitably heard as well, in America.

In kind, Mr. Foote's Suite, overpassed for eleven years at the Symphony Concerts, returned similar satisfactions. The design is modest—no more than a brief, concise music for string orchestra in three divisions, with an interlude of quiet song in the midst of pizzicato playfulness. Mr. Foote is simple of form—a Prelude running short course from a single motiv reticently developed; the Pizzicato and the Adagietto aforesaid and as unlabored; a miniature Fugue that ought to be in the handbooks of composition, because it is at once so clear, terse and well-gaited. Everywhere Mr. Foote is economical. He strives not to shape motifs. Fittingly they come at his bidding. He does not exhaust them in development, preferring to choose only the best that his material may yield. A quiet skill plays through the Suite finding the clear means to the desired end, touching it, besides, with a quiet reticent fancy. Charm as well as dexterity please in the shadings of the Prelude; the Pizzicato is playfulness for the sake of sport, not show; the Adagietto has the gentle grace of the like measures in Bizet's music to "L'Arlesienne"—the fragrance of remote things remembered; the Fugue is mirror to happy inventions. Again, like Mr. Chadwick's "Melpomene" the other day—though in different quality—a New Englander's music, cool, clear, circumspect, choice.

The younger composers of the afternoon were a certain Franz Schubert, aged nineteen in the Vienna of 1816, and one, Sergei Vassilenko still living in Moscow, as the programme-book noted with the precaution of the interrogation point that might plausibly be the symbol of present Russia. This Franz Schubert had written a Symphony in C minor which "in entirety" was played for the first time at the Symphony Concerts. Often—say on twenty occasions apiece—his Unfinished Sym-

phony and his Symphony in C major have been heard there. Perhaps for that reason, conductors, a little weary of such alternate repetition and believing some of their hearers like-minded, have quested among Schubert's earlier Symphonies. Dr. Muck chose for resurrection the Fifth, in B flat, and over a dozen years recollection still resents the thin, unfertile, uncharacteristic music. Mr. Monteux pitched upon the Fourth in C minor, labelled "Tragic," and for no discoverable reason in the content. Throughout, it is a light, airy, fluent music much more in the manner of Mozart, Haydn—and many a minor Viennese composer—than of Schubert in the masterpieces of the swiftly ripening years.

An Andante, of old played by itself, is presumed to halo and perpetuate this Tragic Symphony. It contains frank, flowing, suave and songful periods; it contrasts with them more restless measures, as a hint of a frequent procedure in the maturer music; occasionally a modulation suggests the imagination that is intuition; occasionally Schubert prefers a vivid instrumental voice to assembled choirs, countering one another. Inevitably the listener hears the Andante retrospectively, fancies he detects these tokens of a later Schubert; yet his reason tells him that he might find almost every one of these omens on the crackling pages of some other Viennese composer, dust these hundred years? Nearly all else in Schubert's Symphony is workaday according to the time and the fashion descended from Mozart and Haydn. The grave sonorities, the large modelling of the introductory measures hark back to the "greater" Mozart. The Minuet, in spite of a few chromatic touches, is Haydn-like in simple tune and contrasts. The two Allegros are quick-spirited, straightforward, deft and smiling music-making in the prevailing mode. In 1921 we read Schubertian touches into them, as in a disposition to modulation or instrumental color not quite conventional. Probably a Viennese audience of 1816, had it heard the symphony, would not have thought twice of either. Yet withal a cheerful music in spite of resurrection, retrospect and other "funeral baked meats."

Vassilenko's "Epic Poem," heard also for the first time in Boston, is as conventional as Schubert's Tragic Symphony, though the particular convention to which it conforms is quite different. The earlier convention prevailed over the end of the eighteenth century into the nineteenth; the later convention stretched, say, from 1890 through 1910. Less rather than more the Russians practised it in comparison with the Germans, the French and other makers of music. Everyone who frequents orchestral concerts was long since saturated with both matter and manner. The largely

shaped, deeply voiced beginning; a first division choppy and turbulent; a second division sustained and songful; a third and last division in which these motifs and moods struggle for mastery, ascend to resounding climax, fall away into drab silence. The manner is chromatic; the counterpoint runs in thickly woven strands; the trowel is often an implement of contrast; the instruments move en masse in patches of color and blunt strokes. Set on a cosmic title—"Epic Poem," "The World Well Lost," "From Blackness to Bliss," "The Riddle of Life" and the deed is done. Of course each con-jurer with these conventions makes play with individual tricks, but Vassilenko's are neither many nor salient. Occasionally, in the blending or the parting of the instrumental voices, in a passing harmonic suggestion, he achieves a workmanship of his own. Once at least—in the gaunt and sombre introduction, striding through an ancient chant, come personal imagination and illuding power. They flash only to fade and the rest proceeds in fuss and formula. If Mr. Monteux and many another like the species, by all means let us hear a masterpiece in it—say "Death and Transfiguration," by Richard Strauss.

H. T. PARKER

BOSTON NOTES

Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The twenty-first of this season's programs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given Friday afternoon, was as follows: Schubert "Tragic" symphony No. 4, in C minor; Foote, suite in E major for string orchestra, op. 63; Saint-Saëns, concerto for violoncello and orchestra in A minor, op. 33; Vassilenko, epic poem for orchestra, op. 4.

The highlight of the afternoon was the spirited performance of Mr. (in Boston)

Foote's suite, which was played by this orchestra for the first time 11 years ago. The suave prelude and adagietto and the neatly-managed pizzicato are interesting enough to deserve more frequent hearing, while the fugue is so admirable in design and (as played with magnificent feeling for the pace of the rhythms and the contour of the phrases yesterday) so exciting in performance that one would not have been astonished if here and there a listener had cried out his delight. A less contained audience, surely, would have done so. As it was, the composer was brought to his feet twice by the heartiness of the applause.

Alwin Schroeder's masterly 'cello playing is an old story now for Boston concertgoers, a story that is yet ever new, for however often one hears the song of his instrument in the orchestra ensemble or in solo passages, one does not cease to rejoice in the taste, flexibility and firmness of his tone. Never, one felt, has he played better than in the Saint-Saëns concerto, music that seeks slight emotional appeal, but which gives large play to the intelligence of player and listener.

The Schubert symphony held a considerable interest for the scholarly in music, at any rate. Whatever one thinks of its intrinsic merits it is right that it should have been at last performed as a whole at these concerts. The Vassilenko poem with its martial sonorities and consistent employment of the whole orchestra was pleasant to hear, and even stirring in the occasional passages that conveyed a hint of inspirational quality. The orchestra, surely, did it full justice.

Soloist:

ALWIN SCHROEDER

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

Mr. ALWIN SCHROEDER, violoncellist, was born at Neuholdensleben, June 15, 1855. He at first studied the pianoforte with his father Karl, a conductor and a composer of operas (1823-89), and with his brother Hermann; afterwards he took lessons of J. B. André. Later he took violin lessons of de Ahna in Berlin, and lessons in theory with Wilhelm Tappert. In 1871-72 he played viola in the Schroeder Quartet; his three brothers were the other members. He abandoned the violin for the violoncello, which he studied by himself. In 1875 he entered Liebig's Orchestra as first violoncellist. He was a member in like capacity of Fliege's Orchestra and of Laube's in Hamburg. In 1880 he joined the Gewandhaus Orchestra, Leipsic, as the successor of his brother Karl, who went to Sondershausen as chief conductor. He was in Leipsic a member of the Petri Quartet, and he taught in the Leipsic Conservatory of Music.

Mr. Schroeder came to Boston as the solo violoncellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the fall of 1891; at the same time he joined the Kneisel Quartet. He resigned his position in the orchestra with his Quartet co-mates at the end of the season of 1902-03. With them he afterwards made New York his dwelling-place until the spring of 1907, when he resigned from the Quartet and moved to Frankfort-on-the-Main. His farewell concert in Boston was on April 25, 1907. Returning to the United States late in the summer of 1908, he was the violoncellist of the Hess-Schroeder Quartet until it was disbanded at the end of the season of 1909-10. He rejoined the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the fall of 1910 and left it in the spring of 1912. He joined the orchestra again in the fall of 1918.



E. Hoffmann (Violin); J. Hoffmann (Violin)

(Photographs by Colby)



S. Gerhardt (Viola); G. Gerhardt (Double Bass)

Sons Follow Fathers Into the Symphony Orchestra

By Unusual Coincidence Two Fathers and Two Sons, as Specified Above, Are Playing Together, This Season, at Symphony Hall.
Probably No Other Orchestra in America Contains Two Such Pairs.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920-21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

TWENTY-SECOND PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, AT 8 P. M.

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, A LONDON SYMPHONY

I. Lento; Allegro risoluto

II. Lento

III. Scherzo (Nocturne:) Allegro vivace

IV. Andante con moto; Maestoso alla marcia; Allegro;
Maestoso alla marcia; Epilogue: Andante sostenuto

SHEPHERD

FANTASIE for Pianoforte and Orchestra
[First time at these Concerts]

TSCHAIKOWSKY

OVERTURE-FANTASIA "Romeo and Juliet."
(after Shakespeare)

Soloist:

HEINRICH GEBHARD

Steinert Pianoforte used

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

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HEINRICH GEBHARD

MODERN MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Sheperd's Fantasy for First Time—Gebhard Soloist

Post

Apr. 16, 1921

BY OLIN DOWNES

Vaughn Williams' London Symphony was repeated after a first Boston performance given some weeks ago, at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Arthur Sheperd's Fantasy for piano and orchestra was played for the first time in Boston, with Heinrich Gebhard as pianist, and Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture brought the end.

GENUINE MUSIC OF A CITY

Williams' symphony gains, and does not lose, by repetition. Mr. Monteux and the orchestra gave a surpassingly brilliant performance. This reviewer was able, not unnaturally, to find more in the work than he found when he first heard it. It is highly original and imaginative. It is genuine music of a city, in that it has both the exterior stir and bustle and the more profound and recurrent pulse of a great centre of life. It has, in addition, a racial melancholy, characteristic, one believes, of the English temperament.

The second movement, which seemed at a first hearing overlong, and perhaps is, has, nevertheless, that which De Quincey felt when he wandered about forlorn and silent streets of London town. Most impressive was the climax of the dramatic final movement,

and the epilogue, harking back to the poetic introduction of the dramatic final movement, and the sounds of the city heard from afar off, the flowing river, the striking of Big Ben. Again one notes in this symphony the influence of Strawinsky and of modern Frenchmen, but it is an influence, not a determining factor in the makeup of the work. The composer retains his sincerity and individuality. He is sufficiently master of himself to utilize this and that device in a way to intensify the effect of his ideas.

Sheperd's Fantasy Liked

Mr. Sheperd's fantasy received a very enthusiastic greeting from the audience. There was a hearty and long-continued applause, craning of necks to look at the composer, a composer who neither seeks nor enjoys publicity, and who has shunned at all times in his career the slightest superficiality by which he might have made a quick momentary appeal. The fantasy, as explained in the programme book, is based on three themes, and is roughly after the Dondo form. Of these three themes the third, the most lyrical, has also, in the abominable parlance of professional music-makers, the most "juice." It is poetically employed, and it is matter for a sweeping apotheosis at the end. Also, it is over-orchestrated at this place. The earlier themes are more nimble but also more dry. The humor is to us a little sour—not merely sardonic, fanatical, but sour. The piano part is brilliant, very difficult, and, one would say, not too grateful to the player, and too frequently overbalanced by the orchestra.

Inclined to Academic

At a first hearing the exposition of the first two themes was inclined to the academic. Later the composer lets himself go. Well, he could have begun earlier. There is a certain constraint, a certain feeling of corners. We wish Mr. Sheperd would write more, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say we wish he played more, so that he could gain greater ease and perspective on his own work. We believe that in that case he would throw half this fantasy away, reorchestrate the other half, add a little fresh development to work it of required length, and find himself with a handsome concert piece on his hands.

The "Romeo and Juliet" overture would be worth a journey if only to hear Tschaikowsky's love music. Here is the incomparable expression in tones of the southern passion of Juliet, and it is strangely Shaksperian. The remainder of the overture is rather rank Russian, with the exception of the music of Friar Laurence and the noble requiem at the end.

Tschaikowsky Underrated

But always there haunts the memory that sensuous love theme, and the gorgeous orchestral coloring, the purple and gold with which it is decked out—decked out, as one might say, for the final tragedy. Tschaikowsky, yesterday overrated, is today underrated. He should be heard more often at the Symphony concerts.

It is easy to point to his coarseness, his howling and groaning. Once let him become possessed of an emotion, and there are few modern composers whom he does not leave behind. His intense feeling, his childlike naïveté found their way into his music. Listening to it one forgets its dross; one is moved past politenesses or reservations. One calls this man "brother."

22D CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald Apr. 16, 1921

Vaughan Williams's "London Symphony" Is the Feature of Program

SHEPHERD FANTASY HEARD FIRST TIME

By PHILIP HALE

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Vaughan Williams, A London Symphony; Shepherd, Fantasy for piano and orchestra (Mr. Gebhard, pianist); Tschaikowsky, "Romeo and Juliet;" Overture Fantasia (after Shakespeare).

The London Symphony will bear many repetitions. The impression made by it when it was produced here last February was yesterday enlarged and deepened. The music might have been frankly panoramic, it might have been a variant of Elgar's "Cockaigne," but Vaughan Williams, as other music of his has proved, while he is sufficiently realistic in this symphony, while he reproduces the roar and the din of the streets, is imaginative and emotional. The Thames is more to him than a convenient river for commercial pur-

poses; he expresses in tones the loneliness of now shabby, once fashionable and frequented districts, as if he had been inspired by reading "Tales of Mean Streets," his bustling London is also stony-hearted; he hears the bitter cry of outcast London and reproduces it in tones without undue sentimentalism. And he might have put as motto to this most impressive work a sentence from Thomas Decker's apostrophe to the city uttered over three centuries ago: "Thou hast all things in thee to make thee fairest, and all things in thee to make thee foulest." The man that has written the mysterious introduction of this symphony, expressed loneliness and tragic shabbiness in the second movement, the cruelty of the great city in the finale, is more than an accomplished musician; he is a rare poet in tones.

Mr. Shepherd's Fantasy, played at these concerts for the first time, has excellent measures and measures that are ineffectively noisy. The opening arouses pleasurable expectation. The thematic material throughout is salient; but the treatment of it is often confused. The music is modern in its harmonic schemes, but the instrumentation is too often injuriously thick. Nor is there throughout the work a fine sense of proportion in dynamic values, or a due regard for contrasts. Mr. Gebhard played well, as is his habit, but he and the composer's intentions suffered frequently from the crushing orchestration. Mr. Shepherd was in the audience and acknowledged the applause.

We well remember the sensation made by Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" when it was brought out by Mr. Nikisch. It was one of his battle horses. His treatment of the passage in which the horns wall in syncopation against the Love Theme, perhaps the most original and the most emotional measures in the overture, stirred all hearers. He left us; other conductors put the overture on their programs; but not till yesterday, under Mr. Monteux's leadership, did this section give the old thrill. Much of the overture has grown old and seedy; the introduction now seems interminably drawn out; the constant repetition of insignificant phrases—the tossing of them about to various instruments—a favorite trick of Tschaikowsky's—distract the attention of the hearer and break the continuity of the dramatic-musical flow.

The performance of the orchestra throughout was of the highest order. The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Mozart, "Jupiter" Symphony; Stuart Mason, Rhapsody on a Persian Air, for orchestra with pianoforte obbligato (first performance); Milhaud, Orchestral Suite No. 2 (first time in America); Dukas, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice."

GEBHARD SOLOIST IN SHEPHERD'S FANTASY

Pianist Plays With the
Symphony Orchestra

Williams and Tschaikowsky Pieces
Fill Out the Program

Heinrich Gebhard played the solo part in a new fantasy for pianoforte and orchestra by Arthur Shepherd at yesterday's Symphony concert with the skill and taste which long since won him many admirers in this, his home city. Since Mr. Shepherd was for many years connected as student and teacher with the New England Conservatory, his piece had also a local interest. Friendly applause compelled him to rise in his place in the audience and share the credit with Mr. Gebhard and Mr. Monteux.

The fantasy was originally entitled "Fantaisie Humoresque," a designation fully warranted by the whimsical rhythms of much of the music. It is adroitly written, sprightly and solemn by turns, in an individual modern style. The performance did full justice to the music.

The listener found no reason yesterday to change his previous unfavorable opinion of Vaughan Williams' "A London Symphony," first played earlier in the season. Its orchestration is clumsy, there is no trace of melodic inspiration, no sign of constructive power. A certain harmonic gift is this composer's entire stock in trade. He has nothing else in common with the true great.

Debussy, Stravinsky and all their great predecessors in the history of music have the gift of inventing new and distinctive melodies. Vaughan Williams, in default of it, is reduced to fragments of street songs and other borrowed or meaningless bits of tune. Mr. Monteux and the orchestra galvanized the huge mass of notes into a semblance of life, and were rewarded for their pains by prolonged applause from about one-tenth of those present.

Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture, the other number on an exceptionally uninteresting program, has at least several genuinely original tunes in it, and considerable imaginative power.

It is akin to Verdi rather than to Berlioz, Debussy and Mozart, vigorous without refinement.

For next week, Mr. Monteux has arranged a program of far greater interest. Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, novelties by Stuart Mason and Darius Milhaud and Dukas' "L'Apprenti Sorcier" should make a concert as attractive as most of those under his conductorship have been.

MUSIC

Christian Science Monitor

April Boston Notes 16, 1921.
BOSTON, Massachusetts

The twenty-second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given on April 15. The program was as follows: Vaughn Williams, A London Symphony; Arthur Shepherd, Fantasy for Pianoforte and Orchestra; Tschaikowsky, "Romeo and Juliet."

The "London" symphony was given for the second time this season. This second performance was more than justified for it brought forth many new and interesting points in the symphony. A work of such large conception must be heard many times before an adequate idea of it can be obtained. Curiously enough the parts which created the most striking impressions at the time of the first hearing proved to be the least interesting. The beauty of the work as a whole, however, is undoubted and the selection of any particular parts for praise or blame would be to record impressions which are purely personal. The performance was thoroughly sympathetic.

Arthur Shepherd's fantasy was played for the first time at these concerts. It is difficult to describe music of this character. The composer is quite evidently of serious intent. There are well-constructed pages; occasional happy effects of orchestration; a few moments of lyrical expressiveness. Yet the work as a whole left us cold. Heinrich Gebhard was the pianist. He played with evident admiration for the composition and must be praised for his conscientious performance of it.

Mr. Monteux gave an admirable reading of Tschaikowsky's overture. For all its theatricalism it is still appealing when interpreted as it was at yesterday's concert.

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SYMPHONY CONCERT

Irano. — Apr. 16, 1924

REPETITION, REVIVAL—AND ALSO NOVELTY

Vaughan Williams's Music of London Deservingly Heard and Applauded Anew—
Chaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" After Six Years—The Russian in the Ears of 1921—Mr. Shepherd's Fantasy for Type and Moral

FOR a composer, admittedly out of the fashion and by some called moribund, Chaikovsky has fared well of late with the Symphony Orchestra. Last Sunday his music filled a whole concert; yesterday afternoon the final number was his Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet"; soon his pieces will dapple the programmes of The Pops. Beyond doubting, the workaday public hears him gladly, though, by more than one sign of Sunday, it may not care for him through two hours on end. As plainly many a frequenter of the Symphony Concerts is not displeased to find a piece by Chaikovsky on Mr. Monteux's lists. That conductor has been more generous to him than either of his immediate predecessors. Mr. Raubaud would have none of the Russian's music; Dr. Muck added to distaste for it, distrust of himself with it. Mr. Monteux, on the other hand, plays Chaikovsky well. Often he seems to visualize the piece in hand; almost always he can find in it tang of the theatre; he takes Chaikovsky at his word in directness, even obviousness, of effect.

The conductor, as he should, spared not in the music of strife and brawl that recurs in the tone-poem of yesterday; he wrung as much as he might out of the love-music, though as voice of passion, it is far inferior to that bestowed by Chaikovsky in another Fantasia upon Paolo and Francesca of Rimini. Mr. Monteux did more, however, than make the obvious emphatic; he caught and conveyed the note of mystery that winds through many a measure as though these loves of Montague for Capulet were as spell predestined and unconquerable, laid upon both by fate. Such fatality touches a transitional passage here and there; Mr. Monteux did not overlook it; while so doing he restored to a fading music, occasional color of imagination. Last Sunday again, he was as penetrating and communicating with the fantasmatic quality of the Scherzo-Waltz in the Fifth Symphony, with the moodiness that makes the Slavic March racial expression as well as racial glorification. And the orchestra—perhaps any orchestra—plays Chaikov-

sky zealously. Not for nothing in the Fifth Symphony may the first horn publish the song of the slow movement, or the strings lead it in glowing return. The square-cut sonorities of the Finale are an easy orchestral eloquence; even the snapping rhythms of the Italian Caprice, common as they are, spur the assembled virtuosi. Blessed be effects, designed or spontaneous, so long as they be obvious. Orchestras and audiences both crave them.

The Chaikovsky that has faded and withered wrote many a measure of "Romeo and Juliet." However ears heard it twenty or thirty years ago, bettered taste and widening view have dried the music of strife into commonplace stuff, recurring to weariness. Most Russian composers—Musorgsky excepted—seem repetitious; but while others, like Rimsky-Korsakov, vary the repeating, Chaikovsky renews obvious and sometimes tricky means. To ears, again, of 1921, the love-music neither plumbs the depths nor scales the heights of passion. It is of Chaikovsky, in a limbo of striving, imagining intensities for which he hardly finds full expression, missing the inspiration—there is no other word—which, when it really kindles him, makes him irresistible still. In "Romeo and Juliet," it comes only in the music of a love that is mysterious spell predestined. Then it is at finest; the hearer heeds not the manner of saying; the emotion, the illusion sway him, as, doubtless, they swayed the composer.

To write enduringly Chaikovsky seems to have needed almost a demoniac possession. The slow song of the Fifth Symphony is such outpouring. If ever music was written because it swelled within the composer and swept away every barrier to release, it is this Andante. Hence beauty, power, permanence, recurring human response. So also come into tonal being the bleak and carking desolation, the black and suffocating despair, the sheer spiritual annihilation of the Finale of the Pathetic Symphony. From inspiration, yet again, springs the love-music of the tone-poem of Francesca, Paolo and Dante. In yet other voice, albeit in less degree, it winds through the fantasmatic movements—the Scherzo-Waltz, the Allegro of the ghostly drum-beat—in the Fifth and the Sixth Symphonies. It is such visitation, present or absent, recurring, upspringing, that sets the best of Chaikovsky, as in the cited passages, so far from the worst of Chaikovsky—as in the trumpery street-tunes of the Italian Caprice, the march movement of the Pathetic Symphony. Therein only a frenzy of rhythm, a fury of unloosed sound may save him—and not to all judges—from mere din.

Between these extremes are likewise two Chaikovskys—he who was labored and dul-

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at mere music-making as in the Rococo Variations for violoncello; he who could summon the power that sends the orchestra striding superbly through the final measures of the Fifth Symphony or that sweeps the piano through the great chords that martial the flaming melody of the familiar Concerto. In turn the melody of the Russian points these contrasts. He may drench it with the beauty of longing as in the Andante aforesaid; he may wing it with power as in the introduction to the Piano-Concerto; he may permeate it with singular and penetrating suggestion—some call it obscenity—as in the first movement of the Pathetic Symphony. Yet again and it is the obvious—sentimentalized, tricked out almost beyond Puccinian powers. No wonder Chaikovsky—so mettled, so enduring the passage of the years, teases conductors, puzzles hearers, sounds antiquated, seems perennial, is neither altogether alive nor quite dead, now holds, again wearies, the public ear. Place, however, he does keep and may long keep on orchestral programmes. Through glowing moments inspiration or something near to it did come to Chaikovsky and down wind blow tricks and triteness.

To this revival from Chaikovsky—"Romeo and Juliet" had not been heard in Boston for six years—Mr. Monteux mated Arthur Shepherd's Fantasy for Piano and Orchestra, hitherto known hereabouts by private performance only and praised as it seemed yesterday, beyond actual desert. Mr. Gebhard played the solo-part, with understanding and sympathy, with impeccable skill and such compass of tone as circumstances permitted him. Mr. Monteux was as well disposed with the orchestral voices. There were plentiful plaudits at the end; the composer, sought by curious eyes, rose to acknowledge them. By these tokens, piece and performance will pass as "successful." Yet, almost steadily, the music left impression of the dryness, the neutrality, the "middle grayness" that beset so many American composers of both the elder and the younger generations. Mediocre may be too harsh a word for them and their music. Lack of individuality better describes—the more because it is a negative phrase—their pervading quality. They miss distinctive imagination, they yield no personal flavor, they almost never depart from those twin bourgeois blessings, safety and sanity; they are too discreet to fall low—or to rise high. Beside them, our few composers with a clear flame of their own—a Loeffler, a Carpenter, a Gilbert, a Bloch—gain by sheer contrast a merit, perhaps beyond their actual and enduring worth. Individuality is the zest of the arts. In them, safety is the dullest of virtues.

To write these things is not to reproach Mr. Shepherd's Fantasy beyond the degree of its kind. It is a well-made piece, articulated in short divisions, each flowing into each and everyone by workmanlike device, maintaining the unity, advancing the cumulation of the whole. The harmonic background sets off and diversifies the progress and the development of motif and melody; the instrumental coloring often gives pleasure, utilizes, without quite embracing, modern ways with tonal speech; sundry thick and unwieldy measures aside, the voices of piano and orchestra are well balanced. Everywhere through the Fantasy plays the schooled skill of a considerate craftsman.

Mr. Shepherd knows the routine of his job; invention, imagination, emotion with it are another thing. With the best will in the world, it is hard to find the three motifs whence the Fantasy springs either interesting or individual. In varying degree, dry they are in statement and dry in progress and amplification. Workmanship interlaces or contrasts them, distributes them between orchestra and piano, draws this, that or the other suggestion from them. But where do they or all this process touch the listening imagination, impart more than obvious mood, stir responsive emotion, hint that Arthur Shepherd, making music, is of other mind, spirit, outlook, than a hundred more makers thereof? Once and again for a passing moment comes a personal stroke, but the rest, the considerable rest, seems neither more nor less than a music of dry competence, no more individual, significant or pleasurable than a working journalist's daily stint when it happens to be a good article. Competence may do the work of the world, but hardly the work of the arts therein.

Deserved repetition of Vaughan Williams's London Symphony, as the outstanding and abiding novel music of the year, filled the other half of the concert—in more eloquent and plastic, if not in more rugged performance than it has hitherto received and at last to eager interest and tense applause. It was good to see an audience so engrossed and stirred, since little symphonic music of recent years is freer from rhetoric and device. The composer works with bare hand, with eye fixed on the object of his vision—the life, the aspects, the spirit of London that have awakened in him sensation and creation. From inner impulse and not from composer's working will seems to spring this London Sympathy. Before music so generated and produced, the hearer takes little thought of method and means. So fused are the matter and the manner, the substance and the form that structure and procedure seem only the flow into expression of thought, mood,

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sensation. Few modern symphonies begin in such sombre and mysterious splendor; few end in a rarer music of austere brooding. In both there are depths as well as surfaces. Night as well as dawn may brood upon Williams's city. Between goes a manifold London—first in ardent rhythmical and melodic tumult; again in the melancholy and the pity of the gray quarters haunted and shrivelled by decay; once more in the din of jiggling, squeaking, snarling slum only a little mist-softened; finally in the thud and grind, the mockery, the seeming hate of great cities upon those who may not master their way through them. Again not merely surfaces, but also depths. A city has entered into Williams's imagination and possessed it. He pictures its life, he summons its spirit; yet is there a symphony. In our day music has done few such feats.

H. T. PARKER

The London Symphony Anew?

Possible Repetition at the Symphony Concerts

AS plausible report goes, Mr. Monteux is considering a repetition of Vaughan Williams's London Symphony in the course of the Symphony Concerts through April. With reason the conductor sets it high in the music of our time; believes that better acquaintance with it only deepens the pleasure that it yields; finds in it matter that new performance and new hearing are sure to ripen. It is safe to say that many frequenters of the Symphony Concerts are like-minded. The London Symphony impressed them beyond any new music of the year. They remember in it much that they would gladly know afresh; they anticipate from a repetition much that at first hearing inevitably escaped them; they trust that Mr. Monteux's present "consideration" will become favorable decision. After all, the public of the Symphony Concerts that welcomes the new things, the fine things, of music in this immediate day deserves—once and again—to be humored.

Arthur Shepherd's New Fantasia for Piano and Orchestra at the Symphony Concert Tomorrow-

Trans. — April 14, 1921

PERHAPS never before in the history of the Symphony Concerts has music by American composers appeared with such regularity as in Mr. Monteux's recent and prospective programmes. Since the first of March compositions by Gilbert, Carpenter, Loeffler, Chadwick and Foote have all been heard, and, now, this week comes Arthur Shepherd and next Stuart Mason. For a while Mr. Monteux seemed indifferent toward our native music, but he has now made ample reparation. Mr. Shepherd's piece is a Fantasia for piano and orchestra, first played two years ago at a concert of the New England Conservatory, with Mr. Lee Pattison as the soloist. It was then rewritten and produced last November by the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, of which Mr. Shepherd is now the assistant conductor. In Cleveland the piano-part was taken by Mr. Heinrich Gebhard, to whom the piece is dedicated, and he will be the soloist in the forthcoming performances here. So far as the prominence of the solo instrument is concerned, it may be said that the Fantasia is not a concerto in the older sense of the word, nor yet is it a piece for orchestra with pianoforte obligato as, for example, d'Indy's "Symphony on a Mountain Air," or Loeffler's "Pagan Poem."

In other words Mr. Shepherd has found a golden mean between these two extremes. In glancing through the score the prevailing impression is of the composer's economy of musical material. From an introductory motive of ascending fifths, repeated a fourth higher and followed by a cadenza for the solo instrument, is evolved the principal theme which, with a cantabile motif two measures in length, holds sway for the first thirty-two pages. A broad, essentially lyric theme then makes its appearance, first in the orchestra, then repeated by the piano. Music in the character of a Scherzo follows with the lyric theme constantly in the background. There is a return to the first subject, a succeeding slow movement based on the songful theme, a division marked "maestoso molto e ben cantando," in which the same melody predominates. The piece ends with a spirited coda derived from the opening fifths. Mr. Shepherd has written skillfully, but not dryly, his orchestration is well made and effective; the piano part, though difficult and complex, is essentially grateful, and the music as a whole is resourceful, seemingly spontaneous and not without touches of humor.

W. S. S.

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MR. HEINRICH GEBHARD was born at Sobernheim, near Bingen-on-the-Rhine, July 25, 1878. As a boy, he studied with the leader of a military band. He came to America when he was ten years old, and studied the pianoforte and theory with Mr. Clayton Johns. On April 24, 1896, he gave a concert with orchestra in Copley Hall, when he played Schumann's concerto and other pieces, among them a sonata of his own for pianoforte and violin. In 1896 he went to Vienna, where he studied for three years with Leschetitzky, the pianoforte teacher, and took lessons of Heuberger in composition.

Returning to Boston in the fall of 1899, he made his first appearance as a concert pianist in November, giving recitals in Steinert Hall November 16 and 27, and playing Beethoven's Concerto in C minor with a cadenza of his own at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge, in November. Since then he has given many recitals in Boston and other cities. He has played at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston the pianoforte part of the following works:—

- 1901, April 20, Saint-Saëns's Concerto in G minor.
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- Mr. Gebhard was for four seasons pianist of the Longy Club (1900-01—1903-04). He has played many times with the Kneisel quartet and other chamber clubs in Boston, New York, and other cities. He has played the pianoforte part of Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra in Chicago, with the Pittsburgh Orchestra in Pittsburgh, and the New York Symphony Orchestra in New York. He has assisted in the production of other works besides those mentioned: César Franck's Symphonic Variations (Jordan Hall Orchestral Concerts, Wallace Goodrich conductor, February 28, 1907); Fauré's Quartet in G minor, Op. 45 (Arbos Quartet, March 28, 1904); Loeffler's Deux Rapsodies for oboe, viola and pianoforte (Longy Club, December 16, 1901).

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Mr. Shepherd came to Boston in 1892. He entered the New England Conservatory of Music, where he studied the pianoforte with Charles Dennée and later with Carl Faelten; harmony with Benjamin Cutter; counterpoint and composition with Percy Goetschius, later with George W. Chadwick. He was graduated in 1897. Returning to the West, he made his home in Salt Lake City, where he taught the pianoforte and conducted an orchestra in a theatre for six years, also the Salt Lake Symphony Orchestra. In 1906 he won a Paderewski prize with his Overture Joyeuse. Returning to Boston in 1909, he was engaged by the New England Conservatory of Music to teach the pianoforte, harmony, and counterpoint. In 1909 he won with "The Lost Child" (poem by J. R. Lowell) the prize offered for the best song by the National Federation of Music Clubs, and also with his sonata, Op. 4, the prize for the best pianoforte composition. In 1912 he won a prize with a work for chorus and orchestra. In Boston he conducted the Musical Art Society for three years, and in 1917 he was conductor of the Cecilia Society. He left the New England Conservatory in 1920 to make his home in Cleveland, where he is assistant conductor and chorus-master of the Cleveland Orchestra now ending its third season. He also teaches there the pianoforte, harmony, counterpoint, and composition.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920-21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

TWENTY-THIRD PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, APRIL 22, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, AT 8 P. M.

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in C major "Jupiter" (Koechel No 551)

- I. Allegro vivace.
- II. Andante Cantabile.
- III. Menuetto: Allegretto; Trio.
- IV. Finale: Allegro molto.

STUART MASON,

RHAPSODY on a Persian Air

(First time at these Concerts.)

(Piano part to be played by the Composer.)

MILHAUD,

SECOND ORCHESTRAL SUITE

- I. Ouverture.
- II. Prelude et Fugue.
- III. Pastorale.
- IV. Nocturne.
- V. Final.

(First time in America)

DUKAS,

SCHERZO, "L'Apprenti Sorcier," ("The Sorcerer's Apprentice,") (after a ballad by Goethe)

Chickering Pianoforte used

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after Stuart Mason's Rhapsody.

The Disturber of the Peace



(Photograph by The Musical Courier)

Darius Milhaud, Parisian

Whose Bold and Brave Orchestral Suite Was Played for the First Time in America at the Symphony Concert Yesterday

23D CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald - Dec. 23, 1921
Delightful Performance of
"Jupiter" Symphony
Is Given

MILHAUD SUITE IS INTRODUCED

By PHILIP HALE

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, "Jupiter" symphony; Stuart Mason, Rhapsody on a Persian Air (first performance); Milhaud, orchestral Suite, No. 2 (first performance in America); Dukas, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" (after Goethe).

There was a delightful performance of Mozart's Symphony. Especially noteworthy was the manner in which the Andante was sung, while the Finale, which still excites admiration for the marvellous skill shown in the construction, was played with inimitable clearness, sense of proportion in the treatment of the voices, and a brilliance that is now as characteristic of this orchestra as is its euphony.

Mr. Stuart Mason's marked ability was recognized some months ago when his composition for violoncellos was brought out at a concert of the Boston Musical Association. It is not extravagant to say that his Rhapsody on a Persian Air entrances by beauty that is inherent and not merely suggested by the exotic air, which serves as the theme for the many-colored improvisation. Mr. George Moore said in his arrogant, if not impudent, "Confessions of a Young Man," that Thomas Hardy chose country subjects to show how jolly country he could be. Mr. Mason does not attempt to be more Persian than the Persians, nor does he try to portray the Orient in a composition comparatively short. The air itself is certainly oriental, but he does not there-

fore endeavor to improvise as a Persian might be supposed to do; he improvises as a thoroughly-grounded musician, who, in addition to his technical equipment, is endowed with that rare gift, imagination. Nor does he rely on ear-tickling or surprising use of instruments in combination; his music has substance, as well as "atmosphere," a word abhorred by purists when employed in this connection. The Rhapsody was warmly received by the audience, and Mr. Mason, who played the obligato piano part, was heartily applauded.

We remember that when Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" was first performed at a Symphony concert in Boston, it shocked the hearers. A leading critic did not hesitate to characterize Strauss as a madman. We remember that when Cesar Franck's Symphony was first played at a Symphony concert in Boston, Mr. Gerloke was reproached for putting it on a program, and the writer of one indignant letter described the symphony as "immoral." What will be the fate of Milhaud's Suite? Mr. Monteux was courageous in producing it, but we thank him for acquainting us with the work of a man who is the subject of hot discussion. The orchestra showed courage in playing the music. One might add that the audience showed courage in hearing it to the end. Many of the pages in three of the movements were undoubtedly cacophonous, as we all now understand cacophony, but there is method in the madness of Milhaud, if he is really the insane one, and not the hearer. Even in these defiant pages there are moments that compel respect. One of his admirers has said that he wished in one movement to parody the classic fugue. Parodies in music are usually dull, not humorous. This fugue seemed not only dull, but disagreeable. On the other hand, there is genuine beauty in the Pastorale and the Nocturne. The objection to the Suite, if the question of cacophony be waived, is that in its best estate it is characterized chiefly by cleverness, and cleverness in art is not the highest quality. The audience behaved remarkably well during the ordeal, and was the better prepared to enjoy the superb performance of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week, the last of the season, is as follows: Franck, "Symphony in D minor;" Bloch, "Winter-Spring" (first time here); Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration"; Wagner, Overture to "Tannhaeuser."

AMAZING MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Post — *Apr. 23, 1921*
Milhaud's Daring Suite
and Mason's Rhapsody Played

BY OLIN DOWNES

The audience which attends the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conductor, on Friday afternoons, is perhaps less demonstrative than a Paris crowd of long-haired musicians, and yet there was a hiss or two when Darius Milhaud's composition, bearing the harmless title, "Second Orchestral Suite" was played yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. In Paris, when it was first performed, Oct. 24, 1920, there was such an uproar in the galleries that they had to put the disturbers out, but perhaps one hiss in Boston equals many in Paris. Anyhow, there was audible hissing, dead silence by a majority, joyous applause by a minority, among them a critic or two.

DARING AND ADROIT

Darius Milhaud was thus heard for the first time at these Symphony concerts. Works by him for smaller aggregations of instruments than those of the orchestra have been heard in Boston, but they have not seemed so remarkable, so upsetting, at least, as the music heard yesterday. Milhaud is the ring leader of a group of some six in Paris, a group which includes Eric Satie, a group which looks on Debussy and Ravel apparently as masters of an already bygone era.

It was Milhaud who composed the music, based on Brazilian tango tunes, for the one-act farce by Jean Cocteau, "Le Beauf sur le Toit," a human marionette farce which burlesqued dry America, in which a policeman is beheaded with an electric fan, and all performers wear big head masks.

Every Part Significant

Provided with the above information the writer expected nonsense in the music of Milhaud. He must confess that he likes this music very much. No fool could write it. The definiteness and certainty of it is felt all the time. It is not, however, music for the nursery or the too respectably inclined. Its humor is often Rabelaisian. Its originality is engrossing, its daring intoxicating. The potency of every motive is amazing, and only equalled by the potency and significance of every part of the orchestra. For every part of the orchestra is in itself alive, self-engrossed, as it often seems antagonistic to or careless of the other instrument. Yet there is relation. There is basic bombogeneity. Things go sailing along in several keys at the same time. These several keys keep each their parallel distance to each other, the various instrumental groups retaining, as it were, each an individual orbit of its own, while preserving its tonal distance from each of the other groups.

This sounds fantastical, nevertheless it is true. And Milhaud's humor is enough to make the tears roll down your cheeks. Elsewhere a sigh or a howl turns into a laugh. There is often the sensation felt in reading certain tales of de Maupassant or the Russians, reading which tales you choke, not knowing whether to collapse in laughter or dissolve in grief.

Mr. Mason's Rhapsody

Another work was heard for the first time at this concert, and it did not lose interest even in the shadow of the sardonic, revolutionary genius of Milhaud. This was the "Rhapsody on a Persian Air" for orchestra, with pianoforte obbligato by Frank Stuart Mason of this city. He has been intrigued by Persian themes in a collection of Woollett themes which have served Mr. Mason as suggestions for other compositions. He has taken one of these as basis for his Rhapsody, which really smells of the East. At least the East of incense and legends.

This composer has a very keen and exotic sense of color. His music is positively sensorial, as some one once remarked of the music of Rimsky-Korsakoff, saying that one tasted it on his tongue. The old Persian theme suggests to Mr. Mason sounds not explained in the text books. It sets his orchestra quivering with 100 old rhythms and haunting sonorities.

Composer at Piano

Some will say that the piece is too kaleidoscopic, that it lacks sufficiency of outline, that occasionally a phrase creeps in not wholly congruous with the prevailing Orientalism of the work, and that there is modern French influence. With the last reservations we partially agree. For the rest—allowing for the fact that Mr. Mason is a young man yet to wholly reveal himself—is it not time that a composer confidently follow his fancy? Does a Persian melody ask for a form after accepted models? We would not have it so. We think the fantastic color and design of this score delightful. It shows, too, Mr. Mason's admirable technical grounding in his art, his instinct for orchestral timbres, his fancy which carries him far from the junction of Huntington and Massachusetts avenues.

The composer played the piano part and was called from the orchestra to acknowledge the applause. Let us be thankful for an American and a Bostonian whose imagination is not confined to his village square.

These compositions made the middle of an exhilarating programme. But the opening performance of Mozart's C-major symphony—of all works to precede such music as that of Mason and Milhaud—cannot be forgotten. It was one of the finest we ever heard. The justness of the tempi, the tonal beauty of the orchestra, the Mozart feeling, could hardly have been excelled, though they were fully equalled in technical brilliance by the wonderful interpretation of Milhaud's music and the fantasy of Mr. Mason.

The concluding performance of Dukas' crackling scherzo, composed only yesterday, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," after Goethe's poem, was also a triumph for Mr. Monteux and his men. But how old and commonplace was this music, too, by the side of Milhaud!

MUSIC

Boston Symphony Orchestra

BOSTON, Massachusetts — At the twenty-third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra the following program was presented on Friday afternoon: Mozart, symphony in C major, "Jupiter"; Stuart Mason, rhapsody on a Persian air for orchestra with pianoforte obbligato; Milhaud, Second Orchestral Suite; Dukas, scherzo from "The Sorcerer's Ap-

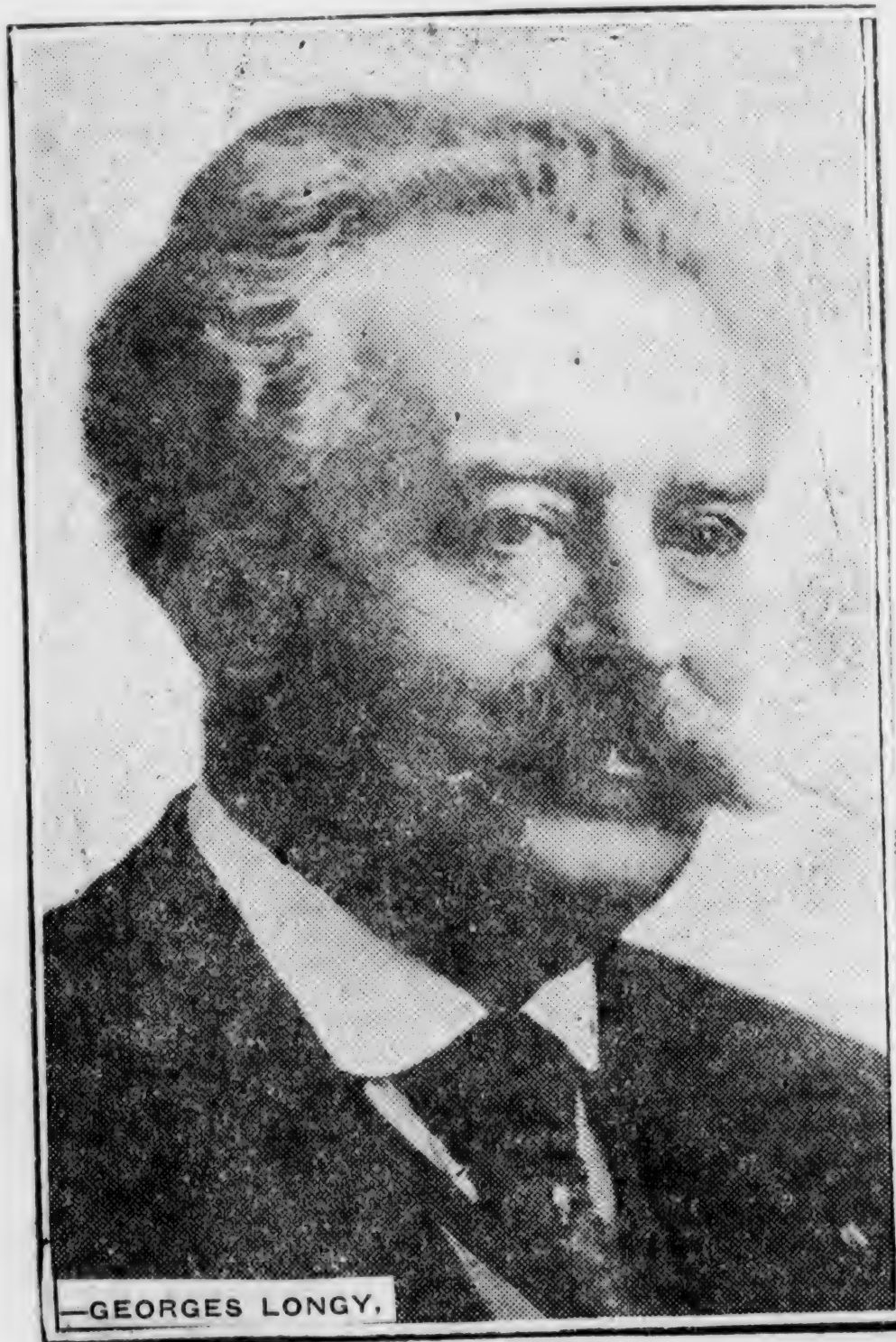
prentice."

Mr. Monteux, as conductor, brought all the skill and taste of his mastery of French music to the preparation of the Mozart symphony, with an exquisite performance as the result. The scherzo from "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" glowed with new fires at this performance, so thoroughgoing had been Mr. Monteux's evident restudying of the piece. One is tempted to call the unified shimmering evocation in the first violins of the sound of a rising and falling wind nothing short of marvelous.

The Milhaud suite was at least amusing, but cannot fairly be considered as orchestral music. It is obviously designed to interpret the action of a play, Claudel's "Protée," and, heard apart from the grotesque-pathetic fable on which it is based, it often is unintelligible cacophony, reminding one of Ophelia's "Sweet bells jangled out of tune." The first three movements might be labeled "the authentic cadence stubbornly avoided." But beyond the statement of the obvious in terms of the unexpected, one can discover little in its design or execution from a mere hearing, though it was intermittently possible to imagine action that might go with the music, as a sort of substitute for a detailed program.

Mr. Mason's composition, played at these concerts for the first time, helped give the afternoon an element of sane musical delight to balance the distressing sounds Milhaud asked for in all but the conventional nocturne section of his suite. Not that Mr. Mason's music is a dry, academic product. But, for all its fine fervor, and it is truly a rhapsody, it has firmness of form throughout its six short movements. Within this clear structure the composer exercises the freedom of thematic improvisation in the piano part. Mr. Mason is no mere imitator or adapter in his use of oriental tone color; rather does one feel that he has assimilated typical musical idioms of the East and has given them forth again in terms of self-expression. He played the piano part in the true musician's spirit of inspired impromptu, and at the end was again and again recalled by the applause.

Mr. Mason was graduated with highest honors from the New England Conservatory of Music in 1907. His principal teachers in this country were George W. Chadwick, J. Albert Jeffery, and George Lowell Tracy. He joined the faculty of the Conservatory in 1907. Obtaining leave of absence, he went to Paris in 1908, where he continued his studies with André Gedalge, Isidor Philipp, and Raoul Pugno. He returned to Boston in September, 1910. He has composed chamber music, piano-forte pieces, and songs. His four characteristic pieces for violoncelli were performed at a concert of the Boston Musical Association, Mr. Longy conductor, on December 17, 1919.



SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Apr. 23, 1921

MOZART, MILHAUD AND SHARP-SET CONTRASTS

The Parisian's Suite as a Discomposed Audience Heard It — A Strange, New Speech in Tones, but One by Which the Composer Gains Imaginative and Impressive Ends—An Individual but Not a Freakish Music — Mr. Monteux and Mozart—Dukas's Hackneyed Scherzo

MOZART and Milhaud were the poles of the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon—Mozart with the "Jupiter" Symphony in C major; Milhaud with an "Orchestral Suite," played for the first time in America. Upon both Mr. Monteux and the orchestra bestowed equal pains; but in some respects the conductor was more fortunate with the music of his own time. To Mozart the audience listened with easy, complaisant pleasure. It was hearing a familiar piece; the band was playing it vividly, animatedly; the music lacked neither beauty nor zest. It was all, as the dowagers like to say, "so satisfying." Not so much as a hair of their good gray coiffures was ruffled. The applause seemed the smile of this happy content. A little later—and into this symphonic paradise of Friday afternoon, came the disturber of the peace, the intruder, this Darius Milhaud of Paris, indecently young and "wayward," impudently declining to write "respectable" music. Some would not listen to him at all, preferring the perusal of the programme-book; some heard disdainfully, not unwilling that neighbors should note their scorn; others—the saving remnant of every audience—sought to understand and feel with the composer and so gain the pleasure of new, stimulating ways with music; an appreciable company—as one thereof put it—"just wished that it was over." At the end of the Fugue the snickers of superiority mingled with hearty laughs at Milhaud's burlesque. At the close of the Pastoral and the Nocturne came plaudits that acknowledged and rewarded beauty. Overture and Finale left most hearers quite cold.

Mr. Monteux could hardly have expected more for an adventure that again praises his openness of mind, his regard for the music of our own time, his encouragement to the innovation and experiment which are the ways of progress. Yet the orchestra deserved more, since the preparation of Milhaud's Suite had been arduous. . . . No doubt there were Viennese, who hearing the "Jupiter Sym-

phony" in early days, believed Mozart young and impudent; who tilted scornful brows; who "wished that it was over." The chroniclers of the time hint as much. Not always did responsive audience answer to Mozart or to them who played him. And all this is not to say that Milhaud, a century and a quarter hence, will be a classic or that he will count for more in the course of music than do nowadays, some of Mozart's contemporaries. Even the dictionaries of music may ignore him. After all only the conservatives and the radicals in this amusing world are quite sure of men and things. The rest of us find the siftings of time much more entertaining than certainties.

In itself and for the information it yielded as to the new courses of Paris, Milhaud's Suite amply justified performance. Like or unlike, the music, there is no mistaking its vitality. By every outward sign, the composer writes not because he would, but because he must. He chooses his own matter, method, manner, because to him, for the time, there are no other. As plainly as music may say, the Suite is self-expression, and since Milhaud is much alive, life pulses through it. There are recognizable motifs, warm with beauty in the Pastoral and the Nocturne; springy and gamesome in the Overture and Finale; meet for broad humor in the Fugue. With élan Milhaud sets to his play with them. In the slower movements it takes course in a clear poetry of tones; at beginning and end, it is eager, graphic exercise of young powers and young zest; in the fugal travesty, it is the gusto of rough-and-ready humor.

From this élan, perhaps, proceeds the rhythmic life of the music. Not once does it plod; never is it merely static, waiting. Always there is motion in it, always stir upon the ear and the imagination. The quicker movements tingle upon the perceptive faculties, whipping them like the measures of Stravinsky in parts of "Petrouchka," in the whole of "The Rite of the Spring." The slower divisions are equally vivid and insistent with the mood, the illusion they would convey. The beauty that Milhaud seeks, he feels deeply, would have his hearers receive as intensely. It is, moreover, an individual, a characterized beauty. There is aerial quality in the Pastoral and Nocturne. With all his insistence and reiteration, his use of the higher and more piercing timbres of the orchestra, Milhaud is clearly seeking—and sometimes gaining—a new luminosity, a new undulation of tones. Seemingly he would write a music so supple of motion, so vivid of color, so intense of sensation upon the hearer that it shall seem a more direct and penetrating speech than the older ways with tones often summoned. The mood of the Pastoral, the mood of the Nocturne are not far from the con-

ventions of such music. The one is wistful, musing, fitful; the other broods more deeply. The matter, in a sense, is conventionally appropriate to either. In both it is the treatment that intensifies substance and sensation. The ear hears as the eye sees that which is stark, aglow, with no veils between. Similarly with the grimacing rough and tumble of the Fugue. It is music to the tune of Rabelais's broad, frank, deep-chested, hugely comic jesting.

With like vitality, in equal intensity, Milhaud works upon and with his orchestra. Like most of the innovating composers of our time, he would make as salient as possible the individual quality of each instrument or group of instruments. His band is not an assembly of choirs to be used in unisons, contrasts, complements. It is rather a company of individual voices, to be parted, isolated, joined, overlaid, aligned at will of the composer's imagination and desire, for the passing stroke he would make, for the illusion he would achieve. Hence in the Suite, single voices pierce again and again through the instrumental web; or grouped voices go their own way, seemingly regardless of their neighbors; or some stride bravely forward, while others do but make themselves into a repetitious background. With like intent and in like manner, Milhaud's music sometimes proceeds simultaneously in different keys—so far as it answers at all to such tests—moving in parallel lines as it were, upon the ear, each making distinct, different, yet, at bottom, ordered and studied impression upon it. Hence, sudden and reiterated chords, hence sustained strands of counterpoint, hence a horizontal rather than a vertical music, that indeed generate strange sounds and novel sensations.

In this "poly-toned" procedure, as the prophets of the new dispensation call it; in this cacophony, as it seemed yesterday to many years, lies Milhaud's reputed sin against the light—his youth, his waywardness, his impudence, all the other trite reproaches. It is a new, a strange speech in music, but it is not incomprehensible, as Schönberg's idiom seemed, for remembered example, when Dr. Muck hazarded the "Five Pieces" that provoked more irritation for a passing day than even did Milhaud's Suite. Moreover, the Parisian's speech of tones, even at a single hearing and upon ears only a little prepared, does perceptibly fulfill his purpose. For praise or blame, for mockery or for magic, Milhaud's ways are his own; but there was no mistaking yesterday, the vivid stir, the keen sensation of music in ardent motion, like stripped athlete in race, that rose out of Overture and Finale: the broad and hearty burlesquing of the Fugue, in a humor that music, too refined and too abstract, superfluously disdains; the sharp-

ened beauty piercing from Nocturne and Pastoral. Across the Common, these nights, cuts the sharp gleam of an electric sign advertising a singing-machine. In it the usual intensity of such blaze is many times multiplied. At first it repels the eye; then gradually fascinates it. Somewhat akin were the sensations from Milhaud's Suite.

In retrospect upon Milhaud, though not in actual progress, the rest of the concert passed in relative routine; while in the final item, Dukas's hackneyed Scherzo of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," the routine became absolute. Sorely over-played was this trifle when it was a new and seemed an amusing piece. Now, it is paying the penalty of popularity and familiarity. The measures of mystery and spell at the beginning remain work of imagination. The complementary measures at the end keep like quality. But how obvious between, how rhythmically monotonous, how little varied and quickened by artful, impulsive detail, seems the tone-picturing of the galumphing broom, the frightened apprentice, the flooding water and the other impelliments of the tale. After the manner of humans when they are pleased, we hearers made a "popular classic" out of a passing trifle—and now comes disillusion that even Mr. Monteux's high and graphic humor with the music could not avert.

The conductor was as zealous with Mozart's Symphony and to as eloquent outcome; but it is possible to regret the Olympian adjective that somehow, from somewhere, has long labelled it. Being a "Jupiter Symphony," it must be played—so runs the tradition—in big, broad, large-voiced fashion by the full forces—so far as Mozart's instruments go—of a twentieth-century orchestra. Yet did Mozart design for it any larger band than those for which he wrote many another symphony? True, he set within it many a large phrase and sounding period. True

the symphony moves in a noble progress. Yet did he not also write therein with many a finely shaded line, many a darting figure and lightly twining arabesque? Full voiced as he was, he did not forget his suppleness, his fragrance of melody. Mr. Monteux took the big broad way with the Symphony in the first movement and and finale, as it seemed to some ears with many a blur upon the Mozartean pattern. Better and truer was the lighter, more sensitive hand, the gentler voiced orchestra he bestowed upon the manifold song of the Andante, the wistful grace of the Minuet.

H. T. PARKER

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920-21

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

TWENTY-FOURTH PROGRAMME

[Last of the Season]

FRIDAY, APRIL 29, AT 2.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, AT 8 P. M.

FRANCK,

SYMPHONY in D minor
I. Lento: Allegro non troppo.
II. Allegretto.
III. Allegro non troppo.

BLOCH,

L'HIVER-PRINTEMPS ("Winter-Spring") Two Poems for Orchestra

I. Hiver.
II. Printemps.
(First time in Boston)

STRAUSS,

TONE-POEM, "Tod und Verklärung" ("Death and Transfiguration,") op. 24

WAGNER,

OVERTURE to "Tannhäuser"

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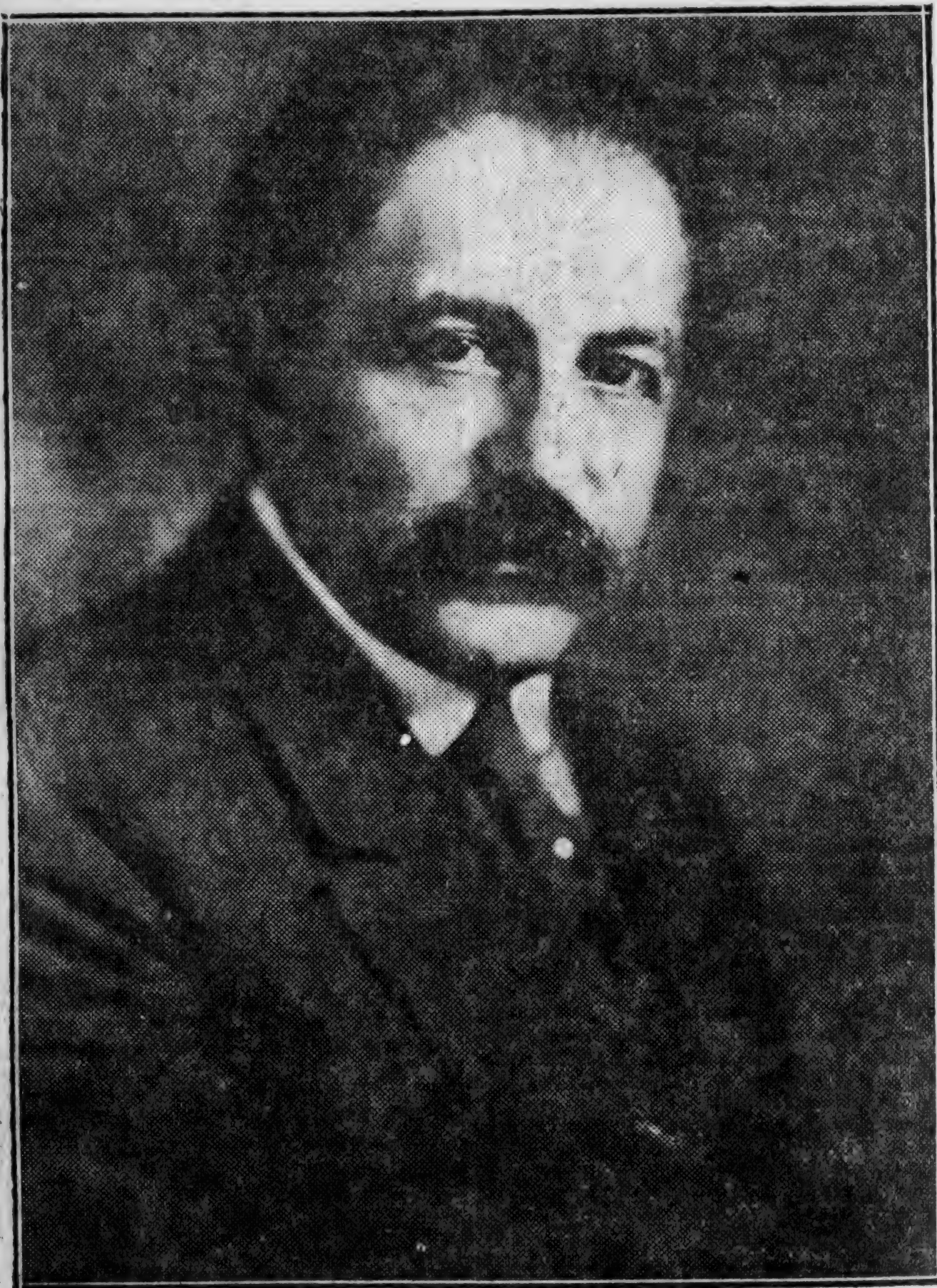
TONE-POEM, "Tod und Verklärung" ("Death and Transfiguration,") op. 24

WAGNER,

OVERTURE to "Tannhäuser"

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony.

For Spring Farewell and Autumn Greeting



Pierre Monteux

(Photograph by Garo)

Restorer of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

SYMPHONY AUDIENCE EFFUSIVE

Prolonged Ovation to
Monteux at Last
Concert

Post May 1, 1921
BY OLIN DOWNES

When Pierre Monteux, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, came on the stage of Symphony Hall to conduct the last Friday afternoon concert of the season, he was given a prolonged and enthusiastic greeting which must have pleased him. At the same time, this was out of all proportion to the applause which followed the last chord of the opening symphony—that of Cesar Franck. Then the audience let itself go in an ovation which has only been accorded this season to one other orchestral leader—Arturo Toscanini.

SIMPLE AND ELOQUENT

The symphony in itself was partly responsible for this, for it is today well understood, as it was not understood when first played in Boston in 1904, and it is perceived to be one of the simplest, one of the most noble and eloquent works in the orchestra repertory.

Mr. Monteux's performance, particularly of the opening movement, was uncommonly effective. It bore testimony

to his abilities and it was a reminder as well of the wonderful accomplishment that is his in Boston, where, despite the troubles incidental to the war and a strike, he has successfully re-assembled and remade the Boston Symphony Orchestra three successive times and restored to its traditional artistic excellence the organization which Major Higginson founded and which is world-famous.

Two Bloch Pieces

Franck's symphony was followed by two pieces of Ernest Bloch, not heard here before, "Winter" and "Spring-time." Composed in 1905, in the composer's 25th year, this music is not of the mature Bloch, who is today one of the most representative figures in the modern field. But it is music conspicuous for its sense of nature, for its impressionability, for the naturalness and spontaneity with which, at least in "Winter," the composer finds a tonal language to express himself. So expressing himself, Bloch is much more convincing in his first piece than in his second. Sadness—the thoughts that a gray and wintry day may occasion—these emotions are native to the composer.

He is less convincing to us, as he is less convincing to himself, when he tries to forget melancholy in the thought of laughing spring.

Strauss' Masterpiece

Then the heroic and tragic spirit of the youthful Strauss swept like a fiery wind over the orchestra. Then, hearing his masterpiece, "Death and Transfiguration," perhaps for the 10th or 15th time, the entire audience was confounded by its eloquence. It is always new and always confounding—the manner in which this Strauss dares to write of the flesh riven in twain, and of the spirit, rising, shaking out its wings, in the final ascension. The incredible thing is that he accomplishes so much of what he sets out to do. No wonder the audience was so deeply moved.

By the side of this music, how ineffectually bourgeois, theatrical, noisy and cheap sounded the "Tannhauser" overture. But how well made is this overture, what complete and irresistible mystery in the shaping of the ideas, the welding of the form. Confound this Wagner! Even when he is a cheap, affected player to the gallery he is a genius.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony.

SYMPHONY ENDS ITS 40TH SEASON

Bloch's Tone Poems Played
for the First Time
in Boston

AUDIENCE SHOWED MARKED ENTHUSIASM

By PHILIP HALE

The 24th and last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's 40th season took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Monteux conducted. The program was as follows: Franck, Symphony in D minor; Bloch, Two Poems for Orchestra, "Winter-Spring," Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration," Wagner, Overture to "Tannhaeuser."

Mr. Bloch's tone-poems were played for the first time in Boston. When they were performed last season in New York at a concert of the New Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Bloch gave the best possible description of them: "The title is sufficient, I think, to suggest to the audience the atmosphere I intended to create—so far as musical titles are able to represent the content of that language, inexpressible by words. 'Hiver' is sad and hopeless; 'Printenyss' is full of joy and hope. I was 24 when I wrote them." Mr. Bloch was born at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1880. "They are a small part of my personality and of my youth. That is already far away in a past that will not come again. . . . They are neither 'Classical' nor 'Ultra-modern.' The only thing I can tell about them is that they were sincerely written and are the expression of an inward necessity." In other words these pieces were written before Mr. Bloch devoted his indisputable talent to expressing in music the longings, woes and aspirations, the fanatical zeal and the religious fervor of his race.

He certainly succeeded in creating the atmosphere of winter and that of spring in these two poems. They are written in a comparatively simple manner, and for this reason are the more effective.

The melancholy mood and the dreariness of a winter landscape and winter's chill and nipping air are at once brought home to the hearer. The mood is maintained ingeniously, without undue elaboration. There is no vain attempt at photographic realism, the hearer looks out of the window; he is not plodding his way through snow and slush. The poem is short, but the impression made by it, by its simplicity and directness is durable. In admirable contrast is the suggestion of Spring, its fresh breezes, its awakening of life in Nature, its joy of birds, beasts and man. In this poem there is no attempt to portray a tumultuous spring, as one might strive to do with a great orchestra furnished with a battalion of percussion instruments. There is the Spring of the Elizabethan lyricists and of William Blake. The other compositions were all familiar. How gloriously they were played! No wonder that the audience was enthusiastic to a degree seldom observed at an orchestral concert.

Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" does not wear so well as his "Till Eulenspiegel" or "Don Juan." The introduction now seems rather tedious, so that one is impatient for the music of fever and delirium, nor does Strauss allow his hero to apologize gracefully in the manner of Charles II for being so long in dying. The most vital part of the tone poem is the preparation of the grand climax, the transfiguration, and this climax was so superbly reached by Mr. Monteux and the orchestra that the effect was overwhelming.

There are works and there are performances of them that are not to be described in words, nor should one toil in purple phrases to convey to him that did not hear the passion, the nobility, the grandeur of the work itself, or the splendor of the performance. Cesar Franck's symphony is one of the greatest achievements in the history of music since the first pipe was rudely fashioned, since the first man beat upon a drum. Never was the glory of this symphony, with its expression of restless foreboding, its questionings in doubt, its message of reassurance and consolation, its triumphant conclusion, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, the Alleluia of a great multitude, so fully revealed in Boston as it was in the concert of yesterday.

After the spirited and sonorous performance of the "Tannhaeuser" overture, there was a long-continued demonstration of enthusiasm.

The concert will be repeated tonight.

A short review of the season with a few remarks about Mr. Monteux and the orchestra will be published in the Herald of tomorrow.

April Boston Notes 30, 1921
Specially for The Christian Science Monitor

BOSTON, Massachusetts—The twenty-fourth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given on April 29, was as follows: Franck, Symphony in D minor; Bloch, "Hiver-Printemps"—two poems for orchestra; Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration"; Wagner, overture to "Tannhaeuser."

This last program of the present season brought to light nothing new with the exception of Bloch's two poems. They are the expression of two contrasted moods, gracefully written and skillfully orchestrated, the music of an imaginative, sincere musician. They are perhaps too subjectively conceived to attract the attention of the sensation-loving crowd, yet they are all the better for that. The remaining numbers on the program are well known. Mr. Monteux's readings of Franck's symphony and the "Tannhaeuser" overture are familiar. That of Strauss' symphonic poem was sympathetic.

The past season has been one of great artistic merit. Many worthy novelties have had a hearing, many unfamiliar classics have been brought to renewed attention while the more familiar classics have not been neglected. Mr. Monteux's programs have contained the music of all schools. The orchestra, too, has made marked progress, both technically and musically. The musical public of this city has indeed been fortunate in having Mr. Monteux at the head of its most important musical institution. His sincere artistry has been of untold benefit to the musical life of the community.

Post — May 1, 1921
The Boston Symphony season of 1920-21 came to an end last night with a signal triumph for Mr. Monteux and his men. It is good to record a success which has been so richly deserved. Mr. Monteux took the Boston Symphony conductorship under a handicap. He inherited the

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony.

orchestra's troubles which originated during war time. He then went through all the difficulties of the strike. He has had in all virtually three times to reassemble and perfect the Boston Symphony organization. He has, in the face of all this, achieved wonderful results.

Mr. Monteux has not only assembled and co-ordinated players new and old in very difficult tasks. He has also sensitized the orchestra. As its actual technical standards have improved and returned to traditional excellences the band has become the more subtle and faithful reflection of the ideas of its leader. It would be hard in any one of the last 20 seasons of the orchestra to recall more brilliant performances than have been given during late months.

Also, from the beginning, Mr. Monteux has triumphed as a programme maker. He is so broad-minded, so catholic in his musical tastes that some have exclaimed that he had no individual tastes, no preferences, no partialities to music of any composer. It is a good reputation for a conductor to have. Mr. Monteux has not held aloof from any composer or any school. He has brought to the study of modern works a zeal which burned a little brighter when it encountered a score difficult to understand. The novelties have been in far the greater number worth performing and keeping the repertory, and not merely freak pieces to be played once and thereafter to adorn the Boston Symphony library shelves. They have kept the Symphony audiences well abreast of developments of the day in music. In every way the past Symphony season has been notable. The orchestra has won back its prestige, which for a time was trembling in the balance, thanks to this conductor and to the expert business management of the orchestra. Other orchestras are changing with time, disappearing, welding together, subservient to and very seldom indeed, whatever the occasion, defiant of the dictates of a union. The Boston Symphony has remained by itself, on both business and artistic grounds, and its course has been justified by its fruits. Its financial difficulties are not at an end, but they will be solved and the orchestra's position and permanency made the more sure through Bostonians who have learned the value of the great organization founded by Major Higginson and who will see that it is perpetuated.

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SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Apr. 30, 1921
WARM LEAVE-TAKING ENDS THE SEASON

Conductor and Orchestra as the Work of the Year Has Developed Them—A Ripened Monteux and a Newly Risen Band Well on the Way to Old Perfections—Franck, Strauss and Wagner for the Afternoon in Music of Perennial Glories

ABOVE the usual yesterday, the final concert of the Symphony Orchestra in the current afternoon series was festal. As almost always the audience filled every seat in Symphony Hall; while, contrary to frequent custom, nearly every one remained to the end of the programme, ever lingered thereafter. The applause that welcomed Mr. Monteux to his place, pitched the tune of the day. It was uncommonly hearty and sustained; it waxed longer and louder at the close of Franck's Symphony; it diminished not at all when the concert was done. Then, indeed, the listening company gave the conductor sincerest and warmest token of its regard. If ever an audience hastened homeward, it is the customary audience of Friday afternoon at the Symphony Concerts. The mother (with daughters), who in the Harvard ballad of Class Day passionately seeks the "Pudding Spread," made not more speed than usually do the elect matrons, the attendant demoiselles, toward motor cars, tea-tables, engagements and pastimes. Yesterday, however, they lingered—stayed even until they had twice and thrice recalled the conductor and finally set him within his standing orchestra.

In moments of irritation over the reception of novel and highly individualized music, it is possible to believe this assembly of Friday afternoons timid and close-minded. Yet it has long perceived and yesterday it warmly appreciated the qualities that shine out of Mr. Monteux—his single-minded, single-hearted devotion to his work, and for the work's sake; his zeal for the broadest and the finest standards of the orchestra; his quickness and openness of mind; his catholic sympathies over the whole range of symphonic music and for the music of his own time most of all; his manifold eloquence in manifold performance, never declining into mediocrity, almost never falling into routine, usually revelation of piece in hand, time and again touching beauty, gaining power. Probably, too, at the back

of the heads of this applauding company went the notion that at the end of the season of 1921, Mr. Monteux is an abler, more sensitive, more versatile conductor than he was at the beginning of the season of 1919. He is—by clear proof in his work; by clear impression, deepening the winter through, upon his hearers. No conductor may serve the Symphony Concerts and keep to the standards thereof and not deepen, broaden, refine in the process. It was the Monteux so amplified, so sensitized that the audience saluted yesterday.

No less good to hear was the warmth of this applauding company toward the orchestra itself. The clapping appreciably swelled when, at the close of Franck's Symphony, the conductor bade the players to their feet. When he did likewise, after the concert had ended with the Overture to "Tannhäuser," even cries and cheers arose—rarest of sounds within the sober precincts of the Symphony Concerts and from such a Bostonian audience. Seldom have there been like zest, like frank release of honest impulse in a usually prim self-conscious public—or with more reason. The orchestra is not yet the orchestra of the days when neither Europe nor America could match it; nor is it again the almost ideal orchestra that it then was—the more essential standard. As Mr. Monteux said himself the other day: "There is still much to be done." None the less from last October through the present April, progress toward the goal has never flagged. Again the band is a highly responsive instrument, collectively to the conductor and the music in hand, severally choir to choir and man to man. Again a hearty esprit du corps keeps it on edge to its work. Little by little it is achieving the gamut of tone that of old ran from force to finesse and knew every gradation between; regaining the old range of expression that answered to every composer, characterized each piece, summoned brightness or beauty or power or splendor at the conductor's will. The large, warm vigors, the fine precisions of the re-constituted band do not coarsen; while to them the work of the year has added plasticity, transparency, euphony of many-colored voice.

The strings, notably among the second violins, have regained sensitive and unified voice, smooth and shimmering, ardent and incisive, as many-toned as the music it would speak. Yet an additional violoncello or two would better balance the choir; while there is still need of a first viola to companion in quality Mr. Burgin of the violins and Mr. Bedetti of the violoncellos. The wind-choir is unexcelled in any American orchestra—even Mr. Stock's—and probably in any European. Mr. Laurent is master-flutist beyond any of his predecessors;

Mr. Speyer at the English horn and too infrequently at the oboe, has added a signal talent to the orchestra; Mr. Laus with the bassoon, is peer to both. The clarinets are more debatable and upon their quality in the leisure of summer Mr. Monteux may advisedly ponder. Often he seeks the riches of tone that his six horn-players may yield the music. Once and again, the expert listener suspects that the first and the third among them have quite as much to do as is good for their mettle. Agreed that, in cost, able horn-players are articles of luxury and vertu. Yet why not add the two that have been missing from the desirable octet since the Higginsonian days ended? For the rest, Mr. Neumann at the kettle-drums and Mr. Holy and Mme. Delcourt at the harps speak weekly for themselves; Mr. Mager and the trumpets, Mr. Hampe and the trombones know the secrets both of mellowness and flare. A virtuoso of the tuba—for there can be and there has been in the orchestra such a player—it still lacks and again Mr. Monteux may advisedly consider betterment. It is a pity, too, for mere appearance's sake that another player should oscillate between the violas and the instruments of percussion. As for them they have deserved the opportunity that the conductor's fondness for ultra-modern music bestows upon them.

So man by man, choir by choir does the whole orchestra gradually renew the mettle of the old. A little more lightness and plency and sensibility of shading when the elder music is in hand, a little more openness and suavity of tone when the voices are yet moving in mass; a little less muscularity and a deeper richness of tone in broad spread and upswelling climax and the end will be nearly gained. Already resiliency to rhythm, alertness to modulation and transition, color-sense in harmonic background have been reconquered. To these glories regained the new orchestra adds now a new and signal distinction of its own. For the first time in years, and especially in the string choir, it is a young orchestra. And youth or the spirit of youth is the strongest safeguard against routine and formula. It is only the truth to say that Mr. Monteux with the players working with him have so restored the band—not so much in his own image as in the image of its standards. Thank Heaven, they are not a "tradition." For they are still alive and quickening.

As usual at these final concerts, the programme for the most part traversed familiar pieces—Franck's Symphony; Strauss's tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration"; Wagner's overture to his opera, "Tannhäuser." Fortunately for music, composer and hearers, Mr. Monteux had put by for two seasons this over-played Symphony in the days of Rabaud and Muck.

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Again it came relatively fresh to conductor, orchestra and hearers; and again it stimulated all three by what now seem transparent qualities. If ever there was a mystery in human understanding and appreciation of music, it is the obscurity, the abstruseness, the general "irregularity" with which this Symphony of Franck was of old reproached. The motifs whence it springs come clear to the ear; by unmistakable quality they touch and hold the imagination; again and again they recur to renew character and deepen impression. The form and progress of the music are as vivid and transparent—the long ascent, with occasional recession and recurring striving along the way—from shadow into radiance, out of brooding into gladness. At every turn, through each contrast, up and down gradation and modulation, musical structure and emotional content are as one; while harmonic and instrumental color seem as natural, inevitable vesture. Above all, the passion, the moods, the voice of the music are deeply and immediately human, almost universal. The wonder remains that any hearer could have wilfully misunderstood, obstinately resisted such music. For Franck's Symphony is like to Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry. In it are simplicity and strength, beauty and nobility.

Similarly, heard anew after superfluous war-time banishment Strauss's tone-poem remains a masterpiece in kind. Thus far, the power that germinates, expands, intensifies and culminates into the uttermost splendors of tone, the measures of transfiguration abides the years. Again at their bidding come majesty and might and heavens opened. Still the measures wherein man fights for his faiths and ideals, his life according to his own living, ring with a knightly note unmatched outside the chivalric motif in "Parsifal." Once more the misty passage of childhood memories flickering across the dying mind, wets the eyes with an ineffable beauty. Still do the stark drum-beats of Death the Merciless beat also upon the imagination. Throughout the tone-poem, indeed, goes for some of us and unflagging "the greater Strauss"—not merely the Strauss who is master of delineation in tones, who can mate inextricably and evenly formal progress with emotional and pictorial content, and still walk at ease and eloquently, whose palette glows with every harmonic and instrumental color, mixed with imagination; but the Strauss who for once has searched and known the heart and the will of man; who for once has quested toward the Divine Justice, who has penetrated deep into the strivings the faiths, the glories of man's living and who has charged a universal music as deeply with them. Few as yet may hear "Death and Transfiguration" unstirred.

But, but, whispers the neighboring youngster as Mr. Monteux, at the overture to "Tannhäuser," lifts his stick: "Here is 'old hat' indeed. Give the populace—and the horns—their fling." It is possible to be not so sure. For double and the lengthening years that Strauss's tone-poem has bided, Wagner's overture has endured the teeth of time; and after them all and through the thick accretions of popularity upon the pages, Mr. Lawrence Gilman may still write well and truly in the programme-book of the National Symphony Orchestra: "How much of the thrice-familiar music remains unstated. The wonderful opening measures; the exciting entrance of the Venusberg theme in the violas; the superb and passionate subject for the violins against which the cellos surge in mounting chromatic waves; the enticing song of the clarinet heard through tremolos of the muted strings; the magnificent and thrilling close—which, as Wagner blandly observed in his notes on the performing of "Tannhäuser," can make its intended effect only if the conductor and band expend upon it the utmost energy and force." Both yesterday lavished them. H. T. PARKER

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On a Sunday afternoon last month about 250 music lovers met in the art gallery of the Boston Art Club. The invitation was from the Boston Flute Players' Club.

Mr. Malcolm Lang, the president of the club, in his informal speech of welcome, outlined the aims and aspirations of this unique organization. He said, in brief, the purpose of the association is to foster love for the flute and its music by performing chamber music that gives the instrument its proper setting; to encourage skill in execution; to create interest in music composed for the flute in combination with other instruments, also the voice.

BLOCH THE LISTENER Timely Word of His Newest Piece Apropos the Return of His Music to the Symphony Concerts

ERNEST BLOCH is one of the few men living who listen. He has the art of hearkening, of hearkening veritably to his proper body. The most of us, musicians, poets, prosemen, do not know how to hear, how to lean attentively over ourselves. We do not know how to pause suspended and give heed to what the blood murmurs. We are outside, adverted, deaf to the fine trickle of song always within the body. We struggle to fit ourselves into forms bequeathed to us. We persuade ourselves we feel, as other men felt, a hundred years ago, fifty years ago; persuade ourselves we hear c-major, march and dance movements, broad sustained chanting melody, a plain, straightforward, unmottled gush of sensation, a melodic line with an accompaniment. Such is the world, we rest assured. Expression is undertaken prejudicially, the matter adjudged, the award bestowed upon the accepted forms. We do not even inquire whether the individuals who thought to hear these patterns heard them indeed, or were deceived. Dead things are produced, and we either do not know at all that they are obsolete, or are entirely unable to account for their uselessness.

But Bloch does that which Bach did, which Wagner did, which Debussy did, which every true musician will ever do. He goes directly for his substance, his form, to the warm, quick of sensation. He permits himself to be guided not by what others have felt, or said they have felt, but by what takes place within his flesh. He is eager to hear that murmurous evanescent thing, to seize it in its immediacy, to fix it in its ineluctable, unfathomable flow, before it escape him and us entirely. He hearkens until his spirit ear becomes sensitive to its wayward flow, till a continuity, a pattern, commences to define itself in the chaos. He hars, always in progress in him, the transformation of pain into pleasure, of pleasure into pain; the unrelenting piling of edifice upon edifice, each superstructure subsiding immediately to make way for the coming one; the melting in the solidification, the retreat in the advance. He hears the pain of the years crystallized into an incandescent moment of pleasure; he hears the drag of hours of depression, the movements in him up and down. He knows what takes place between him and the objects of the city when he goes out;

mark in him; what to meet the ugliness from without on him and carry knows the state of before-dawn light, n, Bloch is aware impulse to embrace great will to say impulse that real- too romantically, is symphony, and life, of men, of chained, weighed and fumbling for here, beneath the melancholy brood- beneath the ape-like, grand, and sor- self upward, lacer- in, till at last the hetic strain stands stammers with ex- the clouds part fore the perform- from the piano- how rare, how re- self-registration, the ut the performance tional Symphony vember thrust the and in thrusting it enetrate even more two versions are which Alfred Stieg- of a single nega- e of differences in ng-paper, are quite r. The pianoforte, suite an intimate rs in place of stat- ie the pleasure of s through another on the other hand, izes the ideas; the 7, fully stated. The i, in consequence, composition, already Indeed, it is pos- for the first time determined orches- rsion for the larger he superior. of Bloch is original is pianoforte style. fruits are held un- d yet it is exceed- pointed. The dyna- seldom called into rs only a few times eless, the orchestra y and power. Both ration are reached; into play at once a less that seem new

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what the deeds of men mark in him; what rhythms rise from within to meet the ugliness, what rhythms come from without and insist themselves on him and carry him before them. He knows the state of his life, the submerged, before-dawn light. And always within him, Bloch is aware of the presence of an impulse to embrace all things and men, a great will to say yea. It is perhaps the impulse that realized itself too naively, too romantically, too thoughtlessly, in his symphony, and which the experience of life, of men, of the world, has driven in, chained, weighed to earth. But it is alive, and fumbling for egress. It is always there, beneath the bitterness, beneath the melancholy brooding, beneath the pain, beneath the ape-like joy and tenderness, veiled, grand, and sorrowful. And it forces itself upward, lacerated, woeful, half-broken, till at last the doors give, the old prophetic strain stands free and speaks again, stammers with excess, stands silent while the clouds part in the light of dawn.

One already knew, before the performance of the orchestral, from the piano-version, how sheer, how rare, how remarkable a piece of self-registration, the Bloch viola suite is. But the performance of the piece by the National Symphony Orchestra early in November thrust the fact in on one again, and in thrusting it a second time, made it penetrate even more profoundly. For the two versions are like two of the prints which Alfred Stieglitz sometimes makes of a single negative and which, because of differences in the quality of the printing-paper, are quite distinct from each other. The pianoforte, of course, makes the suite an intimate thing; adumbrates colors in place of stating them. It gives one the pleasure of hearing orchestral hues through another medium. The orchestra, on the other hand, both swells and subtilizes the ideas; the colors are boldly, shrilly, fully stated. The differences of medium, in consequence, made one to hear the composition, already familiar, quite afresh. Indeed, it is possible that one heard it for the first time entire, for Bloch is determined orchestral writer, and the version for the larger instrument is perhaps the superior.

The instrumentation of Bloch is original and daring beyond his pianoforte style. It is exceedingly such; fruits are held under one's nostrils. And yet it is exceedingly neat and dry and pointed. The dynamics of the band are seldom called into play; the sign ff appears only a few times in the score. Nevertheless, the orchestra is heard in its entirety and power. Both the extremes of coloration are reached; the Bloch score calls into play at once a shrillness and sombreness that seem new

however, of the green the darker timbres and that of Debussy and alto and the soprano wns and purples and e deeper, than those Debussy's. The bass the old gold of the te. Furthermore, the mission demanded by sic a sharpness and ussy's. He uses the ively as does Strav-orable passage in the used of a melancholy over curious dry taps A small wooden box z bands, is employed, ne celesta, with whip-st movement.

one recognized the ork. The Viola Suite most powerful of s neither the grandi-the Psalms, nor the lence of the String first of his composi-ed and executed since merica, and the diffi-t to the life of the itably somewhat re-mparative smallness

Bloch is ripening idly; it may be he a little in order to over his style. Still, les that make it in al improvement over written. The Suite one who has him-id. It is a capital on. There are no nt spots in it. It and yet always a lves relentlessly, and eptible stages; it is persistently in pro-The four movements f a single cube, and l.

s the sense that the ree, entirely at ease; naturally and richly. Bloch does succeed the heights attained the Psalms, he will achieve work com-ormally harder even ses the achievement f the masterwork he in the more circum-for Ernest Bloch at-rhaps no other living [Paul Rosenfeld in

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to secure free advice music. In spite, however, of the green Miss S. Agnes Donflames of the flutes, the darker timbres tary of the department prevail. The difference between the or- association. Miss Dechestration of Bloch and that of Debussy each weekday in Mass. much between the alto and the soprano Suffolk Savings Bank, voice. There are browns and purples and days, 11 A. M. to 2 golds in Bloch's lyre deeper, than those Boston Five Cents S that appear in any of Debussy's. The bass street, Tuesdays, 9 tones of the harps, the old gold of the Home Savings Bank, nesdays, 9 A. M. to solo viola, predominate. Furthermore, the Franklin Savings Bank, days, 9 A. M. to instruments of percussion demanded by Union Institution for Bloch give his music a sharpness and street, Fridays, 9 briskness alien to Debussy's. He uses the Charlestown Five Cent snare-drum as effectively as does Strav- son square, Saturdinsky; there is a memorable passage in the

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As in the past, the more various and in The Dial

SYMPHONY HALL
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 21, AT 3.30

^{37th}
Thirty-fourth Concert for the
Benefit of the Orchestra's

PENSION FUND

BY THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

PROGRAMME

Rimsky-Korsakoff Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade"
(after "The Thousand Nights and a Night") Opus 35
I. The Sea and Sindbad's Ship.
II. The Story of the Kalandar-Prince.
III. The Young Prince and the Young Princess.
IV. Festival at Bagdad. The Sea. The Ship goes to pieces against
a rock surmounted by a Bronze Warrior. Conclusion.

Saint-Saëns Symphonic Poem, "La Jeunesse d'Hercule"
("The Youth of Hercules")

Liszt Concerto for Pianoforte in E-flat, No. 1

Wagner Overture to "Rienzi"

SOLOIST
GUY MAIER, Pianist

CHICKERING PIANO USED

Tickets at Symphony Hall Box Office. \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, no tax.

37TH PENSION FUND CONCERT

Vivid Performance of the
"Scheherazade" Suite Is
Orchestral Triumph

GUY MAIER SHOWS POWER AT PIANO

Herald — Nov. 22, 1920

In Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon the Symphony orchestra gave its 37th Pension Fund concert, the first of this season.

The program was: "Scheherazade," symphonic suite, Rimsky-Korsakoff; "The Youth of Hercules," symphonic poem, Saint-Saens; concerto in E-flat No. 1, for piano and orchestra, Liszt; "Rienzi" overture, Wagner. Guy Maier, pianist, was soloist.

The hall was filled. The orchestra was on its mettle. The conductor was in his best mood to take advantage of the skill and the special aplomb of his men. The audience was keenly curious to see how Mr. Monteux and the musicians would play the "Scheherazade" suite, as they were to give it for the first time together. Spontaneous enthusiasm greeted the suite at every break in its course. The concert was a splendid success.

A dominant note ran through the whole program—spectacular and glorious employment of conquering might. It was as if the selections had been made for the celebration of some great triumph. Perhaps Mr. Monteux and his men are mainly Republicans and took the chance to glorify the sweep of Nov. 2. At any rate, the whole program and the playing of it sounded like that from the surging victory of the sea over Sinbad's ship, shattered against the rock on which the bronze warrior stood, through the suggested power of young Hercules, in the triumphal strains of the concerto and down to the blaring pomp of "Rienzi."

The interspersed lyric beauties that served by contrast to make the impression of glory more vivid were exquisitely portrayed by Mr. Burgin in Scheherazade's tale-telling, by the orchestra and by Mr. Maier in the concerto.

The pianist and his characteristic manner fitted perfectly the general scheme of the concert. He seemed the animating centre of the whole machine. He played with all there was in him and with his whole body. Head, neck, shoulders, arms, legs, feet took part in the rhythm and the feeling. Mr. Maier is a two-fisted pianist and holds nothing in reserve. It is not posing. He just means everything he does. And he does it all superbly.



GUY MAIER

Herald — Nov. 14, 1920

No musician of Boston has made a more distinguished name for himself in recent years than Guy Maier, the pianist, who is to play with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its Pension Fund concert next Sunday afternoon. This, Mr. Maier's first appearance in Boston with the orchestra, follows a long and notable record of highly successful recitals, not only here but in New York and other cities. Together with Lee Pattison, he has specialized in concerts of music for two pianos, and the two young men, by their combined talents, have created a fresh interest in music in this form.

At the declaration of war Mr. Maier

went to France and took an important part in the work with our army there. He helped in the organization of the great "leave centres" behind the front, and delighted wounded soldiers by his concerts in many encampments. In Paris he also attracted considerable attention by his recitals. Last year, several concerts for young people, with preliminary talks on the music to be played, afforded some of the delightful musical events of the season.

At this concert he will perform Liszt's brilliant concerto in E flat with the orchestra. Pierre Monteux, conductor, will make the afternoon exceptionally interesting by rendering Rimsky-Korsakoff's symphonic suite, "Scheherazade," based upon tales from the Arabian Nights. Perhaps no score could display the individual talents of a virtuoso orchestra more strikingly than this colorful and pictorial masterpiece. Its notable violin solos will afford a special opportunity to hear the talents of the new concertmaster, Richard Burgin, as a virtuoso. The other numbers will be Saint-Saens' symphonic poem, "The Youth of Hercules" and Wagner's Overture to "Rienzi."

CONCERT FOR PENSION FUND

Post.
Guy Maier Soloist With
Symphony Orchestra

Herold — 20: 22. 1930

An appropriate acclamation to the boisterous entrance of winter was the Pension fund concert given for and by the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon. Brilliance, dash, dramatic power and heroic energy adorned each of the four numbers on the programme, and in each the orchestra had ample opportunity to blaze forth, collectively and individually in all the glory and perfection of its technique and temperament. It seemed attuned to the raging storm outside, and in sonorous and magnificent passages translated the elements into the melody of strong emotions. The audience which entirely filled the house, was thoroughly appreciative, judging from the prolonged applause which recalled M. Monteux and the soloists many times, and was acknowledged by the entire orchestra.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" was given a wonderful performance, with its splendid underlying ring of the sea—now calmly rolling, now menacing and angry, finishing in the breathlessly dramatic wrecking of Sinbad's ship "against a rock surmounted by a bronze warrior." It will be remembered that M. Monteux conducted the first ballet adaptation of this piece as Diaghileff's company performed it. Some very fine violin solo passages in this number were rendered by Richard R. Burgin, the new concert master. In fact this was his first important solo work with the Symphony Orchestra.

The symphonic poem, "The Youth of Hercules," by Saint-Saens, although possessing its dramatic moments, and an undercurrent of buoyant strength, was much more quiet than the exuberant Russian piece.

A happy addition to the programme was the Liszt concerto in E flat, played by Guy Maier, with the orchestra. In his brilliant and sympathetic execution of this characteristic Liszt concerto, which runs the gamut of practically all human emotions, he has added further laurels to his name. Clear and bell-like in the lighter passages, magnificently abandoned in the heavy parts, his touch shows as great a sensitiveness as his technique. The orchestra supported him with perfect sympathy.

The last number was one which is always a favorite at the Pops, but was doubly glorified with the augmented winter orchestra. Wagner's overture to "Rienzi" set an emphatic and brilliant period to a rarely fine and nicely balanced concert.

"Scheherazade" and Supplements

The first purpose of a concert by the Symphony Orchestra for the profit of its Pension Fund is to increase the income benevolently and deservingly disbursed. The second is to display the quality of the orchestra that sustains the fund and is the gainer by it. The third is to give to the assembled audience the pleasure of music and performance. By experience of the past a concert of Wagner's music best serves these three ends. Chaikovsky is useful to them, especially with his "Pathetic Symphony." An eminent "assisting artist," is also worth the while. Departures from routine waken discoverable interest as when Dr. Muck set Strauss's "Blue Danube" waltz on such a programme, or when the Harvard Glee Club twice added choral pieces to the orchestral numbers. The dependable choice, however, is a "Wagner Concert." It fills Symphony Hall, puts conductor and band on their mettle, yields music that next to never in these

days do we Bostonians hear in the opera house. Why not, then, return to such programmes for the Pension Fund? A miscellany like that of yesterday and of similar concerts within easy recollection takes a long chance. The orchestra was fortunate in the numbers of the audience on Sunday, though perceptible seats stood empty. Not yet, seemingly, does the town, by and large, know the renewal virtue of the band, while some have still to discover that usually Mr. Monteux is an interesting director.

Much more than such was the conductor in the principal piece of yesterday afternoon, Rimsky-Korsakov's symphonic suite of the Arabian Nights, "Scheherazade." Through and through he knows the music, since time and again he has led in it in the version that suited the needs of Mr. Diaghilev's Russian Ballet. In itself, moreover, it quickens his best powers. The tonal texture is sumptuous and splendid, glowing with harmonic and instrumental color in mass, in contrasts, in strands finely spun. Throughout rhythm beats high and modulation tingles upon the ear. Climactic surge of progress alternates with pungent sensuous loveliness. As in a theatre of the imagination the ear may hear and the eye see the imagery of the music. Here Scheherazade herself speaks seductively to her listening lord. There drones the Kalendar at his wondrous tale. In the solitary garden the young prince and the young princess—"moons of their age"—whisper and dream and fondle. The revels of Baghdad swirl through the night. The great sea tosses Sinbad's ship from wave to wave. When Mr. Monteux can so visualize a music, so set it, as it were, within a theatre, he is invariably eloquent. Moreover, there is magic in "Scheherazade"—the magic of Rimsky-Korsakov's imagination when he would evoke the storied East; the magic of music when melody and modulation, rhythm and color, the matter within, the manner without, unite in deep and illusory sensation: upon any and all hearers. Mr. Monteux would not be the conductor that he is did he not stir to such conjuring.

Yesterday, besides, the orchestra caught sparks from director and composer. Familiarly "Scheherazade" has been displayful music for the virtuosi that strew the band. It was so again when Mr. Laus at the first bassoon began the tale of the Kalendar-Prince; when Mr. Sand sang upon his clarinet; when Mr. Holy added the color of his harp; when Mr. Burgin made the voice of Scheherazade upon his violin cajoling enough to win twenty Sultans. (In the orchestra he gains a beauty of penetrating tone, a warmth of expression that evaded him, the other day, as "solo-violinist" in a miscellaneous concert.) As signal were the virtues of the several choirs. The strings shimmered in the episode of the garden, or elsewhere set edge to Rimsky-Korsakov's modulations or again, sang deep and full in his sea-meas-

ures. The wood-winds and the horns were voice to the opulence, the glow of the whole music. The brass lent power and richness to its sonorities. The whole orchestra pulsed with rhythm. Hardly before in its new estate, has it seemed at once so puissant and sensitive an instrument. With the suite so played, both the tonal and the imaginative splendor of "Scheherazade" drenched those that heard. When the music was done, the listeners could say to themselves as they do after "Carmen" or "Tristan": "Our sons shall hear and know and delight in this as well as we."

As the fortunes of the afternoon went, the second part of the concert was far less interesting and impressive in the quality of both music and performance. No doubt Saint-Saens's tone-poem, "The Youth of Hercules," has merits—appropriate motifs, smooth jointure, felicitous workmanship, a painstaking imagination. When Mr. Rabaud revived the piece, after years of neglect, the listener half-believed in it. Yesterday, however, the sensuous dalliance and the manly readiness, between which the young Hercules must choose, sounded equally dull. Virtue and vice at Saint-Saens's varnishing hands wizened into tonal platitude. The music smelt equally of the composer's study-table and of a large and fashionable Parisian audience. Nor did it receive exactly a polished and subtly accented performance. Since even working hours have their limits, Mr. Monteux could not prepare everything as he had "Scheherazade."

Liszt and Wagner filled the remainder of the programme—Liszt of the concerto for piano in E flat, Wagner of the overture to "Rienzi." Mr. Guy Maier played the solo part in the concerto, with a tone that seemed dry and hard, a stiff progress, an impassive mood, until he reached the scherzo-like measures. Then he lightened his touch, warmed his voice, relaxed his fingers and through the finale caught in measure the verve and glint of the music. Throughout, however, he remained literal, gaining neither the sweeping ardor nor the jewelled workmanship that are the two ways with Liszt of the concertos. As for the accompaniment—even the Symphony Orchestra may now and then fall away to "scratch performance." Far better went the overture to "Rienzi." Mr. Mager, indeed, made the trumpet passages at the beginning sound as though the Wagner of the golden prime had written them; while Mr. Monteux, as the music warrants, laid on and spared not, whether it was galumphing sound and fury or songful paste and fustian. Mr. Gilman, writing of this overture to "Rienzi" in a recent programme-book of the National Orchestra, remarked that it was "near-Mayerbeer." At the least, Mr. Monteux raised the alcoholic contents to something more than two and seventy-five hundredths per centum.

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SYMPHONY HALL
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 6, at 3.00 o'clock

Thirty-eighth Concert for the
Benefit of the Orchestra's

PENSION FUND

BY THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

ALL-WAGNER PROGRAMME:

Prelude to "Die Meistersinger"
Prelude to "Lohengrin"
Overture to "Tannhäuser" and Bacchanale
(Paris Version)
(With Chorus of Women's Voices)

Ride of the Valkyries from "Die Walküre"

Prelude to the Third Act of "Tristan and
Isolde" (With English Horn Solo)
Excerpts from "Der Ring des Nibelungen"
Siegfried's Passage to Brünnhilde's Rock;
("Siegfried," Act III, Scene 2)
Morning Dawn and Siegfried's Rhine
Journey ("Götterdämmerung," Prologue)

Tickets now on sale at Symphony Hall Box Office. \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, no tax

WAGNER PROGRAM AT PENSION CONCERT

Symphony Orchestra Plays
to Capacity Audience

People's Orchestra Wins Vigorous
Applause in Convention Hall

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux, conductor, gave the second of its three concerts in aid of the pension fund yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The capacity audience

and enthusiastic applause were partly a tribute to Wagner, excerpts from whose music dramas filled the entire program. It was a tradition for some years before the war to play a Wagner program at one of the pension fund concerts. It was also a tradition that the orchestra should be on its mettle on such occasions and better if possible the high standard of performance set at the regular concerts.

Yesterday the orchestra played much as though it were a "special Wagner night" at the Pops, where many rehearsals are an impossibility. Those skeptical listeners who have not heard such excellent recent performances as that of Beethoven's First Symphony on Jan 21 must have formed the impression that the absolute precision and euphony in ensemble which were a chief glory of the old Symphony Orchestra are absent in the present band.

The brass section were the most obvious offenders. The chorus from the Cecilia Society, trained by Agide Jacchia, sang its few measures off stage acceptably.

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SYMPHONY HALL

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 10, at 3.30 o'clock

Thirty-ninth Concert for the
Benefit of the Orchestra's

PENSION FUND

BY THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

PROGRAMME

Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 64

- I. Andante; Allegro con anima.
- II. Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza.
- III. Valse: Allegro moderato.
- IV. Finale: Andante maestoso; Allegro vivace.

TSCHAIKOWSKY

Allegro moderato from the Concerto for
Violin in D major, No. 2, Op. 35

Soloist, RICHARD BURGIN

Italian Caprice, Op. 45

Variations on a Rococo Theme for Violon-
cello with Orchestral Accompaniment,
Op. 33

Soloist, JEAN BEDETTI

Marche Slave, Op. 31

Tickets at Box Office, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00 (no tax)

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SYMPHONY CONCERT FOR PENSION FUND

Herald — *Nov. 16, 1921*
Program of Exceptional Merit Re-
ceives Warm Applause

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its 39th concert for the benefit of the orchestra's pension fund yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Pierre Monteux conducted. The hall was well filled and an appreciative audience listened to the rather long program, which was made up of works by Tschai-kowsky.

The first half of the program was his symphony in E minor. Even with its finale of tremendous force, this symphony largely gives the impression of sombre and plaintive melody. The second half was in strong contrast, and the violin concerto in D major gave Richard Burgin, the concert master of the orchestra, a rare opportunity for the display of his excellent technic and emotional expression. Mr. Burgin was recalled four times to receive the applause of the audience.

The "Italian Caprice" brought out the full strength of the orchestra. Jean Bedetti, first cellist, played the "Variations on a Rococo Theme" with orchestral accompaniment, and he also returned several times to acknowledge the hearty plaudits which his playing justified.

The "Marche Slave," with its strongly marked Russian characteristics, was a fitting ending to a program of exceptional merit.

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Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920-21

Two Hours of Chaikovsky *Nov. 16, 1921*

The Symphony Orchestra is generous to the public of the concerts for the increase of its Pension Fund. Many such hearers—conductor and manager seem to believe—seek it only on these occasions. To them accordingly it would return full measure. Hence programmes two hours long and programmes as often as not of the music of a single composer. Even Beethoven has so served a good cause; these many years Wagner has been prop and pillar to it; and next to Wagner, Chaikovsky. Usually, it has been the Chaikovsky of the Pathetic Symphony, the Nutcracker Ballet, or both. Yesterday, however, Mr. Monteux, as his frequent way is, departed from precedent. "All-Chaikovsky," as the patrons of the concert-hall puts it, was to be the programme; but by will of the conductor it traversed his Fifth Symphony, his Italian Caprice, his Slavic March, his Rocco Variations for Violoncello and Orchestra, the first movement of his Concerto for Violin. As frequenters of the regular Symphony Concerts know, Chaikovsky has there been in long eclipse. Dr. Muck disliked his music and mistrusted himself as conductor in it; Mr. Rabaud accepted unquestioned parochial Parisian scorn of it; only Mr. Monteux—and of late—has been open-minded to it and by no means unresponsive under the tests of actual performance. The more the pity then that no larger audience came to the well-spread board of yesterday. Possibly a casual public begins and ends with the Chaikovsky of the Pathetic Symphony and the Nutcracker Dances. Possibly a superior public dislikes the Slavic March or the Italian Caprice because they are played at the Pops. Yet they are not less inspiring pieces in kind; while for many years in many cities, the Russian's Fifth Symphony has borne many sons of scrutiny.

There was no mistaking either the pleasure that this music yielded or the just desert that it received in such restoration to the active repertory. The Rococo Variations may be as intricate, ornate and long-spun as the title implies; the violoncelist may for instant stumble, as did Mr. Bedetti on Sunday; yet in his tone

the songful measures do not lack sensuous beauty nor the ornate measures fluent grace, nor the pattern-weaving piquant intricacy. A fragment of the Concerto for Violin remains a fragment, but in it Mr. Burgin did feats of virtuosity in the weaving of the cadenza, caught not a little of Russian fire and bite in the transitions, sounded the sensuous fullness of Chaikovsky's melody. Too finely in the cadenza he sometimes drew his tone, but elsewhere it warmed the ear. Agreed that the Italian Caprice is no match for Rimsky-Korsakov's similar Spanish adventure in instrumental and harmonic dress and in artful play with rhythms. But the very candors of Chaikovsky speak for him in the drenched Italian dance-tunes, the rhythmic vigors, the high colors, the broad strokes of a music designed to blaze and crackle. And the Slavic March is a march of racial moods as well as of racial hymn.

Yet it was the Symphony that brought Chaikovsky, conductor and orchestra fullest deserving. Theorize about the composer and his music as the doubter may "in the closet," pose as some of us do over both when we are in the company of the superior, yet in the concert-hall and in this Fifth Symphony, there is no resisting him. Hear again the sombre introduction; follow the tumults of the first movement; catch the mood of the half-sensuous, half-sentimental, full-throated, amply paced melody, and illusion begins. The long song of the Andante from the instant that the horn sounds it through the instant in which the violins resummon it makes of illusion emotion. The Waltz that is Scherzo is music of Chaikovsky haunted and fantasmal. The dark beginnings, the thrust into riotous turbulence in the Finale may be no more than routine Chaikovsky; but the splendors, the vigors, the proclamation of the will to live and the joy of living, flame at the end with power. Chaikovsky like Puccini may not abide the contacts of the study. The one, the other needs the contacts of concert-hall or opera house. For in their music, above all shortcomings, is human voice to as human emotion.

H. T. P.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Symphony

SANDERS THEATRE : : CAMBRIDGE

FORTIETH SEASON, 1920-1921

OPENING CONCERT

Thursday Evening, October 14

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SOLOIST:

HAROLD BAUER

PIANO

Tickets at Kent's University Bookstore, Harvard Square, Cambridge

Schumann, Mr. Bauer and Others

Save in one item, the programme of the Symphony Orchestra's concert in Sanders Theatre at Cambridge last evening was derived from those of last week's and this week's concerts in Boston. From the former came Beethoven's Eighth Symphony and Liszt's "Tasso," and from the latter Berlioz's Overture to his opera "Benvenuto Cellini." But while the soloist of today, Mr. Bauer, was heard last night, his chosen piece was Schumann's concerto, not Brahms's. Doubtless many would have appreciated the substitution of Lekeu's Fantasia for the "Tasso," but Mr. Monteux evidently desired the grandiloquent close which Liszt's symphonic poem affords. As we learn from the programme-book, an orchestra of truly modern proportions played the Eighth Symphony when it was first heard, and in a hall that accommodated three thousand people, yet there is no gainsaying that like the symphonies of Haydn, which it resembles at least in spirit, the piece sounds to better advantage in Sanders Theatre than in a larger auditorium. It is possible to find this "little symphony," as its composer called it, the most engrossing of the nine. In certain of the others Beethoven scaled

of the Eighth Symphony is readily understandable.

Had Berlioz been content to write according to the models of his time instead of anticipating the manners and methods of fifty years hence, he would have escaped the suggestion of amateurishness which is not infrequently found in his music. On the other hand he would have given us no excuse for the wonder which he must inevitably feel when we listen to it with a thought for its historical surroundings. In this overture as elsewhere Berlioz is weakest when he attempts sustained melody. He was following a sure instinct when he strove to get away from the square-cut periods of the classical school, but he failed to find a satisfactory substitute. The cantilena near the beginning of the piece is amorphous, and the broken chord accompaniment, on which Berlioz generally relied in such situations, is as bald as anything in Donizetti.

Once that is over with, the overture is a succession of fascinating episodes, and for sheer dazzling brilliance its instrumentation is still unparalleled. How different this brilliance from the blatancy of Liszt's musical flag-raising at the end of "Tasso"—not without its stimulation to the audi-

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tory nerve, but yet so trumpety. Aside from the rhetorical melancholy of the opening, which is still impressive, and the soaring melody of the cellos which follows, "Tasso" has little to commend it. The episode of the poet at the court of Ferrara is not without a certain charm, but it is almost forgotten in the empty din of the end. In adding two more movements to his "Allegro Affetuoso," to make his piano-concerto, Schumann descended somewhat from the level of his first inspiration, and the piece as a whole has no such unity as the first division would have had, did it stand alone. Nevertheless we should be grateful for the beauties that these added movements contain, particularly the melody for cellos and violas in the Intermezzo. And while the finale has the least to offer of any, it furnishes the excitement without which no concert-piece is supposed to be complete. Nowhere else in his symphonic music does Schumann write with such sustained eloquence—and such coherence—as in this Allegro Affetuoso. Moreover, to no pianist of our times is it given to play that entrancing passage which begins the "development" as Mr. Bauer plays it. Here for an instant is the very soul of beauty. For that matter the whole concerto seems to be peculiarly Mr. Bauer's own. The performances of other pianists, however praiseworthy, only serve to enhance the recollection of his. And last evening he was once more wholly in the vein. Throughout he brought to Schumann's music the beauty of tone and warmth of imagination that is its meed. In his hands the melodies of the first movement sang, the phrases of the Intermezzo were lightly carved and flung aside, and the passage-work of the finale ran with due speed and never with haste. And always there was abundant feeling for the poetic quality that sets the piece apart from other concertos. W. S. S.

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SANDERS THEATRE : : CAMBRIDGE

SECOND CONCERT
Thursday Evening, November 11

FORTIETH SEASON, 1920-1921

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SOLOIST:

EVA GAUTHIER

Soprano

Tickets at Kent's University Bookstore, Harvard Square, Cambridge

EVA GAUTHIER IN NEW LIGHTS AT
CAMBRIDGE

Donizetti, Chinese Mother-Goose and the Symphony Orchestra — George Fergusson, Better with Programme Than Song — A Young Italian in Chicago—Mozart and Mme. Hempel—"Petrouchka" from Mr. Montoux—Other Impending Pleasures

TWO pieces by American composers stood on the programme of last evening's Symphony Concert in Cambridge—Edward Burlingame Hill's "The Fall of the House of Usher," recently played in Boston and New York, and Bainbridge Crist's set of songs from the Chinese Mother Goose, sung by Mme. Eva Gauthier. In the many comments that have been made on Mr. Hill's new tone-poem there appears to have been nearly unanimous opinion that he has failed to communicate in his music the exact spirit of Poe's tale, that he has been unable to

translate into tone its atmosphere of bod- ing and horror. But in all justice to Mr. Hill, could he do otherwise than fail? It has more than once been said that the function of music is to idealize and trans- figure, that the expression of evil is inim- ical to its very nature. We know that Wagner, failed with Mime and Verdi with Iago. Certain terrifying effects are pos- sible in music—especially in opera, where the action necessarily aids—but they are achieved through specific "shuddery" ef- fects—string tremolos, dissonant harmony, chromatic scales, muted horns, ominous beatings of the bass drum, and similar paraphernalia. As proof that the atmos- phere of horror can be thus created and sustained we have only to turn to the second act of "Tosca." But a symphonic piece cannot be moulded from such ma- terial, and Mr. Hill is too good a musician to attempt such a thing. His music seizes on whatever in Poe's story is really avail- able for its purpose and gives it fitting expression. For the rest, the tale and the music remain distinct and apart.

In their original version for voice and piano, Mr. Crist's quaintly fanciful settings of these Chinese rhymes have been made known to us by Mr. Werrenrath and others.

tory nerve, but yet so trumpety. Aside from the rhetorical melancholy of the opening, which is still impressive, and the soaring melody of the 'cellos which follows, "Tasso" has little to commend it. The episode of the poet at the court of Ferrara is not without a certain charm, but it is almost forgotten in the empty din of the end.

In adding two more movements to his "Allegro Affetuoso," to make his piano-concerto, Schumann descended somewhat from the level of his first inspiration, and the piece as a whole has no such unity as the first division would have had, did it stand alone. Nevertheless we should be grateful for the beauties that these added movements contain, particularly the melody for 'cellos and violas in the Intermezzo. And while the finale has the least to offer of any, it furnishes the excitement without which no concert-piece is supposed to be complete. Nowhere else in his symphonic music does Schumann write with such sustained eloquence—and such coherence—as in this Allegro Affetuoso. Moreover, to no pianist of our times is it given to play that entrancing passage which begins the "development" as Mr. Bauer plays it. Here for an instant is the very soul of beauty. For that matter the whole concerto seems to be peculiarly Mr. Bauer's own. The performances of other pianists, however praiseworthy, only serve to enhance the recollection of his. And last evening he was once more wholly in the vein. Throughout he brought to Schumann's music the beauty of tone and warmth of imagination that is its meed. In his hands the melodies of the first movement sang, the phrases of the Intermezzo were lightly carved and flung aside, and the passage-work of the finale ran with due speed and never with haste. And always there was abundant feeling for the poetic quality that sets the piece apart from other concertos. W. S. S.

SANDERS THEATRE : : CAMBRIDGE

SECOND CONCERT
Thursday Evening, November 11

FORTIETH SEASON, 1920-1921

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SOLOIST:

EVA GAUTHIER

Soprano

Tickets at Kent's University Bookstore, Harvard Square, Cambridge

EVA GAUTHIER IN NEW LIGHTS AT CAMBRIDGE

Donizetti, Chinese Mother-Goose and the Symphony Orchestra — George Fergusson, Better with Programme Than Song — A Young Italian in Chicago—Mozart and Mme. Hempel—"Petrouchka" from Mr. Monteux—Other Impending Pleasures

TWO pieces by American composers stood on the programme of last evening's Symphony Concert in Cambridge—Edward Burlingame Hill's "The Fall of the House of Usher," recently played in Boston and New York, and Bainbridge Crist's set of songs from the Chinese Mother Goose, sung by Mme. Eva Gauthier. In the many comments that have been made on Mr. Hill's new tone-poem there appears to have been nearly unanimous opinion that he has failed to communicate in his music the exact spirit of Poe's tale, that he has been unable to

translate into tone its atmosphere of boding and horror. But in all justice to Mr. Hill, could he do otherwise than fail? It has more than once been said that the function of music is to idealize and transfigure, that the expression of evil is inimical to its very nature. We know that Wagner failed with Mime and Verdi with Iago. Certain terrifying effects are possible in music—especially in opera, where the action necessarily aids—but they are achieved through specific "shuddery" effects—string tremolos, dissonant harmony, chromatic scales, muted horns, ominous beatings of the bass drum, and similar paraphernalia. As proof that the atmosphere of horror can be thus created and sustained we have only to turn to the second act of "Tosca." But a symphonic piece cannot be moulded from such material, and Mr. Hill is too good a musician to attempt such a thing. His music seizes on whatever in Poe's story is really available for its purpose and gives it fitting expression. For the rest, the tale and the music remain distinct and apart.

In their original version for voice and piano, Mr. Crist's quaintly fanciful settings of these Chinese rhymes have been made known to us by Mr. Werrenrath and others.

Last season Mme. Gauthier sang them in an arrangement for "chamber-orchestra," according to the present fashion. If we are not mistaken, the performance was the first in which a full orchestral accompaniment was used. At first blush it might seem that here was an invasion of the traditional dignity of the Symphony Concerts, but the audience received the songs with open arms. Mr. Crist's music was its own justification, and Mme. Gauthier is to be thanked for her courage in singing it. Two numbers of the set, a little more broadly farcical than the others, were omitted. Last night we had "Lady-Bug," "Baby is Sleeping," "What the Old Cow Said," "Of What Use Is a Girl?" and "The Mouse." Mr. Crist's instrumentation enhances the point and wit of his musical settings; there is an ingenious use of Oriental coloring. The reference to the North Wind in the song of the Cow gave the composer opportunity for a miniature tempest in which the voice of the singer was for a moment lost, but the air soon cleared. Mr. Crist was fortunate in such an interpreter for his songs as Mme. Gauthier; they were sung musically and tactfully, yet with full appreciation of their humor.

Was it to prove that her devotion to the moderns does not debar her from singing music of the old Italian school that induced Mme. Gauthier to sing an aria from Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia"? If it was, she gained her point. Her performance of this antiquated piece was brilliant in the extreme and conspicuous for tonal beauty. It was a bit of a shock to hear in the opening measures of the aria the first phrase of Rossini's "Quis est Homo." But whether or not Rossini stole it, he improved upon it. Mr. Runciman once wrote of the "stream of brackish water that daily flowed from Donizetti's pen." If the other music of "Lucrezia Borgia" is as glaringly inappropriate to the dramatic situation, let us hope that the opera will not be revived for Mme. Galli-Curci.

Pieces from recent Boston programmes filled the remainder of the concert—for beginning Sibelius's vivid and vital Symphony in E minor, for conclusion Beethoven's puissant Overture to "Leonore," No. 3. The comment of Mr. Paul Rosenfeld, quoted in the programme book, that Sibelius "has written music innocent of roof and inclosure, music proper indeed to the vasty open, the Finnish heaven under which it grew," seemed singularly apt last evening. In the smaller auditorium the symphony seemed cramped and constrained. If ever music suggested space and cries for it, it is this. W. S. S.

TODAY CONTINUOUS FROM 5:00 to 10:30
MARGUERITE CLARK in "A
Named Mary." CONSTANCE BIN
in "Erstwhile Susan."
Fenway Symphony Orchestra

MON., TUES. & WED.
TOM MEIGHAN
in "The Prince Chap
CHARLIE CHAPLIN
in "The Adventurer"

THURS., FRI. & SAT.
WILLIAM FARNUM
in "Drag Harlan"
BILLIE BURKE
in "The Frisky Mrs. John"

LOEW'S COLUMBIA Waih. Mott
12 to 10:30
MON., TUES. & WED.
ALL-STAR
VAUDEVILLE
TOP-LINE PHOTO PRODUCTION
"THE SAPHIRE"
with an All-Star Cast
ALMA HANLON
in "The Mystic Hour"

THURS., FRI. & SAT.
COMPLETE CHANGE
NEW VAUDEVILLE
MRS. SESSUE HAYAKAWA
in "The Breath of the Gods"
ANNA O. NEILSON

SANDERS THEATRE : : CAMBRIDGE

THIRD CONCERT
Thursday Evening, December 16

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SOLOIST:

RICHARD BURGIN

Violin

Tickets at Kent's University Bookstore, Harvard Square, Cambridge

The Symphony Orchestra at Cambridge
with Mr. Burgin Playing Glazunov's
Concerto for Violin—Louis Bennett, a
Singer at Beginnings.

These are busy days for Mr. Richard Burgin; in three successive concerts, last evening in Cambridge, today and tomorrow in Symphony Hall, he must not only discharge his duties as concert-master of the orchestra, he must also appear as "assisting artist." According to the original plan he was to prepare but one concerto, that of Brahms, for all three occasions; but that there might not be both a symphony and concerto by Brahms in a single programme, he substituted yesterday Glazunov's Concerto in A minor. Like most of the Russian's music, the concerto is agreeable to hear and grateful to play, but of no particular importance. In retrospect, between Brahms's E-minor Symphony and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," it seems no more than a few pretty tunes for the solo instrument, interlarded with the customary passage-work, and set against a discreet and decorous orchestral accompaniment. The true measure of Mr. Burgin's ability

will be revealed in the more exacting music of Brahms. It might almost be taken for granted that he has the technical proficiency and the general musicianship that Glazunov's piece requires; and it need only be said that his performance of it met expectations. Mr. Burgin's tone is pleasing to the ear, if not remarkable either for richness or brilliance. There is, moreover, an earnestness and self-effacement in his playing, of which his work in the orchestra has already given more than a hint. It is easy to believe from the warmth of the reception accorded him last evening that he has already made a firm place for himself in the esteem of his fellow-players and of the subscribers to the concerts.

Of the symphony and the tone-poem there is little to be said at this late date, either as to the pieces themselves, or Mr. Monteux's and the orchestra's work in them. They have been played many times since they were heard in Boston a few weeks ago, and in both it is possible to note a greater smoothness and a certain polishing of details. There is little need to wonder at the distrust with which Brahms's friends regarded his Fourth Symphony, or at his own readiness to

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Trans. — Dec. 17, 1920
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share in it. Except in the first two movements, the piece is far less genial than its predecessors. The gaiety of the scherzo is forced and clumsy, and perhaps the very choice of the Passacaglia as form for the Finale was an admission on the part of the composer that he could not again duplicate the sweeping and sustained last movements of the other symphonies. Almost inevitably patchy, the Finale of the fourth, despite the skill with which it is welded together, and in listening interest flags and revives by turns. But in the first movement, and to a less degree in the second, there is a certain grave, autumnal beauty, that sets them apart from other music. One of the curious tricks of musical chronology is found in the brief span of ten years which separated this symphony from Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." As the two pieces sound today, it might have been fifty.

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SANDERS THEATRE : : CAMBRIDGE

FOURTH CONCERT
Thursday Evening, January 13

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SOLOIST:

KATHARINE GOODSON

Piano

Tickets at Kent's University Bookstore, Harvard Square, Cambridge

The Symphony Orchestra and Mme. Goodson at Cambridge—Notable Playing of Grieg's Piano-Concerto and Debussy's "Sea-Pieces"—Mme. Szumowska Reappears as Pianist with Many a Polish Piece Upon Her Programme

AS originally announced, the programme of the Symphony Concert in Cambridge last evening was to have concluded with the overture to Lalo's opera "Le Roi d'Ys," but to the greater entertainment of most of those who were there, Debussy's symphonic sketches, "La Mer," were played in its stead. The rest of the concert proceeded according to the initial plan. It began with Mozart's overture to "Don Giovanni"; the symphony was Schumann's in D minor; and Katherine Goodson played the solo part in Grieg's concerto for piano and orchestra. After the recent exciting interlude, it was good to hear once more the round, full-bodied, satisfying tone of our own orchestra. And with all due respect to those whose brains are still afire with the recollection of a certain sensational afternoon and evening of the week just passed, it may be said that it was also

good to hear orchestral pieces as they probably sounded in the mind of the composer, and not necessarily as they may happen to sound in the mind of a highly gifted, though nevertheless somewhat erratic, conductor. Last evening the performance of overture, suite and symphony was each in its way highly effective. While Dr. Muck frequently found a place on his programme for Debussy's "La Mer," he made no secret of the fact that he did not like it; and it was easy to discern in Mr. Monteux's reading of it a greater sympathy with the composer's means and intentions. There was a greater plasticity, a more poetic quality; and seldom have the instrumental voices sounded so luminous and their progress so lucid. And never, too, has Debussy's orchestral palette presented such a variety of tints and half-tints, or, at times, of glowing and garish colors. As is usual when the music in hand tempts their better powers, the orchestra displayed genuine virtuosity. Already time has begun to winnow Debussy's music; much of it now seems to be no more than a following of formulas, even though they were formulas that Debussy himself created. But "La Mer" must unquestionably be classed with his more enduring things, by reason of its melodic

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harmonic, and orchestral beauty, its highly imaginative quality, and its structural strength.

For a much longer period this process of sifting has been at work with the compositions, small and large, of Robert Schumann. It now seems that of the four symphonies, this one in D minor has the greatest vitality, the freshest appeal. For all their obvious unsuitability for symphonic treatment, its themes have a vigorous directness that is still appealing, nor is the thickness of the orchestral writing wholly inappropriate to the lusty spirit of the music. Though it is less true in music than in the other arts, there are times when the idea matters more than the form in which it is cast. Only thus can we account for the survival of Schumann's symphonic writing. On merely technical grounds it should have perished long ago.

It would not be easy to think of Grieg as the composer of symphonies; fortunately he never tried. The nearest he came to it, saving an early and discarded attempt, was to write this concerto for the piano. As with Schumann the themes are not too well suited to their purpose; they do not lend themselves readily to development, and they receive little enough of it, in the accepted sense of the word. Also as with Schumann, the music is short-breathed, patchy, and episodic, although there is far more skillful handling of the orchestra. But once again it is the quality of sheer inspiration, the ability to invest salient and individual ideas that saved the situation, and this concerto is fresher after its fifty-two and a half years than much that was put on paper the day before yesterday. Perhaps a little of the credit for the effect of the piece last evening should be laid to the performance, not only of Mme. Goodson, but of Mr. Monteux and the orchestra, who were evidently caught up and carried along by the amazing eloquence and vividness of her playing. It was several years ago that Mme. Goodson played the concerto here for the first time, but from last evening it might have been a new and exciting experience for her. In these days of refinements and super-refinements it is refreshing to hear—and see—a pianist "cut loose." Especially when, as was the case, it is done without any sacrifice of the finer and more exacting qualities of performance.

SANDERS THEATRE : : CAMBRIDGE

FIFTH CONCERT

Thursday Evening, February 10

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SOLOIST

ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello

Tickets at Kent's University Bookstore, Harvard Square, Cambridge

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PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SOLOIST

ALWIN SCHROEDER, Violoncello

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SANDERS THEATRE : : CAMBRIDGE

SIXTH CONCERT

Thursday Evening, March 24

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SOLOIST

ALICE NIELSEN, Soprano

Tickets at Kent's University Bookstore, Harvard Square, Cambridge

BEETHOVEN AND MR. MONTEUX AT CAMBRIDGE

Trans. — Mch. 25, 1921

THE most interesting incident of the Symphony Concert in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, last evening, was the performance—the first that Mr. Monteux has given here—of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. The remaining numbers were culled from recent Boston programmes, even to the two arias of Mozart sung by Miss Alice Nielsen. In its one hundredth and thirteenth year of existence the Pastoral can be variously appraised. Thematically and structurally—in short, as absolute music—it falls below all the other symphonies of Beethoven, save the first and perhaps the second, but its programme, naive as it seems in these days of descriptive and delineative music, gives it a borrowed interest, and for the most part the piece makes diverting entertainment. Only the introductions to "Die Walküre" and "Otello" have surpassed in effectiveness, and even in realism, the storm-music and this, and the movements of gaiety and rejoicing which precede and follow it are today the freshest portion of the symphony. Both the serene and reflective opening and the succeeding "Scene by the Brook-side"—once rated a masterpiece of naturalistic music—now seem monotonous and over-long. Each clings too closely to its "centre key" and its characteristic figuration. Mr. Monteux's "reading" of the symphony is admirable. He avoids

dangerous slowness of pace in the Andante, he makes the tempest vivid and dramatic and the music as a whole luminous and supple.

Weber's Overture to "Euryanthe" and "Romeo Alone; Grand Fête at the Capulets" from Berlioz's Dramatic Symphony, "Romeo and Juliet," completed the purely orchestral part of the concert, and Miss Nielsen's songs were the Aria, "Deh vieni non tardar" from "Figaro's Wedding" and "Batti, Batti" from "Don Juan." Last evening Miss Nielsen's voice seemed tired, her tones at times a little "edged," but she sang with her accustomed skill, with the purity of style that Mozart's music demands. As to the songs themselves, the former, one of the most beautiful of Mozart's melodies, has best withstood the years; heard dispassionately, "Batti, Batti"—famed though it is and widely popular—seems now over-ingenuous, almost insipid and as inappropriate to the words that prompted it as anything in Donizetti. No doubt there are many who still take pleasure in this Overture of Weber with its sonorous and effective instrumentation, its rhetoric, its "fat" tune, its measures of unearthly quietness. At least Weber knew what he wished to do, and he accomplished his end unhesitatingly. But Berlioz, more richly endowed and less thoroughly, less severely schooled, daring greatly, dreaming ecstatically, sometimes struck fire and sometimes lost himself in mere fritterings and empty clatter. There are better things in his "Romeo and Juliet" than this music of the hall and of the solitary Romeo.

W. S. S.

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Review, March 25, 1921

THE most interesting incident of the Symphony Concert in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, last evening, was the performance—the first that Mr. Monteux has given here—of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. The remaining numbers were culled from recent Boston programmes, even to the two arias of Mozart sung by Miss Alice Nielsen. In its one hundredth and thirteenth year of existence the Pastoral can be variously appraised. Thematically and structurally—in short, as absolute music—it falls below all the other symphonies of Beethoven, save the first and perhaps the second, but its programme, naïve as it seems in these days of descriptive and delineative music, gives it a borrowed interest, and for the most part the piece makes diverting entertainment. Only the introductions to "Die Walküre" and "Otel'o" have surpassed in effectiveism, and even in realism, the storm-music and this, and the movements of gaiety and rejoicing which precede and follow it are today the freshest portion of the symphony. Both the serene and reflective opening and the succeeding "Scene by the Brook-side"—once rated a masterpiece of naturalistic music—now seem monotonous and over-long. Each clings too closely to its "centre key" and its characteristic figuration. Mr. Monteux's "reading" of the symphony is admirable. He avoids dangerous slowness of pace in the Andante, he makes the tempest vivid and dramatic and the music as a whole luminous and supple.

Weber's Overture to "Euryanthe" and "Romeo Alone; Grand Fête at the Capulets" from Berlioz's Dramatic Symphony, "Romeo and Juliet," completed the purely orchestral part of the concert, and Miss Nielsen's songs were the Aria, "Deh vieni non tardar" from "Figaro's Wedding" and "Batti, Batti" from "Don Juan." Last evening Miss Nielsen's voice seemed tired, her tones at times a little "edged," but she sang with her accustomed skill, with the purity of style that Mozart's music demands. As to the songs themselves, the former, one of the most beautiful of Mozart's melodies, has best withstood the years; heard dispassionately, "Batti, Batti"—famed though it is and widely popular—seems now over-ingenuous, almost insipid and as inappropriate to the words that prompted it as anything in Donizetti. No doubt there are many who still take pleasure in this Overture of Weber with its sonorous and effective instrumentation, its rhetoric, its "fat" tune, its measures of unearthly quietness. At least Weber knew what he wished to do, and he accomplished his end unhesitatingly. But Berlioz, more richly endowed and less thoroughly, less severely schooled, daring greatly, dreaming ecstatically, sometimes struck fire and sometimes lost himself in mere fritterings and empty clatter. There are better things in his "Romeo and Juliet" than this music of the hall and of the solitary Romeo.

W. S. S.



Alice Nielsen

(Photograph by Mishkin)

SANDERS THEATRE

CAMBRIDGE

SEVENTH CONCERT

Thursday Evening, April 7

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SOLOIST

ANTONIO GERARDI, Violin

Tickets at Kent's University Bookstore, Harvard Square, Cambridge

Mendelssohn Prevails

Not Vassilenko's "Epic Poem" nor Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," but the Scotch Symphony of one Felix Mendelssohn, was the freshest music of the Symphony Concert in Cambridge last evening. It has been the custom hereabouts—and probably elsewhere to take the "Scotch Symphony" from its shelf once in every five or ten years, dust it politely, perform it dutifully and replace it with pious satisfaction. Not long ago Mr. Monteux took it upon himself to give the piece its occasional hearing, but somehow the condescension and tolerance with which it has been the fashion to regard it were turned into frank and out-spoken enthusiasm. Possibly Mr. Monteux's undeniably excellent performance has worked this change in us, or perhaps the scales have fallen from our eyes. Tradition has told us that the symphonies of Schumann, for example, are much greater than those of Mendelssohn, that Mendelssohn, though a very pretty fellow in his time, has been much over-rated and that however charming certain of his overtures may be, his symphonies, even The Scotch—admittedly the best of them—are decidedly second-rate. Yet Mr. Monteux has been most assiduous with these same symphonies of Schumann and some of us have been wondering how we could so long have overlooked their ineptness, their short-breathed, unsymphonic themes, their clumsy orchestration. Then, after its customary silence, came this symphony of Mendelssohn's and it was found to be replete with atmosphere, its melodies salient, arresting, its instrumentation unfailingly felicitous—in short, an example of perfect

craftsmanship, of the art which conceals itself. Granting the taint of sentimentality in the Adagio and a hint of something dangerously close to bathos in the final Allegro maestoso, the Scotch Symphony has proven capital entertainment in two concerts of a single season.

From his desk among the first violins, where he has sat these nine years, Mr. Antonio Gerardi came forward last evening and played the solo part in Lalo's Spanish Symphony. Mr. Gerardi's task was a hard one, not alone because of the difficulty of the music but because of the strangeness of his position. It was not surprising that at first he should show signs of nervousness, but he soon recovered himself and throughout the rest of the piece played with technical ease, ample feeling for the peculiar elegance of the music and—especially in the Andante—a warm flowing tone.

Of itself Lalo's music sounded a little faltering and ineffectual after the refreshing sureness of Mendelssohn's and in its turn Vassilenko's "Epic Poem" seemed somewhat labored and manufactured, derivative rather than essentially creative and original. Yet it is interesting, at times even exciting, to hear and the title finds its justification in a certain largeness, a bardic quality, that pervades it—due partly to the massive, brassy instrumentation. This music has plangency and pomp, yet not a little of it is emptily noisy, nor are the themes particularly striking, though the broad melody of which the composer seems so fond has a certain impressiveness, and it lends itself well to the sonorous treatment it receives.

W. S. S.

SANDERS THEATRE : : CAMBRIDGE

LAST CONCERT THIS SEASON

Thursday Evening, April 28, at 8

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

SOLOIST:

FÉLIX FOX

Piano

Tickets at Kent's University Bookstore, Harvard Square, Cambridge

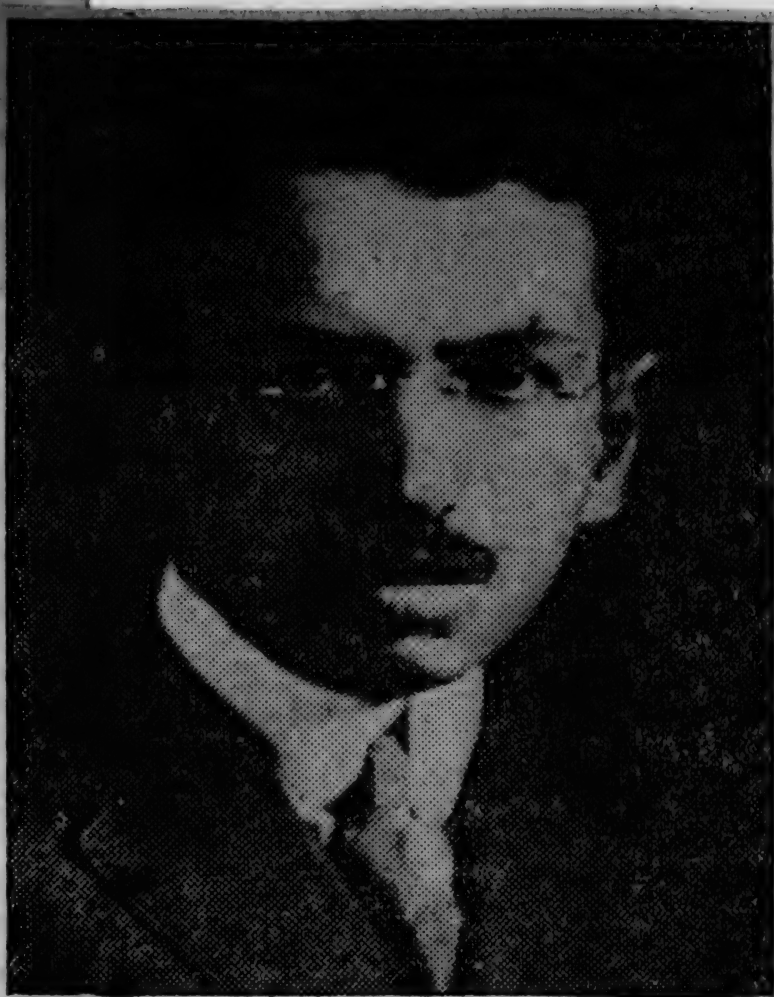
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Strauss, Chalkovsky and Beethoven
the Symphony Orchestra in Cambri
Ruth Bernard for New and Well-Sch
Pianist

Trans. — Apr. 29, 1911

THOSE who attended the Sym-
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heard two pieces that have not
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the Fifth Symphony of Chalkovsky
Richard Strauss's tone-poem, "Death
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After Chalkovsky's coarseness it was
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Concerto has aged—not from inherent
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Eloquent as was the performance as a
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SYMPHONY HALL

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and Friday, December 10, at 4 o'clock

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PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

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(with oboe solo)
- Bach . . . Dances from the Suite in B minor
a. Bourrée.
b. Polonaise.
c. Badinerie.
(with flute solo)
- Dvořák . . . Movements from the Symphony, "From the
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Largo (with English horn solo).
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- Rimsky-Korsakoff . . . Second Movement from the Symphonic Suite,
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The Story of the Kalandar-Prince
(Solos by Violin, Harp, Bassoon, Oboe,
Trombone, Trumpet, Clarinet, French Horn)
- Bizet . . . Farandole from the Suite, "L'Arlesienne" No. 2

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Strauss, Chaikovsky and Beethoven from the Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge—Ruth Bernard for New and Well-Schooled Pianist

Trans. — Apr. 24, 1921

THOSE who attended the Symphony Concert in Cambridge last evening heard two pieces that have not been given at the regular subscription concerts in Boston since the days of Dr. Muck—the Fifth Symphony of Chaikovsky and Richard Strauss's tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration." The former was, of course, played at a recent concert for the Pension Fund, and Strauss's piece stands on Mr. Monteux's programme for this afternoon and tomorrow evening. It is an interesting, profitable and oftentimes disappointing experience to come back after a few years to music that when last heard powerfully stirred and affected. Through the first movement this Fifth Symphony still grips; the themes are salient, the treatment truly symphonic and the music has a propulsive power not too often encountered. But as for the once-famed Andante, it is only necessary to know that the opening theme has been fitted to religious words and included in a "community" song-book to realize where the music stands. The melody that follows is more truly expressive and when it holds sway the music is still eloquent. After that, what is there? The Waltz is trivial and there are odious things in the Finale—the "oom-pah," "oom-pah" of the trombones and tympani, and the reiterated scale passage so suggestive of the "wedding bells" refrain, cherished by the writers of popular songs. Of course there is no denying the power, fervor and passion of much of the Symphony, but how often it is marred by the triteness and vulgarity of the material.

After Chalkovsky's coarseness it was refreshing to hear the opening measures of Beethoven's Fourth Concerto for the piano, which was placed between the symphony and the tone-poem. The classic restraint and temperate orchestration soothed—but only for a time. For this Concerto has aged—not from inherent banality but from inherent dryness. Yet it has its moments of charm, and the Andante of dialogue between the piano and orchestra is one of the most original and poetic of Beethoven's inspirations. Some day, perhaps, we are to be relieved of Beethoven's concertos, but for the present they are much with us. The solo-



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GIOACCHINO ROSSINI (1792-1868) was the son of the town trumpeter and a baker's daughter in Pesaro, Italy. As a small boy of ten he found himself able to relieve the family poverty by his musical talents, for his voice and his aptitude for the violin brought him engagements with travelling opera troupes. The hard school of experience enabled him to write one act comic operas with an eye to popular favor and profit which soon brought him fame. He was only twenty-one when he composed the opera buffa "L'Italiana in Algeri." From that time onward, by his sociability, his remarkable wit in conversation and his effervescent sparkle in composition, he became the idol of society wherever the opera was in vogue. In Vienna there was such a Rossini craze that the works of two other composers of the day—Beethoven and Schubert—were for the time being ignored. Perhaps it is because Rossini was so fashionable then that he sounds so old-fashioned now.

The OBOE (the players of which sit in the third row from the back) was known in early English as the "hautboy." On account of its rich, reedy tone, composers usually use it when imitating a shepherd's pipe. No other wood wind instrument has such melodic eloquence.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH (1685-1750) belonged to the largest family in musical history. He had nineteen children, and even more remarkable were the number of his forebears. His great, great grandfather, Veit Bach, was a miller-musician, and from Veit can be traced some 400 Bachs through the space of 250 years. Of these, most of the men were distinguished musicians. The Bachs were domestic and clannish, and a family gathering would always lead to a fireside concert. In those towns of Thuringia where they were most numerous, all musicians were referred to as "Bachs." "The Bachs," says an old town record, "are gifted with good understanding, with art and skill, which make them respected and listened to in the churches, schools, and all the township, so that through them the Master's work is praised."

Indeed, Johann Sebastian wrote more church music than anything else. But when as a young man of thirty-three he became Chapel Master to Prince Leopold of Cöthen, the inadequate organ and choir of that noble household swerved his efforts to clavier and concerted music. It was for his Prince that Bach wrote this suite.

It is interesting to note the difference between the conception of an orchestra at this time (two centuries ago) and now. The orchestra was then almost a new invention, and the symphony as we know it had not yet come in. Bach treated the different instruments simply as so many voices, making them fit in to his scheme of structure and coun-

terpoint. The composers of later generations made more and more effort to bring out the individual tone quality or "color" of each kind of instrument. Dvořák, and Bizet, and Rimsky-Korsakoff were of this sort.

ANTON DVORÁK (1841-1904), the Bohemian composer, was a champion of folk music and always tried to breathe the spirit of his race into his symphonies and other works. The music of the American negroes also fascinated him, and when he came to this country in 1890, he studied it carefully. The result was the symphony which he named "From the New World." There was much discussion as to whether he used actual negro tunes. Probably the themes are entirely his own, although the melodic and rhythmic character of the negro dances and spirituals are evident. At any rate, this "American" symphony has been steadily popular with our public during the twenty-eight years between that time and this. The Largo has been said to voice the feelings of the homesick Czech in a world new to him, while others claim that it describes Hiawatha's wooing. It makes little difference—all that really matters is the lament itself, with its purely musical beauty.

The ENGLISH HORN is a close relative of the oboe, of more recent origin, with a deeper range. It has a bulb-like end, which distinguishes it from the oboe's bell-shaped or "spread" opening and gives it the dulcet, melancholy quality which fits it for a special mood in music such as this.

NICOLAS RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF (1844-1908), a foremost composer of Russia, was particularly fond of setting fairy tales to music. He thus prefaced the score of "Scheherazade":—"The Sultan Schahriar, persuaded of the falseness and the faithlessness of women, has sworn to put to death each one of his wives after the first night. But the Sultana Scheherazade saved her life by interesting him in tales which she told him during one thousand and one nights. Pricked by curiosity, the Sultan put off his wife's execution from day to day, and at last gave up entirely his bloody plan. Many marvels were told Schahriar by the Sultana Scheherazade. For her stories the Sultana borrowed from the poets their verses, from folk-songs their words; and she strung together tales and adventures."

Of the "colorists," Rimsky-Korsakoff was the most highly colored. He was scarcely concerned with "structure." He did not care to manipulate many voices at once in several-directions. He knew some

counterpoint, as every composer must, but did not aim to be a master of it. His scheme was rather to give themes to one solo instrument after another, each solo entirely fitted to bring out the particular beauties of the instrument which plays it. The scoring is thus "thin" and without "texture." But the result is so magnificent that counterpoint is no longer much needed, nor is it greatly missed.

The music to be played is worth following carefully. It opens with a violin solo, accompanied only by chords from the harp. The violin represents Scheherazade, the beautiful consort of the Sultan, beginning still another tale. The voice seems to be saying "Once upon a time..." Immediately, the bassoon solo (the long, gruff-toned wood-wind instrument in the second row from the back) begins the story itself, until the oboe solo takes up the melody. This leads to music for a fuller orchestra and then a trombone solo fanfare alternates with a trumpet solo. This dialogue brings some splendid passages and ere long the clarinet solo is heard in a fine, rippling figure, soon transferred to the bassoon. Just before the close there is a beautiful solo for the French horn (the coiled, brass instrument in the back row).

GEORGES BIZET (1830-1875) was always fond of subjects from the south which gave opportunities for "local color." The noted composer of "Carmen" wrote incidental music to Daudet's play, from which this dance is chosen. The plot tells of a young farmer who is infatuated with a beauty of Arles on account of her remarkable grace in dancing the Farandole.

Symphony Hall.

The Symphony Orchestra Plays to Young People Happily Chosen Pieces—Three Dances or Casella Tamed—Mr. Kreisler Surprises an Audience—Amended Programmes

Trans. — Dec. 8, 1920

AN adroit maker of programmes is Mr. Monteux, but in the matter of finding suitable music for the Young People's Concerts he has had to learn his trade afresh. For the first, which took place a year ago, he followed the most obvious course. The concert was primarily educational, hence he would play an overture by Beethoven and a symphony by Schubert; these pieces must have less serious music for foil and contrast, and for that purpose he selected ballet music by Delibes. His second list, which included pieces by Weber, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Grieg and Berlioz, was at once less taxing and more stimulating to youthful minds and ears. Yesterday afternoon there befell the first of the Young People's Concerts of the present season, and it will be repeated without change of programme on tomorrow and Friday afternoons. As it is to be presumed that the audiences, although there are three and not one, will include many of those who heard the concerts of last year, Mr. Monteux has had once more to seek new music. And this time he has chosen wisely. He has wholly avoided the classical symphonies; for an overture he has turned to the spirited, tuneful and tingling music with which Rossini prefaced his early opera, "The Italian in Algiers"; from the "great masters," he has chosen not from Beethoven or Schubert, but three dances by Bach, who is often fresher and more modern than either; and from the composers nearer our own time he has picked three who excelled in the writing of highly colored, strongly rhythmed music—Dvorak, Rimsky-Korsakov and Bizet. Moreover, in order that the youngsters might learn with their eyes as well as with their ears, he selected each piece with a view to displaying some solo instrument, the nature of which is duly explained in the programme. In Rossini's overture it is the oboe; in the dances by Bach, the flute; in the Largo from Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, the English horn; in the second movement of "Scheherazade," a whole array—violin, harp, bassoon, oboe, trombone, trumpet,

clarinet and French horn. If there was no reference to any specific instrument in the Scherzo from Dvorak's symphony; or in Bizet's Farandole, in both the drummers had much to do, and the youngsters were quick to observe it.

It is indeed a pity that more of those to whom the future of music, and of the Symphony Orchestra, is a real and vital thing, cannot be privileged to attend one of these concerts. The first sight of Symphony Hall, filled with school-children, is like a visit to the George Junior Republic. It seems curiously as though they belonged there, they are so obviously masters of the situation. And what a pleasure it is to witness their alertness to what is going on, their delight in the things that their experienced elders take so much for granted. Does Rossini interrupt a pronounced pianissimo with a crashing chord, and from the audience there is a ripple of laughter which spreads even to the orchestra. Does Rimsky-Korsakov employ that most jaded and hackneyed device, a muted trumpet, and there is laughter again. Does Dvorak begin his Largo with solemn, organ-like harmonies for the brass, and there is much pricking up of ears and craning of necks—and so on throughout the concert. After all, these young people came and are coming to hear, not only music, but an orchestra, and it is right that they should hear the composers who used the orchestra "for all it was worth," and even Rossini, subject to the technical limitations of his day, did that. And thrice happy was Mr. Monteux in his choice of Rimsky-Korsakov, the master magician and master story-teller of them all.

The management of the Orchestra has requested that the following information about the concerts be here set forth. The tickets for those of yesterday and tomorrow were distributed through ninety schools and ten settlements of Greater Boston. Yesterday's audience was chiefly made up of pupils who are members of school orchestras, bands or glee clubs, and of pupils who are receiving credit in the schools for their outside musical study. The concert of Friday is designed to accommodate pupils from schools not in the original allotment and also pupils of the various private schools, and to this end tickets for it, priced from twenty-five to fifty cents, are on sale at the box office of Symphony Hall. W. S. S.

counterpoint, as every composer must, but did not aim to be a master of it. His scheme was rather to give themes to one solo instrument after another, each solo entirely fitted to bring out the particular beauties of the instrument which plays it. The scoring is thus "thin" and without "texture." But the result is so magnificent that counterpoint is no longer much needed, nor is it greatly missed.

The music to be played is worth following carefully. It opens with a violin solo, accompanied only by chords from the harp. The violin represents Scheherazade, the beautiful consort of the Sultan, beginning still another tale. The voice seems to be saying "Once upon a time..." Immediately, the bassoon solo (the long, gruff-toned wood-wind instrument in the second row from the back) begins the story itself, until the oboe solo takes up the melody. This leads to music for a fuller orchestra and then a trombone solo fanfare alternates with a trumpet solo. This dialogue brings some splendid passages and ere long the clarinet solo is heard in a fine, rippling figure, soon transferred to the bassoon. Just before the close there is a beautiful solo for the French horn (the coiled, brass instrument in the back row).

GEORGES BIZET (1830-1875) was always fond of subjects from the south which gave opportunities for "local color." The noted composer of "Carmen" wrote incidental music to Daudet's play, from which this dance is chosen. The plot tells of a young farmer who is infatuated with a beauty of Arles on account of her remarkable grace in dancing the Farandole.

Symphony Hall.

The Symphony Orchestra Plays to Young People Happily Chosen Pieces — Three Dances or Casella Tamed—Mr. Kreisler Surprises an Audience—Amended Programmes

Trans. — Dec. 8, 1920
AN adroit maker of programmes is Mr. Monteux, but in the matter of finding suitable music for the Young People's Concerts he has had to learn his trade afresh. For the first, which took place a year ago, he followed the most obvious course. The concert was primarily educational, hence he would play an overture by Beethoven and a symphony by Schubert; these pieces must have less serious music for foil and contrast, and for that purpose he selected ballet music by Delibes. His second list, which included pieces by Weber, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Grieg and Berlioz, was at once less taxing and more stimulating to youthful minds and ears. Yesterday afternoon there befell the first of the Young People's Concerts of the present season, and it will be repeated without change of programme on tomorrow and Friday afternoons. As it is to be presumed that the audiences, although there are three and not one, will include many of those who heard the concerts of last year, Mr. Monteux has had once more to seek new music. And this time he has chosen wisely. He has wholly avoided the classical symphonies; for an overture he has turned to the spirited, tuneful and tingling music with which Rossini prefaced his early opera, "The Italian in Algiers"; from the "great masters," he has chosen not from Beethoven or Schubert, but three dances by Bach, who is often fresher and more modern than either; and from the composers nearer our own time he has picked three who excelled in the writing of highly colored, strongly rhythmical music—Dvorak, Rimsky-Korsakov and Bizet. Moreover, in order that the youngsters might learn with their eyes as well as with their ears, he selected each piece with a view to displaying some solo instrument, the nature of which is duly explained in the programme. In Rossini's overture it is the oboe; in the dances by Bach, the flute; in the Largo from Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, the English horn; in the second movement of "Scheherazade," a whole array—violin, harp, bassoon, oboe, trombone, trumpet,

clarinet and French horn. If there was no reference to any specific instrument in the Scherzo from Dvorak's symphony; or in Bizet's Farandole, in both the drummers had much to do, and the youngsters were quick to observe it.

It is indeed a pity that more of those to whom the future of music, and of the Symphony Orchestra, is a real and vital thing, cannot be privileged to attend one of these concerts. The first sight of Symphony Hall, filled with school-children, is like a visit to the George Junior Republic. It seems curiously as though they belonged there, they are so obviously masters of the situation. And what a pleasure it is to witness their alertness to what is going on, their delight in the things that their experienced elders take so much for granted. Does Rossini interrupt a pronounced pianissimo with a crashing chord, and from the audience there is a ripple of laughter which spreads even to the orchestra. Does Rimsky-Korsakov employ that most jaded and hackneyed device, a muted trumpet, and there is laughter again. Does Dvorak begin his Largo with solemn, organ-like harmonies for the brass, and there is much pricking up of ears and craning of necks—and so on throughout the concert. After all, these young people came and are coming to hear, not only music, but an orchestra, and it is right that they should hear the composers who used the orchestra "for all it was worth," and even Rossini, subject to the technical limitations of his day, did that. And thrice happy was Mr. Monteux in his choice of Rimsky-Korsakov, the master magician and master story-teller of them all.

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PUPILS ENJOY FIRST CONCERT

Symphony Orchestra Gives
Numbers Emphasizing
Solo-Instruments

YOUNG LISTENERS SHOW APPRECIATION

Herald Dec. 8, 1920
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The audience yesterday was especially musical, for the first preference was given to the pupils that are members of school orchestras, bands or glee clubs; also, to pupils that are studying music outside of the schools but are being credited for it in the schools.

The program was arranged so as to acquaint in a measure the young listeners with the quality of several solo instruments. Thus in the odd and once popular overture of the light-hearted Rossini the florid passages for oboe were played delightfully by Mr. Longy. Mr. Laurent's skill and taste were displayed in the movements from Bach's suite, while the English horn solo in Dvorak's largo was played by Mr. Mueller. The movement from "Scheherazade" brought into prominence solos by violin, harp, bassoon, oboe, clarinet, horn, trumpet, trombone played by the admirable virtuosos of the orchestra.

The young listeners were greatly interested and pleased. They were warmly appreciative. They watched the players attentively and heard them intelligently. When they talked, the subject was the music of the orchestral instruments.

These concerts will do much to arouse and maintain genuine interest in good music, music that is melodious and strongly rhythmed, whether it be by an Italian, Frenchman, Russian, German or even an American. Mr. Monteux arranged, as he did last season, an excellent program for the purpose; he conducted and the full orchestra played as if the concert were in the regular subscription series.

In order that students of the schools that did not come in the allotment may have an opportunity to hear the orchestra, a third concert will be given the afternoon of Dec. 10, for which tickets at 25, 35 and 50 cents are now being sold at the Symphony Hall box office. This concert will also accommodate pupils of the various private schools. Adults will be admitted only as escorts.

SYMPHONY HALL

YOUNG PEOPLES' CONCERTS

THE AFTERNOONS OF

Tuesday, March 29, and Thursday, March 31

at 4 o'clock

BY THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

PROGRAMME FOR BOTH CONCERTS

Saint-Saëns	March from the "Algerian Suite"
Haydn	Andante from the Symphony in G major, "Surprise"
Grieg	Three Norwegian Dances
Tschaikowsky	Andante Cantabile from the String Quartet Op. 11
Mozart	German Dance, "The Sleigh Ride"
Rossini	Overture to "William Tell"

No adult will be admitted to these concerts unless accompanied by one or more children

Prices: 25, 35, and 50 cents (no tax)

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CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS (1835-).

MILITARY MARCH FROM THE ALGERIAN SUITE

Saint-Saëns is the oldest of French composers, and the most productive. In his eighty-sixth year he is living, flourishing, and composing in Paris, and can boast of having shaken hands with such composers as Berlioz, Wagner, Liszt, and Brahms—now in their graves these thirty years. He can write serious music or light music such as this march almost at will. A dozen operas, operettas, symphonies large and small, symphonic poems, suites, concertos, piano music and chamber music for almost every imaginable combination—such is his list of works.

But his cleverness extends far beyond composing. He has written poems and plays, he has dabbled in the sciences, he has delighted his friends by acting the part of Marguerite in "Faust," for a joke, and demolished his enemies with a sharp and sarcastic pen. In addition to this, he has travelled from one end of the world to the other and is correspondingly full of anecdotes. His violent likes and dislikes towards other composers are proverbial, and so is the rapidity with which he changes his mind on artistic matters.

JOSEF HAYDN (1732-1809).

ANDANTE FROM THE SYMPHONY IN G MAJOR, "SURPRISE"

Watch your neighbor jump when the "Surprise" in this symphony comes after the first soft measures of the theme. Haydn was very fond of putting jokes into his music, and some one claimed that, writing this symphony on his visit to London, he wanted to arouse the sleeping English matrons in the audience. This Haydn denied—he was never impolite—but such was the effect, nevertheless. The joke sounds a little old-fashioned now, since the symphony was written nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, and the composers of to-day do things far more startling. However, absent-minded people have jumped at the sudden loud chord from that day to this. The rest of the movement is a series of variations. There is a delightful portion in which the theme is changed from the major to the minor mode.

Josef Haydn spent most of his life as composer to Prince Nikolaus Esterházy, a Hungarian noble, who did everything on a large scale. His chest blazed with diamonds, and he called himself "Nikolaus the Magnificent." After visiting Versailles, he erected "Esterház," an even more splendid palace and estate, on a bleak swamp, miles from civilization. Esterház had an orchestra and concert-hall, and Haydn was engaged to take complete charge and to compose operas and symphonies and perform them on special occasions when guests were expected.

So Haydn, almost in the position of a servant, composed most of his music for his Prince and patron. Since the symphony was then an entirely new form, the people of the time found the music disturbingly different from what they were used to, but so sociable and delightful was Haydn's musical style that it was bound to be popular. Also, he sugar-coated his pills with many a joke, such as this. For instance he wrote a "Bear" symphony, a "Clock" sym-

phony, and a "Toy" symphony, in which the orchestra imitated the horns and rattles of a country fair. His "Farewell" symphony was a hint to the Prince that he and the musicians of the orchestra were tired of the seclusion of "Esterház." According to the directions of the score, one after another of the musicians blew out his candle and left the hall until no one was left but the conductor—Haydn himself. The Prince took the hint and granted them all a vacation in Vienna.

EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG (1843-1907) . . THREE NORWEGIAN DANCES

Among those peoples where the musical instinct is strong there have come into being, no one can say just how, the songs and dances which are called "folk-music." From their merrymaking have come the folk-dances which in Norway are particularly vigorous and rhythmic. Grieg, the Norwegian composer, was fascinated by the folk-dances of his people—so much so that he set these for a large orchestra, and indeed most of his music is tinged with them.

Probably these dances were unrecorded until Grieg heard them on some village green and wrote them down in notation. For folk-music, like the old legends, is remembered and preserved only by ear, and so handed down from father to son.

PETER TSCHAIKOWSKY (1840-1893).

ANDANTE CANTABILE FROM THE STRING QUARTET, OP. 11

Russia has been as rich in folk-music as any country in the world, and indeed all the Russian composers have used it in their scores. Tchaikowsky did not do so as often as others. But the melody of this slow movement is a full-fledged folk-song—a lament born of the suffering of an oppressed people. Such a song is as different from an "art-song" as a wild violet from an orchid. A wild flower is not planted, nor is a folk-song made by some clever musician with an eye to fame. It is as spontaneous as nature itself, and you could no more tell where it came from than you could tell where the seed of the wild flower came from. And it cannot be so surely said that the simple beauty of these songs is improved upon in the cultivated kind.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756-1791).

GERMAN DANCE, "THE SLEIGH RIDE"

The wealthy nobility of Vienna was never more dance-crazed than in the eighteenth century—the age of periwigs, when Mozart lived and composed. The Viennese must have slept by day, for they danced night after night until the broad daylight, streaming through the shuttered windows, drove them home. Mozart, the most illustrious young composer of the time, became official musician to Emperor Josef of Austria in 1787. Although he wrote his finest symphonies in this period, nothing so serious was expected of him at court, and new minuets and German dances (waltzes) for each Imperial Ball suited frivolous Vienna very well. His salary was miserably small. "Too much for what I do," he remarked bitterly,

"too little for what I can do." Not that Mozart was adverse to social gayety. He was extremely fond of revelry, and would often dance to his own measures.

This dance with its post horn and bells is supposed to represent the famous sleigh processions which were then in high vogue, and in which Mozart no doubt eagerly took part. Michael Kelly, a noted Irish tenor, was visiting Vienna at the time and describes these functions thus: "Another favorite amusement, going forward at this period of the year, is a '*course des traîneaux*,' or procession of sledges. These sledges are richly ornamented, and carved with figures of all kinds of monsters, and inlaid with burnished gold, etc. A vast number of *carrettas* and carts, on the day previous to this singular spectacle, gather snow, and distribute it along the principal streets of Vienna, in order that the sledges may be drawn with perfect security. The effect at night, by torchlight, is like enchantment. I have seen forty or fifty sledges drawn up, one behind the other; in every sledge was a lady seated, covered with diamonds, in furs and pelisses: behind each was a gentleman, as magnificently dressed, driving; before every sledge were two running footmen having long poles with knobs of silver at their ends. The Hungarian Prince Dietressteen, the Grand Master of the Horse, was always the first to lead the *traîneaux*. The immense velocity with which these things are drawn is perfectly astonishing: they go on for three or four hours, and the procession, at its close, draws up before the Emperor's palace. The running footmen have costly liveries, and the horses are caparisoned with rich trappings, and large plumes of milk-white feathers; and the spectacle, upon the whole, is magnificent."

GIOACHIMO ROSSINI (1792-1868).

OVERTURE TO THE OPERA "WILLIAM TELL"

No composer in the history of music started more humbly and rose to a higher pinnacle of fame in his own time than Rossini. A poor boy in a small town of Italy, he found engagements with travelling opera troupes, and, using what musical knowledge he had been able to pick up, wrote comic operas which met with immediate favor. Composing always in the popular vein, his music soon became the rage throughout Europe. Opera after opera aroused a furore of enthusiasm everywhere, and not the least of his successes was "William Tell." The overture seems to describe the serenity of nature in the Alps, interrupted by one of the sudden and violent thunder-storms peculiar to Switzerland. Underlying this is felt the struggle for political freedom, which is the theme of the legend.

When he composed this masterpiece, Rossini was a young man of thirty-seven. Then a surprising thing happened. Although he reached a ripe old age, he never wrote another opera. When asked why, he shook his shoulders and said, "I would rather be a sausage-maker than be a composer." Just what brought this sudden change will never be known. Some call it the inborn laziness of the man, and others claim that he was disgusted with the easiness and shallowness of fame. In any case, his portrait reveals a chin with several folds and a paunch of goodly size.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1920-21

GIVES CONCERT FOR THE YOUNG

Symphony Orchestra Aids
Development of Musical
Taste in Children

PROGRAM RECEIVES CLOSE ATTENTION

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Last season, and in December of this season, the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave concerts of this nature to the great joy of the young who packed Symphony Hall. The programs were well selected. Compositions were chosen of a melodious or strongly rhythmical nature that at once attracted and held the attention. They were by composers of high rank. It is a good thing to disabuse the young of the idea that because a composer has a great name, his music is therefore beyond their com-

prehension. Nor should music that is popularly classed as "light" be avoided in the arrangement of programs for these concerts. When Theodore Thomas began his work of developing a taste for orchestral music in the United States, he gave the audience a waltz by Johann Strauss, or a stirring march, in addition to symphonic movements and symphonic poems.

At the concerts of last December pieces were chosen to show in a practical manner the character of various instruments; oboe, flute, English horn, etc. Yesterday the program had no specific purpose, but it was attractive, pleasing to children, young and old. The concert began with the stirring French Military March from Saint-Saens's "Algerian" Suite. Then came the Andante from Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, followed by Grieg's Three Norwegian Dances. Tschalkowsky was represented by the Andante, which first made his name known in Boston, the Andante from his first String Quartet, written in 1871. The Andante is still beautiful and haunting. When Tolstoi visited Moscow late in 1876 Nicholas Rubinstein arranged a concert in his honor. This Andante was then played. Tolstoi during the performance burst into tears. "Never in the whole course of my life," wrote Tschalkowsky in his diary, "did I feel so flattered, never so proud of my creative power, as when Leo Tolstoi, sitting by my side, listened to my Andante while the tears streamed down his face." This Andante is based on a Russian folk song, which was sung by a workman at Kamenka in the summer of 1869.

The program also included one of Mozart's Germany dances, popularly known as "The Sleighride," on account of its Trio. In Mozart's time a procession of richly ornamental sleighs was seen winter nights by torchlight in Vienna. The women, men and horses were sumptuously dressed, there were running footmen, and a Hungarian Prince led the procession. The concert ended with Rossini's overture to "William Tell," which is heard gladly at any concert.

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The hall was completely filled with a most interested and appreciative audience. The concert will be repeated tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Caught Young Trans. Mich. 30. 1921

Is it not possible that Mr. Monteux and the men of the Symphony Orchestra take a keener pleasure in the fresh, unspoiled and generally eager and responsive audiences of the Young People's Concerts, than they do in the more staid, more sophisticated—though more outwardly demonstrative—companies of Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings? It seemed, for example, at the concert yesterday that all concerned, went about their work with an unusual zest and a corresponding brilliance and effectiveness in their performance. Comparisons are reputedly objectionable, but how easy is it to think of Dr. Muck on his mettle before an audience of school children? By token of the attentiveness with which the concert was heard Mr. Monteux's latest programme is the most successful of the four that he has set before his youthful listeners. There was nothing in it so exacting as the dances by Bach, the movement from "Scheherazade" or the Largo from the "New World" Symphony, of the preceding series. The most serious number was the popular Andante Cantabile from Chaikovsky's first string quartet, and the only symphonic piece, the Andante—of the explosive chord—from Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony. For the rest there was the tuneful, deftly orchestrated March from Saint-Saëns's "Algerian Suite," three Norwegian Dances by Grieg, Mozart's German Dance, "The Sleigh Ride," and the Overture to "William Tell."

As might have been expected, Haydn's little joke "brought down the house." Though the delightfully written programme-notes had warned them, the youngsters were perceptibly startled and vastly amused. Mr. Monteux has at times seemed unduly rigid with Haydn's music, he was far from it in the fragment of yesterday. And how fortunate was his choice of Mozart's dance with its compelling rhythm and its charming accompaniment of tuned and jingling sleighbells! Such a piece as this or the dances of Grieg have little place in a symphony concert, which must concern itself with weightier things. Yet they were good to hear. Only at a "Pop" concert are we likely to encounter such music—or Saint-Saëns's march or Rossini's overture—but there it would be played with less care, with accompanying distractions, and by a smaller orchestra. By so much the young people have an advantage over their elders. The performance of the "Tell" overture was unusually brilliant, and, needless to say, the children took great delight in the "clap-trap" thunderstorm and the excitements of the end.

W. S. S.

SEASON OF POP CONCERTS OPEN

Herald — May 3, 1921
Symphony Hall Audience
Shows Keen Appreciation of Program

ORCHESTRA PLAYS WITH USUAL SKILL

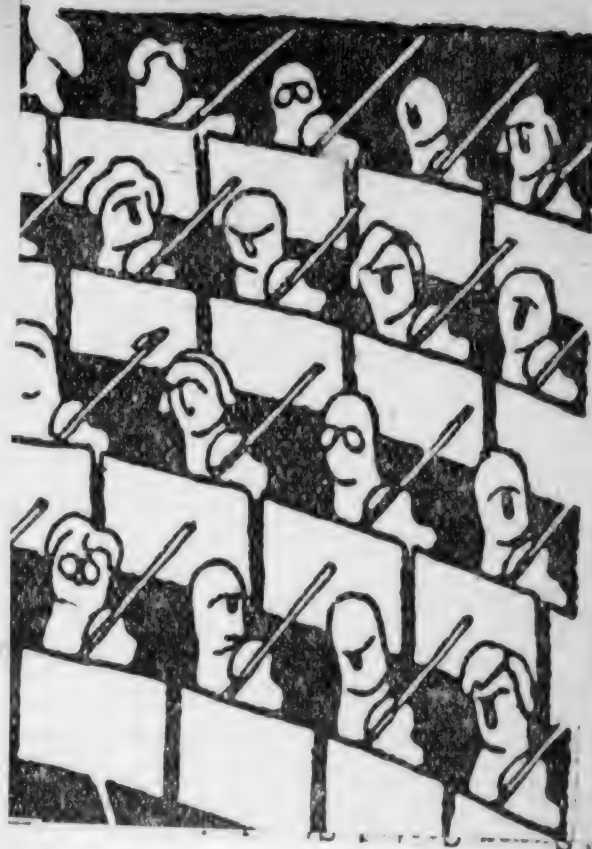
Though still under the spell of a certain melancholy that has enveloped them since the old popping days, the Pop concerts opened last night in Symphony Hall. The house was crowded and the throng had a more cosmopolitan appearance than ever. All parts of Boston seemed represented and a sizable part of the rest of the world also.

The program containing pieces by Wagner, Suppe, Tschalkowsky, Debussy, Dvorak and Grieg made a wide appeal that evidently had a thorough response. There were four selections by Slavonic composers and it was noticeable that these roused the most strenuous enthusiasm among the audience. One reason for this was that 200 seats had been provided for delegates attending a fraternal convention now in session in Boston and that a large proportion of the members are Russians.

The orchestra under the leadership of Agide Jacchia played with all its accustomed artistic skill, vim and vividness of expression. The musicians were generous in response to the acclaim of their hearers and an extra number was added after each regular selection. A fantasy based on Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" particularly took the people's fancy and in keeping with the Slavic predominance of the evening an arrangement of the Volga Boatman's song done by Mr. Jacchia was given. This called forth such a storm of approval that it was repeated.

Even without the old fizzing accompaniments of bygone days, the Pops are plainly as popular as ever and there can be no doubt that one of the most successful seasons in their long history was begun last night.

re



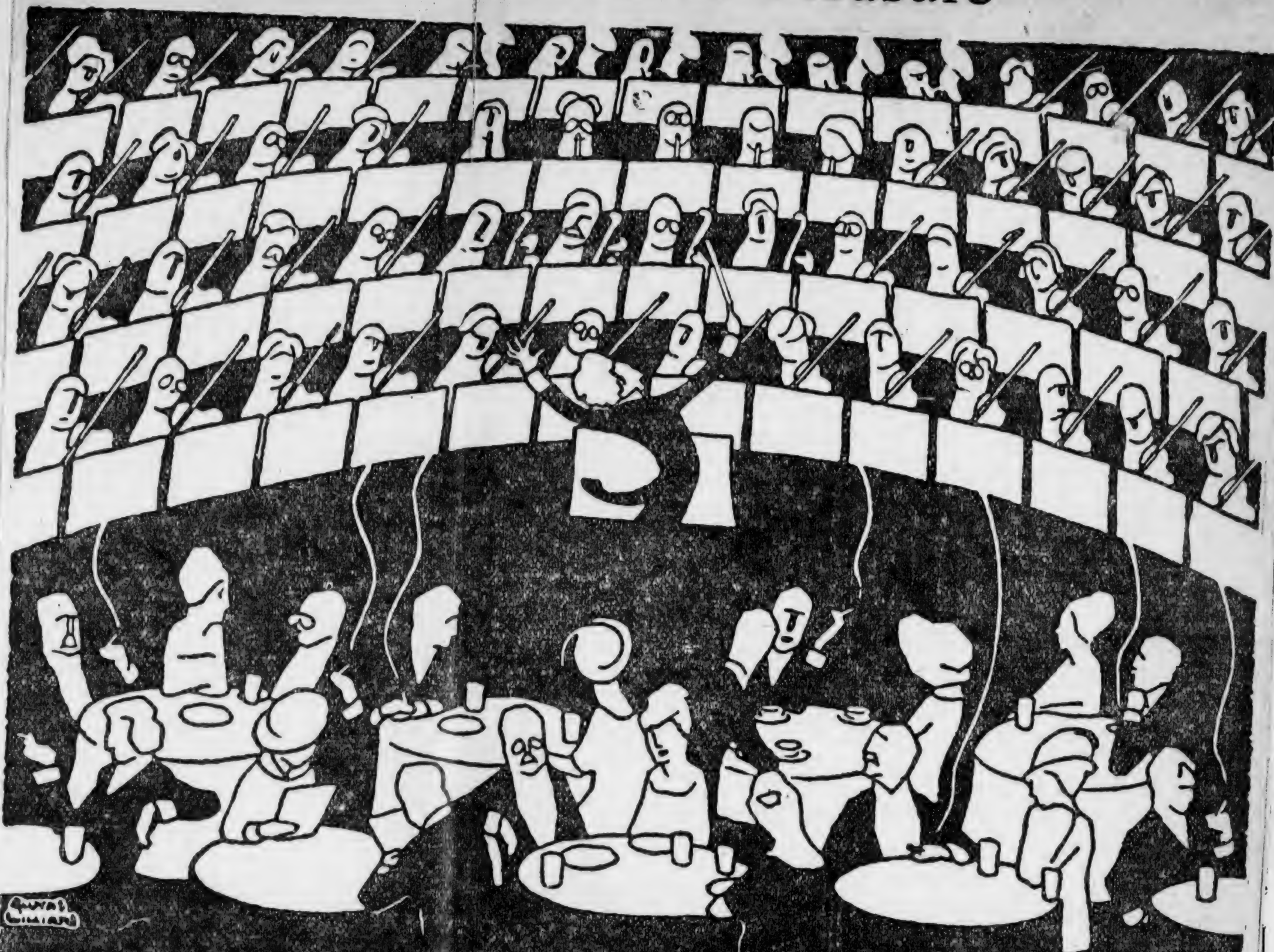
292 Caught Young J. J. M. B. 1921

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As might have been expected, Haydn's little joke "brought down the house." Though the delightfully written programme-notes had warned them, the youngsters were perceptibly startled and vastly amused. Mr. Monteux has at times seemed unduly rigid with Haydn's music, he was far from it in the fragment of yesterday. And how fortunate was his choice of Mozart's dance with its compelling rhythm and its charming accompaniment of tuned and jingling sleighbells! Such a piece as this or the dances of Grieg have little place in a symphony concert which must concern itself with weightier things. Yet they were good to hear. Only at a "Pop" concert are we likely to encounter such music—or Saint-Saëns's march or Rossini's overture—but there it would be played with less care, with accompanying distractions, and by a smaller orchestra. By so much the young people have an advantage over their elders. The performance of the "Tell" overture was unusual brilliant, and, needless to say, the children took great delight in the "clap-trap" thunderstorm and the excitements of the end.

W. S. S.

Premonition of Pleasure



POPS

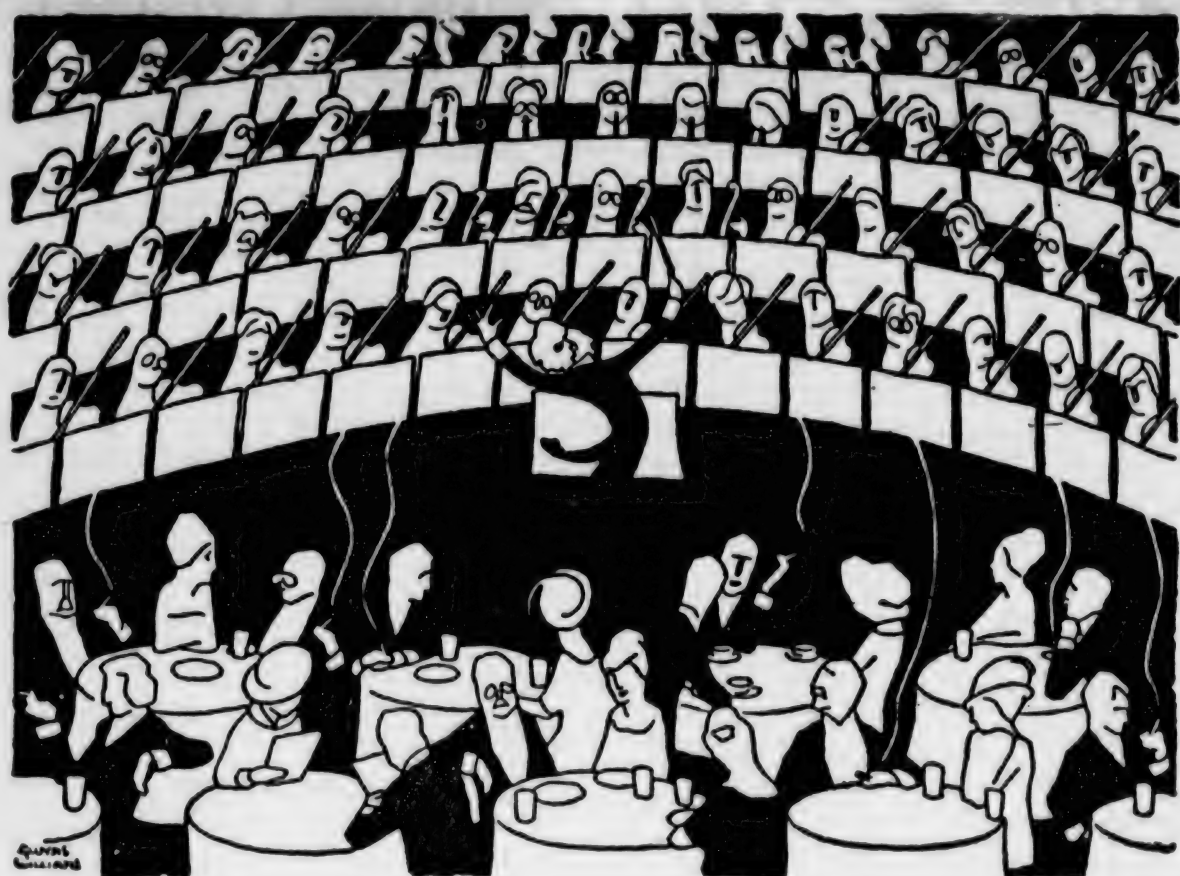
SYMPHONY HALL

EVERY NIGHT EXCEPT SUNDAY

OPENING MAY 2

The Pops in Epitome

New Poster for the Concerts Drawn by Gluyas Williams



SYMPHONY HALL

THE POPS

(36th Season)

Orchestra of Symphony Players

AGIDE JACCHIA, Conductor

Opening Night, Monday, May 2

PROGRAMME

1. MARCH from "Tannhäuser" Wagner
2. OVERTURE, "Tantalusqualen" Suppé
3. "BY MOONLIGHT" Bendel
4. FANTASIA, "Eugene Oniegin" Tchaikowsky
5. FROM THE "PETITE SUITE" Debussy
 - a. En Bateau
 - b. Cortège
6. SLAVONIC DANCE NO. 3 Dvorák
7. "SPRING" Grieg
8. FINALE, "Scheherazade" Rimsky-Korsakoff
9. FANTASIA, "Manon Lescaut" Puccini
10. WALTZ, "Rêve au Champagne" Vollstedt
11. "PROCESSION OF THE SARDAR" Ippolito-Ivanoff

SEATS NOW ON SALE

1531

The 40th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra ended last night. It has been a brilliant one, one of the most brilliant in the history of the orchestra, which was never in a higher state than it is today. Mr. Monteux once said: "An orchestra is what the conductor makes it." Mr. Monteux, having fine material to work with, virtuosos who were willing, yes, eager, to unite in ensemble without undue thought of their own individuality, has now an orchestra that for euphony, plasticity and brilliance, is unsurpassed. As James Huneker said in the last review he wrote for the New York World: "After all, there is only one Boston Symphony Orchestra."

Not only has Mr. Monteux brought the orchestra to its high state by means of his technical skill as a disciplinarian, he has revealed himself as an interpreter to whom no school, ancient or modern, is foreign. His reading of Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, Brahms' second symphony, Liszt's "Orpheus," Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, will long be remembered. We mention these readings in particular, for there are a few moss-backed conservatives who still think that only a German can interpret "German" music; as if music were parochial, and could not make a universal appeal. They might as well say that only a German audience can understand and appreciate the music of Beethoven, Brahms and Mozart. No, the compositions of the Englishmen, Bax and Vaughan Williams, of the French and the Russians, of the Italians and the Americans are not to Mr. Monteux written in an unknown tongue.

What a pleasure it is to see a conductor at the head of this orchestra who is modest in his bearing, yet courageous in bringing out music in an unfamiliar idiom, without thought of immediate popular favor, believing it his duty to acquaint the audience with even the most extreme modern tendencies, a conductor who respects his audience and his orchestra; a conductor who is courteous to soloists and rejoices in their individual success.

And in his arduous work he has been loyally and intelligently supported by the sound advice and encouragement of the experienced manager, Mr. William H. Brennan, assisted by Mr. G. E. Judd.

The programs of the 40th season were conspicuous for their interest and catholicity. Many unfamiliar compositions were heard, while the classics were not neglected.

ORCHESTRAL COMPOSITIONS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME

- Bingham: Passacaglia for orchestra, Jan. 21, 1921.
 Gilbert: Indian Sketches, March 4, 1921.
 Hill: Poem: "The Fall of the House of Usher" (after Poe), Oct. 28, 1920.
 Mason, Stuart: Rhapsody on a Persian Air, April 22, 1921.
 Strube: Four Preludes, Nov. 12, 1920.
WORKS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AMERICA
 Bax: "In the Faery Hills," symphonic poem, Dec. 17, 1920.
 Malipiero: "Impressioni dal Vero," Suite No. 1, Dec. 23, 1920.
 Milhaud: Suite No. 2, April 22, 1921.
 Ravel: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," Nov. 19, 1920.

Here in Boston

At the end of the week Mr. Monteux will take ship for Le Havre to remain in Europe until September, in part taking holiday, in part seeking recent music and new players for the Symphony Concerts next season. Ten or twelve others from the orchestra, for the most part the leaders of the several choirs, are also departing for a summer in Europe and almost on the same day.

Ropartz: Divertissement, Oct. 22, 1920.
 Strauss: Suite from "Der Burger als Edelmann," Feb. 11, 1921.
 *Had Vassilenko's "Epic Poem" been played in the United States before April 8, 1921?
WORKS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN BOSTON

- Symphonies, Symphonic Poems, Etc.
 Balakireff: "Islamey" (orchestrated by Casella), Dec. 17, 1920.
 Bloch: "Hiver" and "Printemps," April 29, 1921.
 Carpenter: Suite from the Ballet "The Birthday of the Infanta," Feb. 25, 1921.
 Franck: Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue (orchestrated by Pierne), Oct. 8, 1920.
 d'Indy: "La Queste de Dieu," from "La Légende de Saint-Christophe," Dec. 23, 1920.
 Kalinnikoff: Symphony No. 1, G minor, April 1, 1921.
 Lekeu: Symphonic Fantasia on Two Folk-songs of Anjou, Oct. 8, 1920.
 Ravel: Valses Nobles et Sentimentales, March 11, 1921.
 Respighi: "Fontane di Roma," Nov. 12, 1920.
 Schubert: "Tragic" Symphony, No. 4, O minor (as a whole), April 8, 1921.
 Scott: Two Passacaglias, Jan. 28, 1921.
 Vassilenko: Epic Poem, April 18, 1921.
 Williams: A London Symphony, Feb. 18, 1921.

SONGS

- Mason, D. G.: "Russians," Op. 18 (Reinold Werrenrath, baritone), Nov. 19, 1920.

WORKS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THESE CONCERTS

- Franck: "Les Djinns," symphonic poem for piano and orchestra, after Hugo, E. Robert Schmitz, pianist, Jan. 21, 1921.
 Mozart: Air of Pamina from "The Magic Flute" (Mine, Hulda Lashanska), Jan. 28, 1921.
 Concerto in E flat major for violin (Jacques Thibaud), Feb. 18, 1921.
 Shepherd: Fantasy for piano and orchestra (Heinrich Gebhard, pianist), April 15, 1921.
 Wagner: Transformation Music and closing scene of Act I, "Parsifal," March 23, 1921.

A glance at the list of composers whose works were played will give an idea of Mr. Monteux's catholicity, to which we have referred.

Summary

The following composers were represented at these concerts for the first time: Bax, Bingham, Kalinnikoff, Lekeu, Mason, D. G., Mason, S., Milhaud, Respighi, Scott, Shepherd, Vassilenko, Williams.

Balakireff	1	Loeffler	1
Bax	1	Malipiero	1
Beethoven	7	Mason, D. G.	1
Berlioz	2	Mason, S.	1
Bingham	1	Mendelssohn	2
Bloch	1	Milhaud	1
Brahms	4	Mozart	9
Bruch	1	Ravel	2
Carpenter	1	Respighi	2
Chabrier	1	Roger-Ducasse	1
Chadwick	1	Ropartz	1
Charpentier	1	Saint-Saëns	2
Debussy	1	Schubert	8
Dellus	1	Schumann	1
Dukas	1	Scott	1
Dvorak	1	Scrinabin	1
Enesco	2	Shepherd	1
Footé	1	Sibelius	1
Franck	3	Strauss	3
Gilbert	1	Stravinsky	1
Griffes	1	Strube	1
Haydn	2	Tchaikowsky	2
Hill	1	Vassilenko	1
d'Indy	1	Wagner	4
Kalinnikoff	1	Weber	1
Lalo	1	Williams	12
Lekeu	1		
Liszt	2	Total	91

*Respighi's "Fountains of Rome" was played twice.

†Vaughan Williams's "London Symphony" was played twice.

Of these composers, Bingham, Carpenter, Chadwick, Footé, Gilbert, Griffes, Hill, D. G. Mason, S. Mason, Shepherd were born in this country. Add to the list Messrs. Loeffler and Strube, Americans by their long residence and musical activity in this country—12 in all.

Fifty-four composers were represented. There has been trifling, foolish talk about French propaganda. Of these composers only 12 were French by birth. Franck, a Belgian, was a naturalized Frenchman; Lekeu was a Belgian; Enesco was a Roumanian.

The soloists were as follows:

- Sopranos: Mmes. Lashanska and Nielsen... 2
 Baritone: Mr. Werrenrath... 1
 Pianists: Messrs. Bauer, Gebhard, Gralinger, Levitzki, Maier, Moiseiwitsch, Pattison, Rubinstein... 8
 Violinists: Messrs. Burgin and Thibaud and Miss Menges... 3
 Violoncellists: Messrs. Bedetti and Schroeder... 2

Mmes. Lashanska and Menges appeared for the first time in Boston.

Messrs. Maier, Moiseiwitsch, Pattison and Rubinstein played for the first time at these concerts. Miss Nielsen and Mr. Werrenrath sang for the first time at these concerts.

The Symphony Orchestra

Boston has come to the parting of the ways in the matter of the maintenance of the Symphony Orchestra. Our city has been favored above all others in the record up to this time of this famous band. The story of the public-spirited work of Major Henry L. Higginson is known to everybody. Our city has greatly benefited not only in high æsthetic enjoyment, but in honor and general reputation, even business reputation, from the control and patronage of this great enterprise by Major Higginson. Higginson is gone; others have worthily carried on his work at great cost to themselves; but the expense of the maintenance of the orchestra has risen enormously, and the time has come when the whole musical public must consider whether it will take up the duty and the honor and continue the record of our city, by meeting now a deficit of \$150,000 incurred this season in the running of the orchestra—at the same time, let us say, that it faces the larger duty and opportunity of providing an endowment fund of \$3,000,000 to make the work of the orchestra perpetual.

The appeal of the trustees for fresh guarantees for the orchestra goes forth not merely to men and women of wealth, but to all citizens who love music and who are proud of their city's reputation. It is possible that the literary sceptre has passed from us, but there is no reason why the artistic preëminence afforded by the fame of the Boston Symphony Orchestra should pass. That may well remain within our grasp, if our people appreciate the situation. On the other hand, if they do not, and if they fail to support the enterprise worthily, the consequence to our city's reputation may indeed be serious. The subject is worthy of every citizen's thought. The efforts of the trustees thus far to maintain the orchestra with full credit to the city have indeed been most creditable, and they have been justified from every point of view. The response to their appeal should convince them, and the whole world, that Boston's star is not waning.

FUND FOR THE SYMPHONY

Trans. Apr. 22, 1921

Trustees Ask the Public for Fresh Guarantees

Private Subscriptions No Longer Adequate

Rising Salaries Main Item in Yearly Expenses

Pledges of \$150,000 Annually Now Sought

Today the trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have posted to the subscribers to its concerts a circular-letter, setting forth the income and the outgo of the band since they have controlled it, noting the deficits incurred each season, and asking contributions to meet the difference, approximately \$150,000 between revenue and expenditure for the current year. They further propose that these contributions be continued from season to season until the orchestra is finally provided with an Endowment Fund. Thus \$150,000 would be annually at the disposal of the trustees to meet a deficit, practically unescapable.

By the tables appended to the circular-letter, it appears that the deficit for the musical year 1918-19 was \$93,000. It was paid by some hundred guarantors privately gathered. The deficit for the succeeding season, 1919-20, was \$83,000. Again these guarantors paid it. For the current season, 1920-21, the deficit is estimated at \$131,000—a sum exceeding by \$50,000 the pledges of the guarantors. Hence the present appeal for additional subscriptions from the public of the concerts. Moreover, these private guarantees, made in 1919 for three seasons, have but one more year to run.

Past, Present, Future

The circular-letter notes the transfer of the control of the orchestra from the late Henry L. Higginson to the trustees, their assumption of the annual deficit and the pledging of a guarantee fund which covered

the losses for the season of 1918-19 and provided "about \$83,000" for like purpose through the seasons of 1919-20, 1920-21, 1921-22. The letter then proceeds:

Last year the deficit fell below the amount of the guarantee fund, and the unused portions of the subscriptions for that year were returned to the subscribers. This year it is evident that the deficit will far exceed the guarantee fund. Substantial increases in the musicians' salaries and in nearly all the other necessary expenses are swelling the deficits in all orchestras; in other cities than Boston they are credibly reported to stand at \$200,000 and \$300,000.

The trustees find themselves confronted with the necessity of securing approximately \$50,000 beyond the fund guaranteed for this year's deficit, and a substantial increase in the amount pledged for next year. They must similarly obtain adequate provision for subsequent years, pending the establishment of the eventually needed endowment fund of at least \$3,000,000. From time to time they have considered the organization of a definite campaign for the raising of this fund, but have not yet been convinced that the time is ripe for it. The foundations for the fund have nevertheless been laid, through subscriptions to the amount of about \$150,000.

The trustees believe that their efforts to continue the Orchestra have been amply justified, both through the satisfaction of lovers of music and through the preservation of a local institution of the highest significance and benefit to the whole community. They have faith that their belief is shared by many besides those who have been giving their financial support to the orchestra. They believe that in addition to the comparatively small number of the friends of music who, in an emergency, have been the annual guarantors, there are many persons who so value the concerts as vital elements in their own lives and in the life of the community that they will welcome the opportunity to contribute.

To sustain the orchestra, contributions are necessary to make up an annual sum estimated to be \$150,000. All those who make annual subscriptions will, so long as they continue to do so, be designated "Sustaining Subscribers." All those who subscribe \$5000 or more specifically to be added to the permanent endowment fund, the income to be used in accordance with the terms of that fund for current expenses of the orchestra, will be designated as "Endowing Subscribers." If in any year the available subscriptions exceed the deficit, the over-subscriptions may, in the discretion of the trustees of the orchestra, be applied to any other annual deficit or be added to the permanent endowment fund, the growth of which will diminish the total amount needed for annual subscriptions.

The permanence of the Boston Symphony Orchestra as a musical and civic institution must ultimately depend upon public support. The trustees now confidently appeal for tangible expression of this support. They invite all concert-goers to fill out the enclosed blank, as liberally as their several resources will permit, and mail it to the treasurer, Ernest B. Dane, 6 Beacon Street, Boston, and thereby assure the required sum of \$150,000 a year. Subscriptions to meet the deficit for this year will be particularly welcome.

From the Account Books

Appended tables for the three seasons in which the trustees have administered the affairs of the orchestra, set the gross receipts for the musical year 1918-19 at \$414,707. The gross expenditures in that year, of which \$194,828.76 was paid in salaries to the orchestra, were \$508,029.99, leaving a deficit of \$93,322.99. For the musical year 1919-20, the gross income was \$522,600.70, and the total outgo \$577,532.53, of which \$229,748.14 was expended in salaries to the musicians. The resulting deficit was \$54,931.83. For the musical year 1920-21, now ending, the receipts, partly estimated, are set down at \$519,527.24 and the expenditures, again partly estimated, at \$650,816.47. The item that materially swells this outgo is the increase in the salaries of the orchestra to \$300,298.67. Thus, the present deficit rises to \$131,289.23. Accordingly the trustees need \$150,000 as the annual guarantee necessary to security in future.

SYMPHONY'S DEFICIT FOR YEAR \$131,289.23

A deficit of \$131,289.23, exceeding by more than \$75,000 that of last year, is shown in the financial report for the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the 1920-21 season. It cost \$650,816.47 to run the orchestra, and receipts totalled only \$519,527.24.

The trustees of the orchestra attach to the report an appeal for public contributions to make up the deficit, and suggest that 1500 friends of the orchestra pledge annual subscriptions of \$100 each to provide a fund which may be counted on regularly.

REPORT OF THE TRUSTEES

OF THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, INC.

When the Symphony Concert season of 1917-18 was nearly ended, Major Henry L. Higginson, who had maintained the Orchestra since he established it in 1881, announced that he himself could no longer be responsible for its continuance. The organization would then have been dispersed but for immediate action, which took the form of incorporation under a board of nine, subsequently ten, trustees, who have now managed the affairs of the Orchestra for three seasons.

They were aware on assuming this responsibility that an annual deficit, previously met by Major Higginson, must be faced. The country was then at war, and at that time it was obviously unwise to make a general appeal for the support of the Orchestra. Accordingly a guarantee fund to cover the deficit for a single year was sought and obtained, and similar pledges, to the amount of about \$83,000 annually, were secured for three years more, from about one hundred guarantors.

Last year the deficit fell below the amount of the guarantee fund, and the unused portions of the subscriptions for that year were returned to the subscribers. This year it is evident that the deficit will far exceed the guarantee fund. Substantial increases in the musicians' salaries and in nearly all the other necessary expenses are swelling the deficits in all orchestras; in other cities than Boston they are credibly reported to stand at \$200,000 and \$300,000.

The accompanying table of figures sets forth the situation here. The trustees find themselves confronted with the necessity of securing approximately \$50,000 beyond the fund guaranteed for this year's deficit, and a substantial increase in the amount pledged for next year. They must similarly obtain adequate provision for subsequent years, pending the establishment of the eventually needed endowment fund of at least \$3,000,000. From time to time they have considered the organization of a definite campaign for the raising of this fund, but have not yet been convinced that the time is ripe for it. The foundations for the fund have nevertheless been laid, through subscriptions to the amount of about \$150,000.

The trustees believe that their efforts to continue the Orchestra have been amply justified, both through the satisfaction of lovers of music and through the preservation of a local institution of the highest significance

and benefit to the whole community. They have faith that their belief is shared by many besides those who have been giving their financial support to the Orchestra. They are accordingly sending this report to all the season-ticket holders of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts. They believe that in addition to the comparatively small number of the friends of music who, in an emergency, have been the annual guarantors, there are many persons who so value the concerts as vital elements in their own lives and in the life of the community that they will welcome the opportunity to contribute.

To sustain the Orchestra, contributions are necessary to make up an annual sum estimated to be \$150,000.

It is obvious that subscriptions from 1,500 persons averaging annually \$100 each will make the needed yearly sum of \$150,000; yet to obtain this average from friends of the Orchestra making subscriptions in accordance with their several abilities, subscriptions in many instances must be substantially larger than \$100.

All those who make annual subscriptions will, so long as they continue to do so, be designated *Sustaining Subscribers*.

All those who subscribe \$5,000 or more specifically to be added to the permanent endowment fund, the income to be used in accordance with the terms of that fund for current expenses of the Orchestra, will be designated as *Endowing Subscribers*.

If in any year the available subscriptions exceed the deficit, the over-subscriptions may, in the discretion of the trustees of the Orchestra, be applied to any other annual deficit or be added to the permanent endowment fund, the growth of which will diminish the total amount needed for annual subscriptions.

The permanence of the Boston Symphony Orchestra as a musical and civic institution must ultimately depend upon public support. The trustees now confidently appeal for tangible expression of this support. They invite all concert-goers to fill out the enclosed blank, as liberally as their several resources will permit, and mail it to the treasurer, Ernest B. Dane, 6 Beacon Street, Boston, and thereby assure the required sum of \$150,000 a year. Subscriptions to meet the deficit for this year will be particularly welcome.

ALFRED L. AIKEN.
FREDERICK P. CABOT.
ERNEST B. DANE.
M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE.
JOHN E. LODGE.
FREDERICK E. LOWELL.
ARTHUR LYMAN.
HENRY B. SAWYER.
GALEN L. STONE.
BENTLEY W. WARREN.

April 20, 1921.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

RECEIPTS AND EXPENSES FOR THREE YEARS

	RECEIPTS		
	1918-19	1919-20	1920-21
Boston Concerts.....	\$205,156.84	\$252,214.16	Partly estimated \$291,432.69
All other Concerts.....	112,315.05	149,312.02	113,385.00
Programmes.....	22,999.55	36,471.81	36,159.55
Miscellaneous.....	736.74	1,452.07	550.00
	<u>\$341,208.18</u>	<u>\$439,450.06</u>	<u>\$441,527.24</u>
Symphony Hall Rentals.....	73,498.82	83,150.64	78,000.00
	<u>\$414,707.00</u>	<u>\$522,600.70</u>	<u>\$519,527.24</u>
Deficit	<u>93,322.99</u>	<u>54,931.83</u>	<u>131,289.23</u>
	<u>\$508,029.99</u>	<u>\$577,532.53</u>	<u>\$650,816.47</u>

	EXPENSES		
	1918-19	1919-20	1920-21
Orchestra Salaries.....	\$194,828.76	\$229,748.14	Partly estimated \$300,298.67
General Salaries: Manager, Assistant Manager, Assistant Treasurer, Clerks, etc.....	24,274.66	26,140.00	37,405.11
Programmes.....	20,819.85	36,583.52	30,339.30
Rentals and other expenses, Boston Symphony and Pop Concerts,	106,597.74	78,374.62	87,033.84
Expenses, all other Concerts.....	72,806.98	109,940.56	97,550.01
New music, insurance, miscellaneous.....	7,775.87	8,293.88	18,846.61
	<u>\$427,103.86</u>	<u>\$489,080.72</u>	<u>\$571,473.54</u>
Symphony Hall: heat, light, maintenance, interest, etc.....	80,926.13	88,451.81	79,342.93
	<u>\$508,029.99</u>	<u>\$577,532.53</u>	<u>\$650,816.47</u>

NOTES: The Corporation's year ends with the conclusion of the Summer Pop season in July.

The figures for the current season, 1920-21, are partly estimated.

Boston, Mass. 1921

IN consideration of the undertaking of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc., to continue further to maintain a symphony orchestra, and for the purpose of contributing to the success of that undertaking, the undersigned promises to pay to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc., at the office of Old Colony Trust Company, 17 Court Street, Boston, Mass., for the Expenses of the Concert Seasons designated below, the following sums.

Season 1920-1921	dollars on or before July 1, 1921
Season 1921-1922	dollars on February 1, 1922
Season 1922-1923	dollars on February 1, 1923
Season 1923-1924	dollars on February 1, 1924

And Authorizes the Application of any part of the foregoing to any other Annual deficit or to the permanent Endowment Fund.

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41st Season

1921-1922

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BEGINNING OCTOBER 7-8, 1921

BY THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor

WITH DISTINGUISHED SOLOISTS

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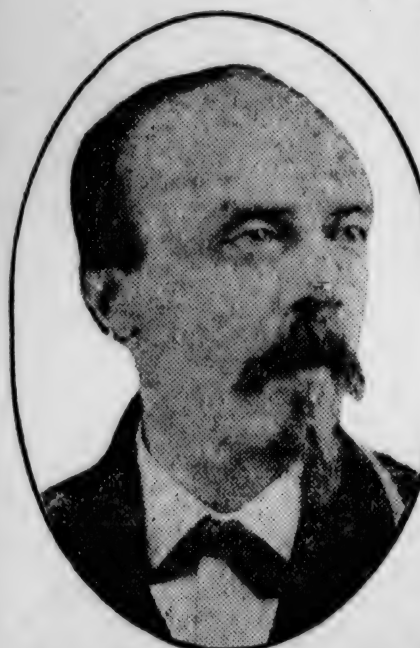
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The Personality of the Concert Conductor Is Indicated in the Choice of His Baton



DR. HANS VON BULOW, WHO
WOULD SING THE SCORE TO
THE ORCHESTRA



ARTHUR TOSCANINI—
CARICATURED BY CARUSO
Courtesy LA FOLIA di NEW YORK



WILLIAM MENDELBERG—
GUEST CONDUCTOR WITH THE
NATIONAL SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA

They All Laughed One Hundred Years Ago When Louis Spohr First Conducted the London Philharmonic With a Stick—But He Set the Fashion

By Frederic Dean

ONE hundred years ago Louis Spohr went to London from Frankfurt to conduct the Philharmonic Society. At his first concert he pulled out of his pocket a small stick about as long as a marshal's baton and with it proceeded to guide his men through the programme. Heretofore the leader of the orchestra had sat at the piano and by beating upon the keys had indicated the time, or the first violinist had tapped upon the floor with his toe or waved his violin bow to designate the marks of expression in the music.

Spohr's innovation, frowned upon by the concertmaster, was praised by the public, and gradually came to be the recognized method of conducting orchestras and choral bodies. Rossini, who went to Covent Garden to conduct his "Barber of Seville," insisted upon sitting at the piano, as he and his associates had been accustomed to do for years, but the majority of conductors followed Spohr's example.

In a drawer of my study I have a bundle of batons that have been used by various conductor generals of the music world in their orchestral campaigns. Some are long, some short; some thick and heavy, others—noticeably the one used by Karl Muck when he played "The Star-Spangled Banner" for the first time—but a trifle larger than an average lemonade straw.

Years ago, when as a boy I listened to the opera down at the old Academy, I used to watch Arditi's stick more than I did the singers. This seemed to be the moving force—the verb—of the musical sentence. To study the white-gloved hand that guided it was the most fascinating of games. One evening I mustered up courage and asked for it, and after the performance was over—Patti sang that night—it was put into my hand.

A Demon of Rehearsals

Theodore Thomas was at that time conducting the Thomas Orchestra. His stick was of an entirely different build and was used in an entirely different manner. Arditi's had a leather thong, which held it to his wrist; Thomas dropped his upon the rack when not wanted. Mr. Thomas wore no gloves while conducting, but held his baton in the daintiest manner between his thumb and forefinger. It had none of the Latin gesticulations of the Arditi stick, but expressed in graceful movements the philosophy of a well-mannered gentleman. Adolf Hartdegen was the solo cellist of the orchestra. I spoke to him one day about the quiet Thomas baton. "Come to rehearsal," said he, "and see it in action." I did. There I discovered quite a different stick. Now, securely grasped in an energetic palm, it shot out in every conceivable direction—came down upon the stand with a sharp snap, sang to the violins, growled at the double basses, and shouted to the trumpets and drums.

Dr. Leopold Damrosch was at that time conductor of the Oratorio Society. Emma Thursby made her debut in oratorio in "The Messiah." She had sung in concert and had been successful, but in "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" she quavered, stopped, and sat down. Dr. Damrosch fanned her with his programme and finally succeeded in getting her to try again. This time the voice never shook, the singer returned to her best form, and the aria was finished in noble style. Afterwards Miss Thursby admitted that "it was the Doctor's little stick that pulled me through."

Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore used a good-sized stick of heavy white wood, very tapering at the point, which was waved over an orchestra of two thousand and a chorus of twenty thousand. The most gaudily painted stick in my collection was used by Xaver Scharwenka. It is a very long stick, with an elaborate color scheme of blues, greens, purples, yellows, and reds—a scholarly stick despite its coloring.

On February 14, 1837, the Boston Symphony Orchestra played its first

New York concert in Steinway Hall, under Wilhelm Gericke. The most striking number on the programme was the "Largo" of Mendel, played in unison by sixteen first violins, standing in front of the orchestra. Mr. Gericke, always metronomic, was the best drill master the orchestra ever had and brought his men to a point of perfection seldom equalled. His stick is of medium length, with a pronounced protuberance where the palm grasped it, and this hold was never for a moment relinquished. It was the hold he had upon the men under him—firm, despotic, disdaining anything but flawless, impeccable adherence to his rule.

Arthur Nikisch, who followed him, used the same kind of a stick, but his baton felt and expressed his own Magyar spirit—as imperious as was Gericke's, but wilder, more impetuous, and vehement. When Nikisch returned with the London Symphony Orchestra in 1912 he had an entirely different stick—one of the longest batons ever seen in this country—which was used decorously and with great precision and safety of purpose. There was a tinge of gray in the maestro's beard and a touch of gray in his baton.

The Poetry of Seidl

On the evening of November 23, 1885, Anton Seidl stepped to the conductor's desk in the Metropolitan. "Lohengrin" was the opera presented, but an entirely different "Lohengrin" from the one to which New Yorkers had been accustomed at the hands of Arditi and Italo Campanini, and different from the "Lohengrin" of Adolf Neuendorf and Dr. Damrosch. The stick used by Seidl is heavy and long and as full of poetry as was the soul of the Bayreuth master.

In 1891 Tchaikovsky came to this country to open Carnegie Hall. At his first concert he noticed that the first violins were not at their best and, turning his back upon the rest of the musicians, he brought his baton down sharply over the backs of the astonished players, whose instruments before long were singing a new song. This stick is an elegant affair, quite in keeping with the gentleman in whose hands it was placed. Devoid of ornamentation, it is made of cedar wood and kept immaculately clean for immaculate fingers.

Hans von Bulow had an entirely different baton. Very small, very light, it seemed far too delicate for the man who wielded it. When at his first rehearsal Von Bulow met the men of the orchestra he leisurely took off his gloves and asked what symphonies they played. Brahms was the composer they were at the time studying, and one of the symphonies was chosen. "All right," said Von Bulow. And without a sheet of music in front of him he sketched the entire work, telling the men at the sixteenth bar such an instrument "sings" such and such a song; at the twenty-seventh bar the time is indicated with such and such a mark.

Sousa is always picturesque. After the death of President McKinley he gave a band concert in the Metropolitan. During the first part he dressed in black and wore black gloves. The concluding number of this part was a funeral march. Between the parts Sousa changed his raiment and

appeared in white, with white gloves. His stick is of gray wood, highly polished, and weighs less than some of the smaller ones.

Last spring, at his final concert of the season, Alfred Hertz presented a programme with his San Francisco Orchestra, concluding with the "Eroica." The hall was packed and the symphony was listened to with a religious silence. I felt as if I had been to mass. The baton with which Hertz performed the miracle—changing the hearers from pleasure-lovers to worshippers—is heavy, stocky, evenly balanced and almost as large at the tip as at the handle end.

The Luck of Preparedness

When Puccini was here a few years ago a cycle of his operas was given—including "Tosca." Tosca was Emma Eames's pet rôle. One evening Lina Cavalleri heard her. Scanning the house bill, the Italian discovered that the opera was announced to be given on the following Friday week. The next morning she purchased the score and engaged the coach of the Metropolitan to perfect her in the heroine's part. On the day set for the opera she moved her wardrobe to the theatre and waited. At noon a sign was posted announcing that owing to the illness of Mme. Eames the opera would be changed. Going to the manager's office, Cavalleri said: "I have come to sing 'Tosca' to-night. It will not be necessary to change the bill. My costumes are in that trunk." Puccini, Caruso, and Toscanini were hastily called and a rehearsal was had. That night "Tosca" was given as originally announced—with the new singer. Toscanini's baton is bound with heavy leather to keep his nervous fingers from slipping, and the tip is broken off—due to the excitement at rehearsal.

In 1891 the German Emperor made his famous visit to Grandmama Victoria in London. He brought with him dozens of changes of costumes and but one manner. No more insolent prince was ever entertained at a foreign court. A concert was arranged for him. It was given in St. James's Hall. Joseph Barnby conducted and Nordica sang. When the royal party entered Barnby played the German national anthem and everybody rose to greet the young ruler, who pushed his way to the front of the royal box and frowned. Barnby's stick is long and white, straight and clean—a typical English affair, looking as if, when properly

attired in a Prince Albert coat and top hat, it could take its place placidly with the rest of the well-dressed pedestrians.

Artur Bodanzky counts his stick a tool of trade. "To be properly equipped," he says, "a conductor must have a baton of just the right length, just the right weight, and just the right thickness. Once, when Gustav Mahler was in Vienna, he forgot to bring his bag of batons and tried to use a borrowed one. Nothing was right. The rehearsal dragged, the musicians played fensively, the singers floundered. After the attempted rehearsal the town was scoured for a proper baton, but not until a quarter hour before the performance was the right stick found."

Temperamental Sticks

Leopold Stokowski is as graceful as Bodanzky is scholarly. His wrist is like those of the señoritas of Seville—every movement of his baton is one of poetic grace. At the conductor's stand he is like an exultant faun, rioting in the music that is surging, leaping about him from pure joy at the opportunity to come at his call. When Richard Strauss was here his musical audacity was pictured in the movements of his stick, which seemed to poke about the instruments of his huge orchestra with an exorbitant, excessive, disproportioned insistence for immoderate and unreasonable noise and clatter. It is a long, heavy stick, a bit unbalanced at the end and made of tough ash, with an ugly twist in the grain.

An entirely different kind of baton is the one used by Camille Saint-Saëns when he was here in 1906. Like the man and like his music, this stick is smooth and light. Saint-Saëns never wrote a discordant passage of musical notes, and you would know it from the stick he uses. Engelbert Humperdinck's is a stick of more temperament and less beauty. It is coarser, but more humorous.

Wassil Safonoff, the batonless conductor, was blessed with eloquent hands, with which he weaved sounds from his instruments into arabesques unthought of by his confreres. During the five years that he took charge of the New York Philharmonic he was constantly astonishing with unusual effects; the well known instruments seemed to speak with special enchantment. The Philharmonic is the most respectable of musical organizations. It has a dignity to uphold, a special character to maintain, but this Russian dragged from its bassoons and double basses, from its kettle drums and its tubas, its flutes and cellos tones that had been deemed unseemly coming from such an old establishment and conventional body of players.

Expressive Variation

Pietro Mascagni wielded a massive stick, with which he wove his men into Italian dynamics; Mascagni was content with a thin baton that seemed to be made of steel; Hans Richter used a of bamboo bent with the rain; D. Albert was as particular as was Van der Stucken careless in the choice of a baton, but the pianist-conductor was inclined to be abrupt and metronomic, while Van der Stucken was never insensible to the voluptuous beauty of his French programmes.

The two Felixes—Mottl and Weingartner—are extremely sensitive to the touch of the sticks they used; Josef Stransky makes demand for a rugged bit of hardwood, and Modest Altschuler, at the head of his Russian choir of instrumentalists, holds a medium-weighted wand that guides his men through the sad plaints of Tchaikovsky and his fellow Slavs with true reverence.

Two new guest conductors and an old friend are to be heard during the present season—Arthur Coates of London, who comes to assist Walter Damrosch, with the Symphony Society; Willem Mendelberg, hailing from Holland, who will conduct concerts of the National Symphony, and Arthur Toscanini, former conductor at the opera, who will give concerts with his new orchestra "of the best players of Italy." Their batons will be watched with interest, for they promise ultra-modern bits of revolutionary music, with colorful bits of orchestral mosaics and new rhythmic cadences. For all this—and more—is possible when the baton is grasped by the hand of a master.

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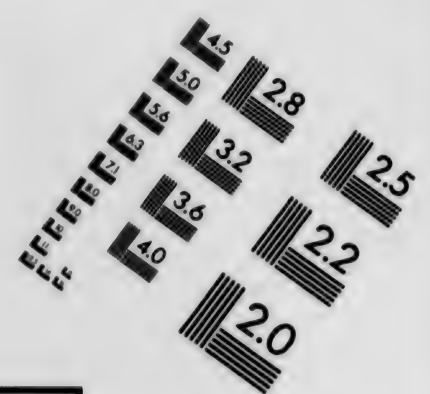
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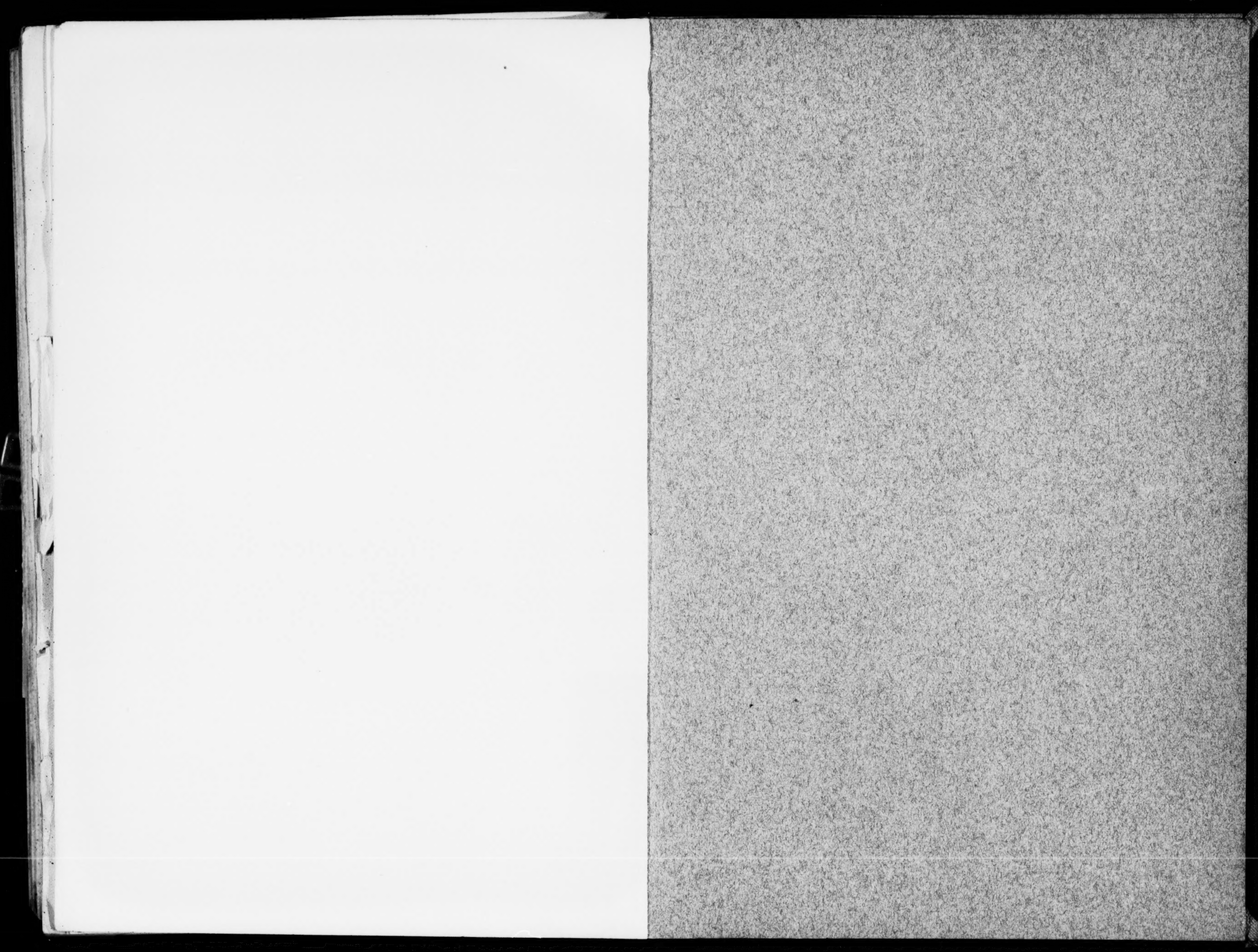


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